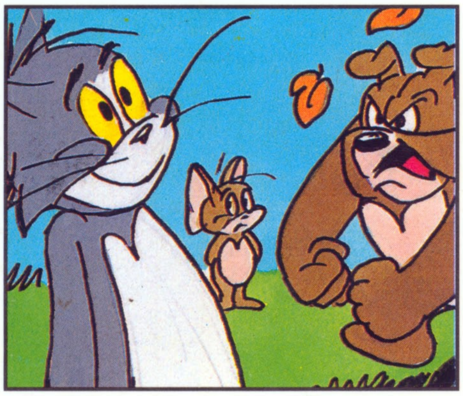
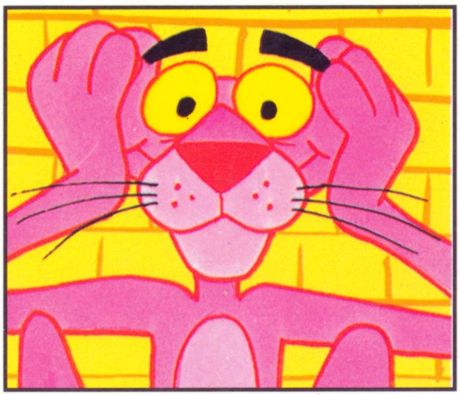
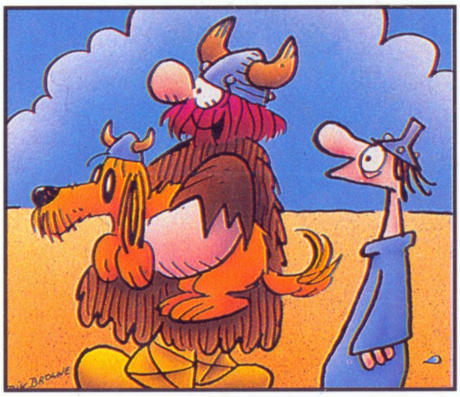
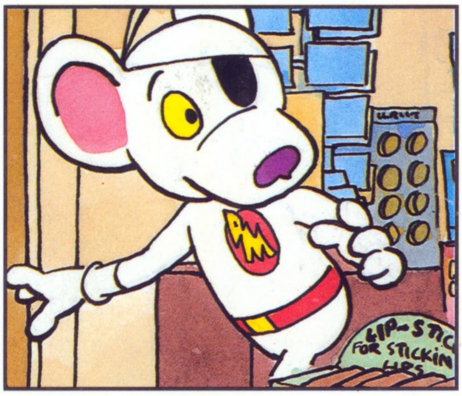
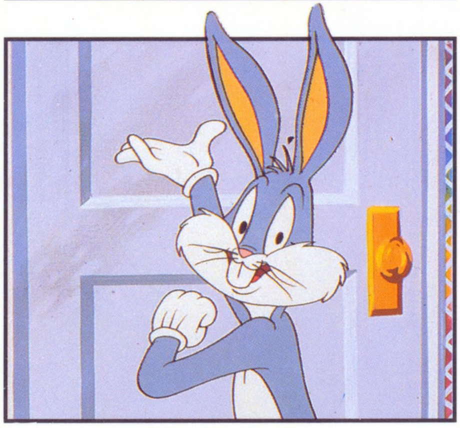


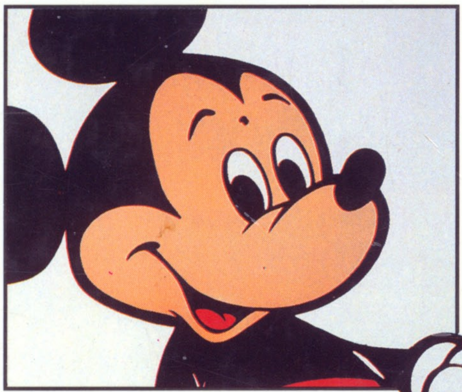




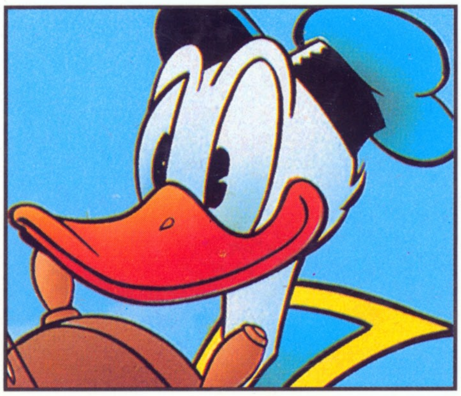


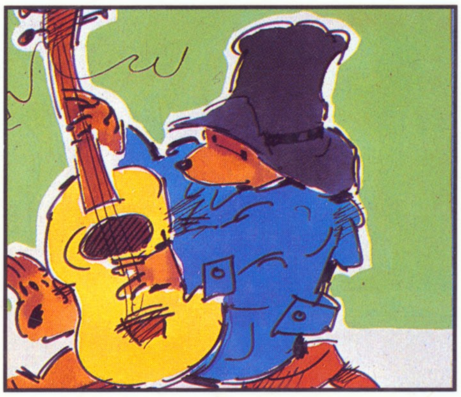
DM
LIP-STICK FOR STICKIN LIPS

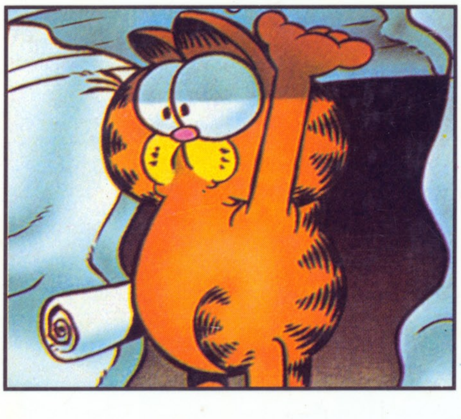




cartoon AID







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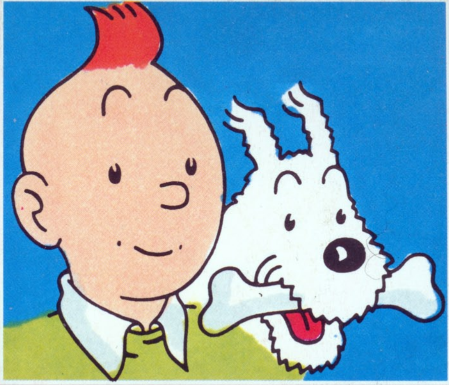

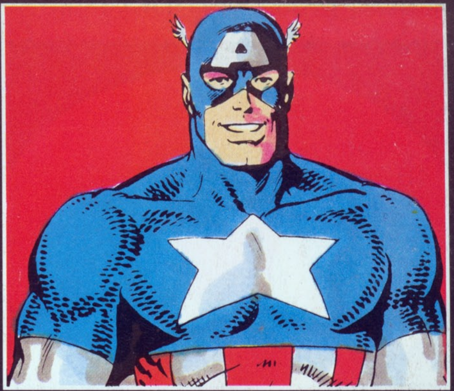

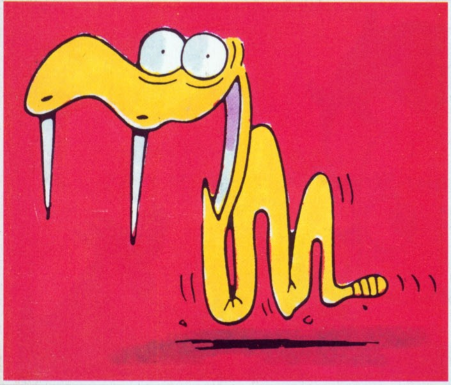

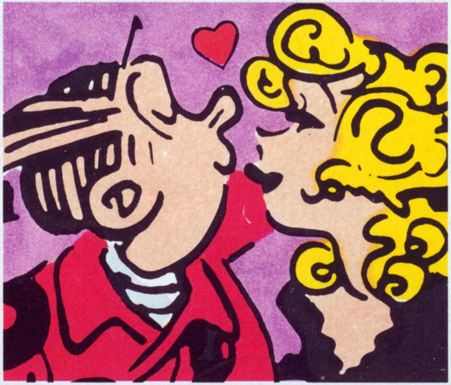

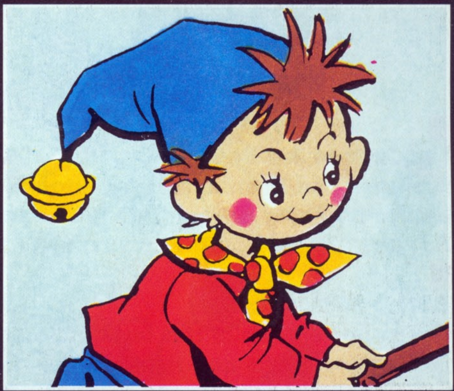

cartoon
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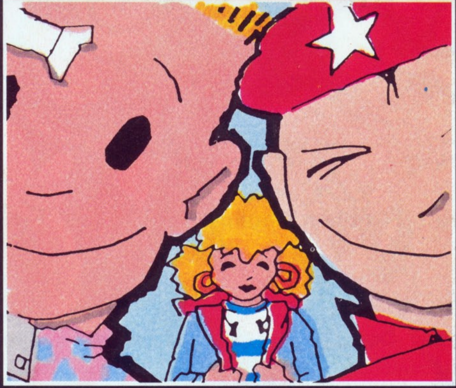

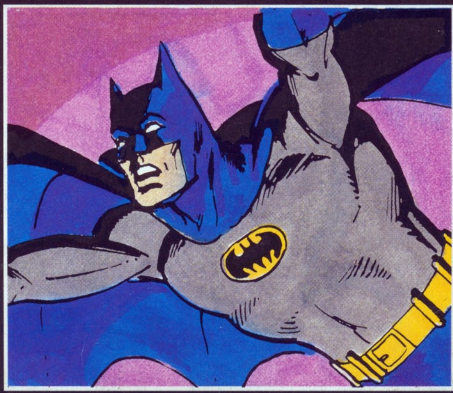

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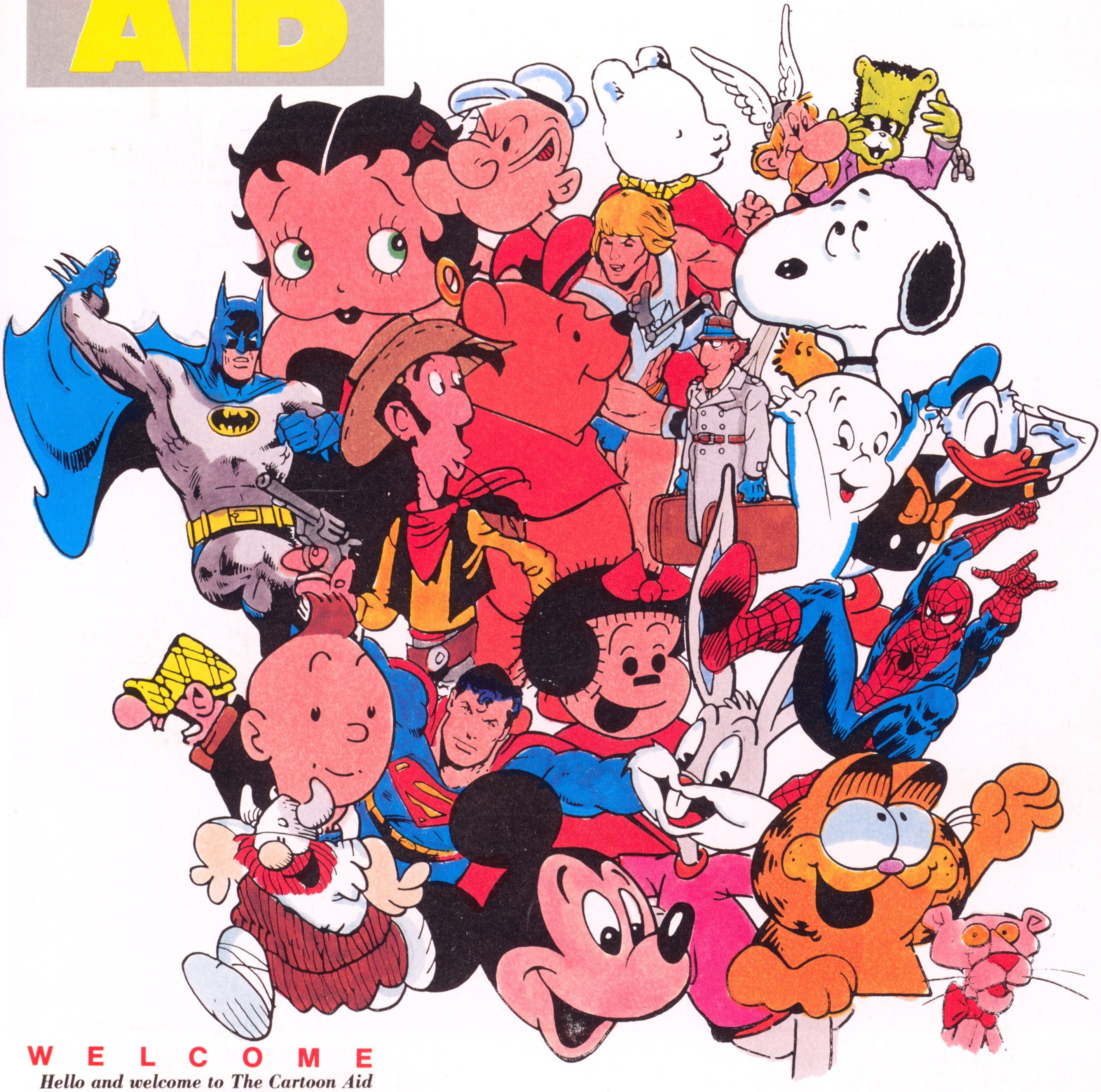
cartoon AID



WELCOME

Hello and welcome to The Cartoon Aid Book which has been compiled with the help of many international cartoonists/ artists, all who have contributed their talents and work to bring you an unique and fun-filled book.

We hope this edition brings you a great deal of enjoyment and thank you for further supporting the campaign to bring relief to the many suffering children of the world.

Thank-you for helping to make the children smile.

cartoon AID

Dear Picture-Readers,

Now let's get one thing straight, before anyone accuses **me** *of jumping on the* **Band-Aid** *wagon. In penning this introduction (©Max Headroom's Ever-So-Stinking-Rich Inc.) my conscience is completely clear, because I was "asked" to do it. By my* **Bank Manager**, *in fact. Yes he was only one of thousands who were leaving messages on my answering-machine, messages like: "Help us* **Max**, *we need your support" or messages like: "Put Papermate to Paper* **Max**, *and just let it flow!" And others like: "Honest,* **Max**, *you're the new* **Ernie Hemingway!**" *Plus the occasional one like: "Hey* **Max**, *I'm sick of leaving messages – How come you're never in!"*

But that's history, and there's no time like the present. In fact you might like to buy this book as a present. And if you do, what does your money buy? Well for one thing it buys a lot of help for other people – but it also buys you an insight into what makes **Pop Stars**, **Politicians** *and* **TV Personalities** *laugh, since lots of* **really** *important people have nominated their* **favourite cartoon** *or* **comic character** *and they are all here in this one volume.*

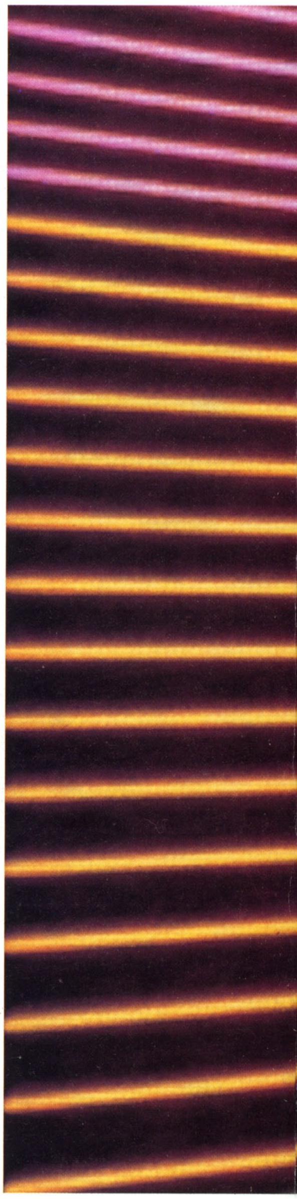
*However I must admit that one thing does worry me a lot, and it's this: because "***Cartoon Aid***" is a sort of easy-to-read open-it-and-close-it dip-in-and-dip-out book, I have a strong suspicion which room in the house it will end up in. A rather unsavoury subject, but as you know I'm not one to beat about the S-bend.*

Well there we are, it's been said now, and I'm glad I've got that little matter out of my cistern. So let's put it behind us, and just sit back and enjoy the book, because let's face it, there's nothing more **fascinating** *than sharing what* **famous** *people have chuckled at in the privy of their own home. So, finally, may I say how moved and* **thrilled** *I am sitting here on my pool-side sepia-suede lounger in sunny California to put my name to anything that* **raises money** *for those less fortunate than* **me** *– which includes just about everybody.*

Enough of me – on with the **book**.

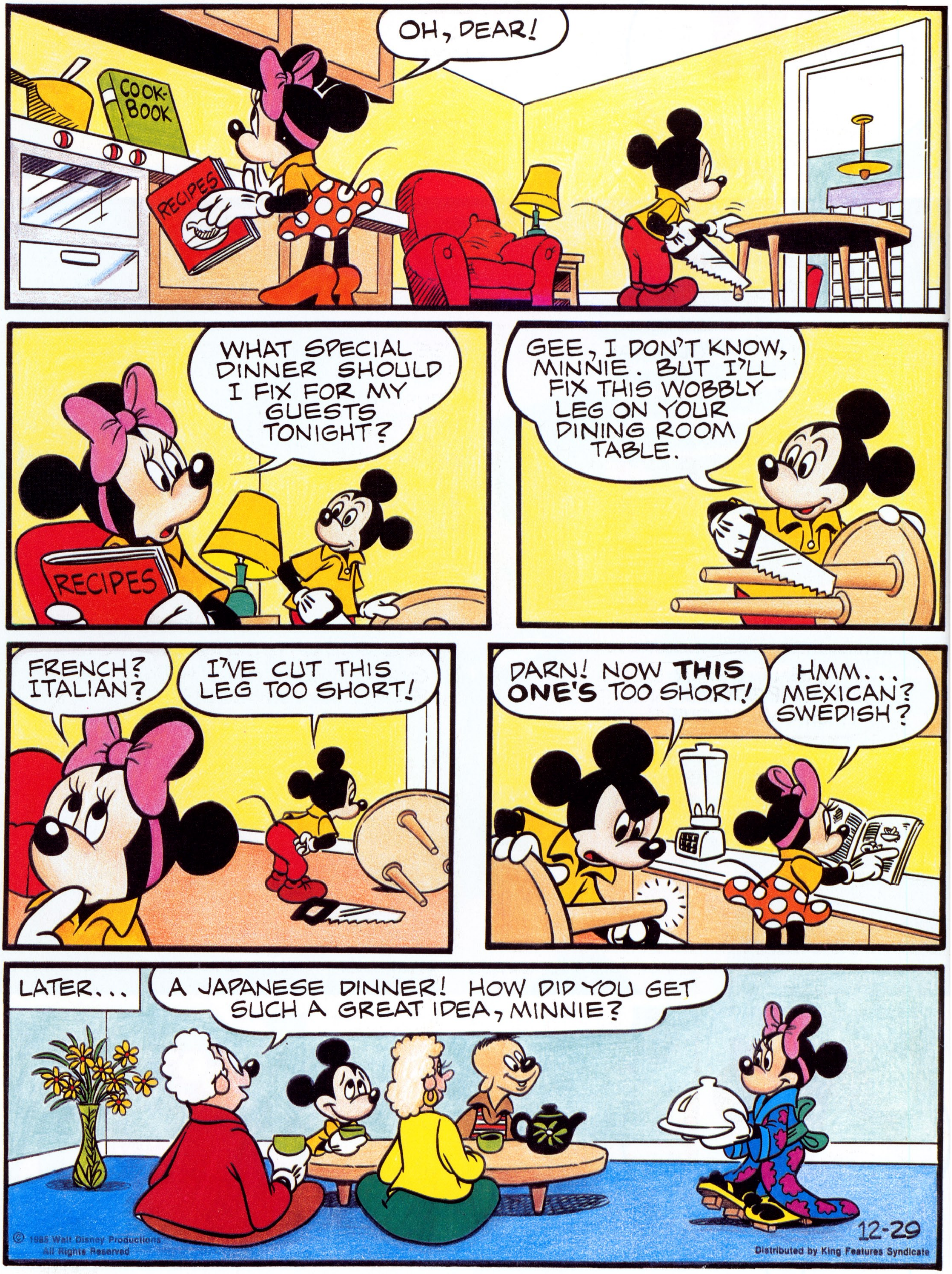
Buy it and save someone.

CARTOON AID



HI
!

WALT DISNEY'S MICKEY MOUSE®


COOK-BOOK
RECIPES
OH, DEAR!
WHAT SPECIAL DINNER SHOULD I FIX FOR MY GUESTS TONIGHT?
RECIPES
GEE, I DON'T KNOW, MINNIE. BUT I'LL FIX THIS WOBBLY LEG ON YOUR DINING ROOM TABLE.
FRENCH? ITALIAN?
I'VE CUT THIS LEG TOO SHORT!
DARN! NOW **THIS ONE'S** TOO SHORT!
HMM... MEXICAN? SWEDISH?
LATER...
A JAPANESE DINNER! HOW DID YOU GET SUCH A GREAT IDEA, MINNIE?
12-29

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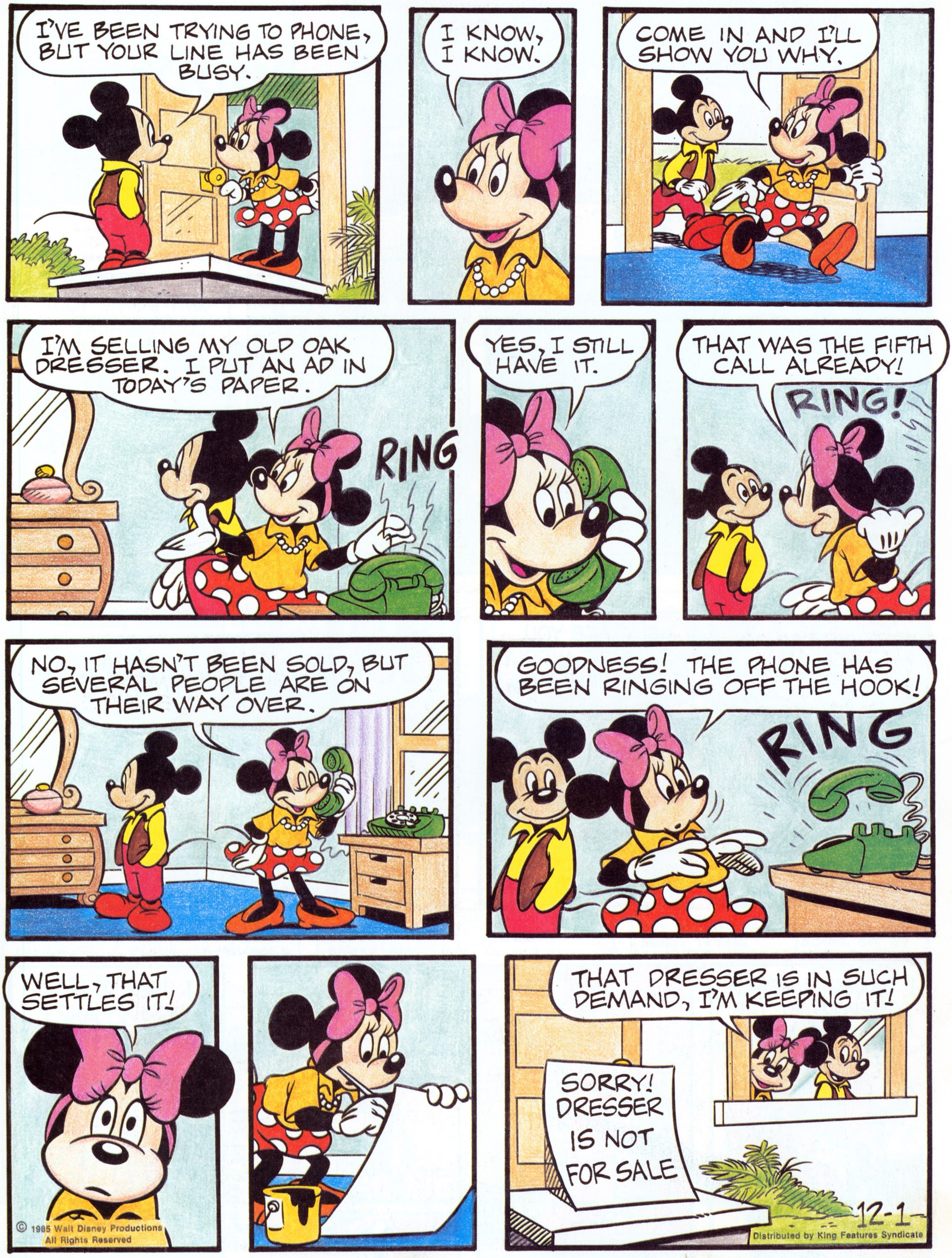
Walt Disney's

MICKEY MOUSE®


I'VE BEEN TRYING TO PHONE, BUT YOUR LINE HAS BEEN BUSY.
I KNOW, I KNOW.
COME IN AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHY.
I'M SELLING MY OLD OAK DRESSER. I PUT AN AD IN TODAY'S PAPER.
RING
YES, I STILL HAVE IT.
THAT WAS THE FIFTH CALL ALREADY!
RING!
NO, IT HASN'T BEEN SOLD, BUT SEVERAL PEOPLE ARE ON THEIR WAY OVER.
GOODNESS! THE PHONE HAS BEEN RINGING OFF THE HOOK!
RING
WELL, THAT SETTLES IT!
THAT DRESSER IS IN SUCH DEMAND, I'M KEEPING IT!
SORRY! DRESSER IS NOT FOR SALE
12-1

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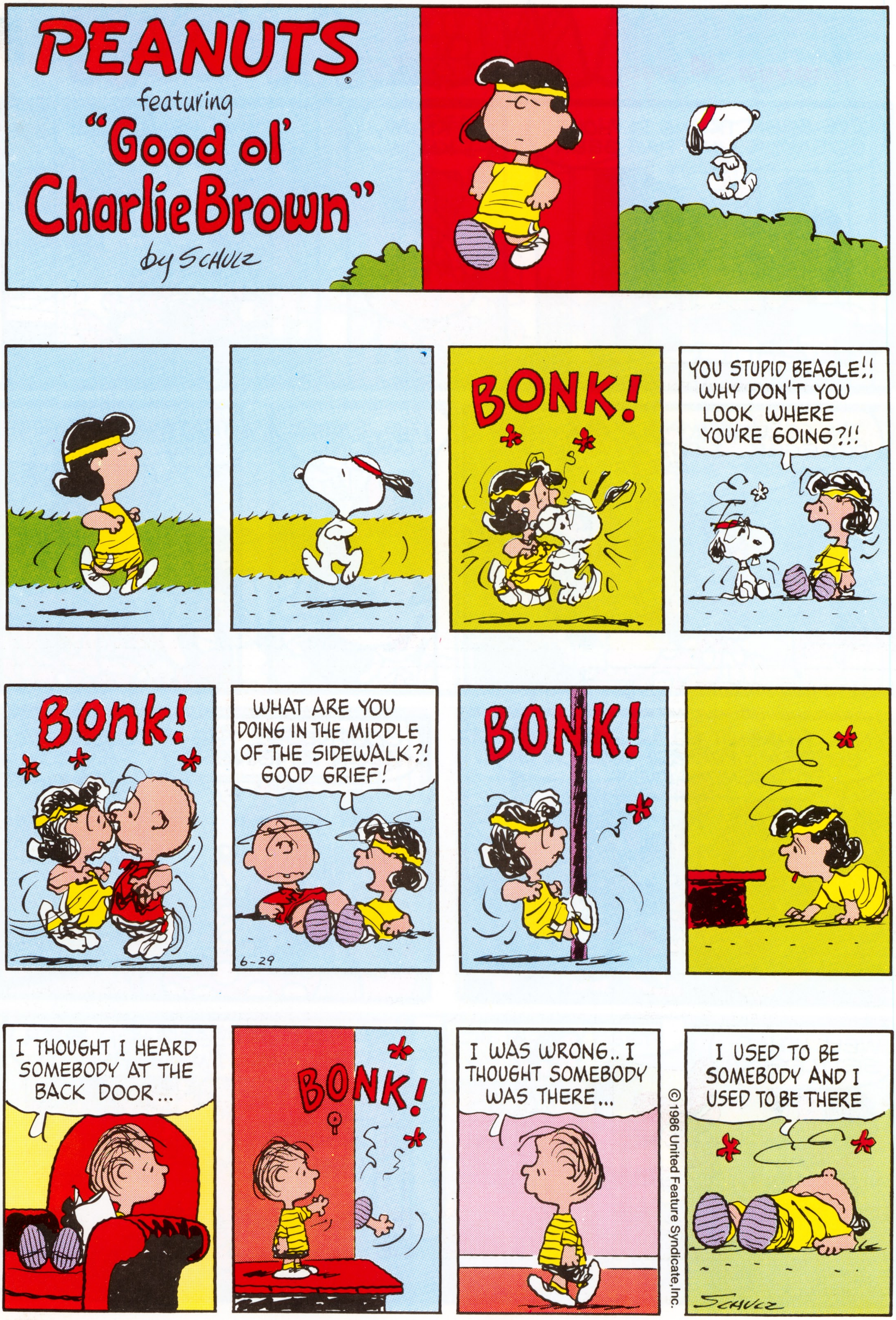
PEANUTS®
featuring
"Good ol' Charlie Brown"
by SCHULZ
BONK!
YOU STUPID BEAGLE!! WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING?!!
BONK!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SIDEWALK?! GOOD GRIEF!
6-29
BONK!
I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEBODY AT THE BACK DOOR...
BONK!
I WAS WRONG.. I THOUGHT SOMEBODY WAS THERE...
I USED TO BE SOMEBODY AND I USED TO BE THERE
SCHULZ

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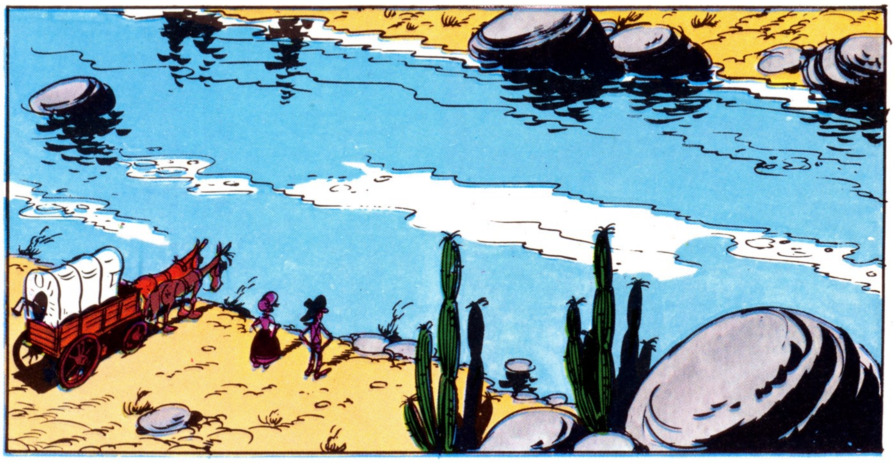
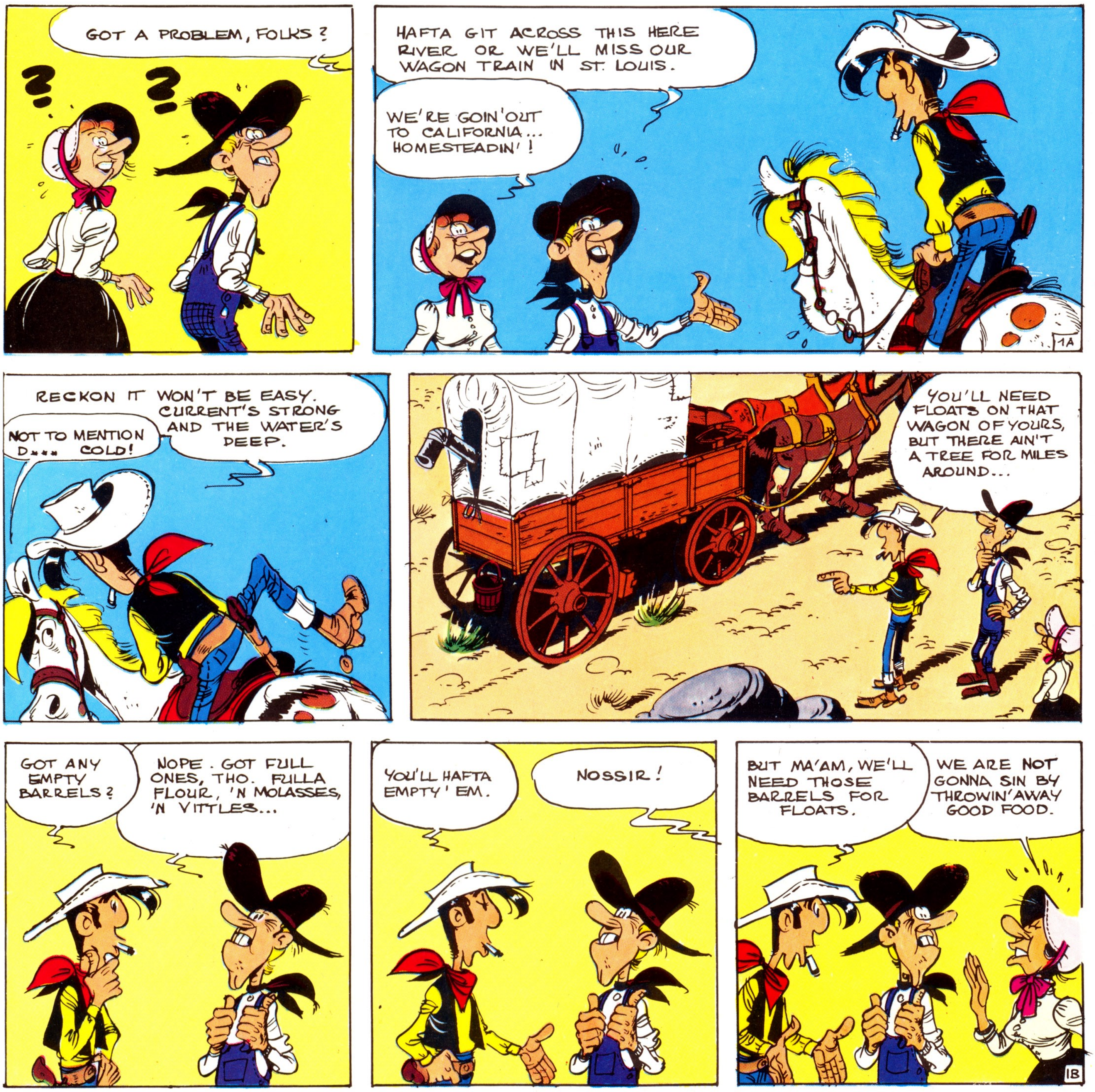
LUCKY LUKE

perilous passage

FORDING A RIVER WAS ONE OF THE MAJOR OBSTACLES FACING THE HARDY SETTLERS OF THE OLD WEST.




GOT A PROBLEM, FOLKS?
HAFTA GIT ACROSS THIS HERE RIVER OR WE'LL MISS OUR WAGON TRAIN IN ST. LOUIS.
WE'RE GOIN' OUT TO CALIFORNIA... HOMESTEADIN'!
1A
RECKON IT WON'T BE EASY. CURRENT'S STRONG AND THE WATER'S DEEP.
NOT TO MENTION D*** COLD!
YOU'LL NEED FLOATS ON THAT WAGON OF YOURS, BUT THERE AIN'T A TREE FOR MILES AROUND...
GOT ANY EMPTY BARRELS?
NOPE. GOT FULL ONES, THO. FULLA FLOUR, 'N MOLASSES, 'N VITTLES...
YOU'LL HAFTA EMPTY 'EM.
NOSSIR!
BUT MA'AM, WE'LL NEED THOSE BARRELS FOR FLOATS.
WE ARE NOT GONNA SIN BY THROWIN' AWAY GOOD FOOD.
1B

DARGAUD

Story: GOSCINNY
Illustrations: MORRIS

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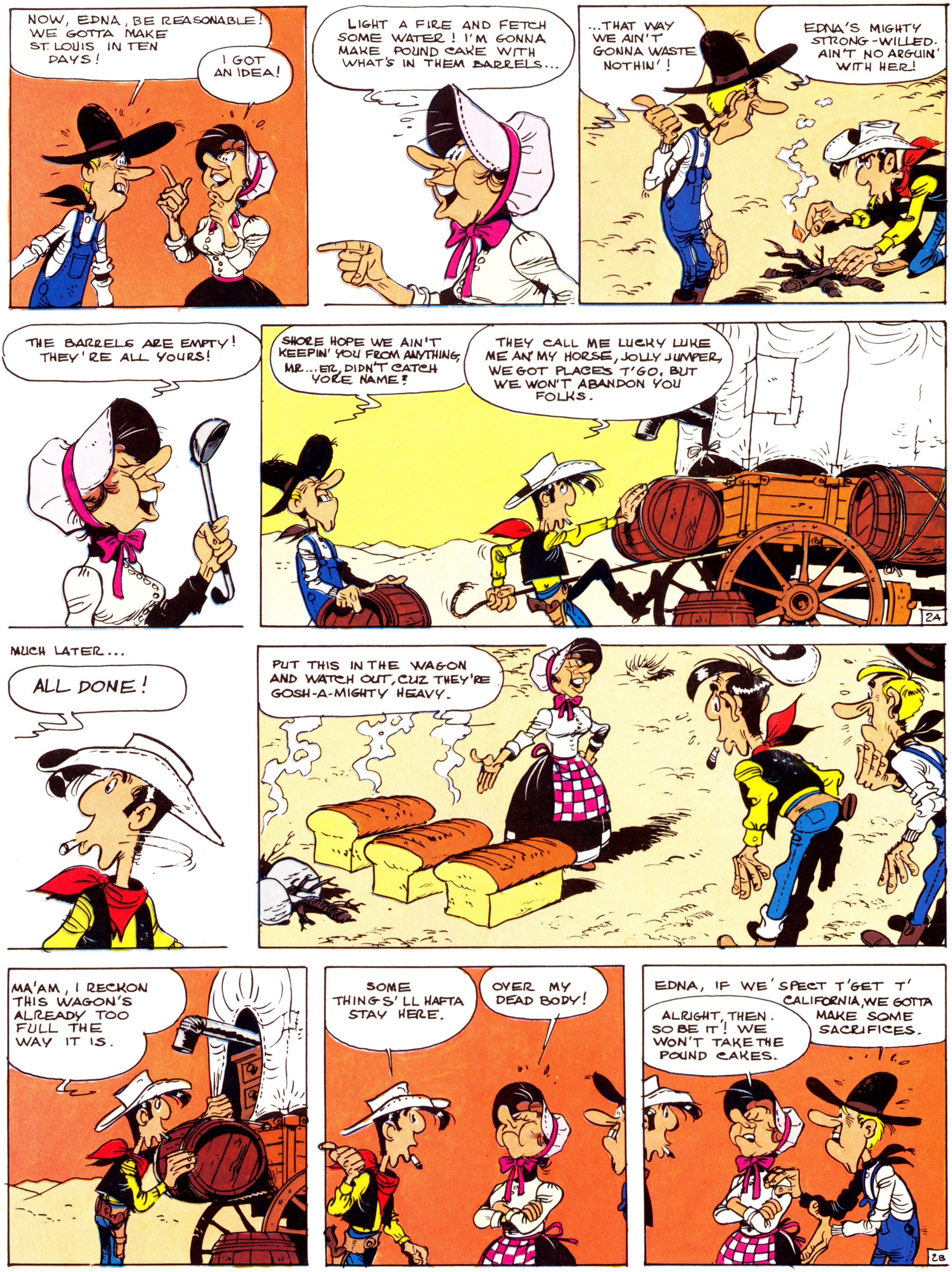
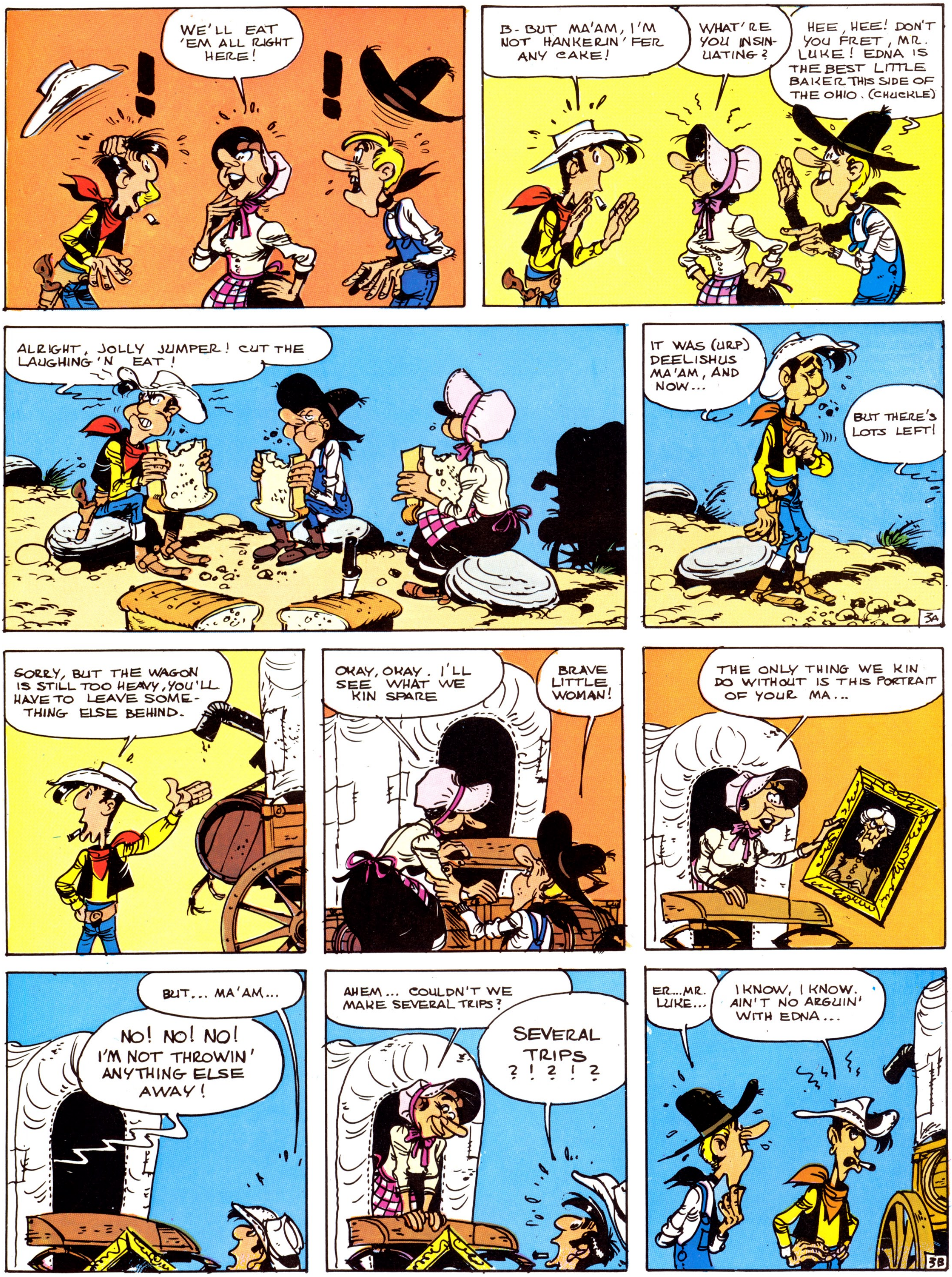
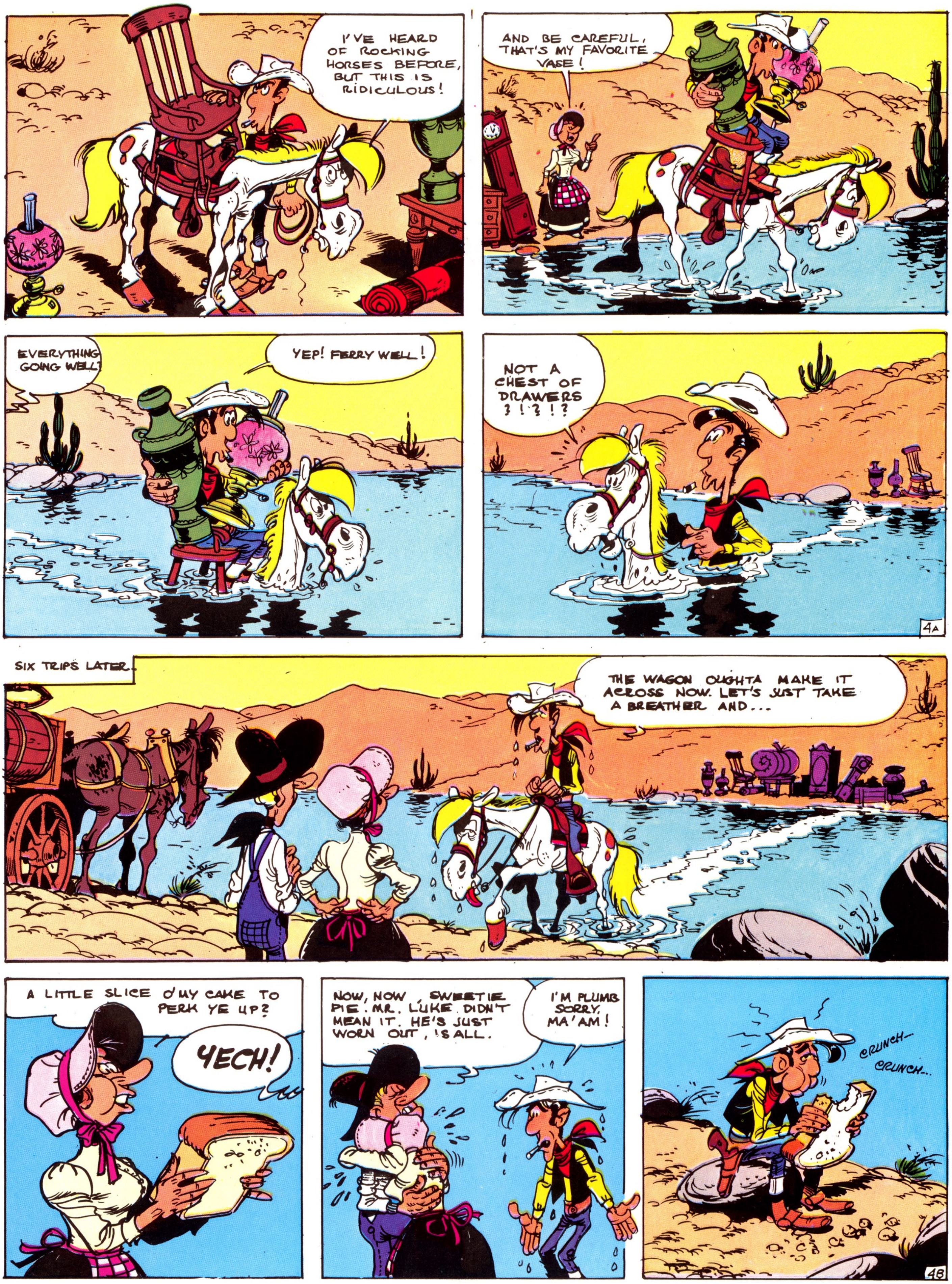
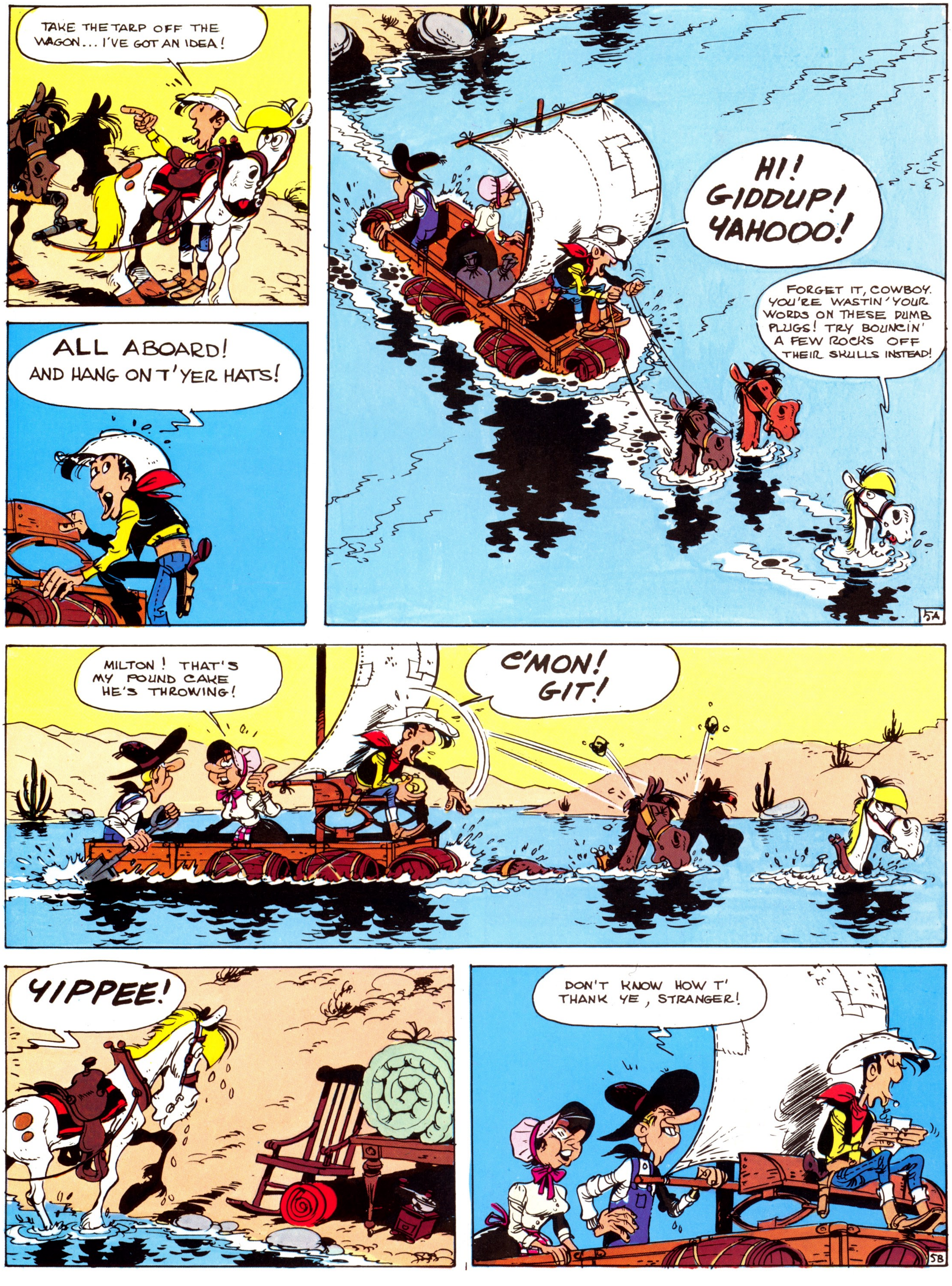
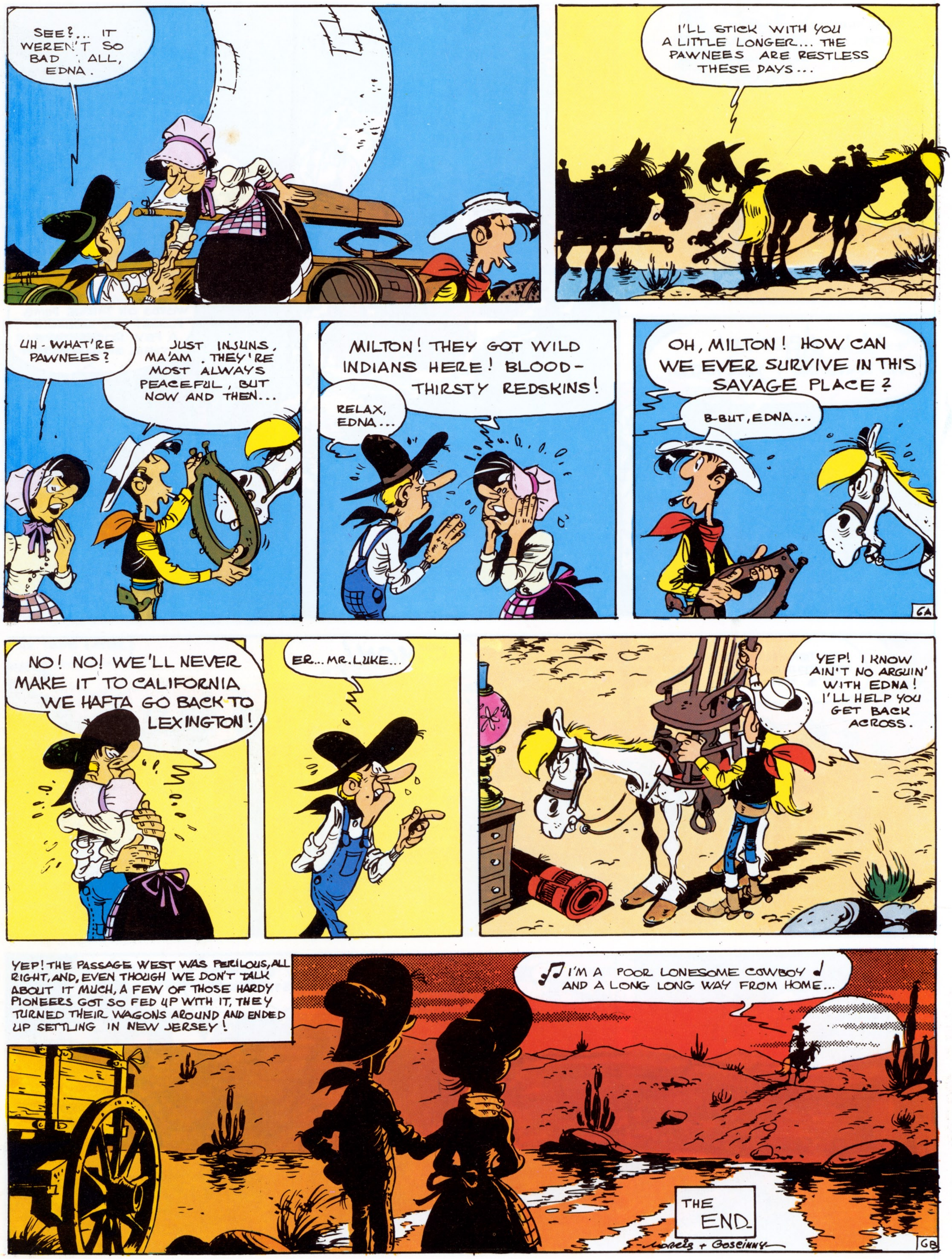
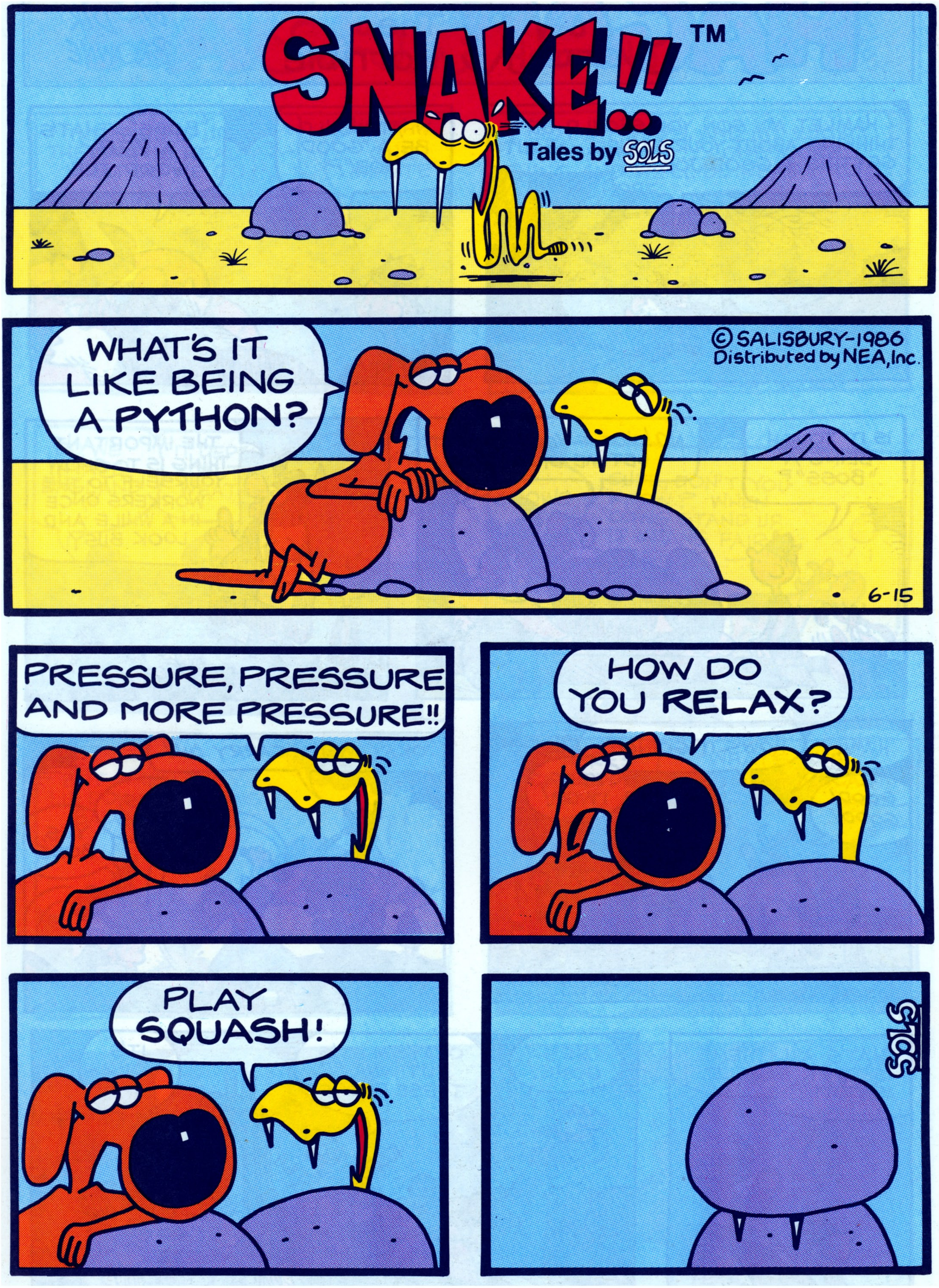

NOW, EDNA, BE REASONABLE! WE GOTTA MAKE ST. LOUIS IN TEN DAYS!
I GOT AN IDEA!
LIGHT A FIRE AND FETCH SOME WATER! I'M GONNA MAKE POUND CAKE WITH WHAT'S IN THEM BARRELS...
...THAT WAY WE AIN'T GONNA WASTE NOTHIN'!
EDNA'S MIGHTY STRONG-WILLED. AIN'T NO ARGUIN' WITH HER!
THE BARRELS ARE EMPTY! THEY'RE ALL YOURS!
SHORE HOPE WE AIN'T KEEPIN' YOU FROM ANYTHING, MR...ER, DIDN'T CATCH YORE NAME?
THEY CALL ME LUCKY LUKE ME AN' MY HORSE, JOLLY JUMPER, WE GOT PLACES T'GO, BUT WE WON'T ABANDON YOU FOLKS.
2A
MUCH LATER...
ALL DONE!
PUT THIS IN THE WAGON AND WATCH OUT, CUZ THEY'RE GOSH-A-MIGHTY HEAVY.
MA'AM, I RECKON THIS WAGON'S ALREADY TOO FULL THE WAY IT IS.
SOME THINGS'LL HAFTA STAY HERE.
OVER MY DEAD BODY!
EDNA, IF WE 'SPECT T'GET T' CALIFORNIA, WE GOTTA MAKE SOME SACRIFICES.
ALRIGHT, THEN. SO BE IT! WE WON'T TAKE THE POUND CAKES.
2B


!
WE'LL EAT 'EM ALL RIGHT HERE!
!
B-BUT MA'AM, I'M NOT HANKERIN' FER ANY CAKE!
WHAT'RE YOU INSINUATING?
HEE, HEE! DON'T YOU FRET, MR. LUKE! EDNA IS THE BEST LITTLE BAKER THIS SIDE OF THE OHIO. (CHUCKLE)
ALRIGHT, JOLLY JUMPER! CUT THE LAUGHING 'N EAT!
IT WAS (URP) DEELISHUS MA'AM, AND NOW...
BUT THERE'S LOTS LEFT!
3A
SORRY, BUT THE WAGON IS STILL TOO HEAVY, YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE SOMETHING ELSE BEHIND.
OKAY, OKAY. I'LL SEE WHAT WE KIN SPARE
BRAVE LITTLE WOMAN!
THE ONLY THING WE KIN DO WITHOUT IS THIS PORTRAIT OF YOUR MA...
BUT... MA'AM...
NO! NO! NO! I'M NOT THROWIN' ANYTHING ELSE AWAY!
AHEM... COULDN'T WE MAKE SEVERAL TRIPS?
SEVERAL TRIPS ?!?!?
ER...MR. LUKE...
I KNOW, I KNOW. AIN'T NO ARGUIN' WITH EDNA...
3B


I'VE HEARD OF ROCKING HORSES BEFORE, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
AND BE CAREFUL, THAT'S MY FAVORITE VASE!
EVERYTHING GOING WELL?
YEP! FERRY WELL!
NOT A CHEST OF DRAWERS ?!?!?
4A
SIX TRIPS LATER...
THE WAGON OUGHTA MAKE IT ACROSS NOW. LET'S JUST TAKE A BREATHER AND...
A LITTLE SLICE O'MY CAKE TO PERK YE UP?
YECH!
NOW, NOW, SWEETIE PIE. MR. LUKE DIDN'T MEAN IT. HE'S JUST WORN OUT, 'S ALL.
I'M PLUMB SORRY, MA'AM!
CRUNCH—
CRUNCH...
48


TAKE THE TARP OFF THE WAGON... I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
ALL ABOARD! AND HANG ON T'YER HATS!
HI! GIDDUP! YAHOOO!
FORGET IT, COWBOY. YOU'RE WASTIN' YOUR WORDS ON THESE DUMB PLUGS! TRY BOUNCIN' A FEW ROCKS OFF THEIR SKULLS INSTEAD!
5A
MILTON! THAT'S MY POUND CAKE HE'S THROWING!
C'MON! GIT!
YIPPEE!
DON'T KNOW HOW T' THANK YE, STRANGER!
5B


SEE?... IT WEREN'T SO BAD ALL, EDNA.
I'LL STICK WITH YOU A LITTLE LONGER... THE PAWNEES ARE RESTLESS THESE DAYS...
UH-WHAT'RE PAWNEES?
JUST INJUNS, MA'AM. THEY'RE MOST ALWAYS PEACEFUL, BUT NOW AND THEN...
MILTON! THEY GOT WILD INDIANS HERE! BLOOD-THIRSTY REDSKINS!
RELAX, EDNA...
OH, MILTON! HOW CAN WE EVER SURVIVE IN THIS SAVAGE PLACE?
B-BUT, EDNA...
6A
NO! NO! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT TO CALIFORNIA WE HAFTA GO BACK TO LEXINGTON!
ER... MR. LUKE...
YEP! I KNOW AIN'T NO ARGUIN' WITH EDNA! I'LL HELP YOU GET BACK ACROSS.
YEP! THE PASSAGE WEST WAS PERILOUS, ALL RIGHT, AND, EVEN THOUGH WE DON'T TALK ABOUT IT MUCH, A FEW OF THOSE HARDY PIONEERS GOT SO FED UP WITH IT, THEY TURNED THEIR WAGONS AROUND AND ENDED UP SETTLING IN NEW JERSEY!
♫ I'M A POOR LONESOME COWBOY ♩ AND A LONG LONG WAY FROM HOME...
THE END
Morris + Goscinny
6B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Tales by SOLS
WHAT'S IT LIKE BEING A PYTHON?
6-15
PRESSURE, PRESSURE AND MORE PRESSURE!!
HOW DO YOU RELAX?
PLAY SQUASH!
SOLS

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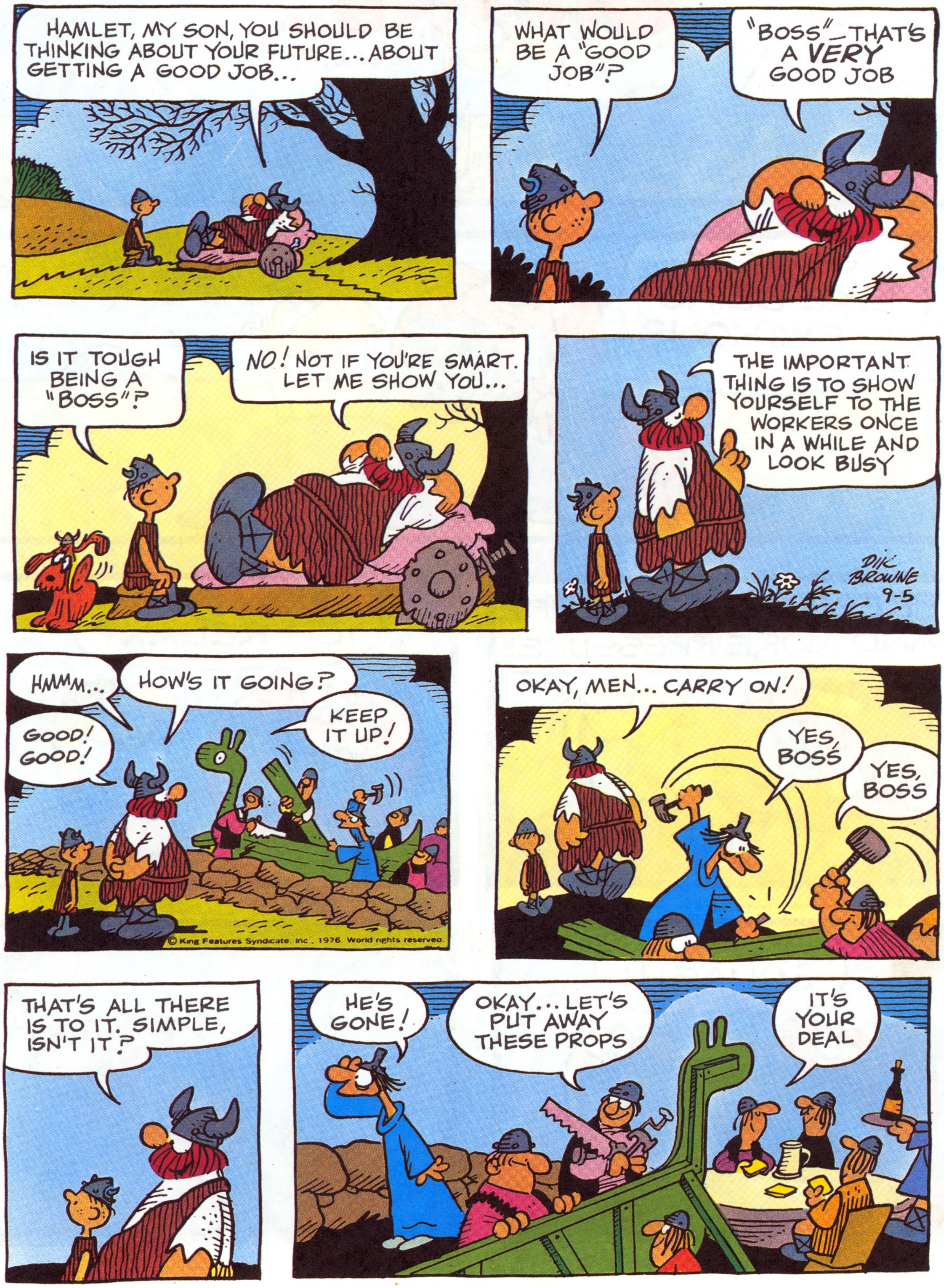
HÄGAR The Horrible

by DIK BROWNE


HAMLET, MY SON, YOU SHOULD BE THINKING ABOUT YOUR FUTURE... ABOUT GETTING A GOOD JOB...
WHAT WOULD BE A "GOOD JOB"?
"BOSS"—THAT'S A VERY GOOD JOB
IS IT TOUGH BEING A "BOSS"?
NO! NOT IF YOU'RE SMART. LET ME SHOW YOU...
THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO SHOW YOURSELF TO THE WORKERS ONCE IN A WHILE AND LOOK BUSY
DIK BROWNE 9-5
HMMM...
HOW'S IT GOING?
GOOD! GOOD!
KEEP IT UP!
OKAY, MEN... CARRY ON!
YES, BOSS
YES, BOSS
THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT. SIMPLE, ISN'T IT?
HE'S GONE!
OKAY... LET'S PUT AWAY THESE PROPS
IT'S YOUR DEAL

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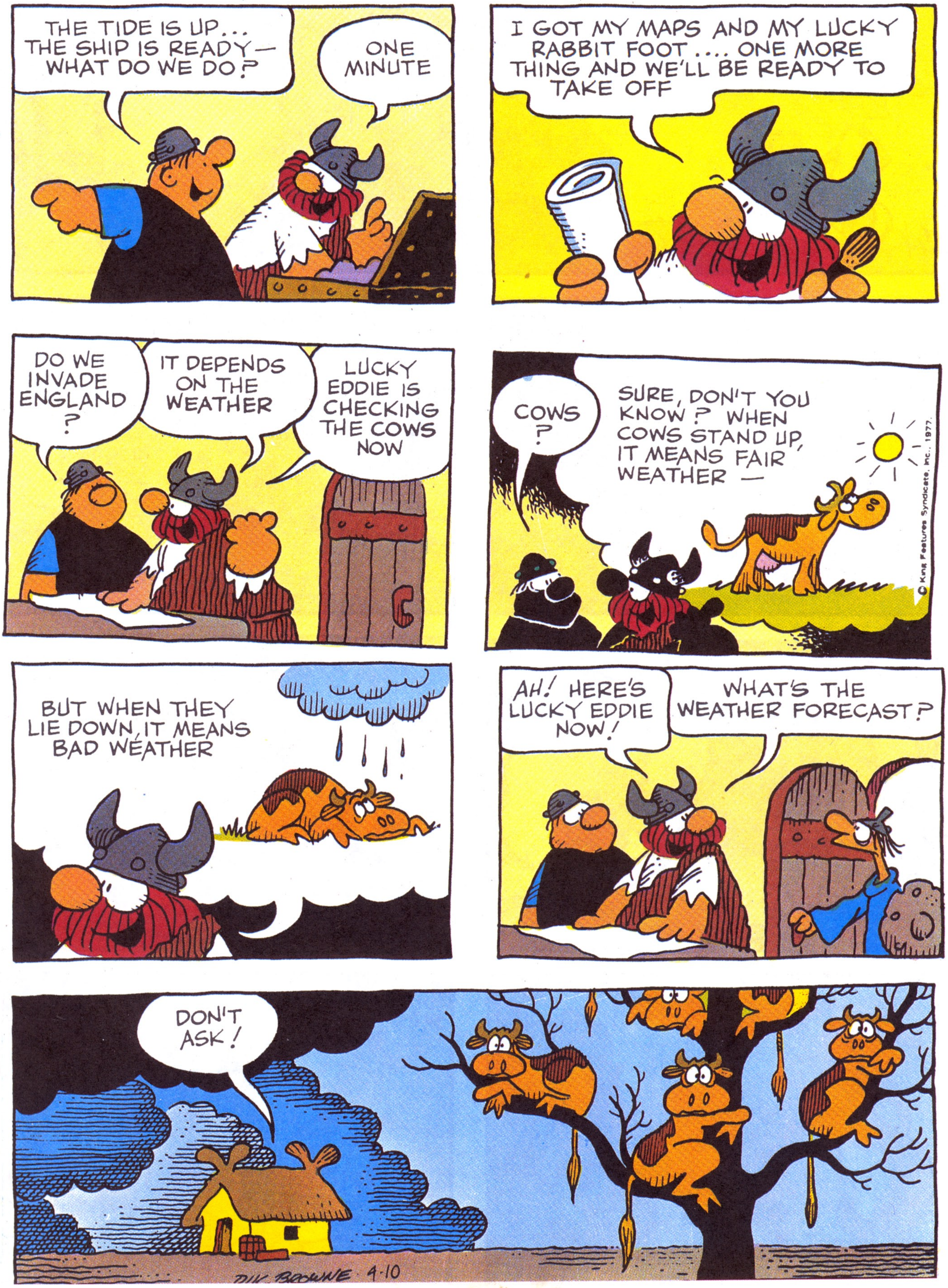
HÄGAR The Horrible

by DIK BROWNE


THE TIDE IS UP... THE SHIP IS READY— WHAT DO WE DO?
ONE MINUTE
I GOT MY MAPS AND MY LUCKY RABBIT FOOT.... ONE MORE THING AND WE'LL BE READY TO TAKE OFF
DO WE INVADE ENGLAND?
IT DEPENDS ON THE WEATHER
LUCKY EDDIE IS CHECKING THE COWS NOW
COWS?
SURE, DON'T YOU KNOW? WHEN COWS STAND UP, IT MEANS FAIR WEATHER —
BUT WHEN THEY LIE DOWN, IT MEANS BAD WEATHER
AH! HERE'S LUCKY EDDIE NOW!
WHAT'S THE WEATHER FORECAST?
DON'T ASK!
DIK BROWNE 4-10

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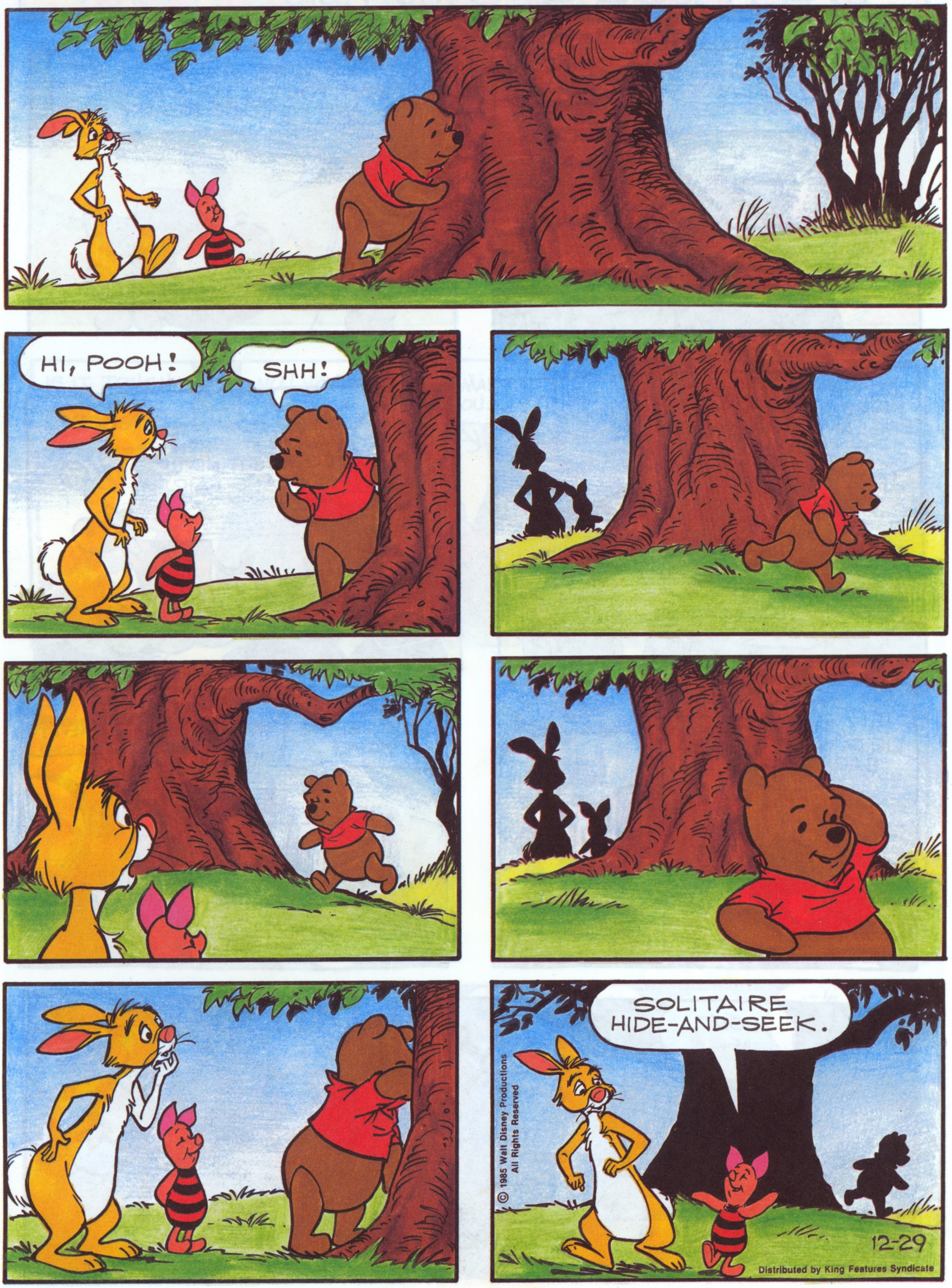
Walt Disney's Winnie the Pooh®


HI, POOH!
SHH!
SOLITAIRE HIDE-AND-SEEK.
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12-29
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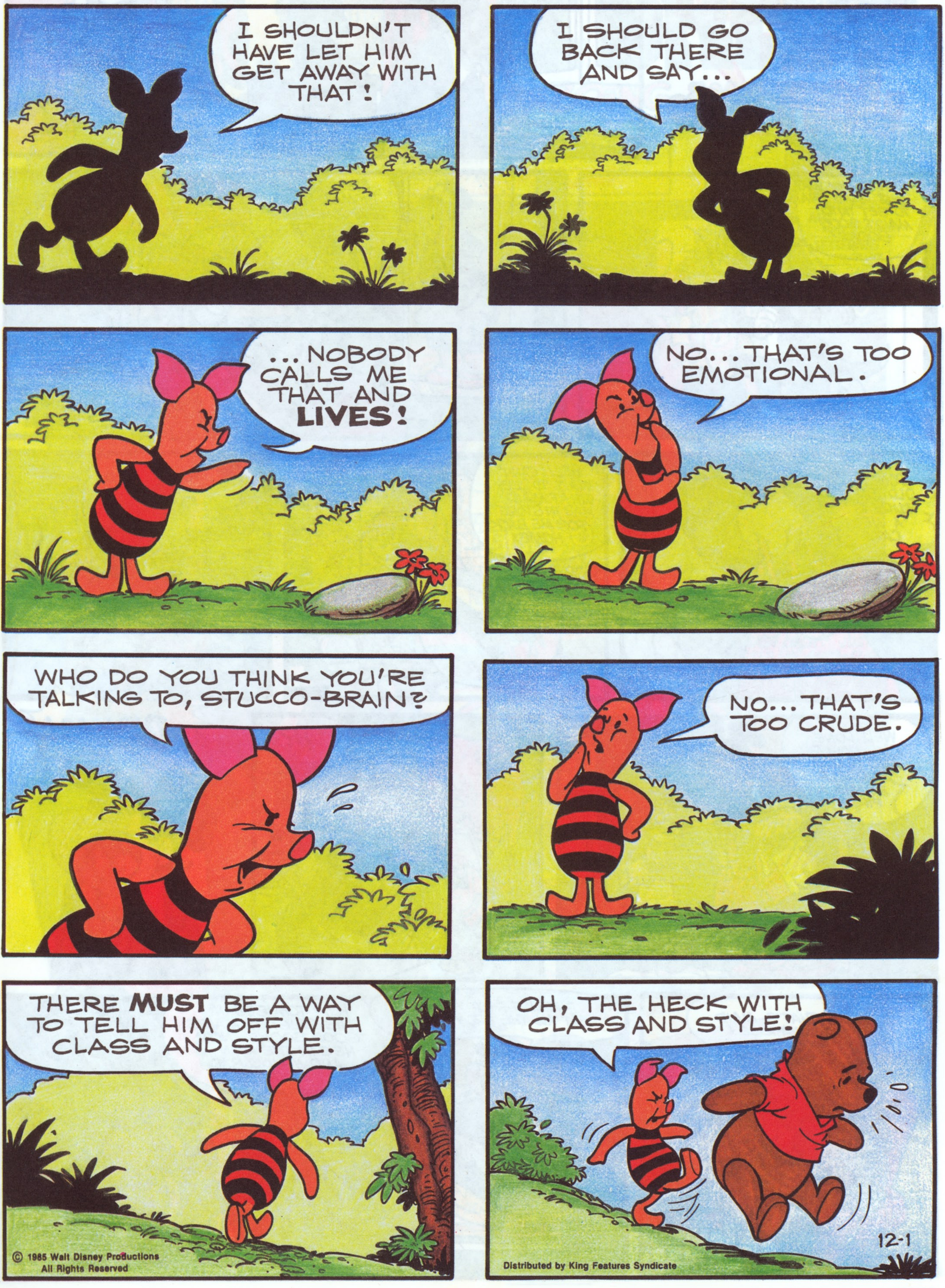
Walt Disney's Winnie the Pooh®


I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THAT!
I SHOULD GO BACK THERE AND SAY...
...NOBODY CALLS ME THAT AND **LIVES**!
NO... THAT'S TOO EMOTIONAL.
WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TALKING TO, STUCCO-BRAIN?
NO... THAT'S TOO CRUDE.
THERE **MUST** BE A WAY TO TELL HIM OFF WITH CLASS AND STYLE.
OH, THE HECK WITH CLASS AND STYLE!
12-1

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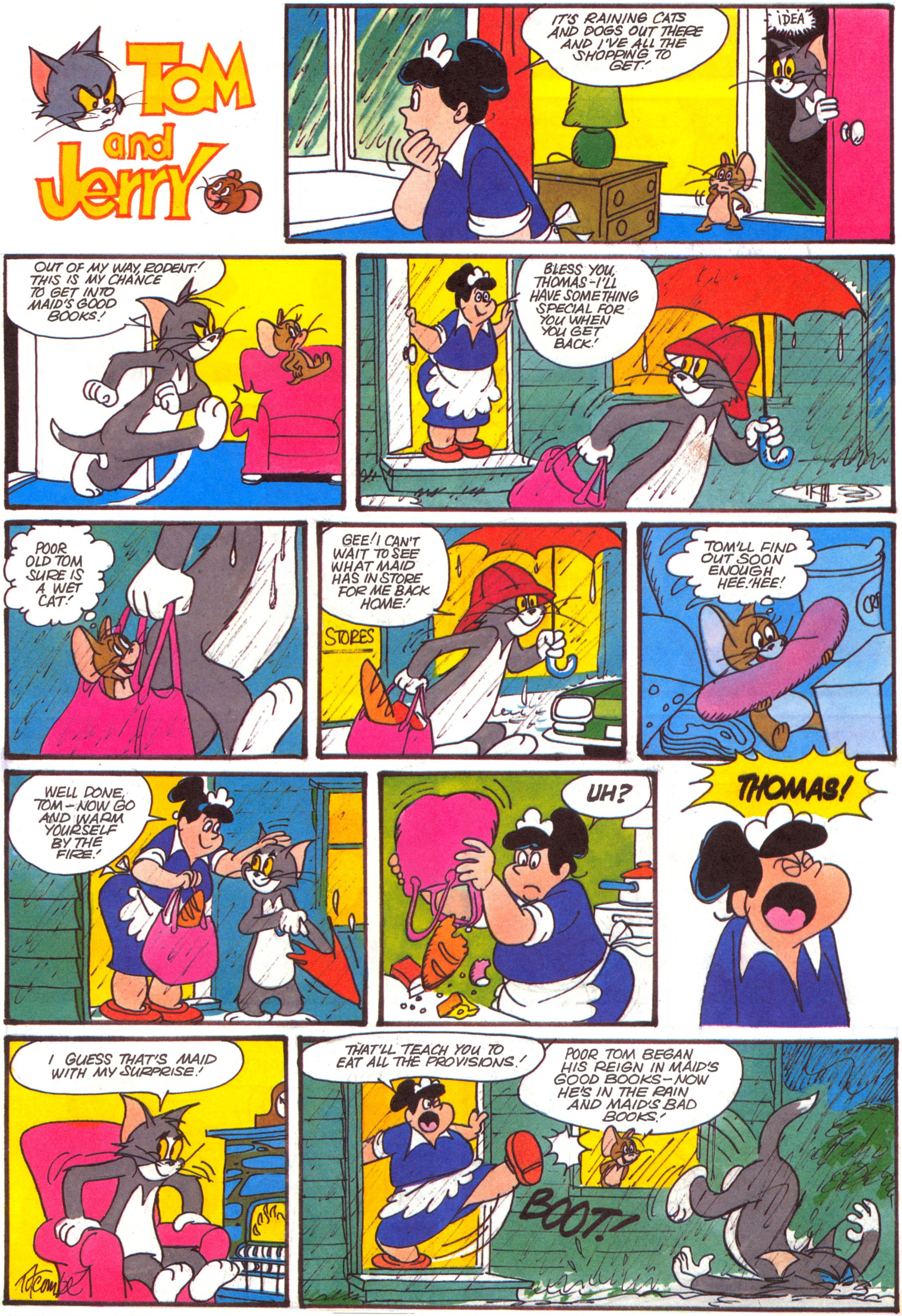
TOM and JERRY
IT'S RAINING CATS AND DOGS OUT THERE AND I'VE ALL THE SHOPPING TO GET!
IDEA
OUT OF MY WAY, RODENT! THIS IS MY CHANCE TO GET INTO MAID'S GOOD BOOKS!
BLESS YOU, THOMAS - I'LL HAVE SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR YOU WHEN YOU GET BACK!
POOR OLD TOM SURE IS A WET CAT!
GEE! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT MAID HAS IN STORE FOR ME BACK HOME!
STORES
TOM'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH HEE! HEE!
WELL DONE, TOM - NOW GO AND WARM YOURSELF BY THE FIRE!
UH?
THOMAS!
I GUESS THAT'S MAID WITH MY SURPRISE!
THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO EAT ALL THE PROVISIONS!
POOR TOM BEGAN HIS REIGN IN MAID'S GOOD BOOKS - NOW HE'S IN THE RAIN AND MAID'S BAD BOOKS!
BOOT!

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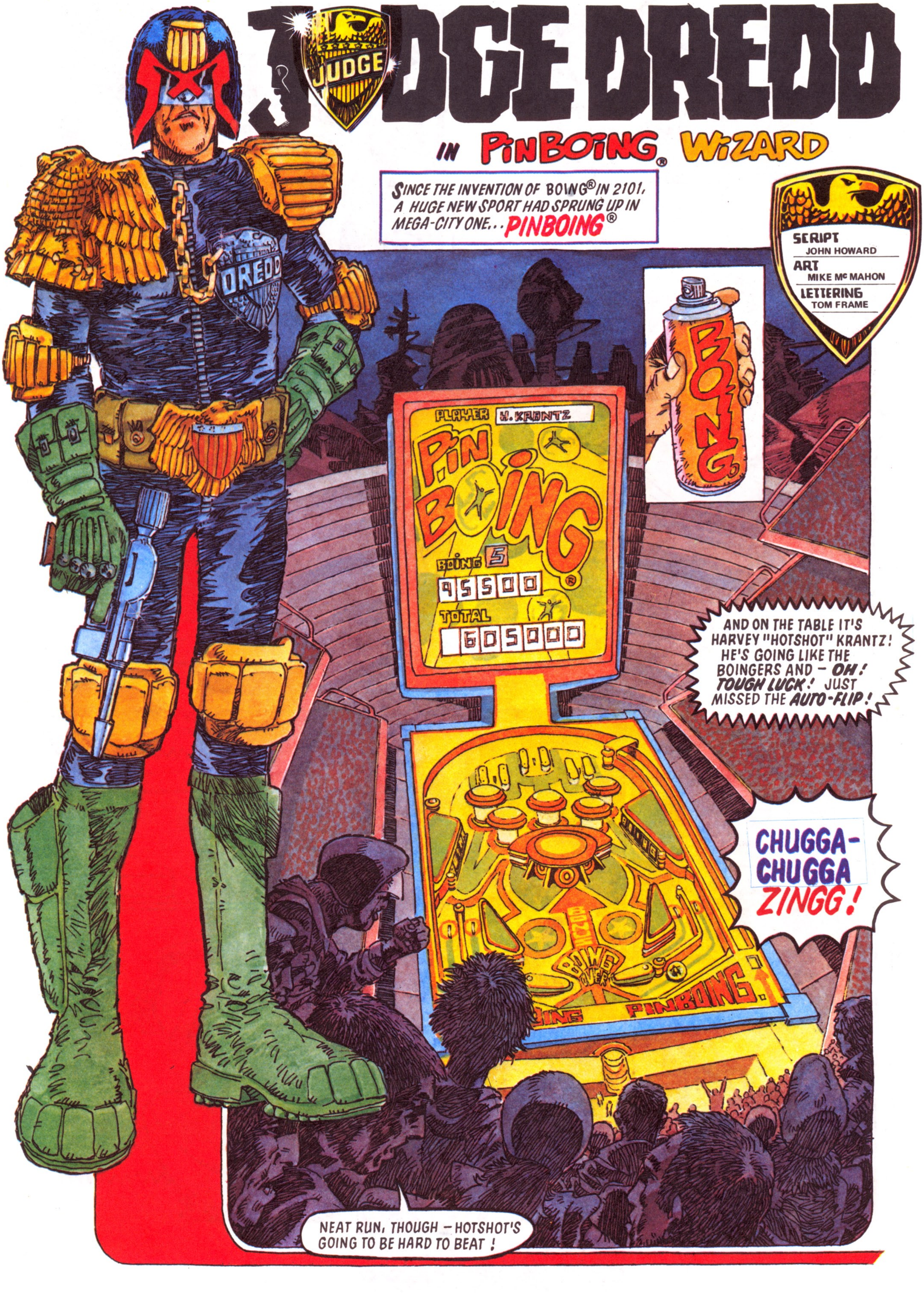
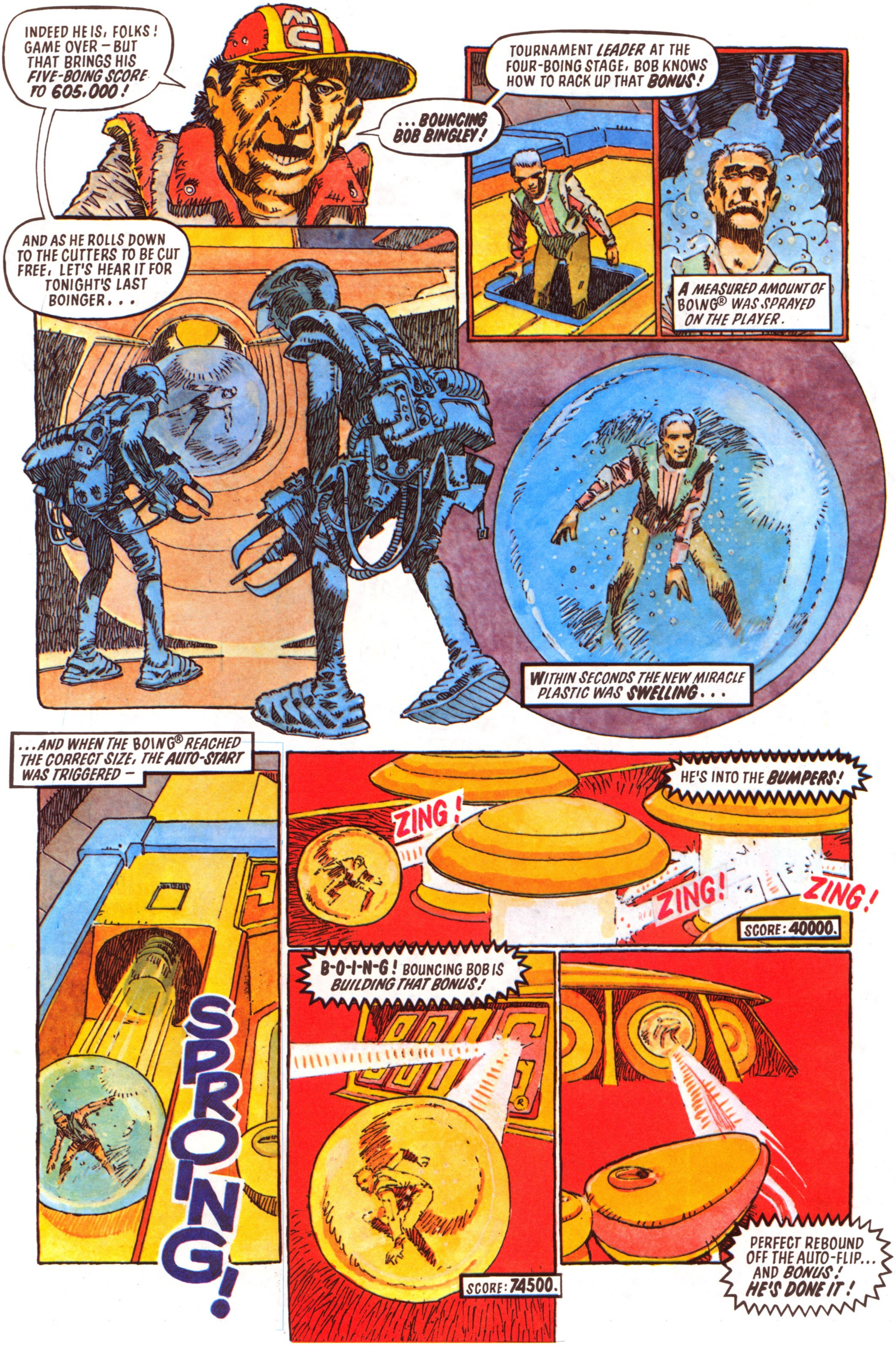
JUDGE DREDD

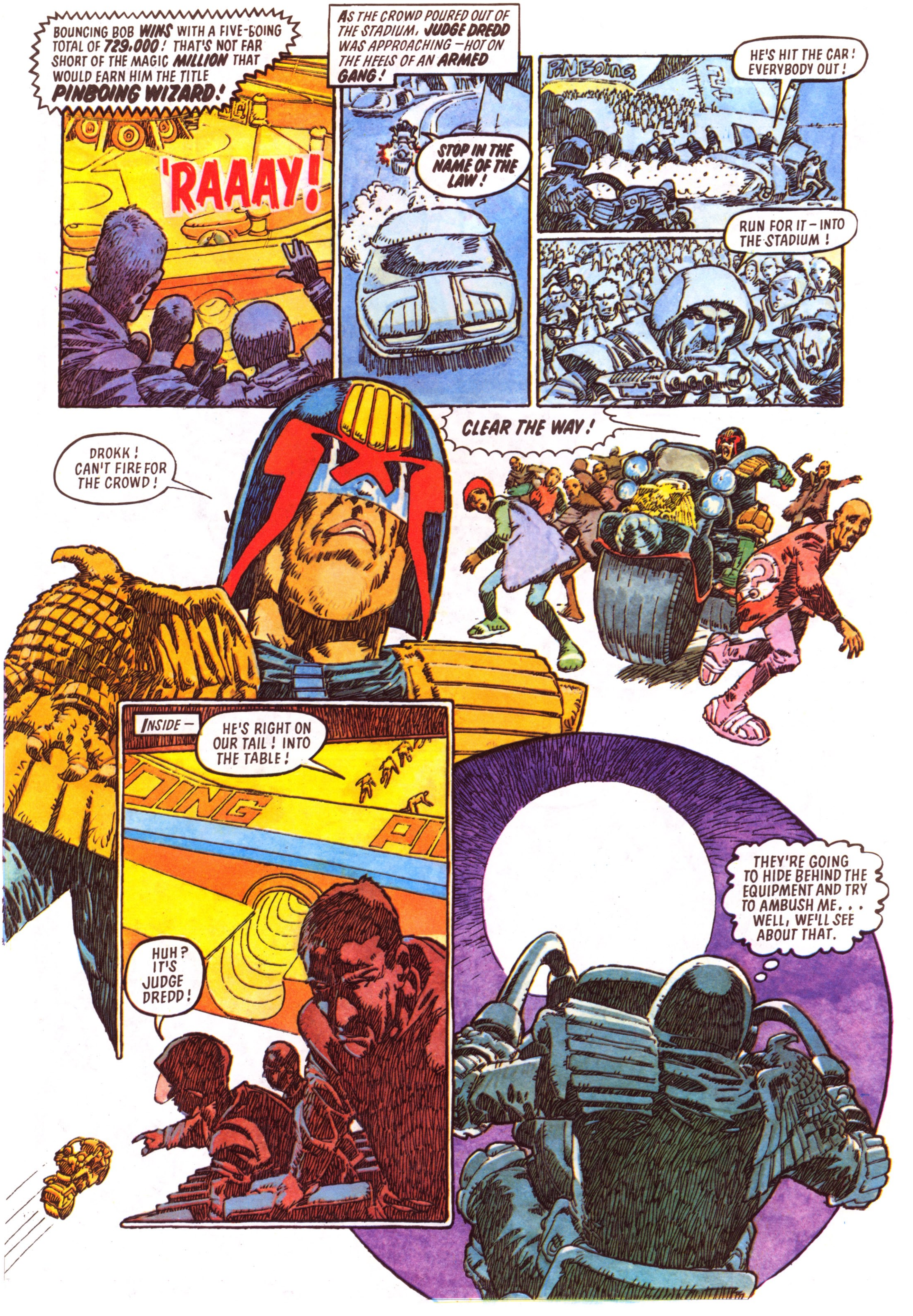
in PINBOING® WIZARD

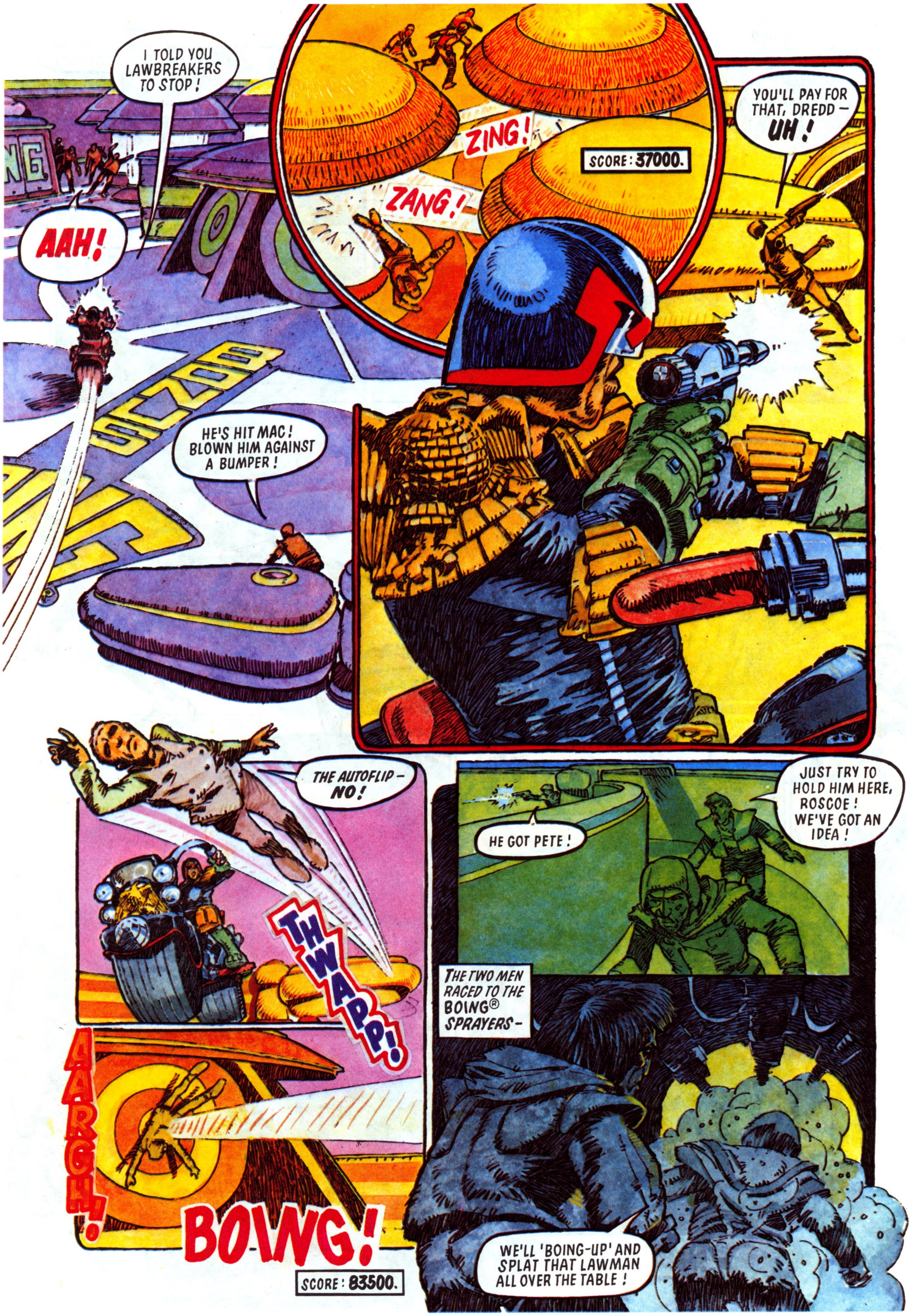
SCRIPT JOHN HOWARD
ART MIKE McMAHON
LETTERING TOM FRAME

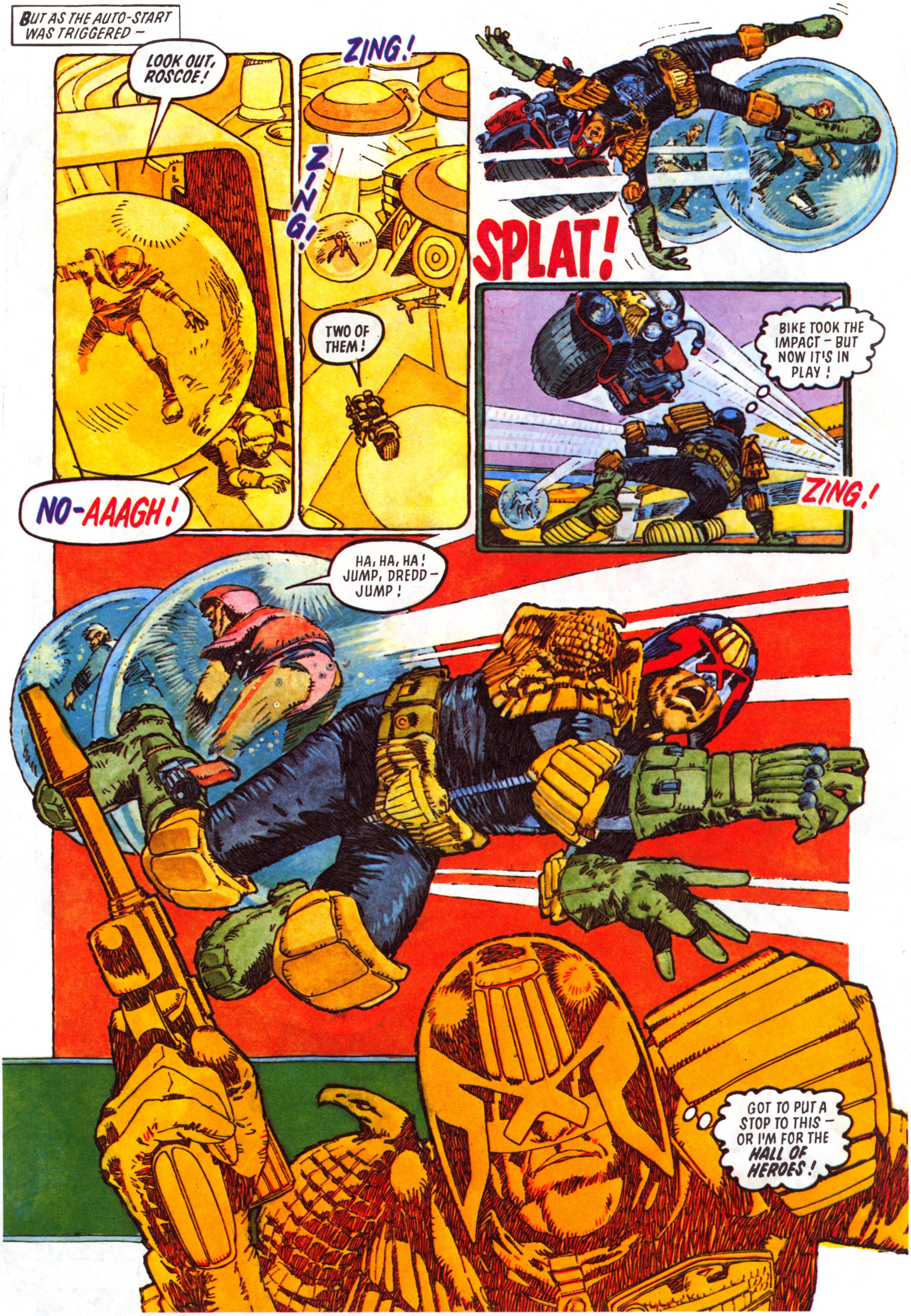


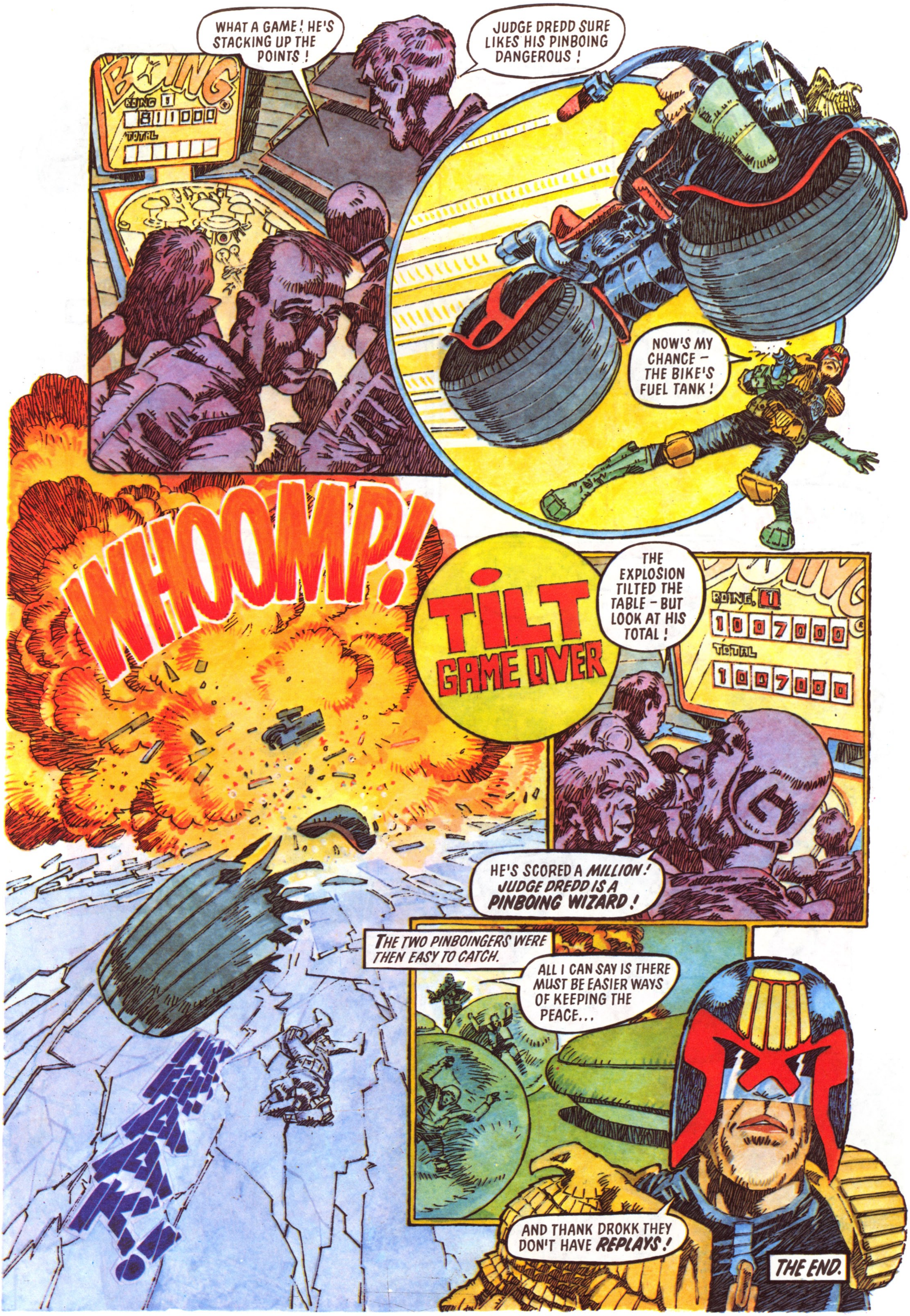
SINCE THE INVENTION OF BOING® IN 2101, A HUGE NEW SPORT HAD SPRUNG UP IN MEGA-CITY ONE... PINBOING®
JUDGE
DREDD
BOING
PLAYER H. KRANTZ
PIN BOING®
BOING 5
95500
TOTAL
605000
AND ON THE TABLE IT'S HARVEY "HOTSHOT" KRANTZ! HE'S GOING LIKE THE BOINGERS AND — OH! TOUGH LUCK! JUST MISSED THE AUTO-FLIP!
CHUGGA-CHUGGA ZINGG!
BOING OVER
PINBOING
NEAT RUN, THOUGH — HOTSHOT'S GOING TO BE HARD TO BEAT!

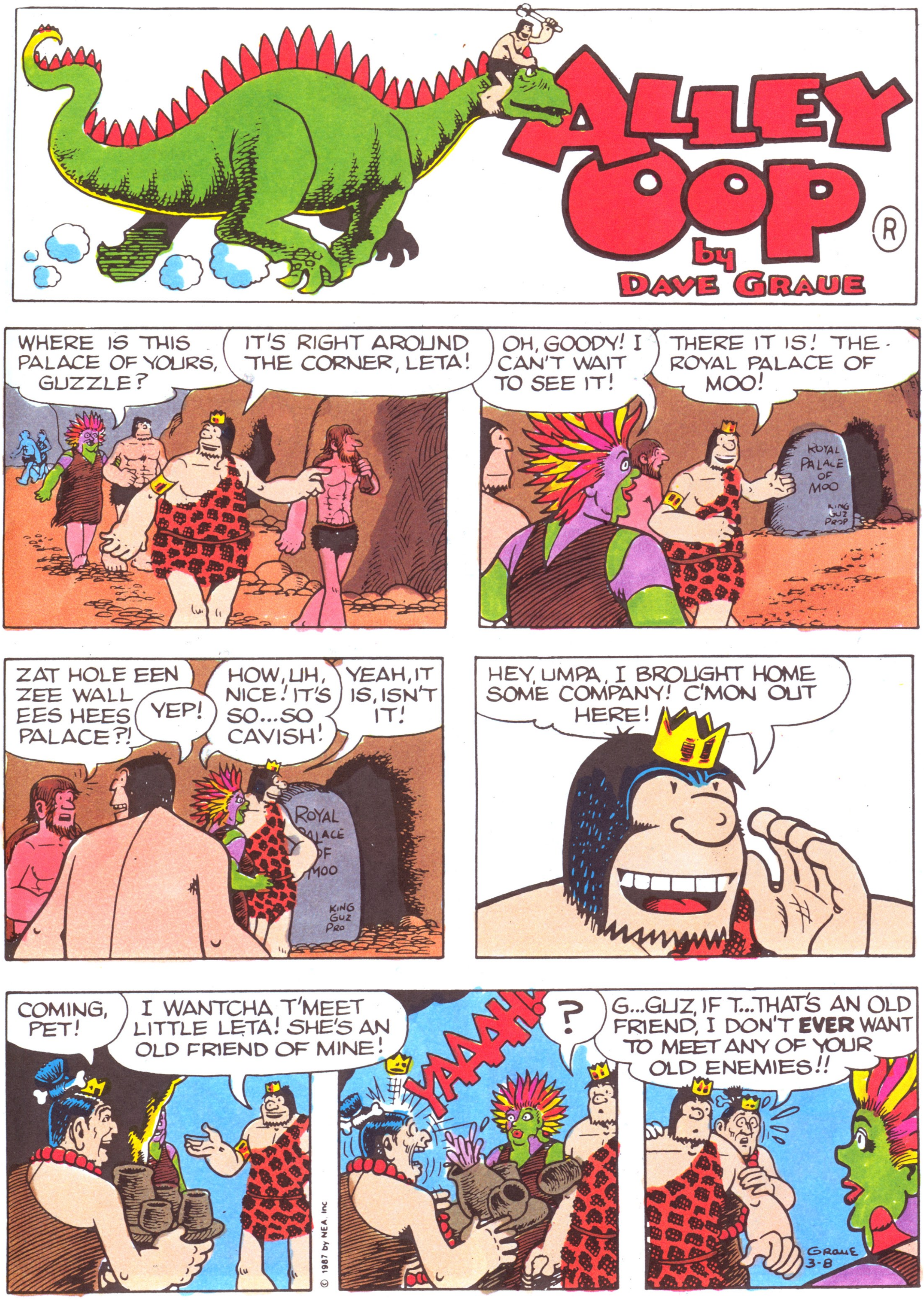

INDEED HE IS, FOLKS! GAME OVER — BUT THAT BRINGS HIS *FIVE-BOING SCORE* TO **605,000!**
AND AS HE ROLLS DOWN TO THE CUTTERS TO BE CUT FREE, LET'S HEAR IT FOR TONIGHT'S LAST BOINGER...
...**BOUNCING BOB BINGLEY!**
TOURNAMENT *LEADER* AT THE FOUR-BOING STAGE, BOB KNOWS HOW TO RACK UP THAT *BONUS!*
A MEASURED AMOUNT OF BOING® *WAS SPRAYED ON THE PLAYER.*
WITHIN SECONDS THE NEW MIRACLE PLASTIC WAS ***SWELLING...***
...AND WHEN THE BOING® *REACHED THE CORRECT SIZE, THE* ***AUTO-START*** *WAS TRIGGERED —*
SPROING!
HE'S INTO THE *BUMPERS!*
ZING!
ZING!
ZING!
SCORE: 40000.
B-O-I-N-G! BOUNCING BOB IS *BUILDING THAT BONUS!*
SCORE: 74500.
PERFECT REBOUND OFF THE AUTO-FLIP... AND *BONUS!* ***HE'S DONE IT!***


BOUNCING BOB WINS WITH A FIVE-BOING TOTAL OF 729,000! THAT'S NOT FAR SHORT OF THE MAGIC MILLION THAT WOULD EARN HIM THE TITLE PINBOING WIZARD!
'RAAAY!
AS THE CROWD POURED OUT OF THE STADIUM, JUDGE DREDD WAS APPROACHING—HOT ON THE HEELS OF AN ARMED GANG!
STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
PINBOING
HE'S HIT THE CAR! EVERYBODY OUT!
RUN FOR IT—INTO THE STADIUM!
DROKK! CAN'T FIRE FOR THE CROWD!
CLEAR THE WAY!
INSIDE—
HE'S RIGHT ON OUR TAIL! INTO THE TABLE!
OING
PI
HUH? IT'S JUDGE DREDD!
THEY'RE GOING TO HIDE BEHIND THE EQUIPMENT AND TRY TO AMBUSH ME... WELL, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT.


I TOLD YOU LAWBREAKERS TO STOP!
AAH!
HE'S HIT MAC! BLOWN HIM AGAINST A BUMPER!
ZING!
ZANG!
SCORE: 37000.
YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT, DREDD – UH!
THE AUTOFLIP – NO!
THWAPP!
AARGH!
BOING!
SCORE: 83500.
HE GOT PETE!
JUST TRY TO HOLD HIM HERE, ROSCOE! WE'VE GOT AN IDEA!
THE TWO MEN RACED TO THE BOING® SPRAYERS–
WE'LL 'BOING-UP' AND SPLAT THAT LAWMAN ALL OVER THE TABLE!


BUT AS THE AUTO-START WAS TRIGGERED –
LOOK OUT, ROSCOE!
NO-AAAGH!
ZING!
ZING!
TWO OF THEM!
SPLAT!
BIKE TOOK THE IMPACT – BUT NOW IT'S IN PLAY!
ZING!
HA, HA, HA! JUMP, DREDD – JUMP!
GOT TO PUT A STOP TO THIS – OR I'M FOR THE HALL OF HEROES!


BOING
BOING 1
811000
TOTAL
WHAT A GAME! HE'S STACKING UP THE POINTS!
JUDGE DREDD SURE LIKES HIS PINBOING DANGEROUS!
NOW'S MY CHANCE — THE BIKE'S FUEL TANK!
WHOOMP!
TILT
GAME OVER
THE EXPLOSION TILTED THE TABLE — BUT LOOK AT HIS TOTAL!
BOING 1
1007000
TOTAL
1007000
HE'S SCORED A *MILLION*! *JUDGE DREDD IS A* **PINBOING WIZARD**!
THE TWO PINBOINGERS WERE THEN EASY TO CATCH.
ALL I CAN SAY IS THERE MUST BE EASIER WAYS OF KEEPING THE PEACE...
AND THANK DROKK THEY DON'T HAVE **REPLAYS**!
THE END.


ALLEY OOP ®
by
DAVE GRAUE
WHERE IS THIS PALACE OF YOURS, GUZZLE?
IT'S RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER, LETA!
OH, GOODY! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE IT!
THERE IT IS! THE ROYAL PALACE OF MOO!
ROYAL PALACE OF MOO
KING GUZ PROP
ZAT HOLE EEN ZEE WALL EES HEES PALACE?!
YEP!
HOW, UH, NICE! IT'S SO...SO CAVISH!
YEAH, IT IS, ISN'T IT!
ROYAL PALACE OF MOO
KING GUZ PRO
HEY, UMPA, I BROUGHT HOME SOME COMPANY! C'MON OUT HERE!
COMING, PET!
I WANTCHA T'MEET LITTLE LETA! SHE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE!
YAAAH!
?
G...GUZ, IF T...THAT'S AN OLD FRIEND, I DON'T EVER WANT TO MEET ANY OF YOUR OLD ENEMIES!!
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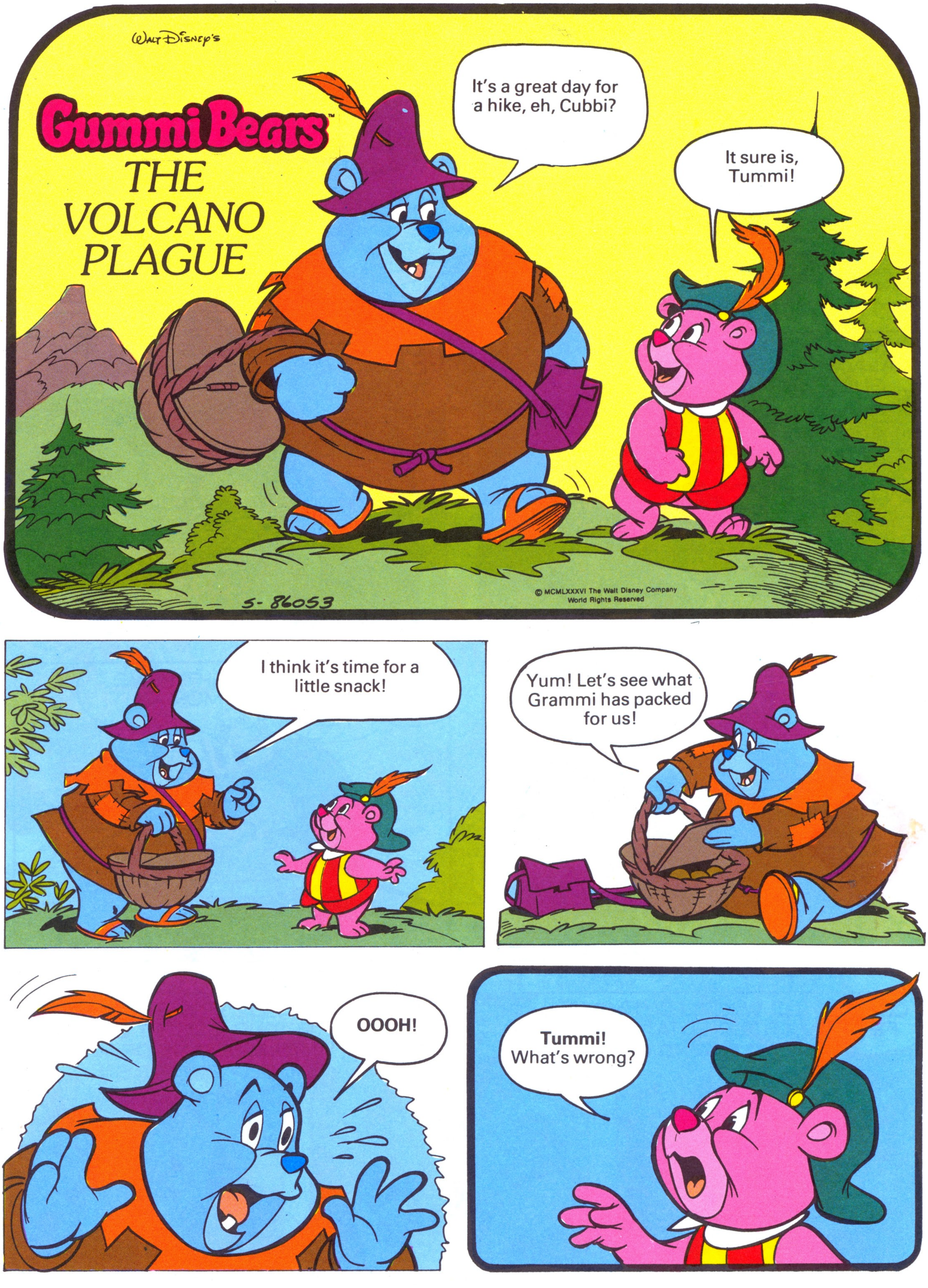
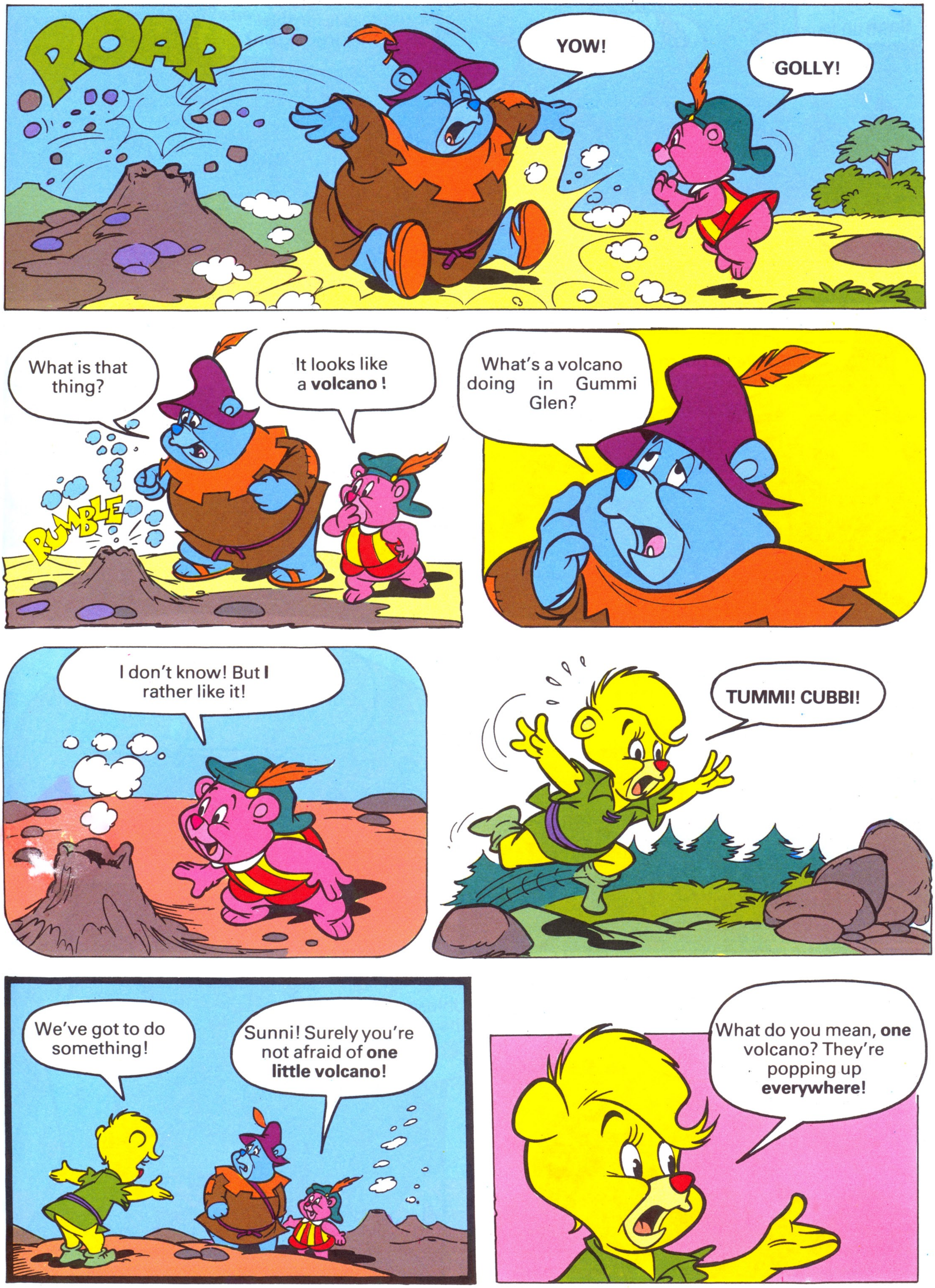
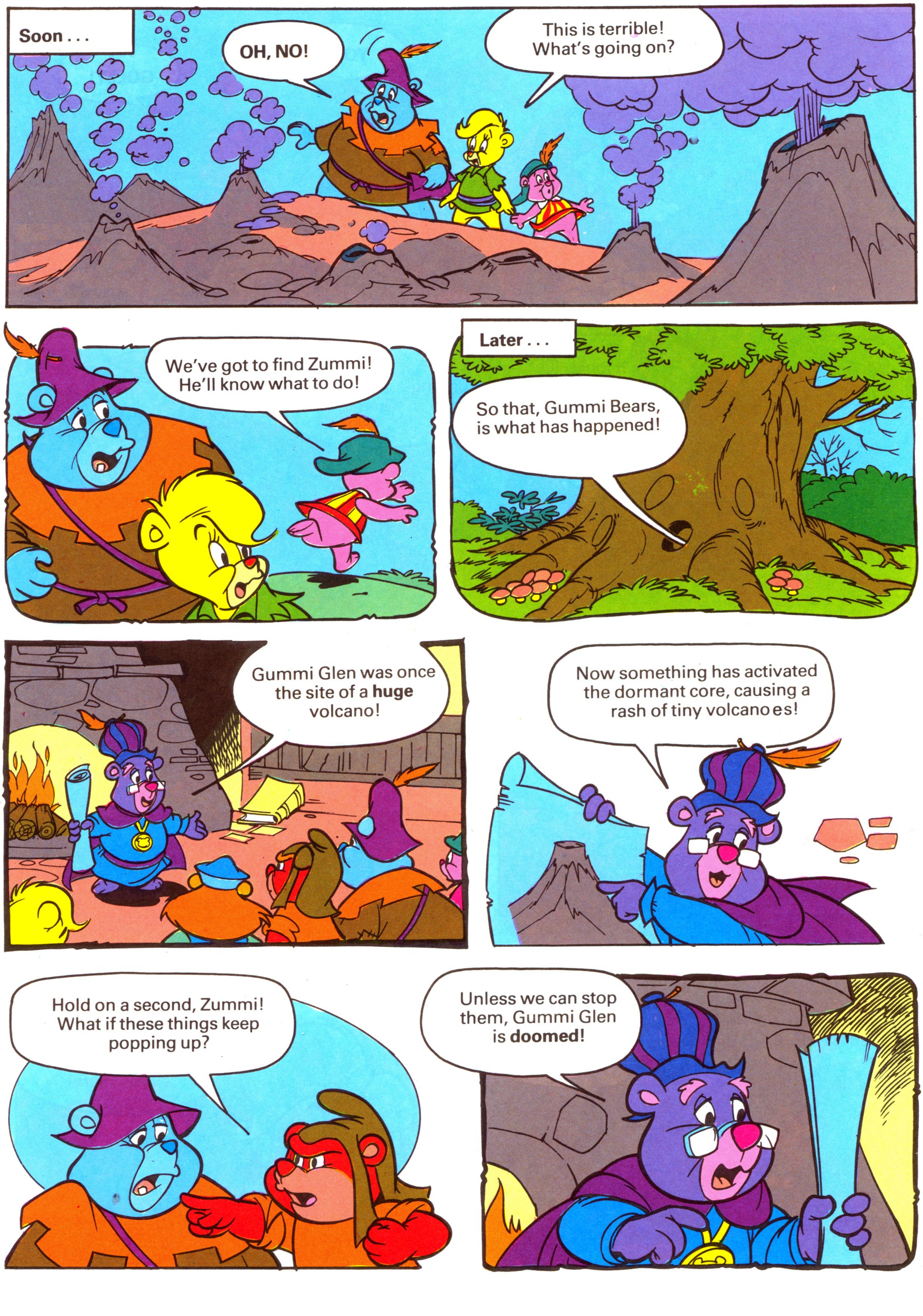
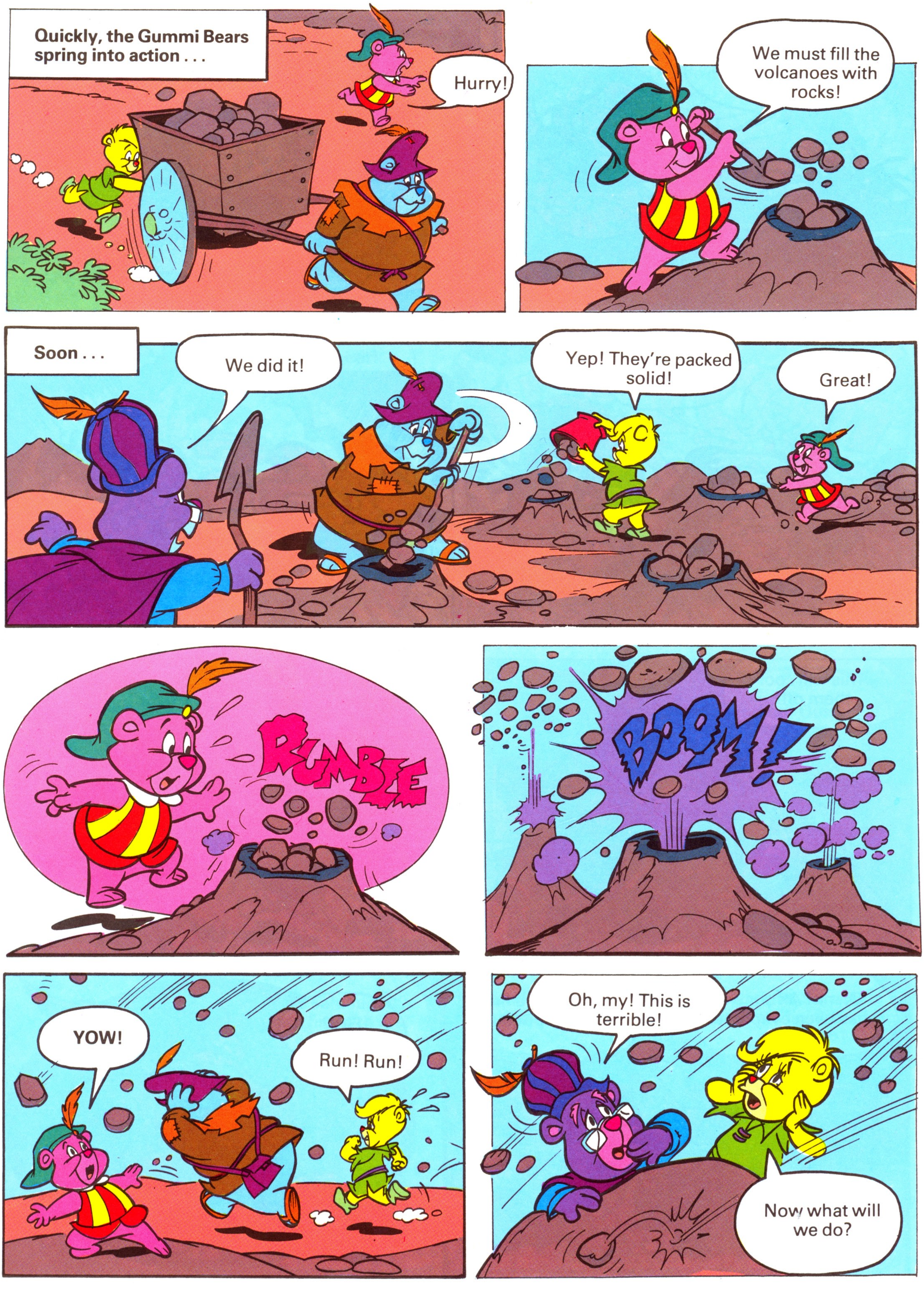
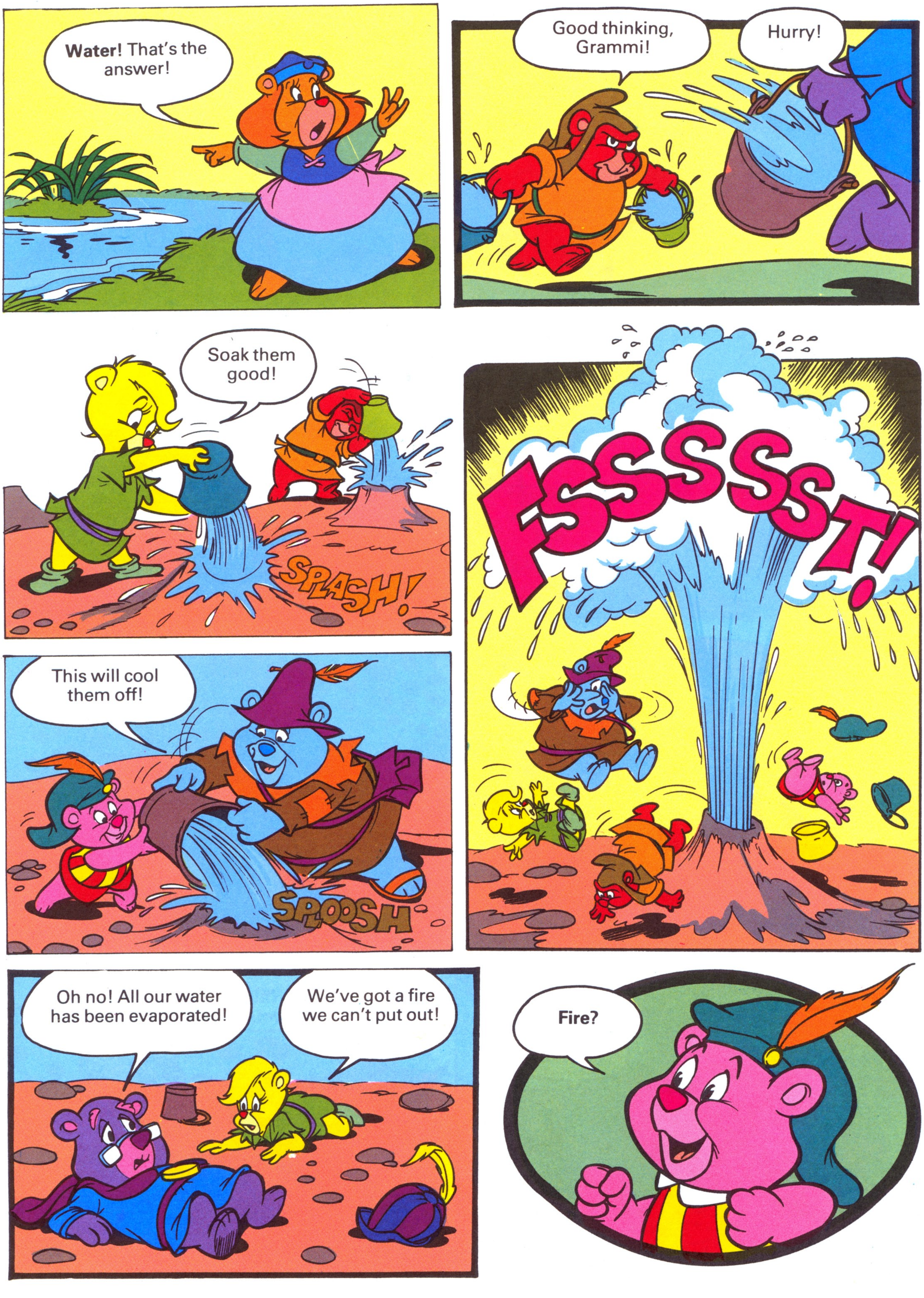
GRAUE 3-8

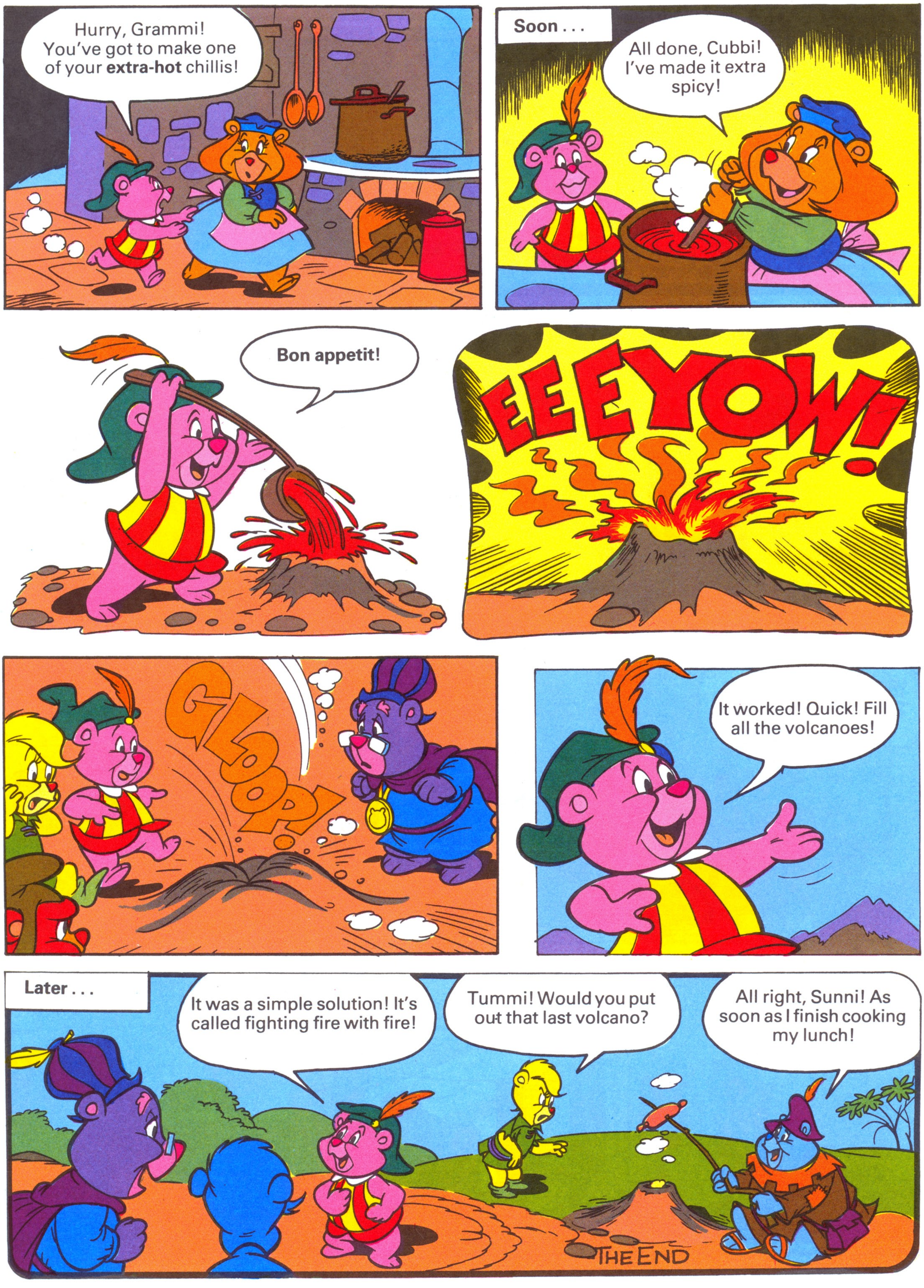

Walt Disney's
Gummi Bears™
THE VOLCANO PLAGUE
It's a great day for a hike, eh, Cubbi?
It sure is, Tummi!
5- 86053
© MCMLXXXVI The Walt Disney Company World Rights Reserved
I think it's time for a little snack!
Yum! Let's see what Grammi has packed for us!
OOOH!
Tummi! What's wrong?

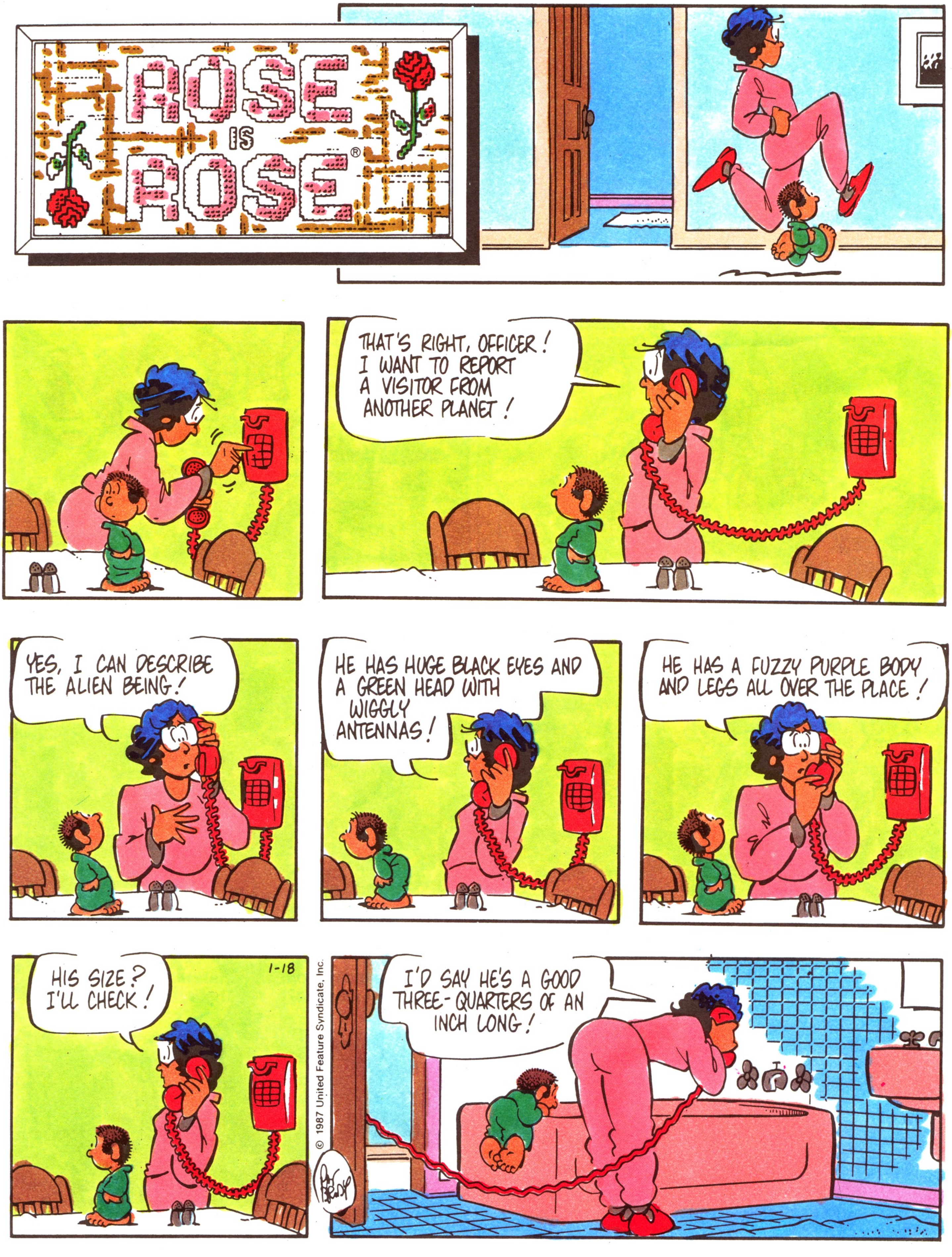

ROAR
YOW!
GOLLY!
What is that thing?
It looks like a **volcano**!
RUMBLE
What's a volcano doing in Gummi Glen?
I don't know! But I rather like it!
TUMMI! CUBBI!
We've got to do something!
Sunni! Surely you're not afraid of **one little volcano**!
What do you mean, **one** volcano? They're popping up **everywhere**!


Soon . . .
OH, NO!
This is terrible! What's going on?
We've got to find Zummi! He'll know what to do!
Later . . .
So that, Gummi Bears, is what has happened!
Gummi Glen was once the site of a **huge** volcano!
Now something has activated the dormant core, causing a rash of tiny volcanoes!
Hold on a second, Zummi! What if these things keep popping up?
Unless we can stop them, Gummi Glen is **doomed!**


Quickly, the Gummi Bears spring into action . . .
Hurry!
We must fill the volcanoes with rocks!
Soon . . .
We did it!
Yep! They're packed solid!
Great!
RUMBLE
BOOM!
YOW!
Run! Run!
Oh, my! This is terrible!
Now what will we do?


Water! That's the answer!
Good thinking, Grammi!
Hurry!
Soak them good!
SPLASH!
This will cool them off!
SPLOOSH
FSSSSST!
Oh no! All our water has been evaporated!
We've got a fire we can't put out!
Fire?


Hurry, Grammi! You've got to make one of your **extra-hot** chillis!
Soon . . .
All done, Cubbi! I've made it extra spicy!
Bon appetit!
EEEYOW!
GLOOP!
It worked! Quick! Fill all the volcanoes!
Later . . .
It was a simple solution! It's called fighting fire with fire!
Tummi! Would you put out that last volcano?
All right, Sunni! As soon as I finish cooking my lunch!
THE END


ROSE IS ROSE®
THAT'S RIGHT, OFFICER! I WANT TO REPORT A VISITOR FROM ANOTHER PLANET!
YES, I CAN DESCRIBE THE ALIEN BEING!
HE HAS HUGE BLACK EYES AND A GREEN HEAD WITH WIGGLY ANTENNAS!
HE HAS A FUZZY PURPLE BODY AND LEGS ALL OVER THE PLACE!
HIS SIZE? I'LL CHECK!
1-18
I'D SAY HE'S A GOOD THREE-QUARTERS OF AN INCH LONG!

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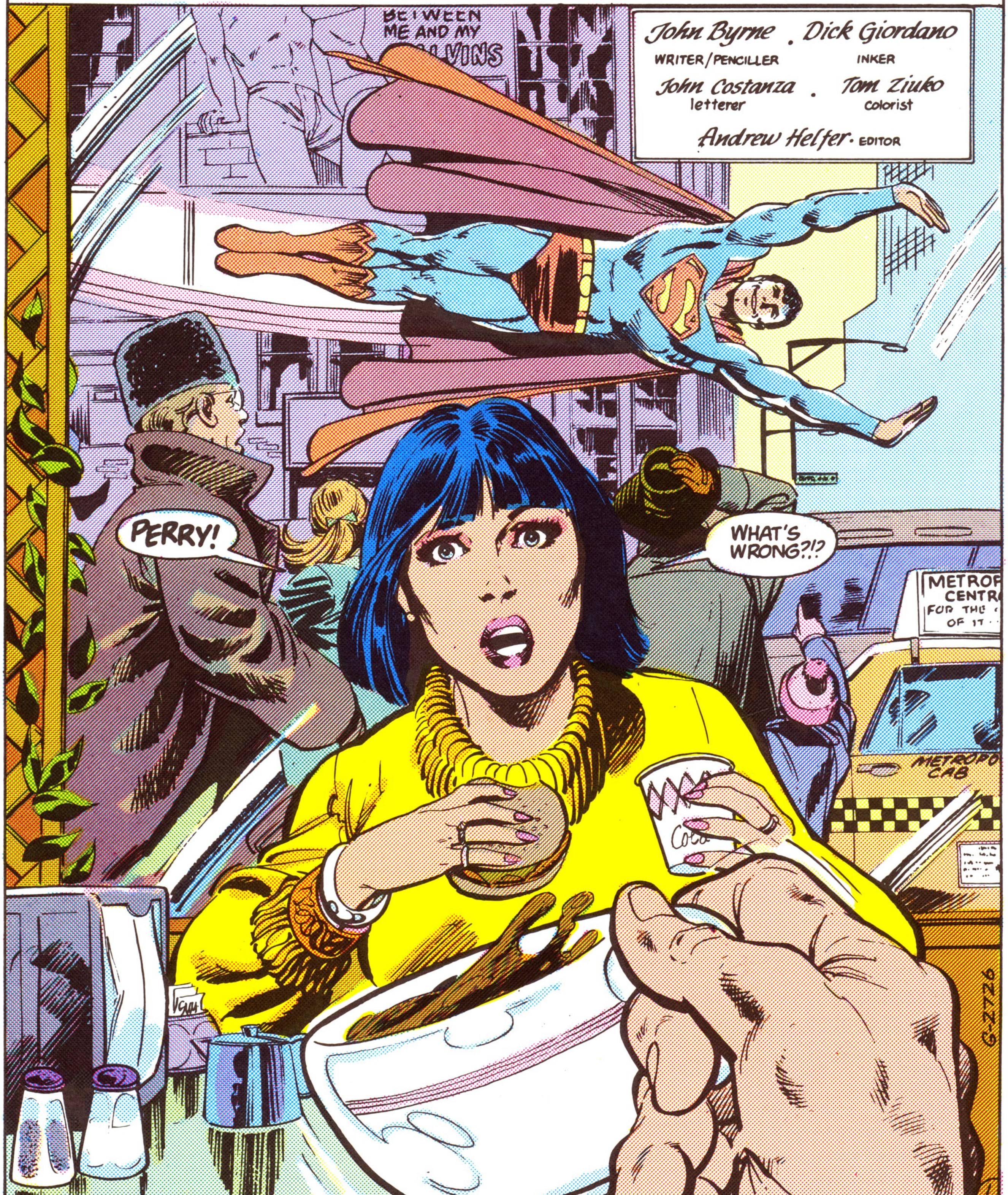
SUPERMAN

Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

THE STORY OF THE CENTURY!


BETWEEN ME AND MY CALVINS
PERRY!
WHAT'S WRONG?!?
METROP CENTR FOR THE OF IT
METROPO CAB
Coca
G-2726

John Byrne · Dick Giordano
WRITER/PENCILLER · INKER
John Costanza · Tom Ziuko
letterer · colorist
Andrew Helfer · EDITOR

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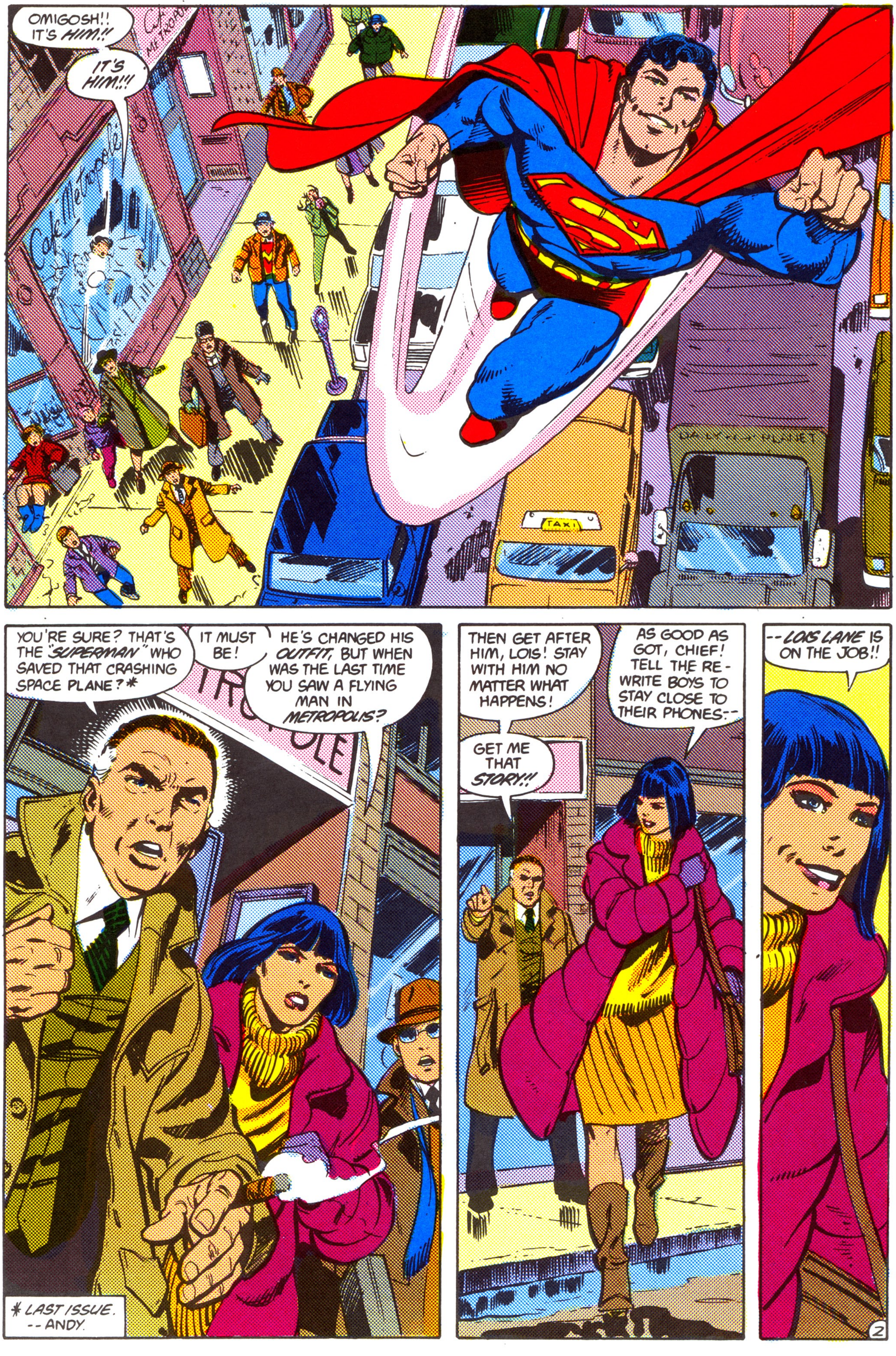
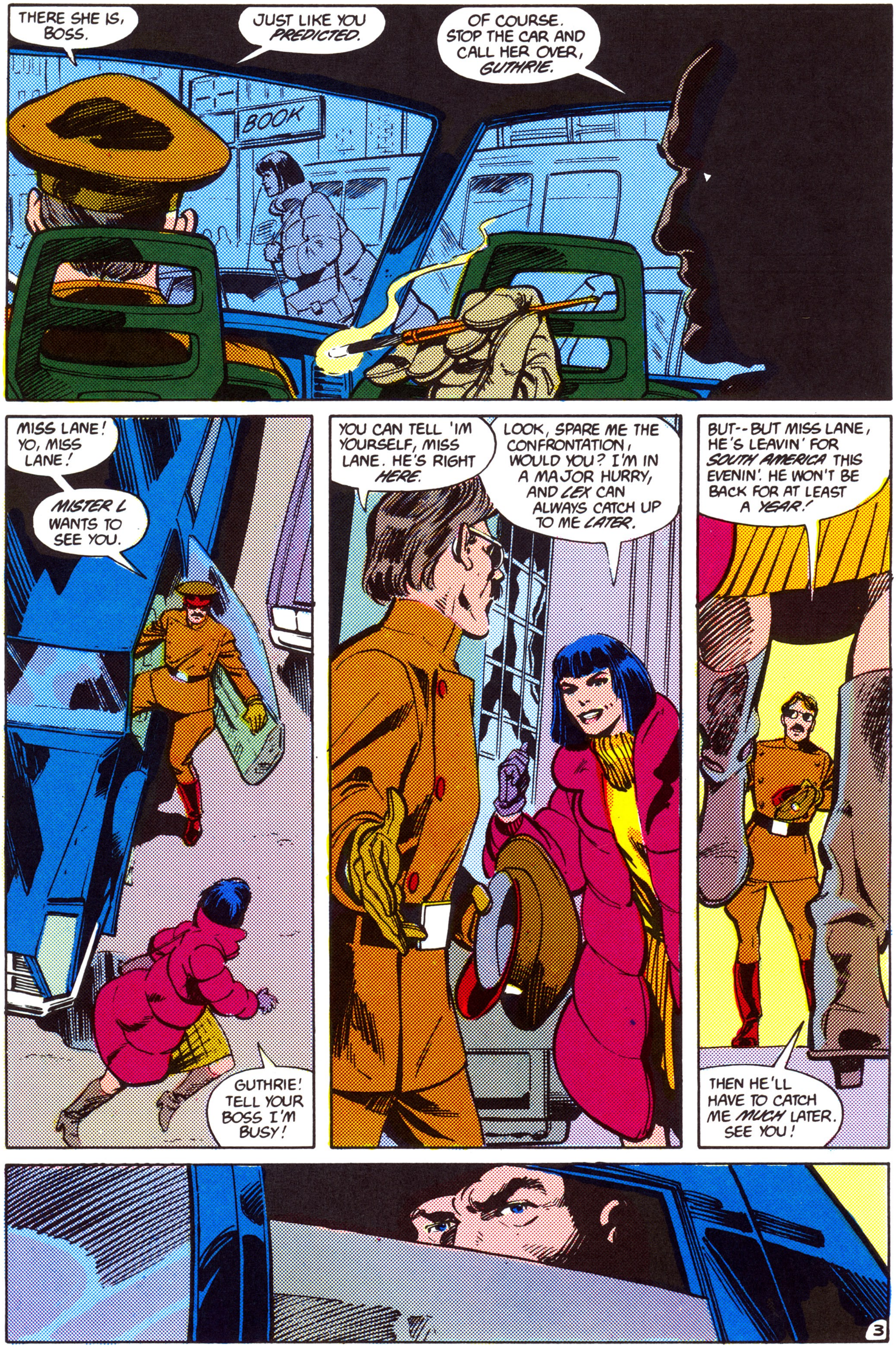
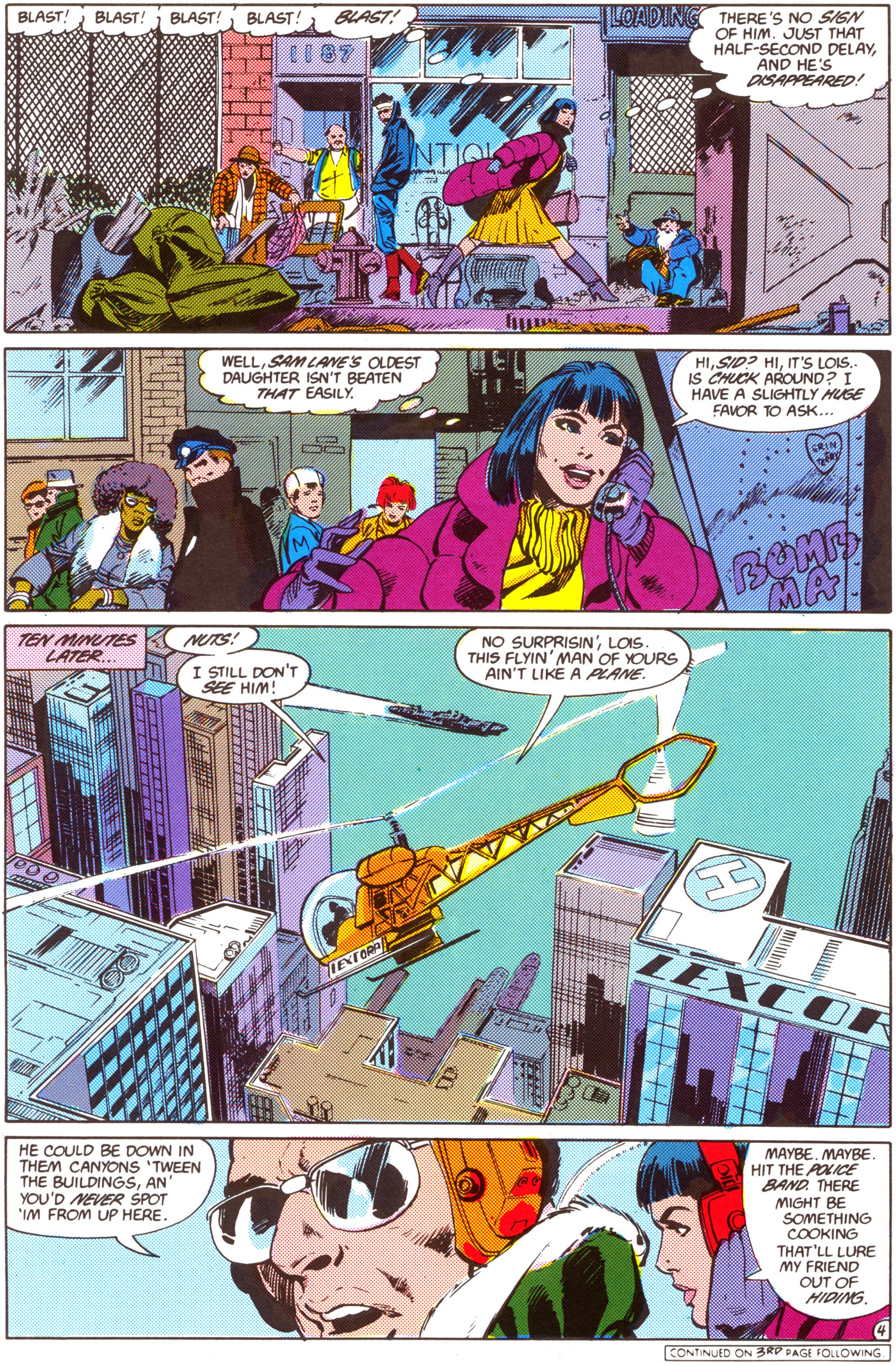

OMIGOSH!! IT'S *HIM!!*
IT'S *HIM!!!*
Café Metropole
DAILY PLANET
TAXI
YOU'RE SURE? THAT'S THE *"SUPERMAN"* WHO SAVED THAT CRASHING SPACE PLANE?*
IT MUST BE!
HE'S CHANGED HIS *OUTFIT,* BUT WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SAW A FLYING MAN IN *METROPOLIS?*
* *LAST ISSUE.* -- ANDY.
THEN GET AFTER HIM, LOIS! STAY WITH HIM NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS!
GET ME THAT *STORY!!*
AS GOOD AS GOT, CHIEF! TELL THE REWRITE BOYS TO STAY CLOSE TO THEIR PHONES--
--*LOIS LANE* IS ON THE JOB!!


THERE SHE IS, BOSS.
JUST LIKE YOU *PREDICTED.*
OF COURSE. STOP THE CAR AND CALL HER OVER, *GUTHRIE.*
BOOK
MISS LANE! YO, MISS LANE!
MISTER L WANTS TO SEE YOU.
GUTHRIE! TELL YOUR BOSS I'M *BUSY!*
YOU CAN TELL 'IM YOURSELF, MISS LANE. HE'S RIGHT *HERE.*
LOOK, SPARE ME THE CONFRONTATION, WOULD YOU? I'M IN A MAJOR HURRY, AND *LEX* CAN ALWAYS CATCH UP TO ME *LATER.*
BUT--BUT MISS LANE, HE'S LEAVIN' FOR *SOUTH AMERICA* THIS EVENIN'. HE WON'T BE BACK FOR AT LEAST A *YEAR!*
THEN HE'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME *MUCH* LATER. SEE YOU!


BLAST! BLAST! BLAST! BLAST! *BLAST!*
LOADING
1187
THERE'S NO *SIGN* OF HIM. JUST THAT HALF-SECOND DELAY, AND HE'S *DISAPPEARED!*
WELL, *SAM LANE'S* OLDEST DAUGHTER ISN'T BEATEN *THAT* EASILY.
HI, *SID?* HI, IT'S LOIS.. IS *CHUCK* AROUND? I HAVE A SLIGHTLY *HUGE* FAVOR TO ASK...
ERIN + TERRY
BOMB MA
TEN MINUTES LATER...
NUTS!
I STILL DON'T *SEE* HIM!
NO SURPRISIN', LOIS. THIS FLYIN' MAN OF YOURS AIN'T LIKE A *PLANE*.
LEXCORP
LEXCOR
HE COULD BE DOWN IN THEM CANYONS 'TWEEN THE BUILDINGS, AN' YOU'D *NEVER* SPOT 'IM FROM UP HERE.
MAYBE. MAYBE. HIT THE *POLICE BAND*. THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING COOKING THAT'LL LURE MY FRIEND OUT OF *HIDING*.

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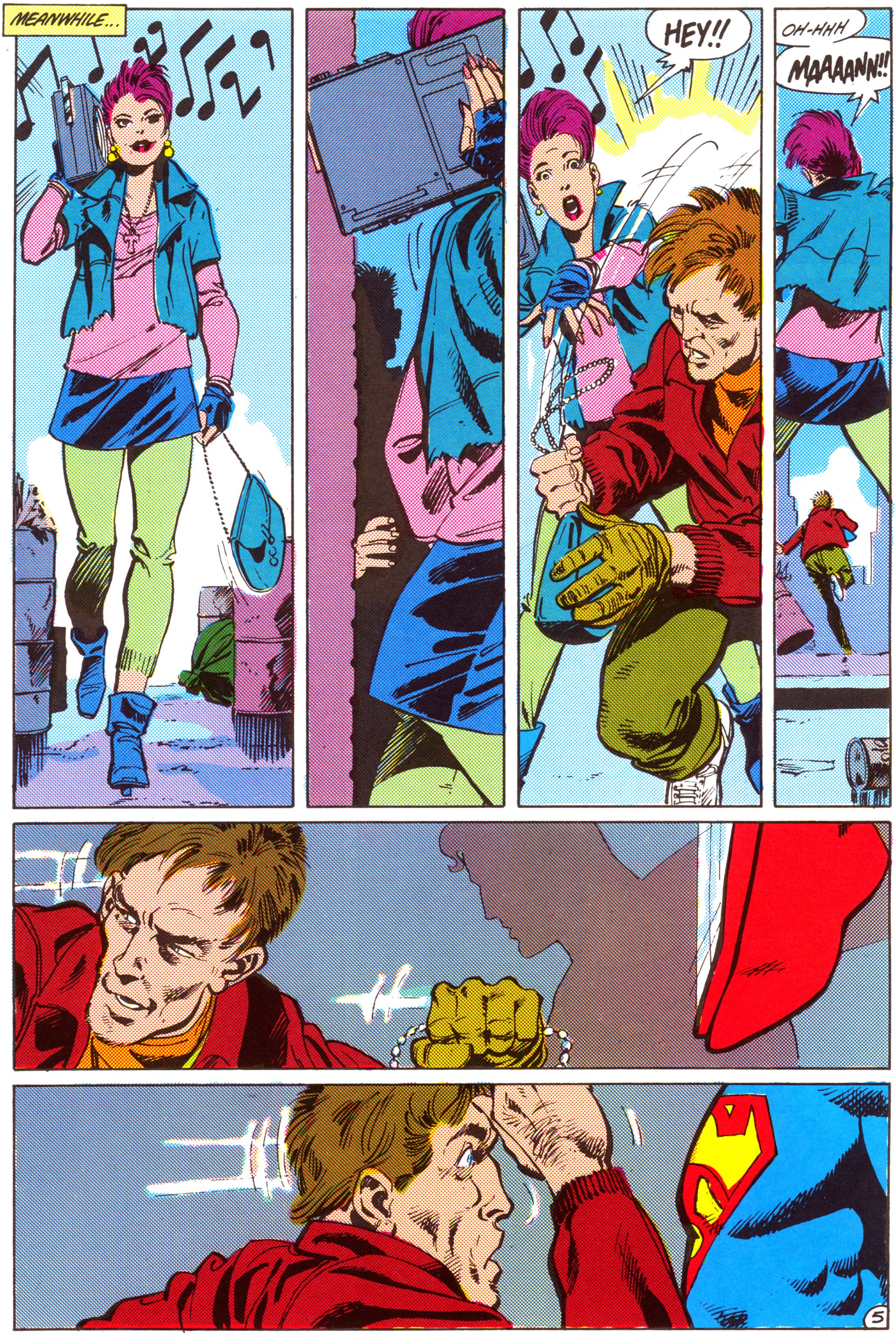
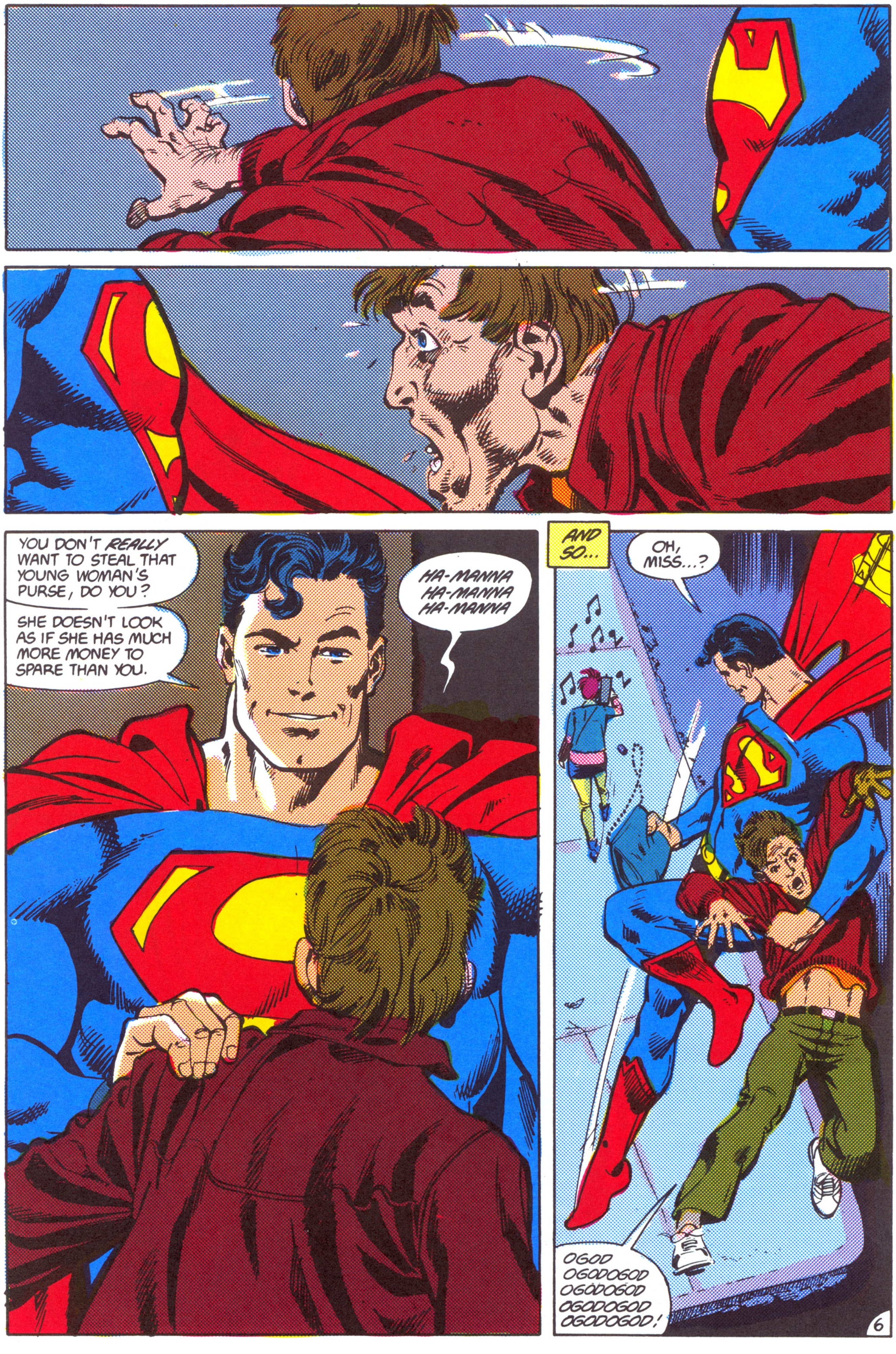
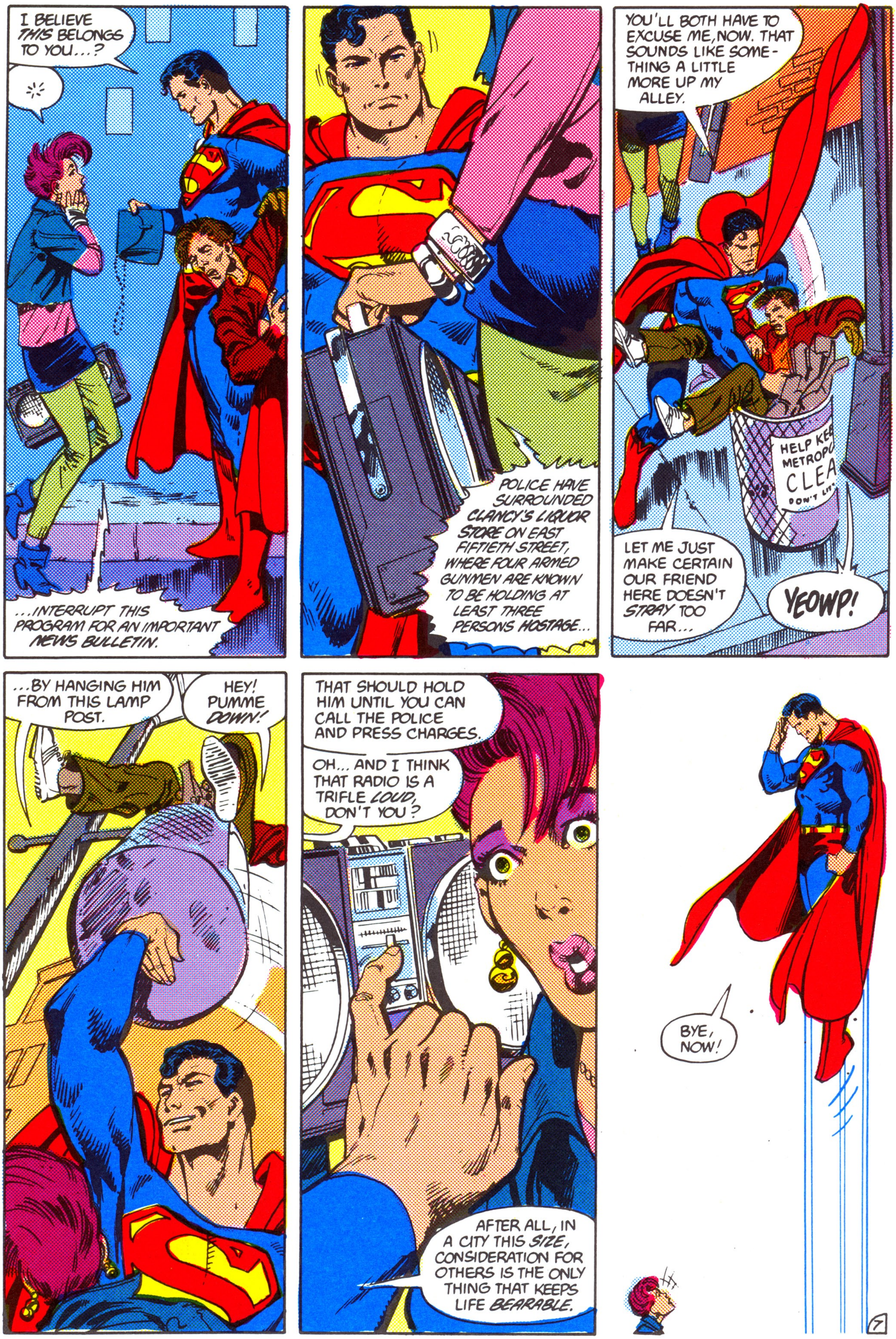
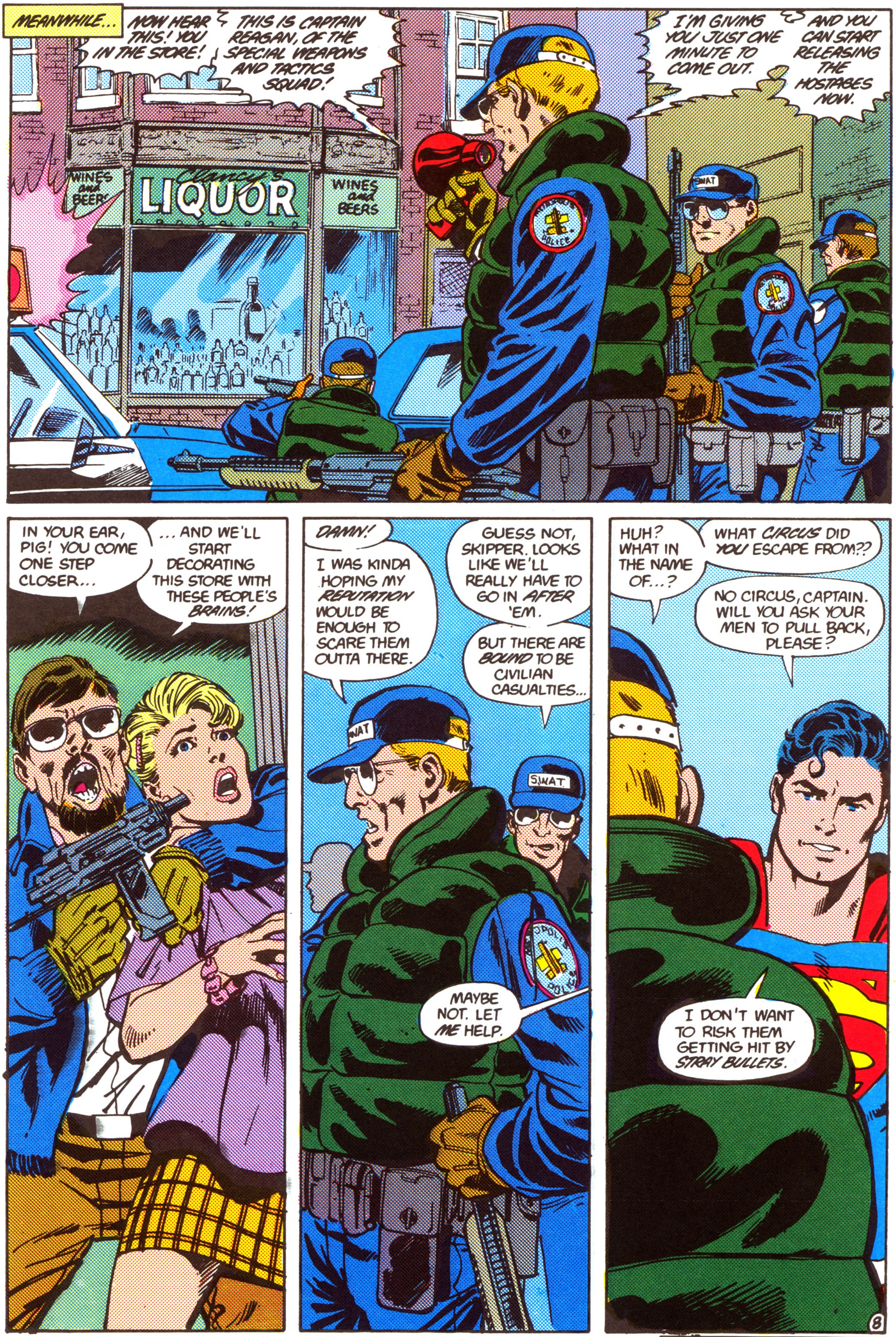

MEANWHILE...
HEY!!
OH-HHH
MAAAANN!!


YOU DON'T *REALLY* WANT TO STEAL THAT YOUNG WOMAN'S PURSE, DO YOU?
SHE DOESN'T LOOK AS IF SHE HAS MUCH MORE MONEY TO SPARE THAN YOU.
HA-MANNA HA-MANNA HA-MANNA
AND SO...
OH, MISS...?
OGOD OGODOGOD OGODOGOD OGODOGOD OGODOGOD!


I BELIEVE *THIS* BELONGS TO YOU...?
...INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM FOR AN IMPORTANT *NEWS BULLETIN*.
POLICE HAVE SURROUNDED *CLANCY'S LIQUOR STORE* ON EAST FIFTIETH STREET, WHERE FOUR ARMED GUNMEN ARE KNOWN TO BE HOLDING AT LEAST THREE PERSONS *HOSTAGE*...
YOU'LL BOTH HAVE TO EXCUSE ME, NOW. THAT SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE UP MY ALLEY.
HELP KEEP METROPO CLEA DON'T LIT
LET ME JUST MAKE CERTAIN OUR FRIEND HERE DOESN'T *STRAY* TOO FAR...
YEOWP!
...BY HANGING HIM FROM THIS LAMP POST.
HEY! PUMME *DOWN*!
THAT SHOULD HOLD HIM UNTIL YOU CAN CALL THE POLICE AND PRESS CHARGES.
OH... AND I THINK THAT RADIO IS A TRIFLE *LOUD*, DON'T YOU?
AFTER ALL, IN A CITY THIS *SIZE*, CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS IS THE ONLY THING THAT KEEPS LIFE *BEARABLE*.
BYE, NOW!


MEANWHILE...
NOW HEAR THIS! YOU IN THE STORE!
THIS IS CAPTAIN REAGAN, OF THE SPECIAL WEAPONS AND TACTICS SQUAD!
I'M GIVING YOU JUST ONE MINUTE TO COME OUT.
AND YOU CAN START RELEASING THE HOSTAGES NOW.
Clancy's LIQUOR
WINES and BEERS
WINES and BEERS
S.W.A.T.
IN YOUR EAR, PIG! YOU COME ONE STEP CLOSER...
...AND WE'LL START DECORATING THIS STORE WITH THESE PEOPLE'S BRAINS!
DAMN!
I WAS KINDA HOPING MY REPUTATION WOULD BE ENOUGH TO SCARE THEM OUTTA THERE.
GUESS NOT, SKIPPER. LOOKS LIKE WE'LL REALLY HAVE TO GO IN AFTER 'EM.
BUT THERE ARE BOUND TO BE CIVILIAN CASUALTIES...
MAYBE NOT. LET ME HELP.
S.W.A.T.
HUH? WHAT IN THE NAME OF...?
WHAT CIRCUS DID YOU ESCAPE FROM??
NO CIRCUS, CAPTAIN. WILL YOU ASK YOUR MEN TO PULL BACK, PLEASE?
I DON'T WANT TO RISK THEM GETTING HIT BY STRAY BULLETS.

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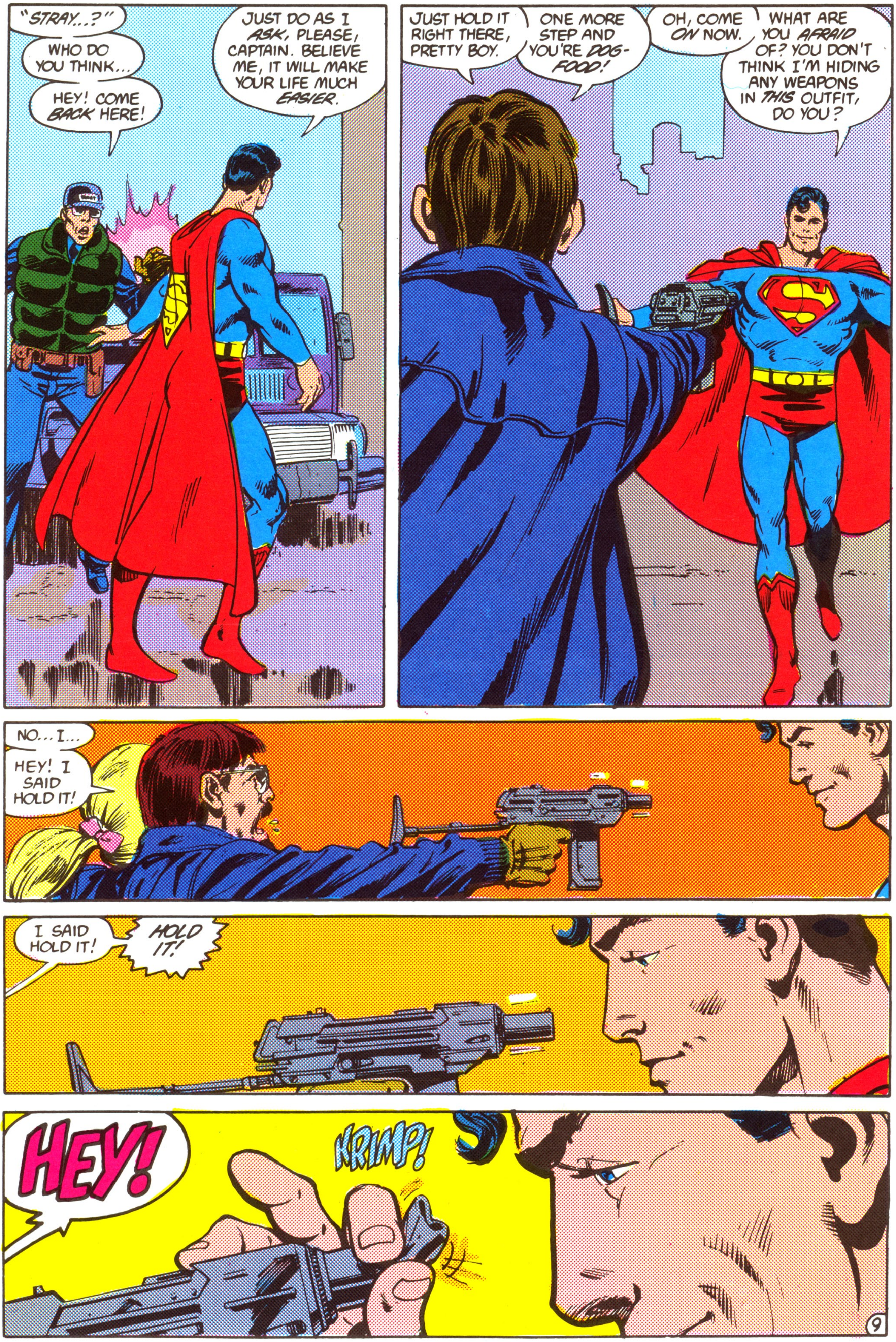
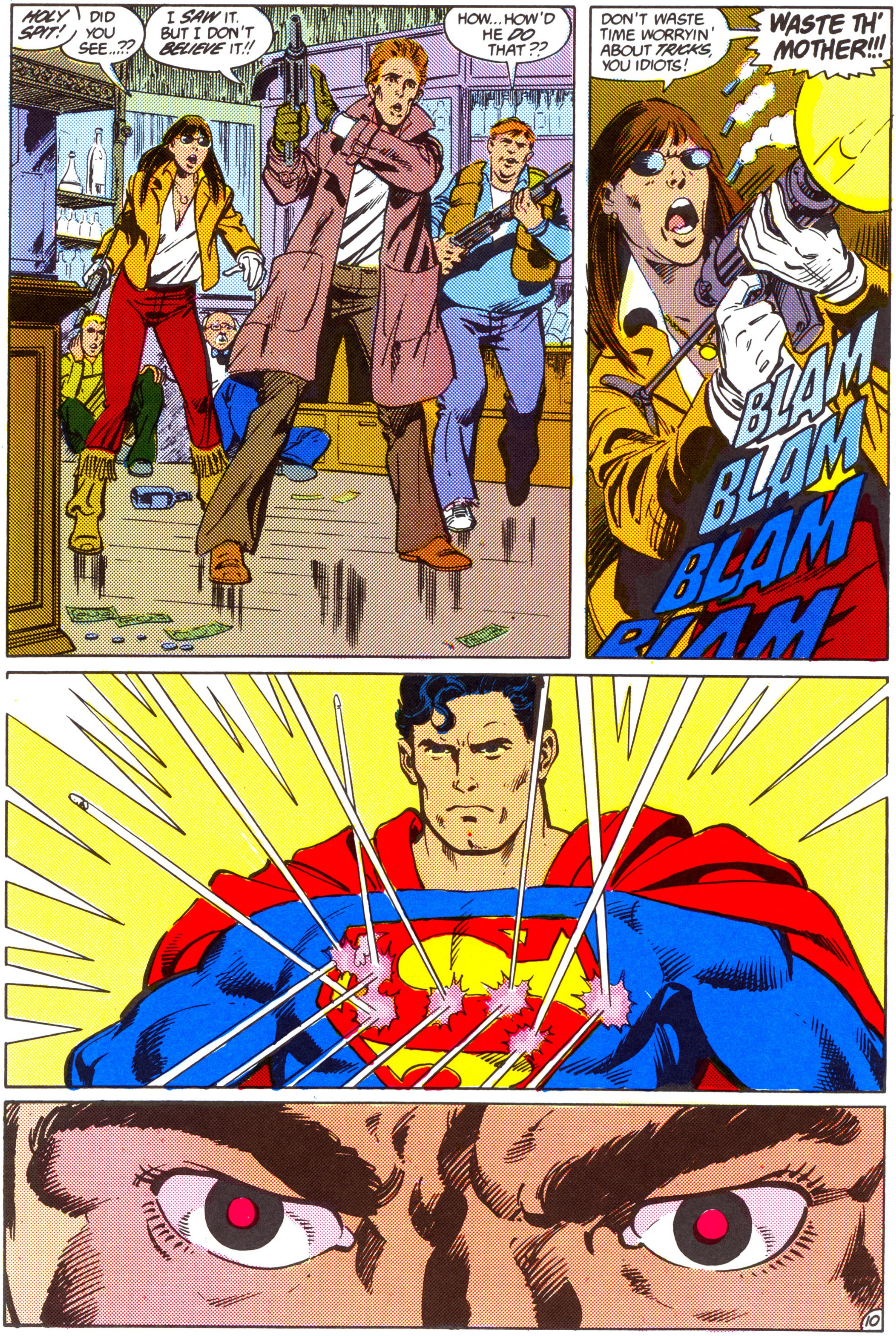
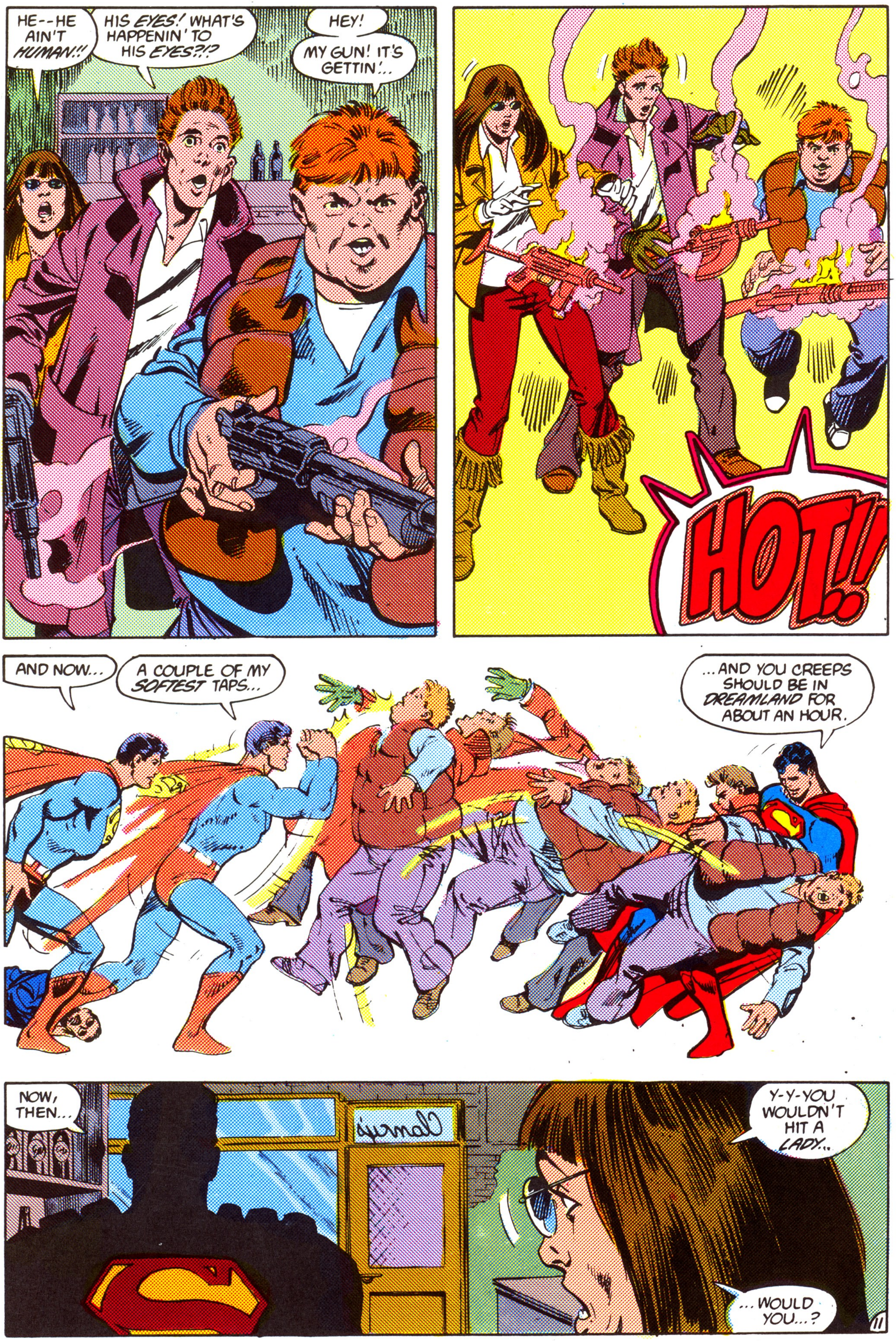
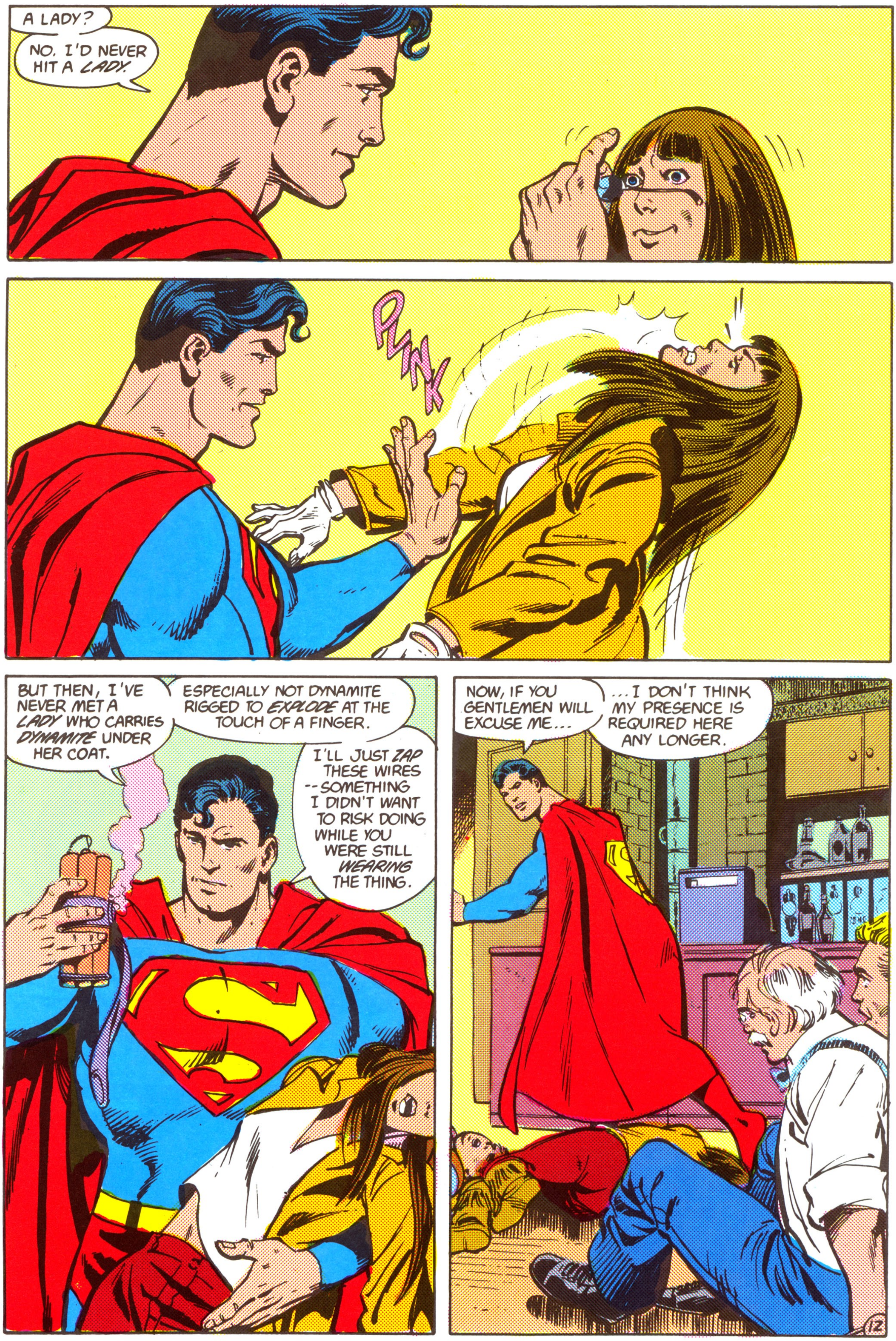
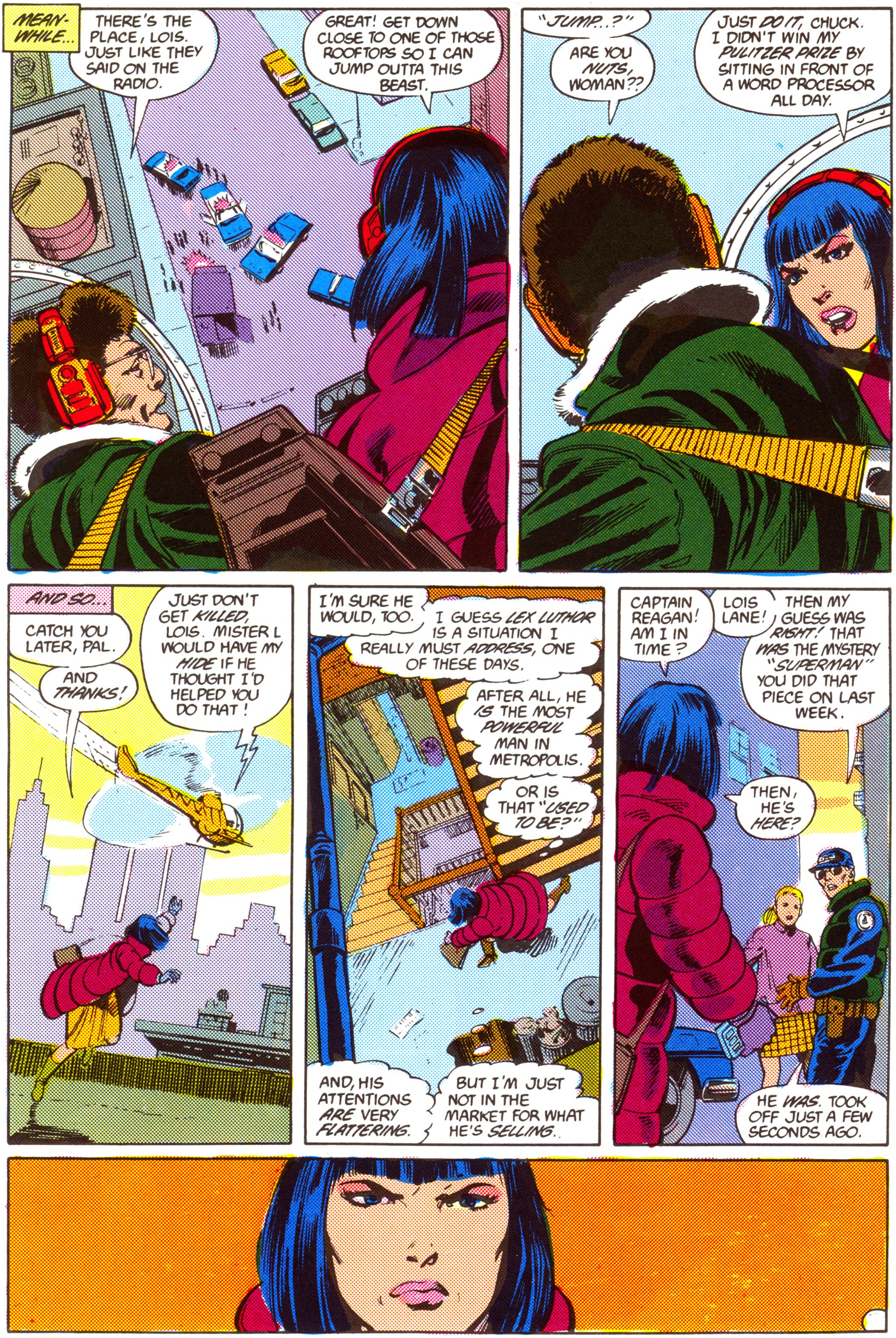
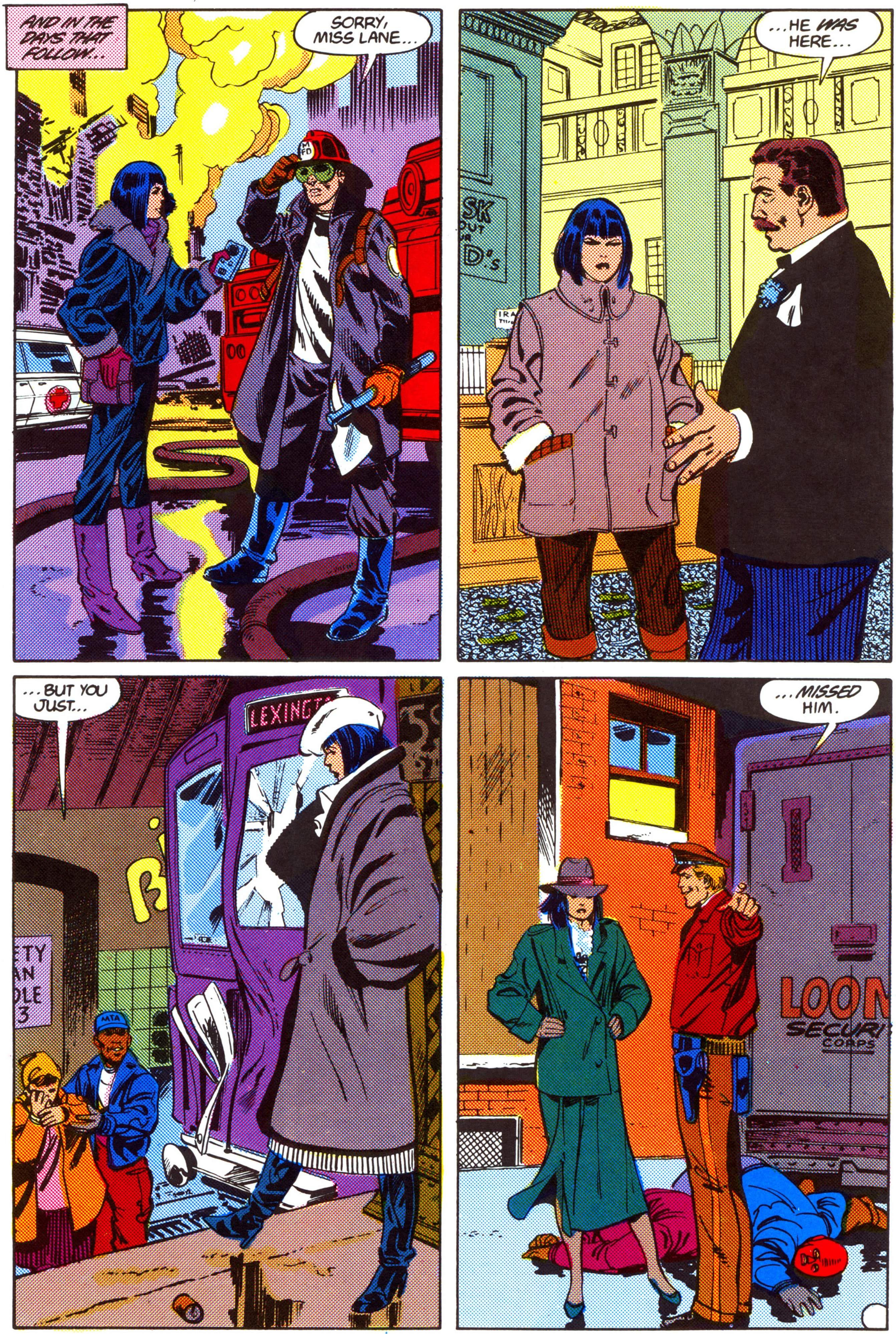

"STRAY...?"
WHO DO YOU THINK...
HEY! COME *BACK* HERE!
JUST DO AS I *ASK*, PLEASE, CAPTAIN. BELIEVE ME, IT WILL MAKE YOUR LIFE MUCH *EASIER*.
JUST HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, PRETTY BOY.
ONE MORE STEP AND YOU'RE *DOG-FOOD!*
OH, COME *ON* NOW.
WHAT ARE YOU *AFRAID* OF? YOU DON'T THINK I'M HIDING ANY WEAPONS IN *THIS* OUTFIT, DO YOU?
NO... I...
HEY! I SAID HOLD IT!
I SAID HOLD IT!
HOLD IT!
HEY!
KRIMP!

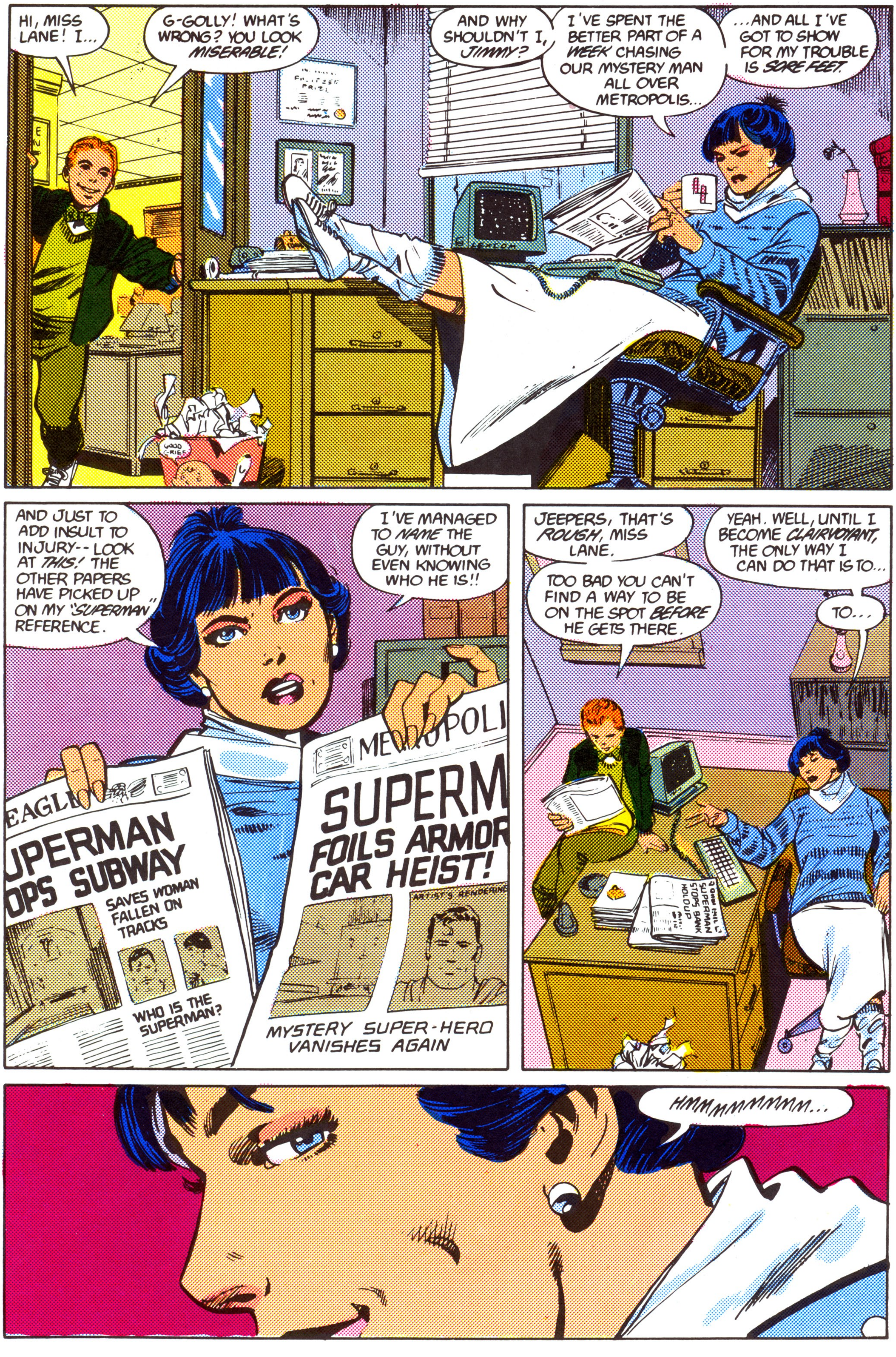

HOLY SPIT!
DID YOU SEE..??
I SAW IT. BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!
HOW...HOW'D HE DO THAT??
DON'T WASTE TIME WORRYIN' ABOUT TRICKS, YOU IDIOTS!
WASTE TH' MOTHER!!!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

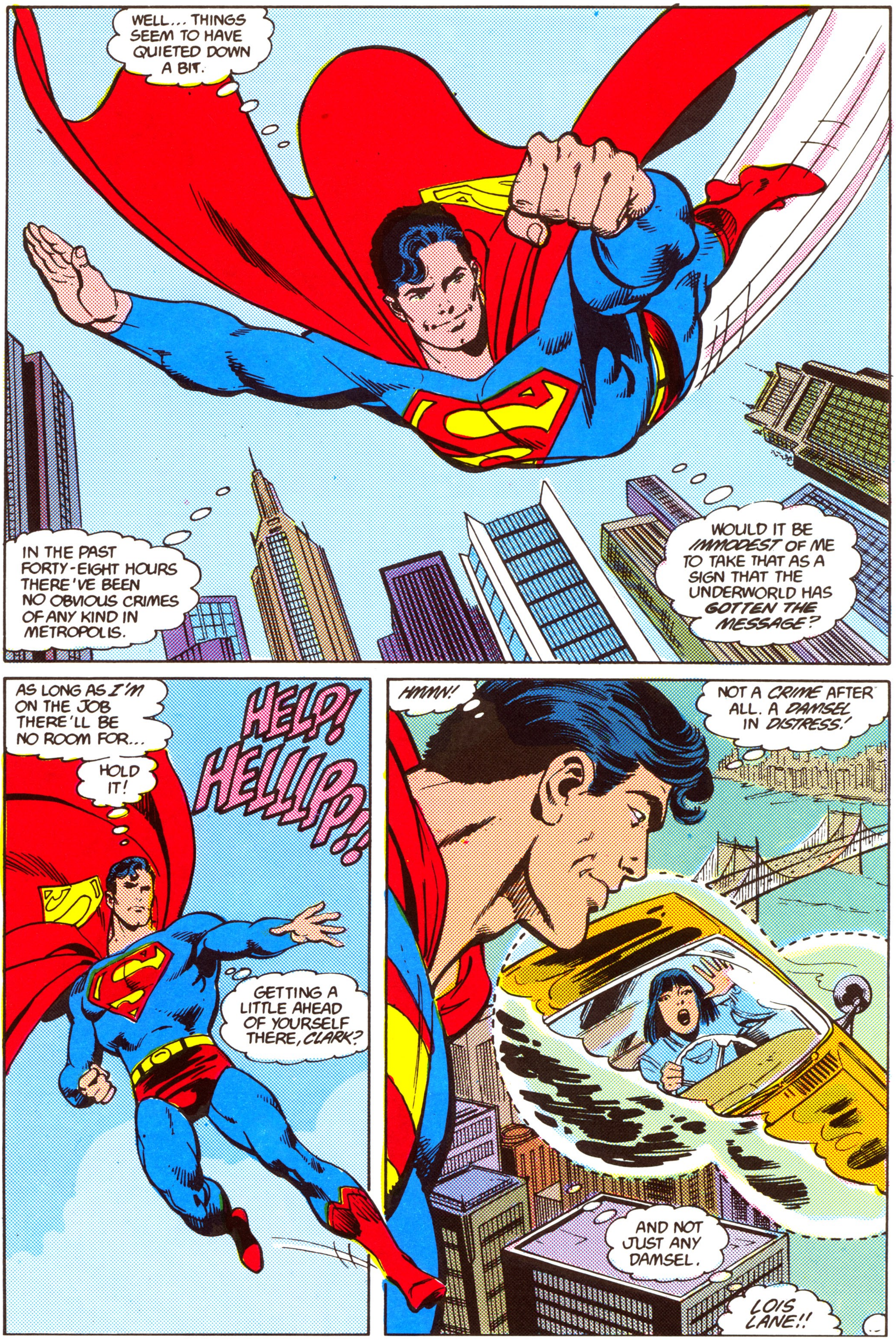

HE--HE AIN'T *HUMAN*!!
HIS *EYES*! WHAT'S HAPPENIN' TO HIS *EYES*?!?
HEY!
MY GUN! IT'S GETTIN'...
HOT!!
AND NOW...
A COUPLE OF MY *SOFTEST* TAPS...
...AND YOU CREEPS SHOULD BE IN *DREAMLAND* FOR ABOUT AN HOUR.
NOW, THEN...
Y-Y-YOU WOULDN'T HIT A *LADY*...
...WOULD YOU...?
11

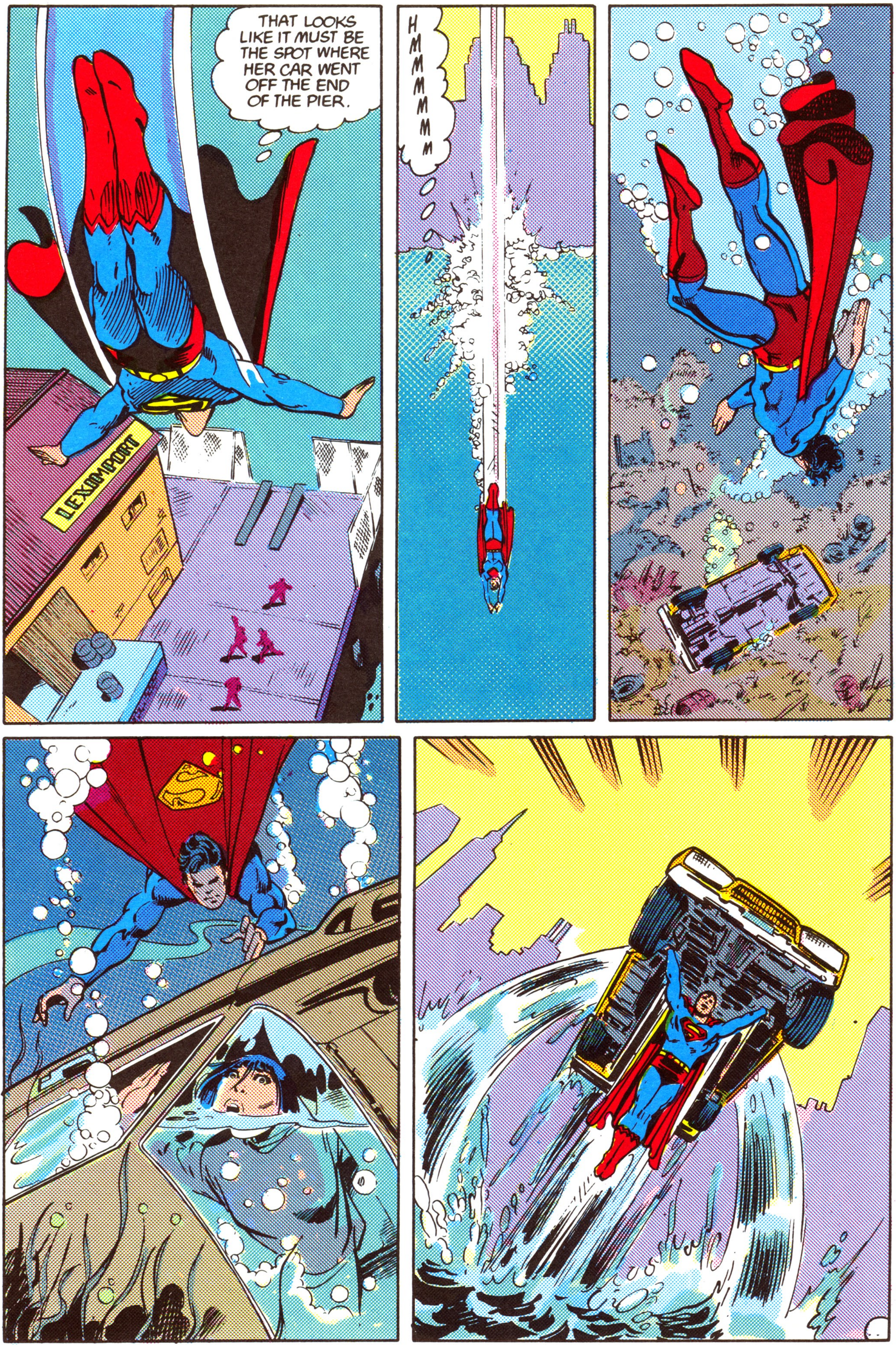

A LADY?
NO. I'D NEVER HIT A *LADY.*
PLINK
BUT THEN, I'VE NEVER MET A *LADY* WHO CARRIES *DYNAMITE* UNDER HER COAT.
ESPECIALLY NOT DYNAMITE RIGGED TO *EXPLODE* AT THE TOUCH OF A FINGER.
I'LL JUST *ZAP* THESE WIRES --SOMETHING I DIDN'T WANT TO RISK DOING WHILE YOU WERE STILL *WEARING* THE THING.
NOW, IF YOU GENTLEMEN WILL EXCUSE ME...
...I DON'T THINK MY PRESENCE IS REQUIRED HERE ANY LONGER.

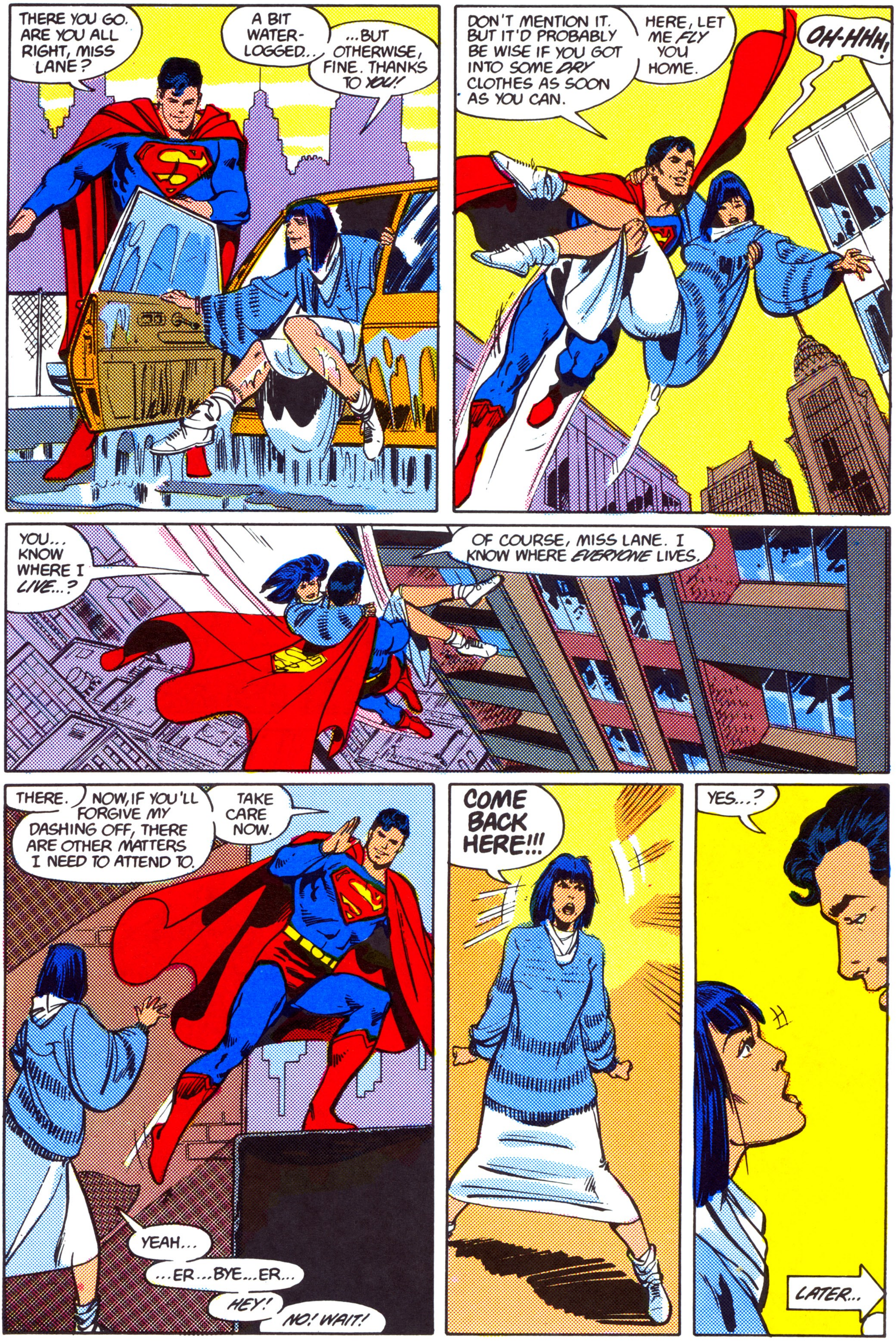

MEAN-WHILE...
THERE'S THE PLACE, LOIS. JUST LIKE THEY SAID ON THE RADIO.
GREAT! GET DOWN CLOSE TO ONE OF THOSE ROOFTOPS SO I CAN JUMP OUTTA THIS BEAST.
"JUMP...?"
ARE YOU *NUTS*, WOMAN??
JUST *DO IT*, CHUCK. I DIDN'T WIN MY *PULITZER PRIZE* BY SITTING IN FRONT OF A WORD PROCESSOR ALL DAY.
AND SO...
CATCH YOU LATER, PAL.
AND *THANKS*!
JUST DON'T GET *KILLED*, LOIS. MISTER L WOULD HAVE MY *HIDE* IF HE THOUGHT I'D HELPED YOU DO THAT!
I'M SURE HE WOULD, TOO.
I GUESS *LEX LUTHOR* IS A SITUATION I REALLY MUST *ADDRESS*, ONE OF THESE DAYS.
AFTER ALL, HE *IS* THE MOST *POWERFUL* MAN IN METROPOLIS.
OR IS THAT "*USED TO BE*?"
AND, HIS ATTENTIONS *ARE* VERY *FLATTERING*.
BUT I'M JUST NOT IN THE MARKET FOR WHAT HE'S *SELLING*.
CAPTAIN REAGAN! AM I IN TIME?
LOIS LANE!
THEN MY GUESS WAS *RIGHT*! THAT *WAS* THE MYSTERY "*SUPERMAN*" YOU DID THAT PIECE ON LAST WEEK.
THEN, HE'S *HERE*?
HE *WAS*. TOOK OFF JUST A FEW SECONDS AGO.

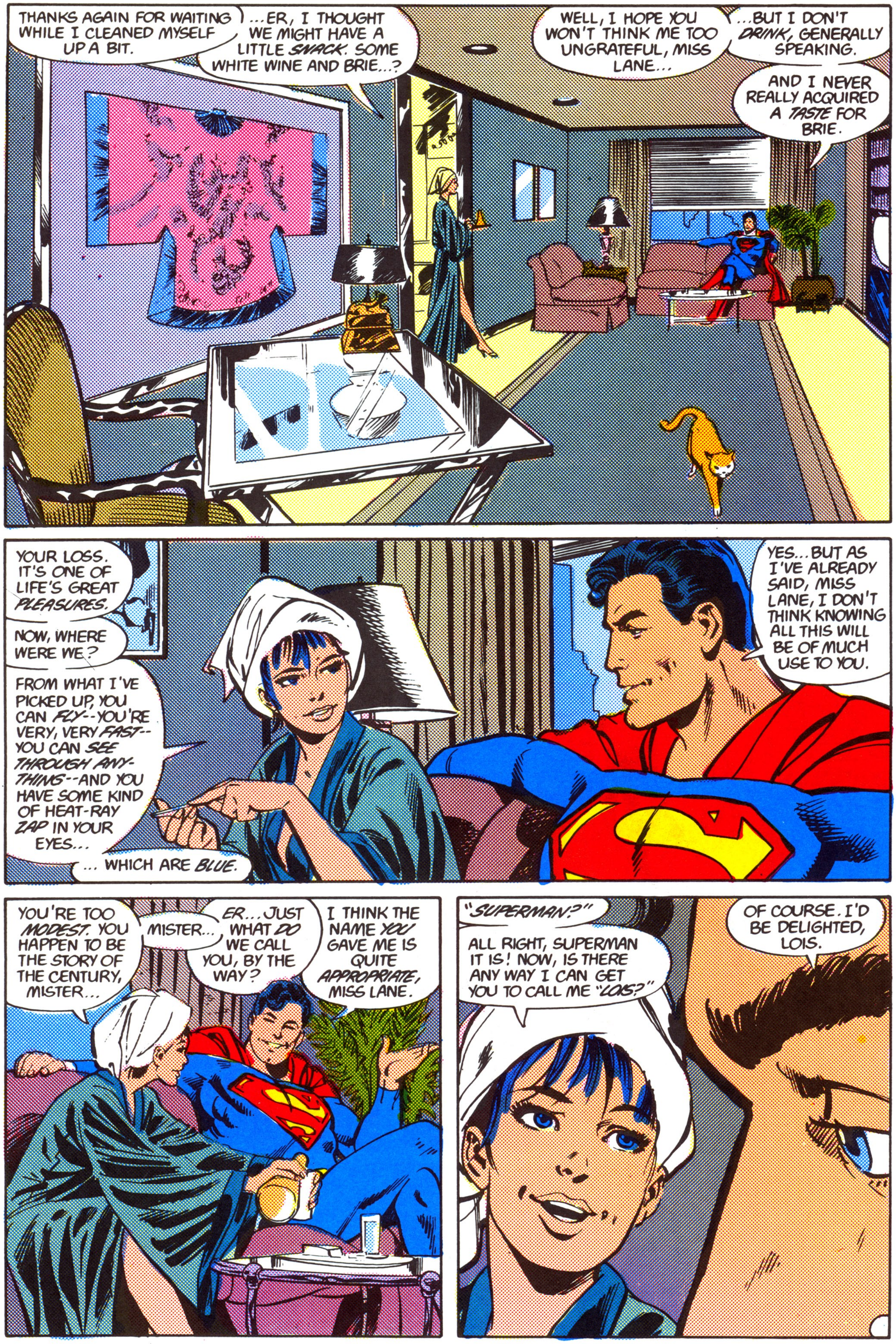

AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW...
SORRY, MISS LANE...
...HE *WAS* HERE...
SK
OUT
D's
...BUT YOU JUST...
LEXINGT
ETY
AN
OLE
3
MTA
...MISSED HIM.
LOON
SECURI
CORPS

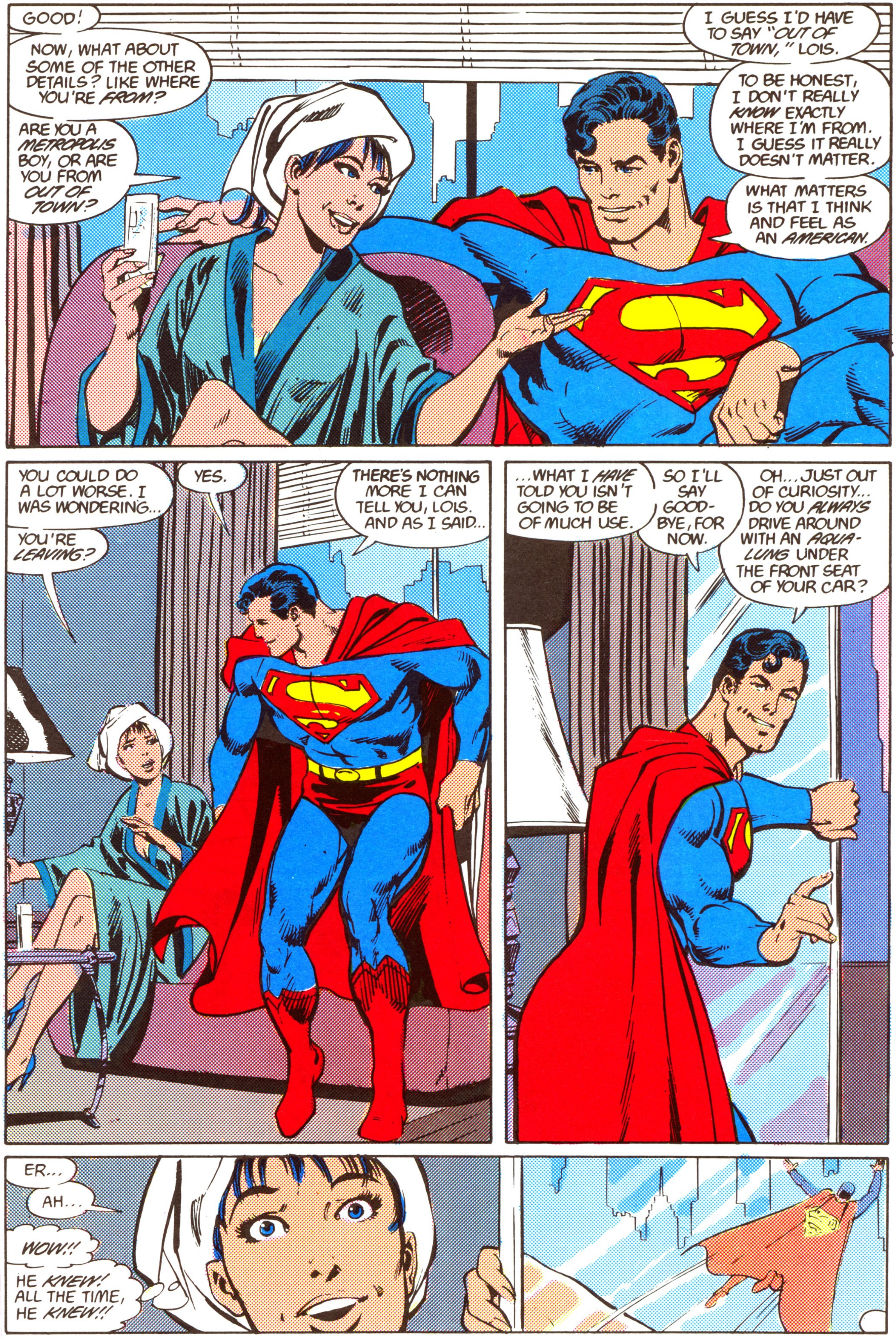

HI, MISS LANE! I...
G-GOLLY! WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK *MISERABLE!*
AND WHY SHOULDN'T I, *JIMMY?*
I'VE SPENT THE BETTER PART OF A *WEEK* CHASING OUR MYSTERY MAN ALL OVER METROPOLIS...
...AND ALL I'VE GOT TO SHOW FOR MY TROUBLE IS *SORE FEET.*
GOOD GRIEF
AND JUST TO ADD INSULT TO INJURY-- LOOK AT *THIS!* THE OTHER PAPERS HAVE PICKED UP ON MY "*SUPERMAN*" REFERENCE.
I'VE MANAGED TO *NAME* THE GUY, WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING WHO HE IS!!
EAGL
UPERMAN
OPS SUBWAY
SAVES WOMAN FALLEN ON TRACKS
WHO IS THE SUPERMAN?
METROPOLI
SUPERM
FOILS ARMOR
CAR HEIST!
ARTIST'S RENDERING
MYSTERY SUPER-HERO VANISHES AGAIN
JEEPERS, THAT'S *ROUGH*, MISS LANE.
TOO BAD YOU CAN'T FIND A WAY TO BE ON THE SPOT *BEFORE* HE GETS THERE.
YEAH. WELL, UNTIL I BECOME *CLAIRVOYANT,* THE ONLY WAY I CAN DO THAT IS TO...
TO...
SUPERMAN STOPS BANK HOLDUP
HMMMMMMMM...

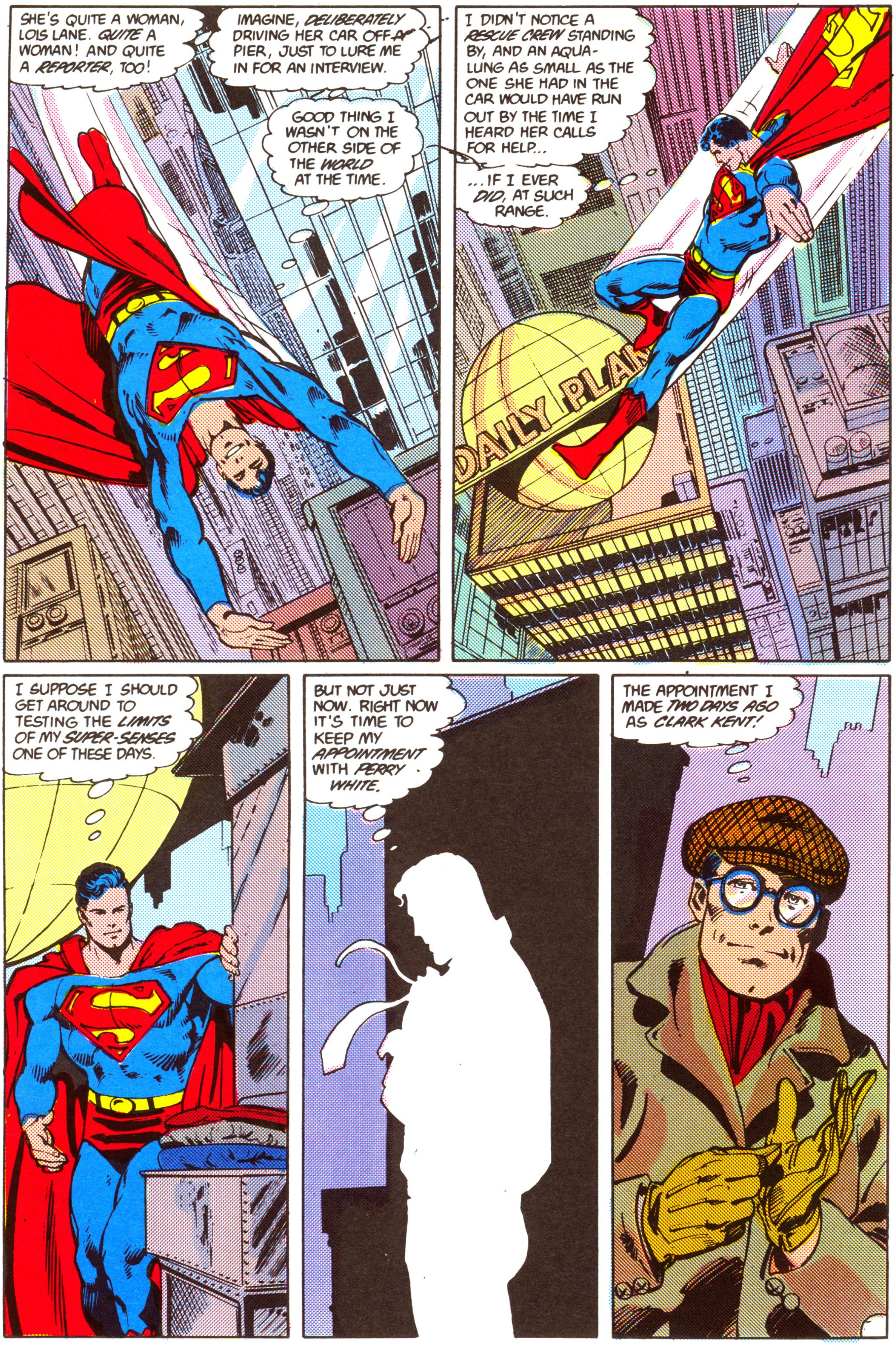

WELL... THINGS SEEM TO HAVE QUIETED DOWN A BIT.
IN THE PAST FORTY-EIGHT HOURS THERE'VE BEEN NO OBVIOUS CRIMES OF ANY KIND IN METROPOLIS.
WOULD IT BE *IMMODEST* OF ME TO TAKE THAT AS A SIGN THAT THE UNDERWORLD HAS **GOTTEN THE MESSAGE?**
AS LONG AS *I'M* ON THE JOB THERE'LL BE NO ROOM FOR...
HELP! HELLLP!!!
HOLD IT!
GETTING A LITTLE AHEAD OF YOURSELF THERE, *CLARK?*
HMMN!
NOT A *CRIME* AFTER ALL. A *DAMSEL* IN *DISTRESS!*
AND NOT JUST ANY DAMSEL.
LOIS LANE!!

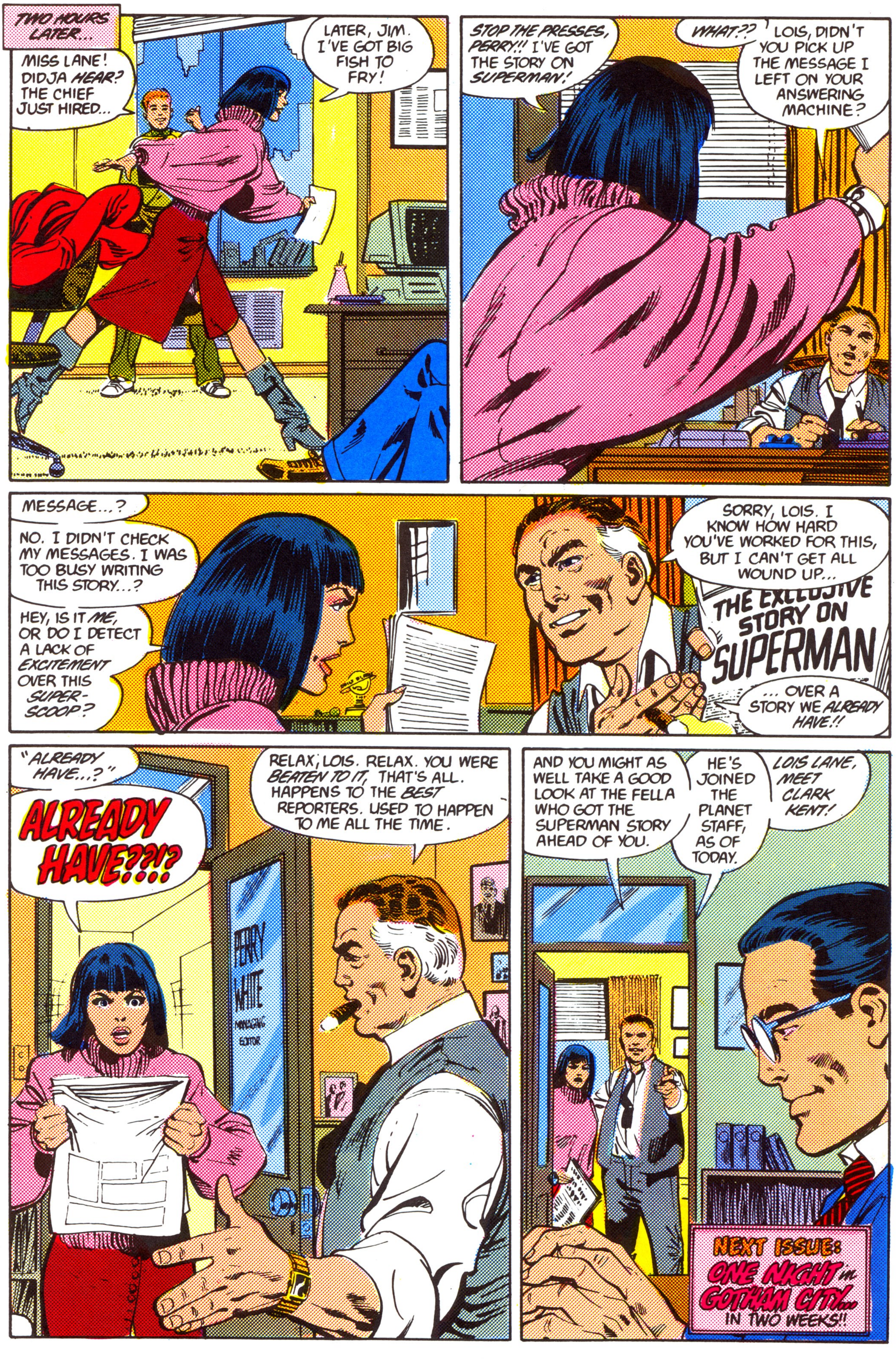

THAT LOOKS LIKE IT MUST BE THE SPOT WHERE HER CAR WENT OFF THE END OF THE PIER.
LEXIMPORT
HMMMMMM

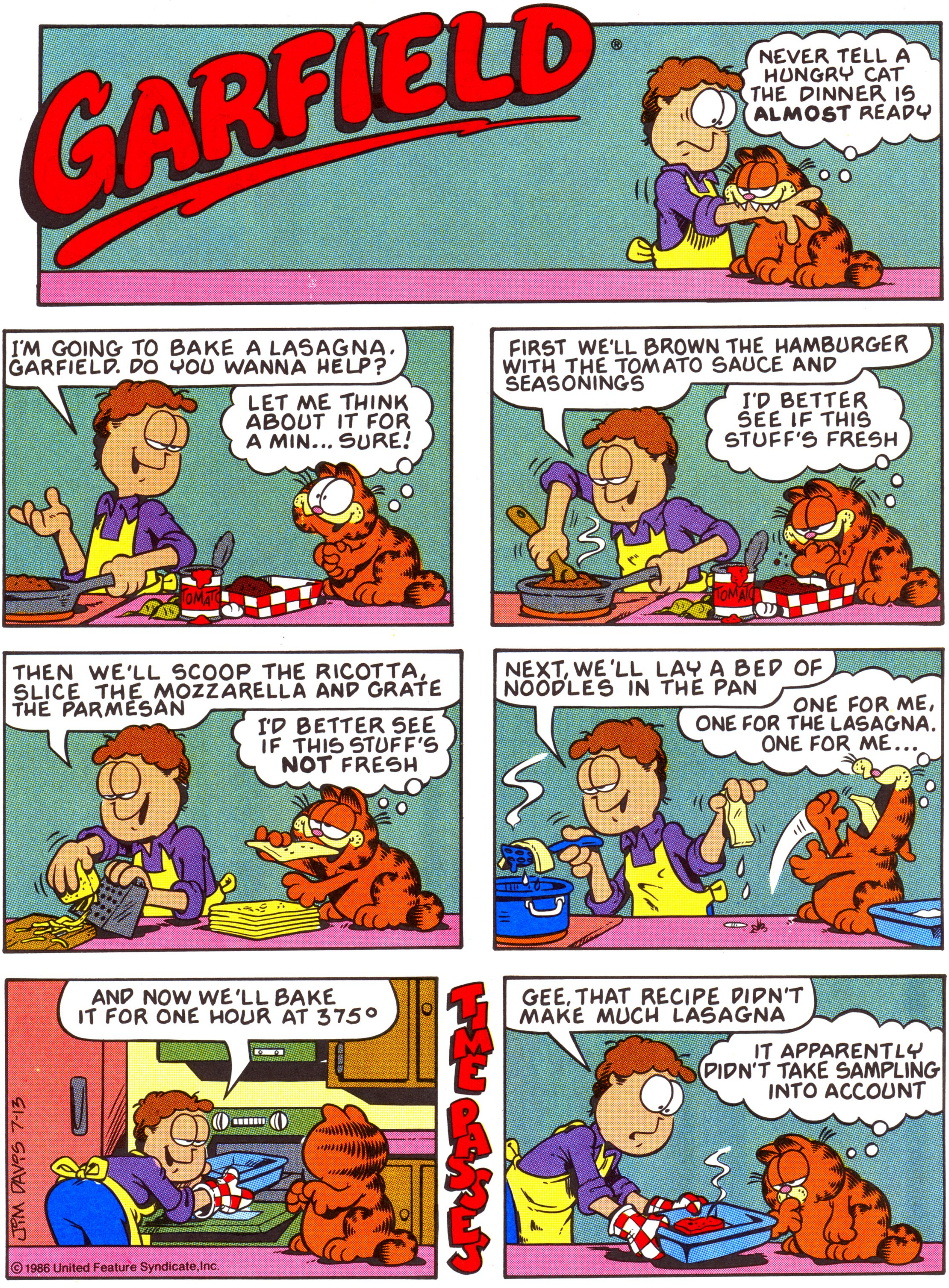

THERE YOU GO. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS LANE?
A BIT WATER-LOGGED...
...BUT OTHERWISE, FINE. THANKS TO *YOU!*
DON'T MENTION IT. BUT IT'D PROBABLY BE WISE IF YOU GOT INTO SOME *DRY* CLOTHES AS SOON AS YOU CAN.
HERE, LET ME *FLY* YOU HOME.
OH-HHH!
YOU... KNOW WHERE I *LIVE*...?
OF COURSE, MISS LANE. I KNOW WHERE *EVERYONE* LIVES.
THERE.
NOW, IF YOU'LL FORGIVE MY DASHING OFF, THERE ARE OTHER MATTERS I NEED TO ATTEND TO.
TAKE CARE NOW.
YEAH...
...ER...BYE...ER...
HEY!
NO! WAIT!
COME BACK HERE!!!
YES...?
LATER...


THANKS AGAIN FOR WAITING WHILE I CLEANED MYSELF UP A BIT.
...ER, I THOUGHT WE MIGHT HAVE A LITTLE SNACK. SOME WHITE WINE AND BRIE...?
WELL, I HOPE YOU WON'T THINK ME TOO UNGRATEFUL, MISS LANE...
...BUT I DON'T DRINK, GENERALLY SPEAKING.
AND I NEVER REALLY ACQUIRED A TASTE FOR BRIE.
YOUR LOSS. IT'S ONE OF LIFE'S GREAT PLEASURES.
NOW, WHERE WERE WE?
FROM WHAT I'VE PICKED UP, YOU CAN FLY--YOU'RE VERY, VERY FAST--YOU CAN SEE THROUGH ANYTHING--AND YOU HAVE SOME KIND OF HEAT-RAY ZAP IN YOUR EYES...
... WHICH ARE BLUE.
YES...BUT AS I'VE ALREADY SAID, MISS LANE, I DON'T THINK KNOWING ALL THIS WILL BE OF MUCH USE TO YOU.
YOU'RE TOO MODEST. YOU HAPPEN TO BE THE STORY OF THE CENTURY, MISTER...
MISTER...
ER...JUST WHAT DO WE CALL YOU, BY THE WAY?
I THINK THE NAME YOU GAVE ME IS QUITE APPROPRIATE, MISS LANE.
"SUPERMAN?"
ALL RIGHT, SUPERMAN IT IS! NOW, IS THERE ANY WAY I CAN GET YOU TO CALL ME "LOIS?"
OF COURSE. I'D BE DELIGHTED, LOIS.


GOOD!
NOW, WHAT ABOUT SOME OF THE OTHER DETAILS? LIKE WHERE YOU'RE *FROM*?
ARE YOU A *METROPOLIS* BOY, OR ARE YOU FROM *OUT OF TOWN*?
I GUESS I'D HAVE TO SAY "*OUT OF TOWN*," LOIS.
TO BE HONEST, I DON'T REALLY *KNOW* EXACTLY WHERE I'M FROM. I GUESS IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER.
WHAT MATTERS IS THAT I THINK AND FEEL AS AN *AMERICAN*.
YOU COULD DO A LOT WORSE. I WAS WONDERING...
YOU'RE *LEAVING*?
YES.
THERE'S NOTHING MORE I CAN TELL YOU, LOIS. AND AS I SAID...
...WHAT I *HAVE* TOLD YOU ISN'T GOING TO BE OF MUCH USE.
SO I'LL SAY GOOD-BYE, FOR NOW.
OH... JUST OUT OF CURIOSITY... DO YOU *ALWAYS* DRIVE AROUND WITH AN *AQUA-LUNG* UNDER THE FRONT SEAT OF YOUR CAR?
ER...
AH...
WOW!!
HE *KNEW*! ALL THE TIME, HE *KNEW*!!


SHE'S QUITE A WOMAN, LOIS LANE. *QUITE* A WOMAN! AND QUITE A *REPORTER*, TOO!
IMAGINE, *DELIBERATELY* DRIVING HER CAR OFF A PIER, JUST TO LURE ME IN FOR AN INTERVIEW.
GOOD THING I WASN'T ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE *WORLD* AT THE TIME.
I DIDN'T NOTICE A *RESCUE CREW* STANDING BY, AND AN AQUA-LUNG AS SMALL AS THE ONE SHE HAD IN THE CAR WOULD HAVE RUN OUT BY THE TIME I HEARD HER CALLS FOR HELP...
...IF I EVER *DID*, AT SUCH RANGE.
DAILY PLAN
I SUPPOSE I SHOULD GET AROUND TO TESTING THE *LIMITS* OF MY *SUPER-SENSES* ONE OF THESE DAYS.
BUT NOT JUST NOW. RIGHT NOW IT'S TIME TO KEEP MY *APPOINTMENT* WITH *PERRY WHITE*.
THE APPOINTMENT I MADE *TWO DAYS AGO* AS *CLARK KENT!*


TWO HOURS LATER...
MISS LANE! DIDJA *HEAR?* THE CHIEF JUST HIRED...
LATER, JIM. I'VE GOT BIG FISH TO FRY!
STOP THE PRESSES, PERRY!! I'VE GOT THE STORY ON *SUPERMAN!*
WHAT??
LOIS, DIDN'T YOU PICK UP THE MESSAGE I LEFT ON YOUR ANSWERING MACHINE?
MESSAGE...?
NO. I DIDN'T CHECK MY MESSAGES. I WAS TOO BUSY WRITING THIS STORY...?
HEY, IS IT *ME,* OR DO I DETECT A LACK OF *EXCITEMENT* OVER THIS *SUPER-SCOOP?*
SORRY, LOIS. I KNOW HOW HARD YOU'VE WORKED FOR THIS, BUT I CAN'T GET ALL WOUND UP...
THE EXCLUSIVE STORY ON SUPERMAN
... OVER A STORY WE *ALREADY* HAVE!!
"ALREADY HAVE...?"
ALREADY HAVE??!?
RELAX, LOIS. RELAX. YOU WERE *BEATEN TO IT,* THAT'S ALL. HAPPENS TO THE *BEST* REPORTERS. USED TO HAPPEN TO ME ALL THE TIME.
PERRY WHITE MANAGING EDITOR
AND YOU MIGHT AS WELL TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THE FELLA WHO GOT THE SUPERMAN STORY AHEAD OF YOU.
HE'S JOINED THE PLANET STAFF, AS OF TODAY.
LOIS LANE, MEET CLARK KENT!
NEXT ISSUE: ONE NIGHT IN GOTHAM CITY... IN TWO WEEKS!!


GARFIELD®
NEVER TELL A HUNGRY CAT THE DINNER IS **ALMOST** READY
I'M GOING TO BAKE A LASAGNA, GARFIELD. DO YOU WANNA HELP?
LET ME THINK ABOUT IT FOR A MIN... SURE!
FIRST WE'LL BROWN THE HAMBURGER WITH THE TOMATO SAUCE AND SEASONINGS
I'D BETTER SEE IF THIS STUFF'S FRESH
TOMATO
TOMATO
THEN WE'LL SCOOP THE RICOTTA, SLICE THE MOZZARELLA AND GRATE THE PARMESAN
I'D BETTER SEE IF THIS STUFF'S **NOT** FRESH
NEXT, WE'LL LAY A BED OF NOODLES IN THE PAN
ONE FOR ME, ONE FOR THE LASAGNA. ONE FOR ME...
AND NOW WE'LL BAKE IT FOR ONE HOUR AT 375°
JIM DAVIS 7-13
TIME PASSES
GEE, THAT RECIPE DIDN'T MAKE MUCH LASAGNA
IT APPARENTLY DIDN'T TAKE SAMPLING INTO ACCOUNT

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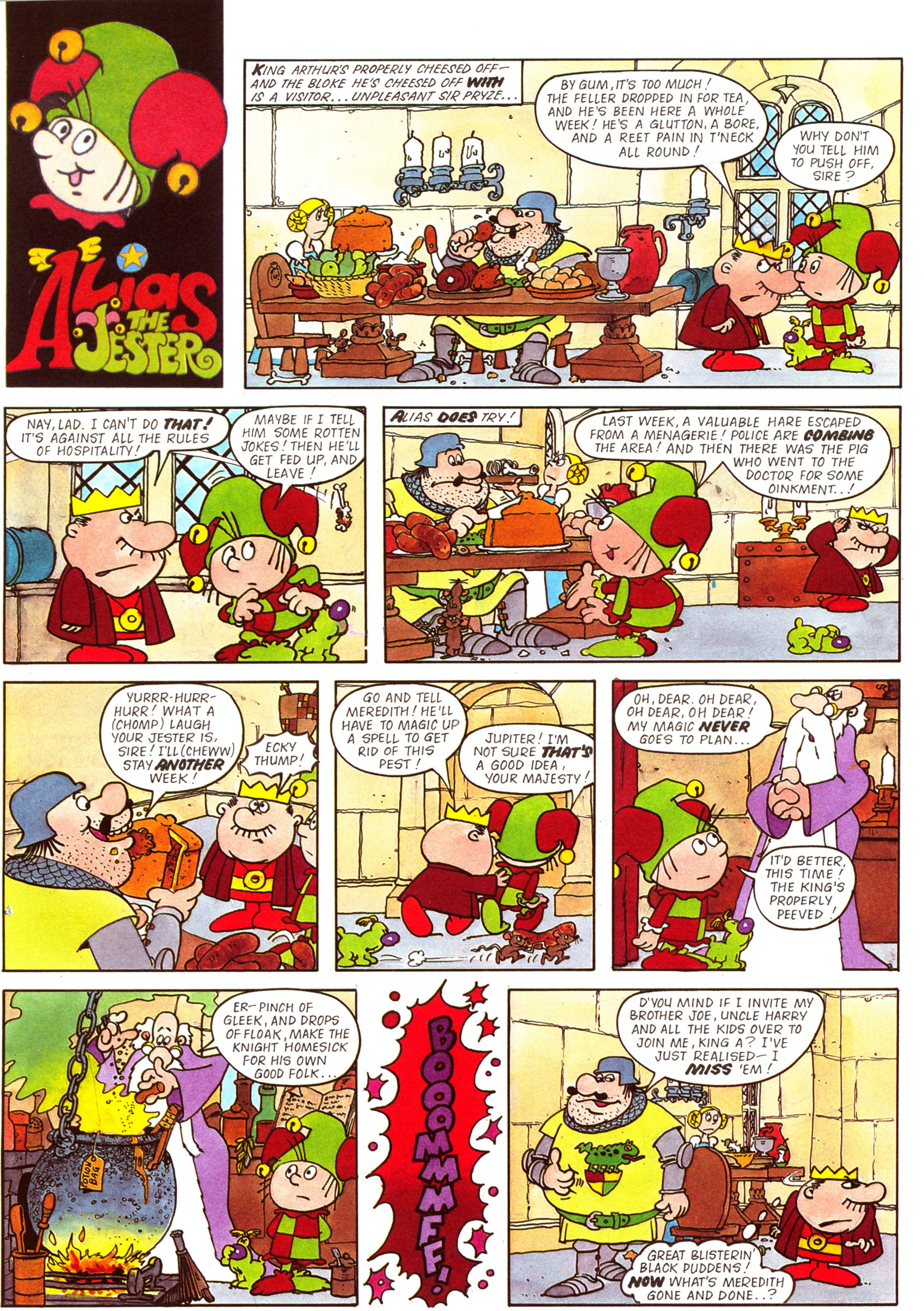
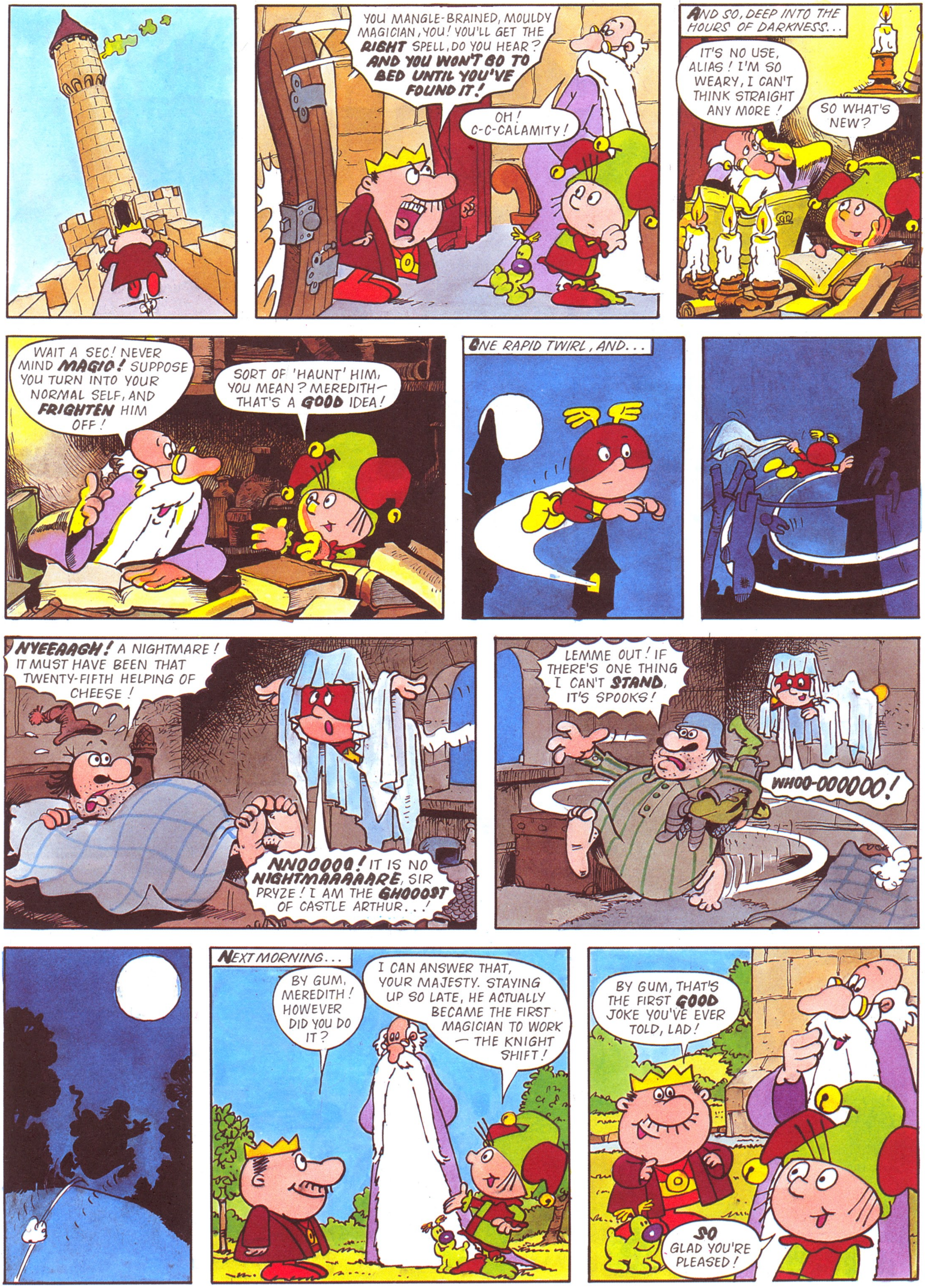

ALIAS THE JESTER
KING ARTHUR'S PROPERLY CHEESED OFF— AND THE BLOKE HE'S CHEESED OFF WITH IS A VISITOR... UNPLEASANT SIR PRYZE...
BY GUM, IT'S TOO MUCH! THE FELLER DROPPED IN FOR TEA, AND HE'S BEEN HERE A WHOLE WEEK! HE'S A GLUTTON, A BORE, AND A REET PAIN IN T'NECK ALL ROUND!
WHY DON'T YOU TELL HIM TO PUSH OFF, SIRE?
NAY, LAD. I CAN'T DO THAT! IT'S AGAINST ALL THE RULES OF HOSPITALITY!
MAYBE IF I TELL HIM SOME ROTTEN JOKES! THEN HE'LL GET FED UP, AND LEAVE!
ALIAS DOES TRY!
LAST WEEK, A VALUABLE HARE ESCAPED FROM A MENAGERIE! POLICE ARE COMBING THE AREA! AND THEN THERE WAS THE PIG WHO WENT TO THE DOCTOR FOR SOME OINKMENT..!
YURRR-HURR-HURR! WHAT A (CHOMP) LAUGH YOUR JESTER IS, SIRE! I'LL (CHEWW) STAY ANOTHER WEEK!
ECKY THUMP!
GO AND TELL MEREDITH! HE'LL HAVE TO MAGIC UP A SPELL TO GET RID OF THIS PEST!
JUPITER! I'M NOT SURE THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, YOUR MAJESTY!
OH, DEAR. OH DEAR, OH DEAR, OH DEAR! MY MAGIC NEVER GOES TO PLAN...
IT'D BETTER, THIS TIME! THE KING'S PROPERLY PEEVED!
ER—PINCH OF GLEEK, AND DROPS OF FLOAK, MAKE THE KNIGHT HOMESICK FOR HIS OWN GOOD FOLK...
POTION BAG
BOOOMMMFF!
D'YOU MIND IF I INVITE MY BROTHER JOE, UNCLE HARRY AND ALL THE KIDS OVER TO JOIN ME, KING A? I'VE JUST REALISED— I MISS 'EM!
GREAT BLISTERIN' BLACK PUDDENS! NOW WHAT'S MEREDITH GONE AND DONE..?


YOU MANGLE-BRAINED, MOULDY MAGICIAN, YOU! YOU'LL GET THE RIGHT SPELL, DO YOU HEAR? AND YOU WON'T GO TO BED UNTIL YOU'VE FOUND IT!
OH! C-C-CALAMITY!
AND SO, DEEP INTO THE HOURS OF DARKNESS...
IT'S NO USE, ALIAS! I'M SO WEARY, I CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT ANY MORE!
SO WHAT'S NEW?
WAIT A SEC! NEVER MIND MAGIC! SUPPOSE YOU TURN INTO YOUR NORMAL SELF, AND FRIGHTEN HIM OFF!
SORT OF 'HAUNT' HIM, YOU MEAN? MEREDITH — THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!
ONE RAPID TWIRL, AND...
NYEEAAGH! A NIGHTMARE! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THAT TWENTY-FIFTH HELPING OF CHEESE!
NNOOOOO! IT IS NO NIGHTMAAAAARE, SIR PRYZE! I AM THE GHOOOST OF CASTLE ARTHUR...!
LEMME OUT! IF THERE'S ONE THING I CAN'T STAND, IT'S SPOOKS!
WHOO-OOOOOO!
NEXT MORNING...
BY GUM, MEREDITH! HOWEVER DID YOU DO IT?
I CAN ANSWER THAT, YOUR MAJESTY. STAYING UP SO LATE, HE ACTUALLY BECAME THE FIRST MAGICIAN TO WORK — THE KNIGHT SHIFT!
BY GUM, THAT'S THE FIRST GOOD JOKE YOU'VE EVER TOLD, LAD!
SO GLAD YOU'RE PLEASED!

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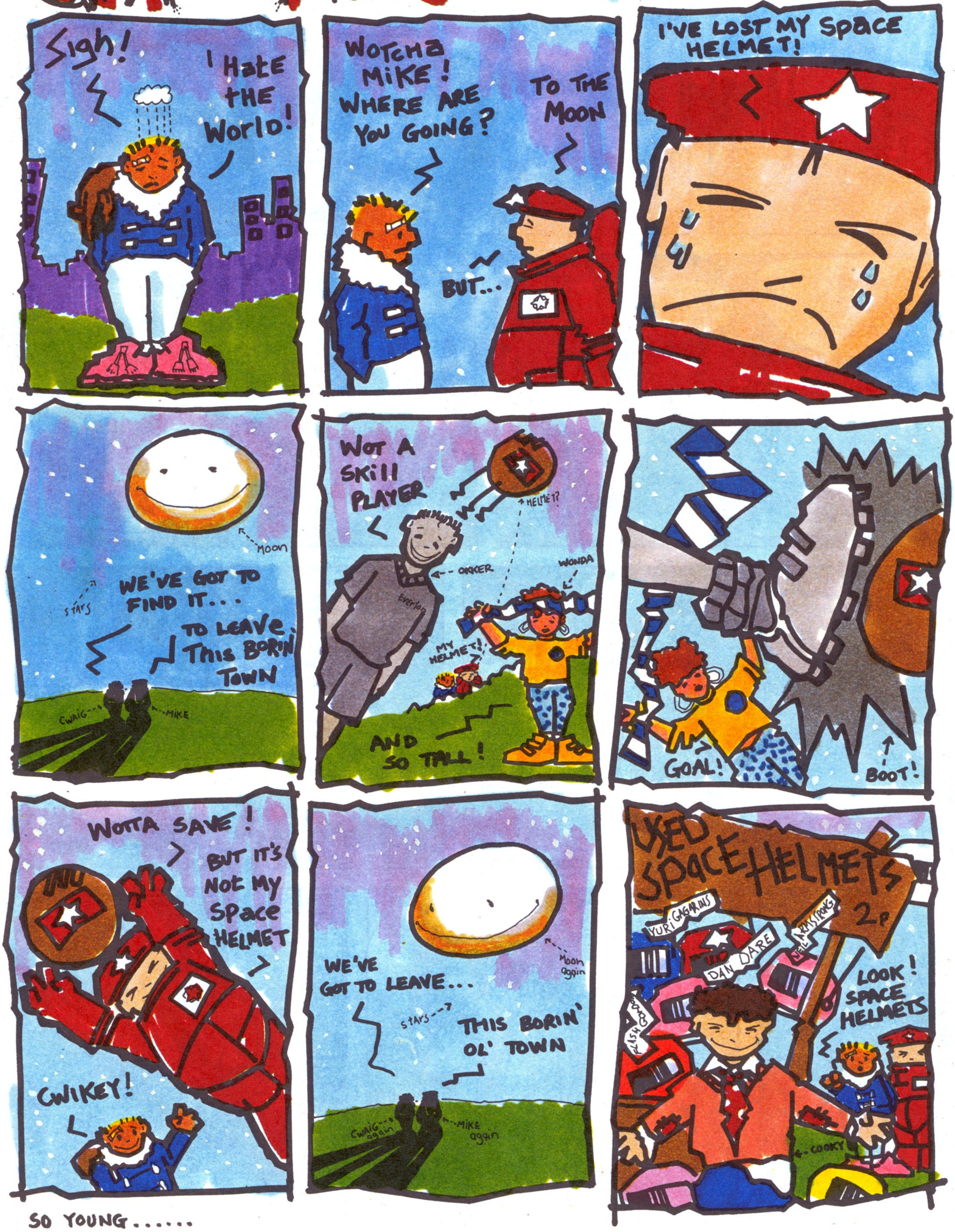
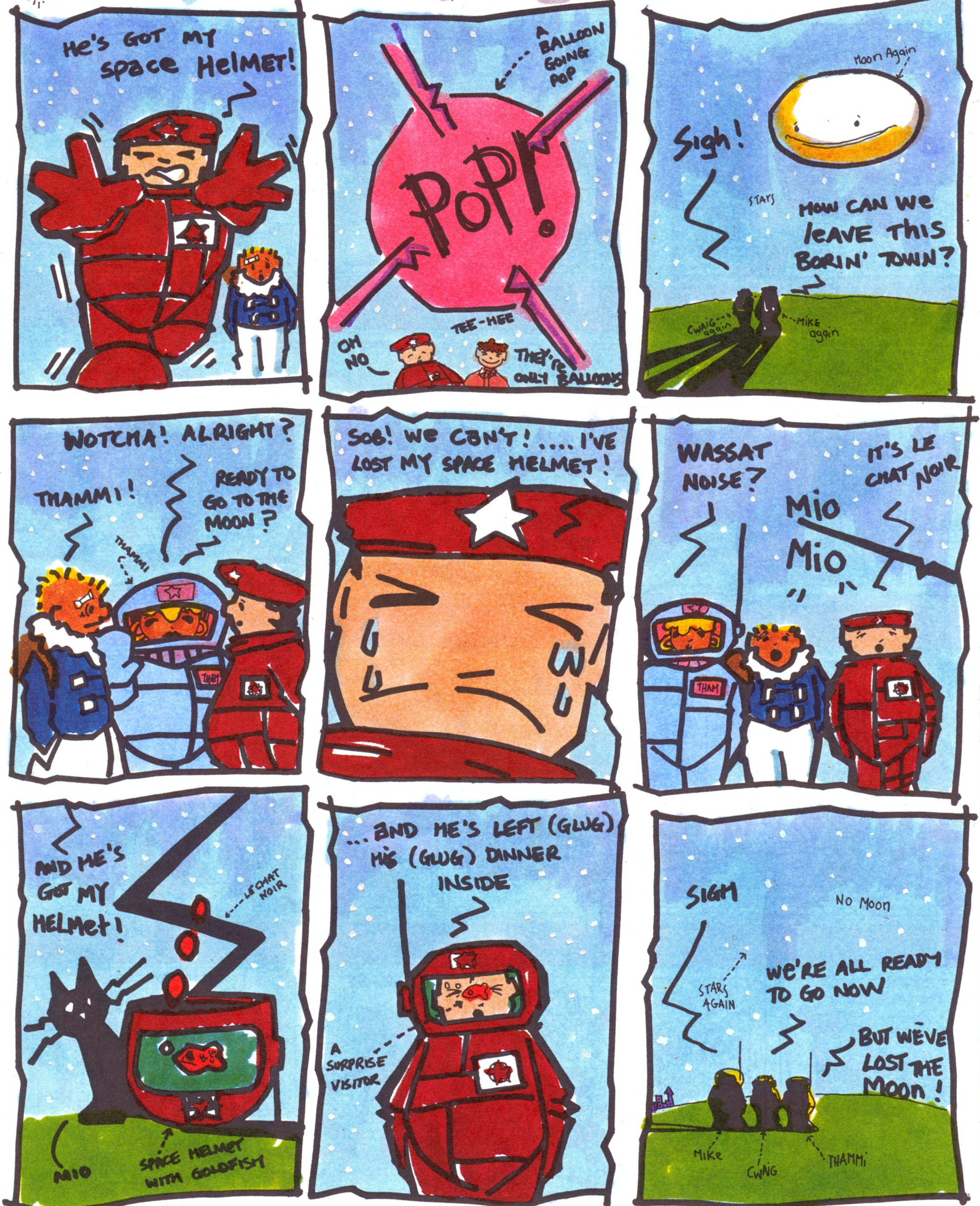
Script by Angus P Allan
Illustration by Arthur Ranson

CWAIG 'n' MIKE in la Lune


Sigh!
I Hate the World!
Wotcha Mike! Where are you going?
To the Moon
But...
I've lost my space helmet!
Moon
Stars
We've got to find it...
To leave this borin town
Cwaig
Mike
Wot a skill player
Helmet?
Okker
Everton
Wonda
My helmet!
And so tall!
Goal!
Boot!
Wotta save!
But it's not my space helmet
Cwikey!
Moon aggin
We've got to leave...
Stars
This borin' ol' town
Cwaig aggin
Mike aggin
Used space helmets 2p
Yuri Gagarins
Dan Dare
Neil Armstrong
Flash Gordon
Look! Space helmets
Cooky

SO YOUNG......

DANS LE RUISSEAU AVEC THAMMI


HE'S GOT MY SPACE HELMET!
A BALLOON GOING POP
POP!
OH NO
TEE-HEE
THEY'RE ONLY BALLOONS
Moon Again
SIGH!
STARS
HOW CAN WE LEAVE THIS BORIN' TOWN?
CWAIG again
MIKE again
WOTCHA! ALRIGHT?
THAMMI!
READY TO GO TO THE MOON?
THAMMI
THAM
SOB! WE CAN'T! .... I'VE LOST MY SPACE HELMET!
WASSAT NOISE?
IT'S LE CHAT NOIR
MIO
MIO
THAM
AND HE'S GOT MY HELMET!
LE CHAT NOIR
MIO
SPACE HELMET WITH GOLDFISH
... AND HE'S LEFT (GLUG) HIS (GLUG) DINNER INSIDE
A SURPRISE VISITOR
SIGH
NO MOON
STARS AGAIN
WE'RE ALL READY TO GO NOW
BUT WE'VE LOST THE MOON!
MIKE
CWAIG
THAMMI

...... AND YET SO CYNICAL

CREATED + DONE by CRAIG'N'MIKE·SWELL!

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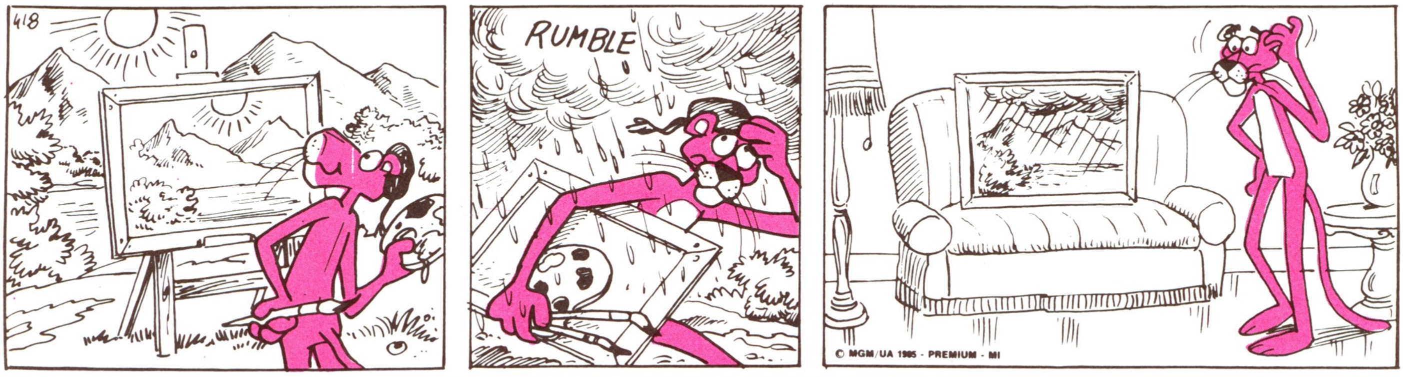
THE PINK PANTHER


418
RUMBLE
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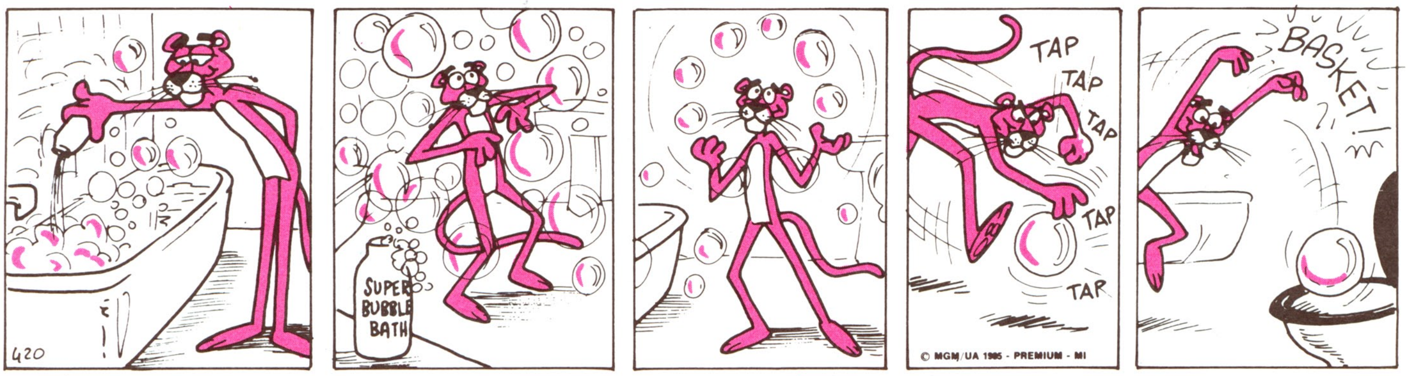
420
SUPER BUBBLE BATH
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP
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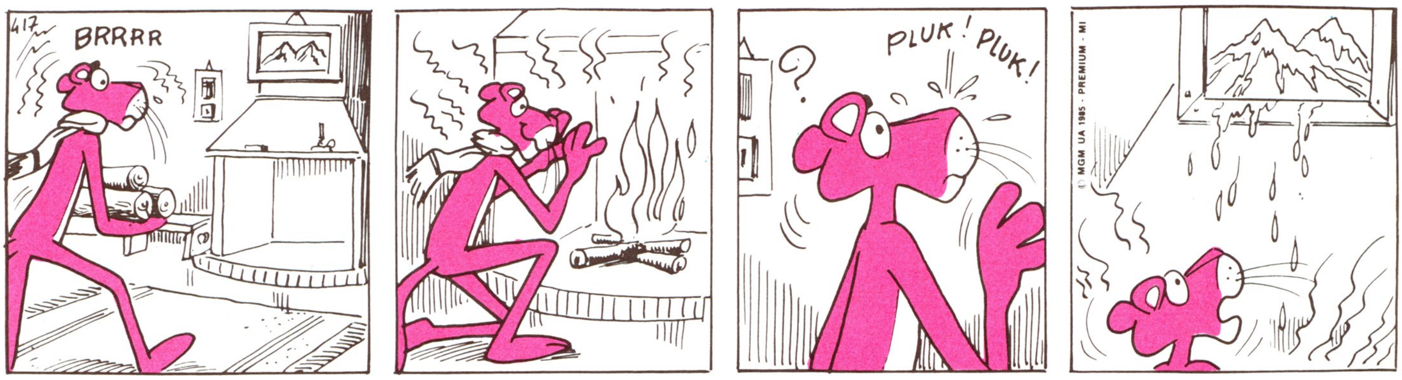
BASKET!


417
BRRRR
?
PLUK! PLUK!
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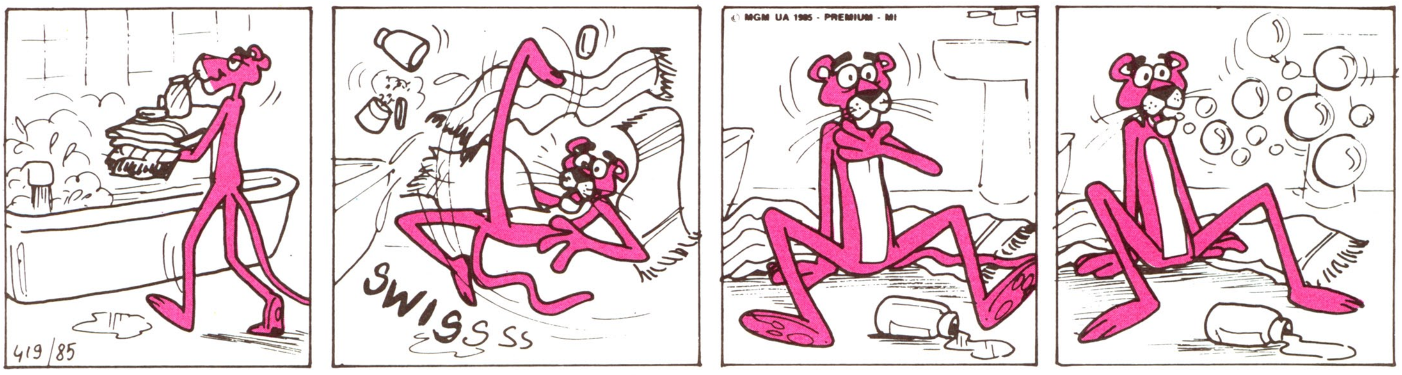
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SWISSSSS
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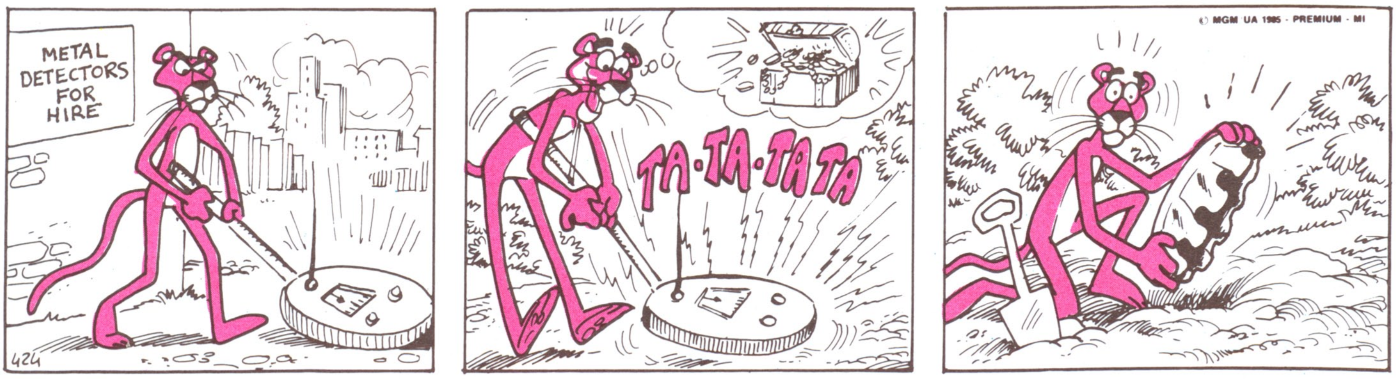
THE PINK PANTHER


METAL DETECTORS FOR HIRE
424
TA-TA-TATA
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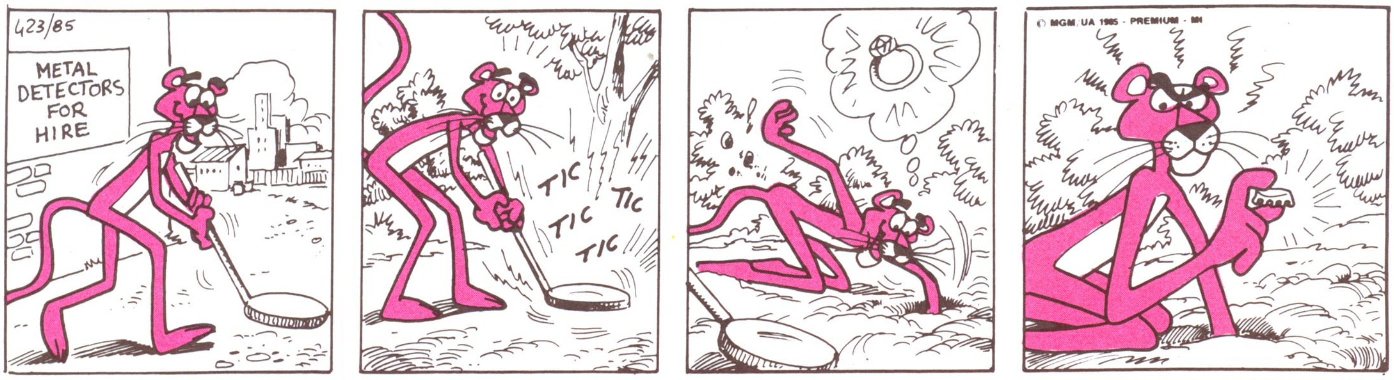
423/85
METAL DETECTORS FOR HIRE
TIC
TIC
TIC
TIC
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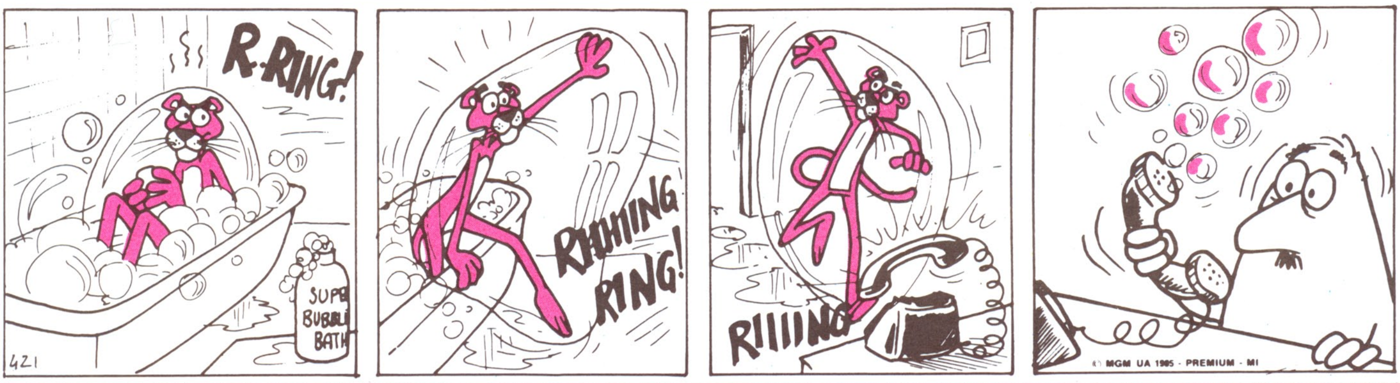
R-RING!
SUPE BUBBL BATH
421
RHIIIING RING!
RIIIING
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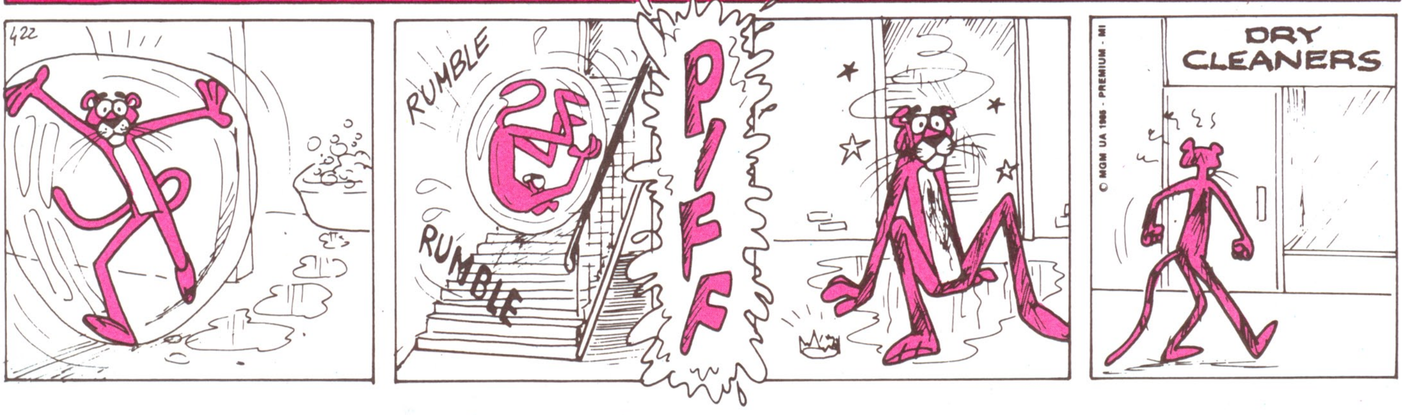
422
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
PIFF
DRY CLEANERS
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Paddington Bear

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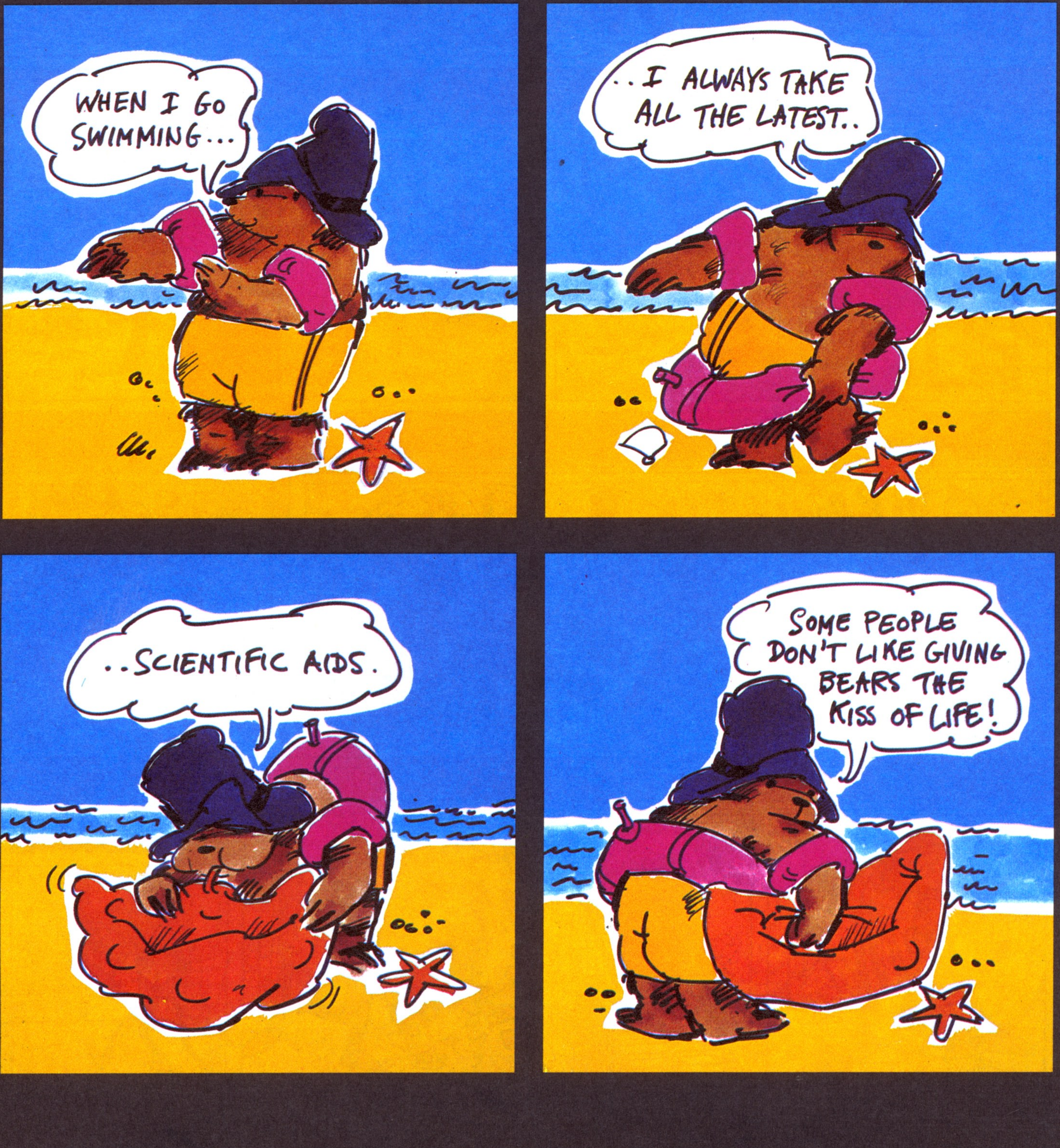
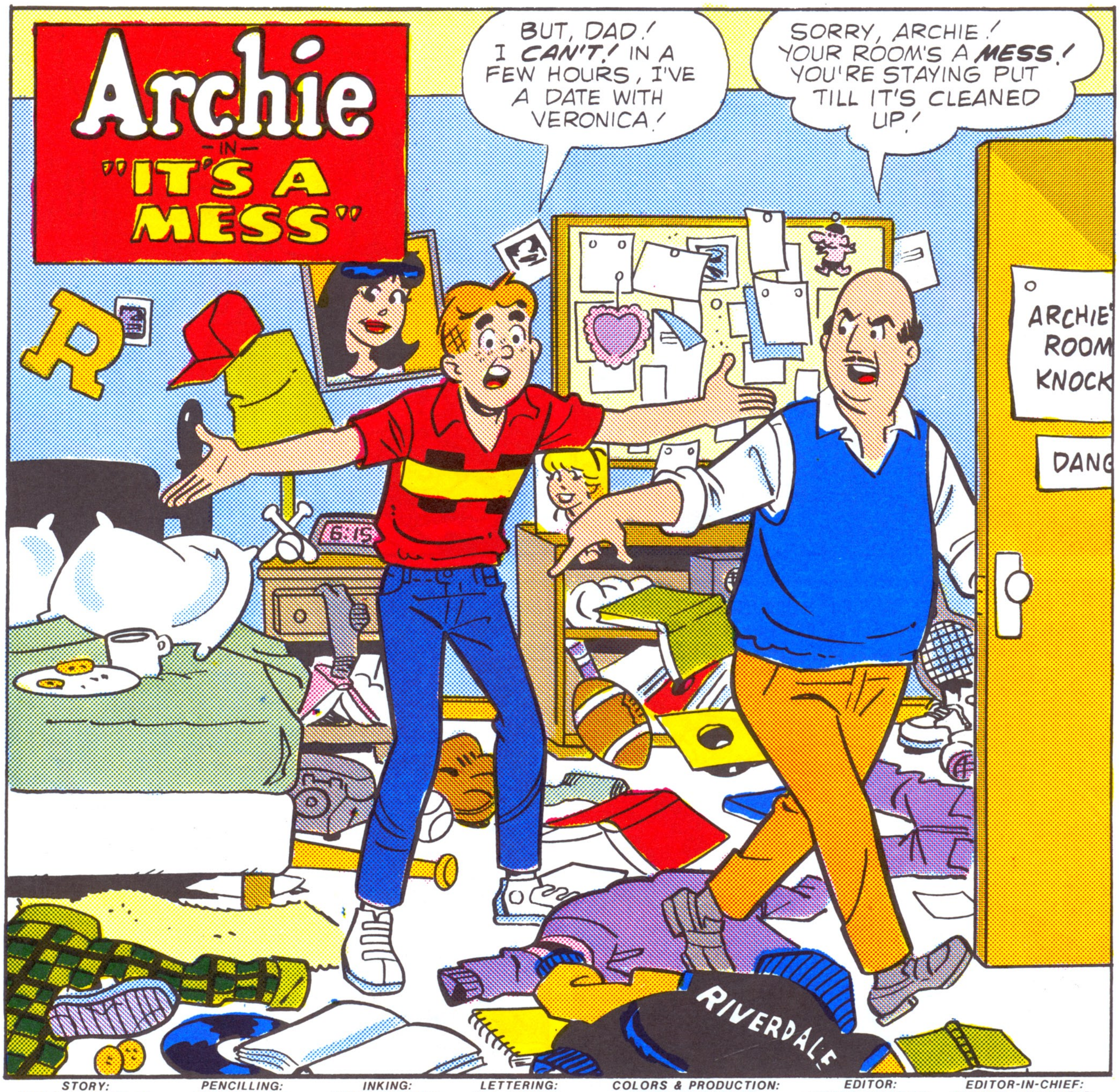
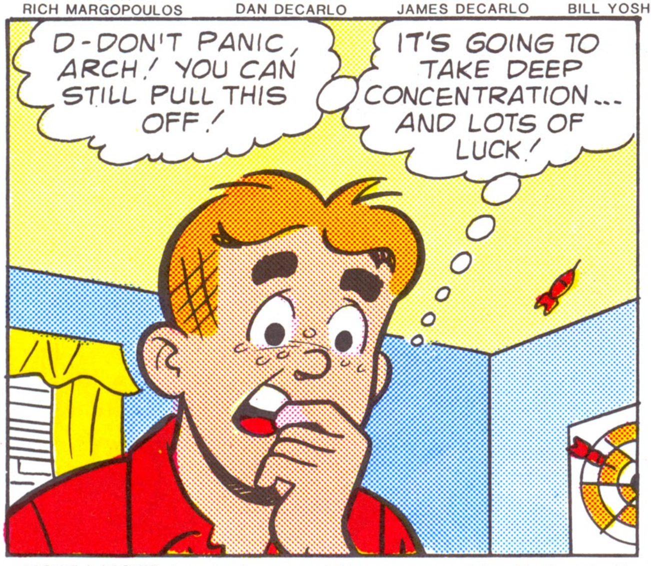
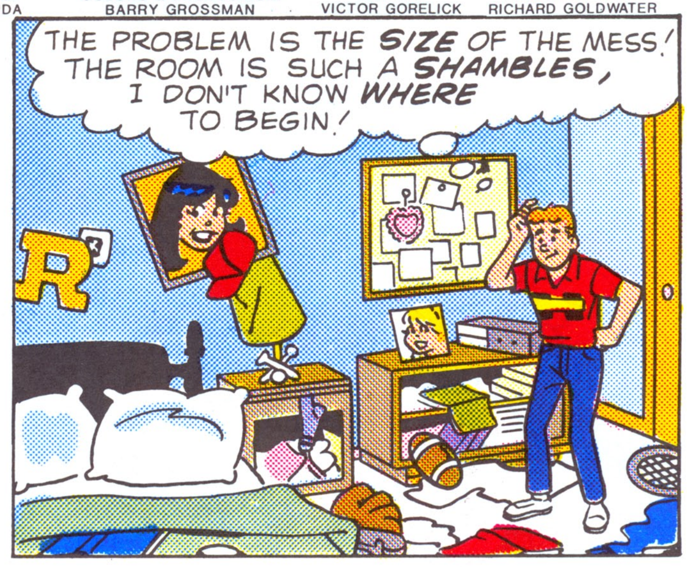

WHEN I GO SWIMMING...
..I ALWAYS TAKE ALL THE LATEST..
..SCIENTIFIC AIDS.
SOME PEOPLE DON'T LIKE GIVING BEARS THE KISS OF LIFE!


Archie
-IN-
"IT'S A MESS"
BUT, DAD! I CAN'T! IN A FEW HOURS, I'VE A DATE WITH VERONICA!
SORRY, ARCHIE! YOUR ROOM'S A MESS! YOU'RE STAYING PUT TILL IT'S CLEANED UP!
ARCHIE' ROOM KNOCK
DANG
6:15
R
RIVERDALE

STORY: RICH MARGOPOULOS PENCILLING: DAN DECARLO INKING: JAMES DECARLO LETTERING: BILL YOSHIDA COLORS & PRODUCTION: BARRY GROSSMAN EDITOR: VICTOR GORELICK EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: RICHARD GOLDWATER


D-DON'T PANIC, ARCH! YOU CAN STILL PULL THIS OFF!
IT'S GOING TO TAKE DEEP CONCENTRATION... AND LOTS OF LUCK!


THE PROBLEM IS THE SIZE OF THE MESS! THE ROOM IS SUCH A SHAMBLES, I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN!
R

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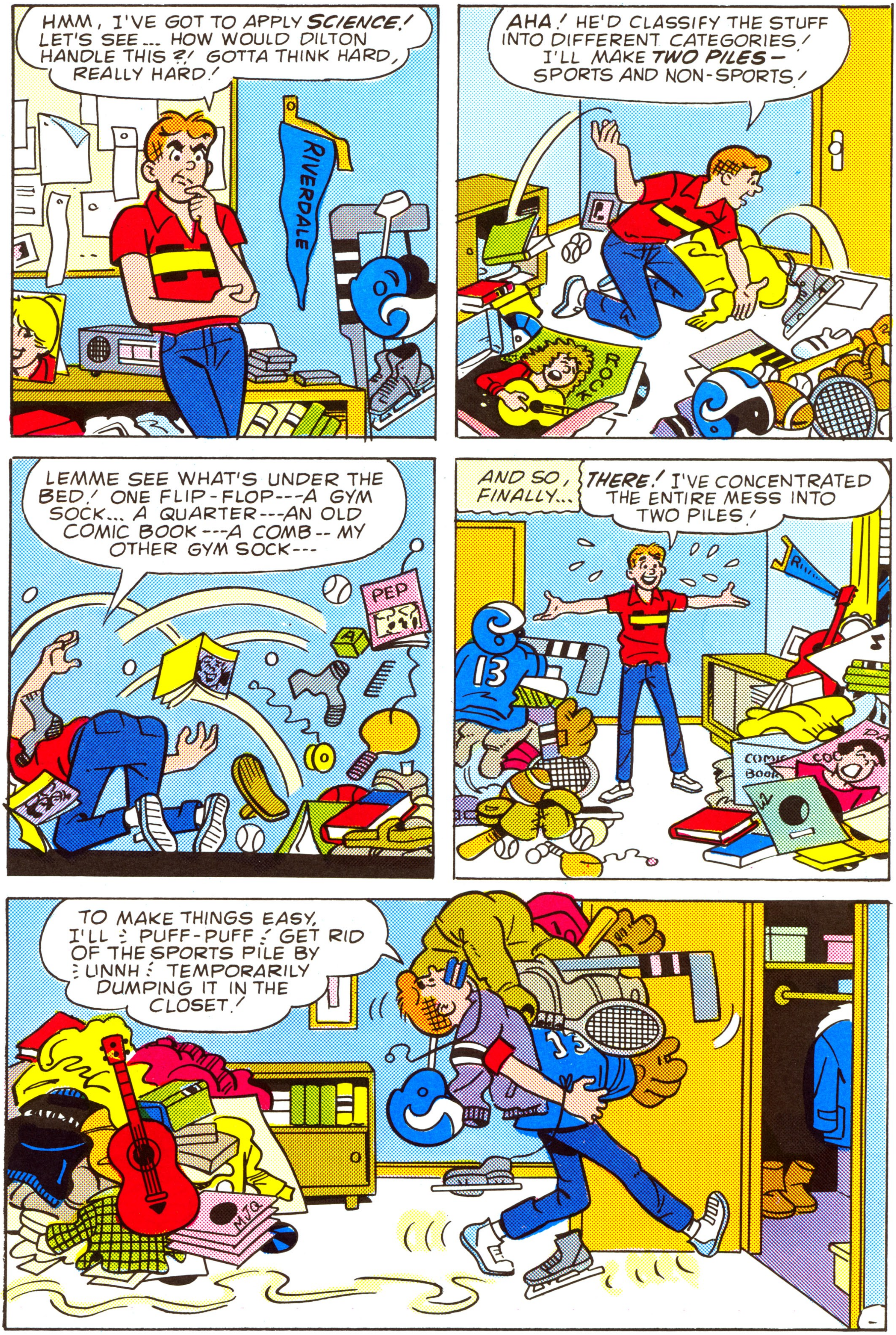
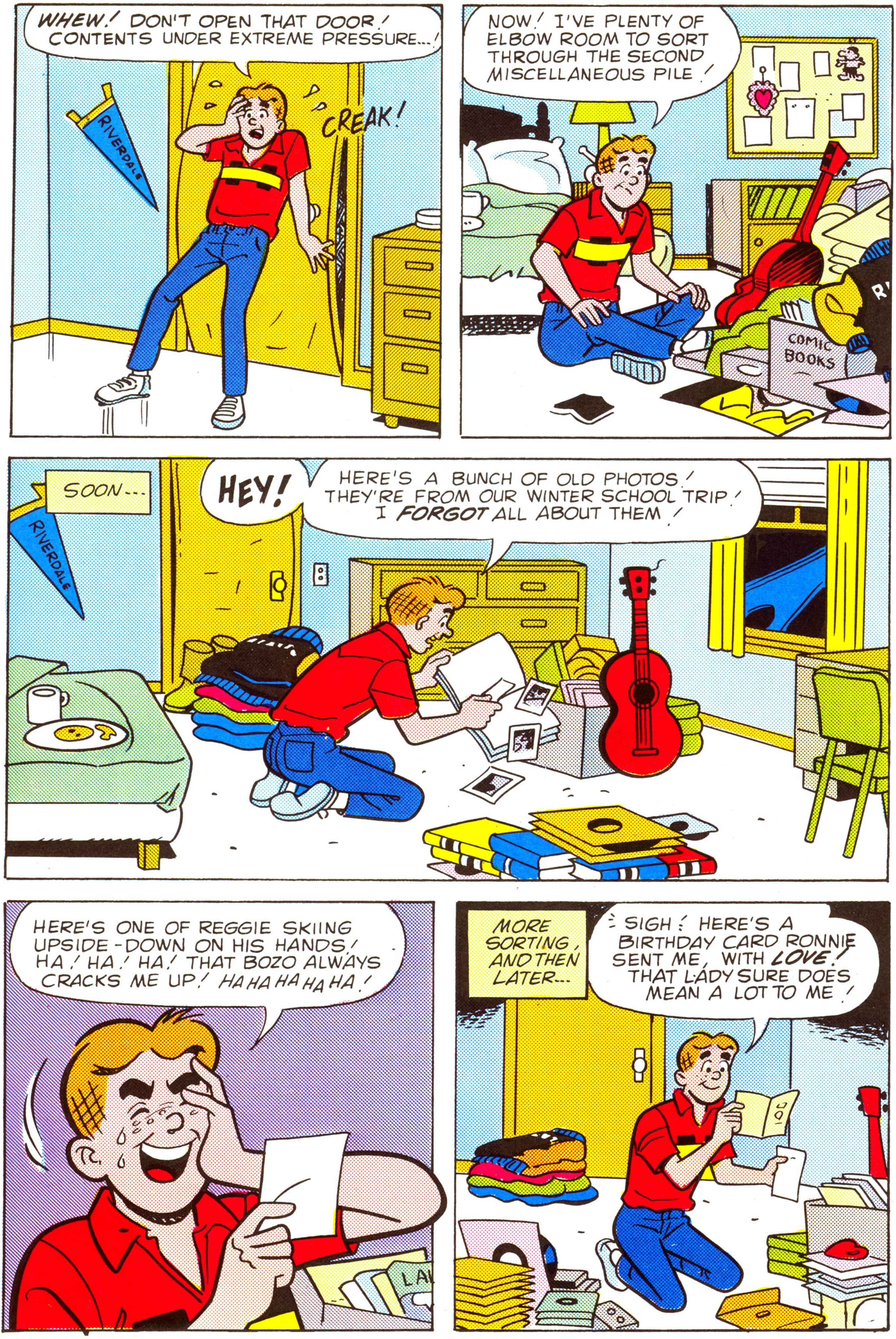
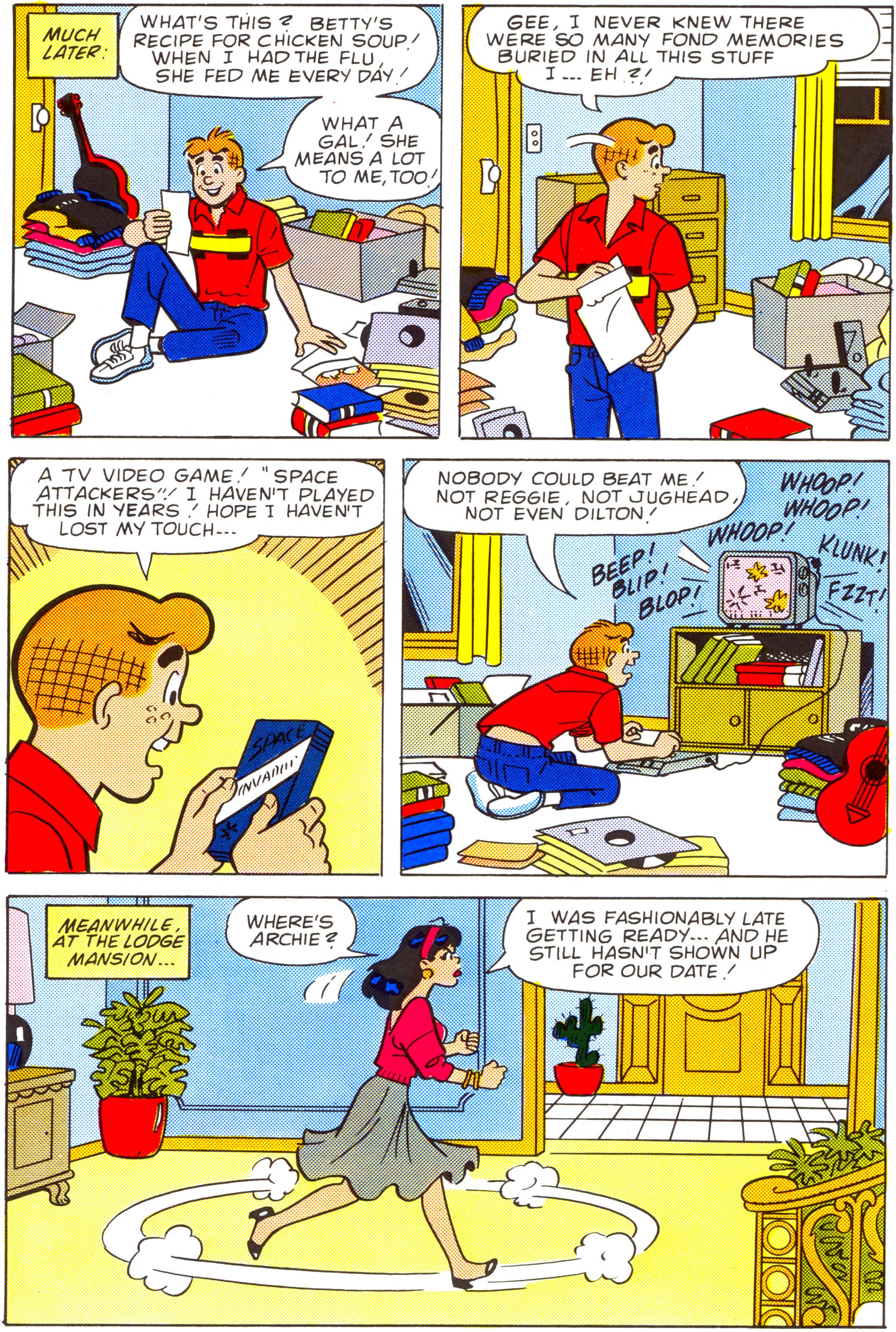
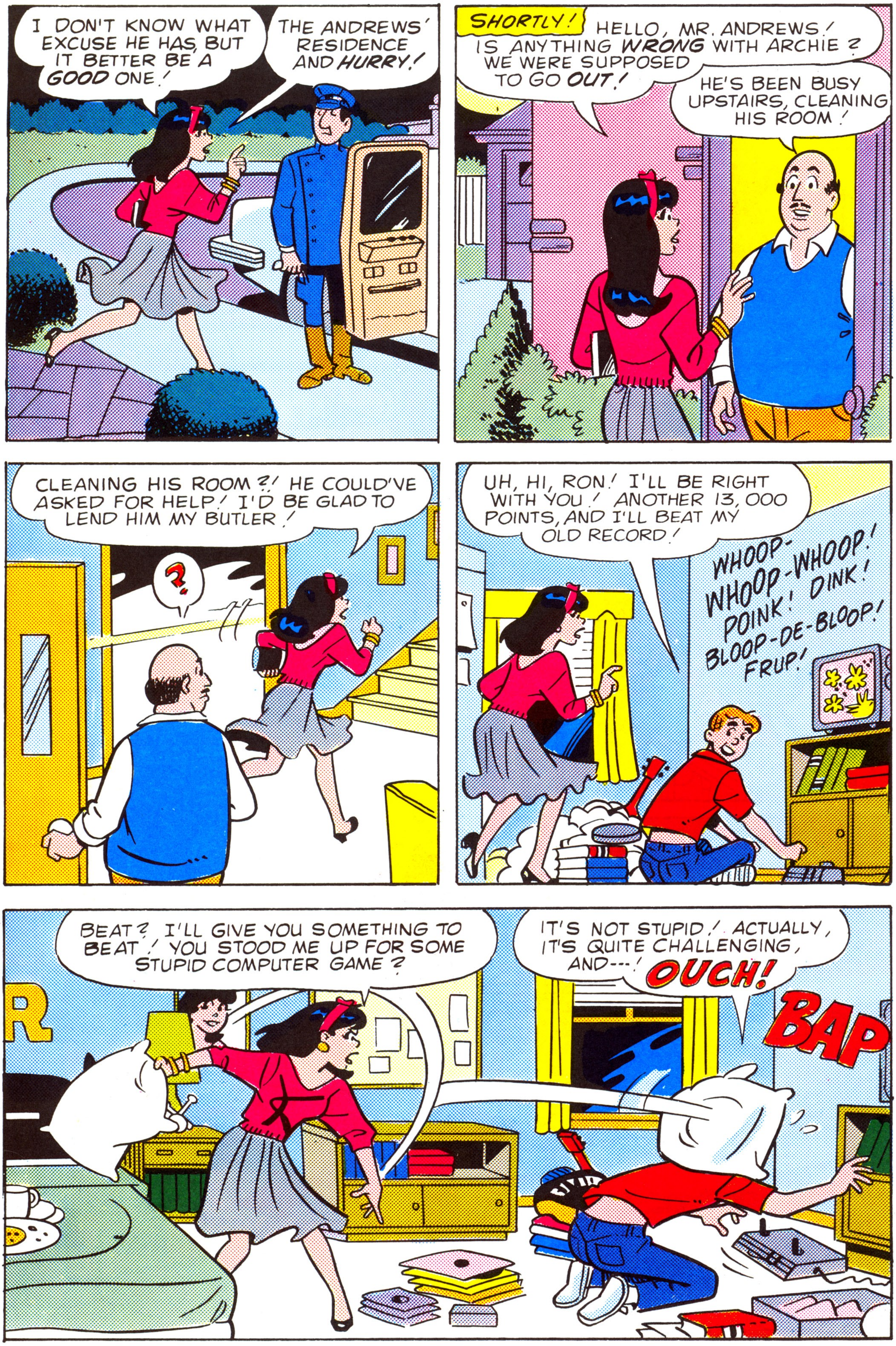
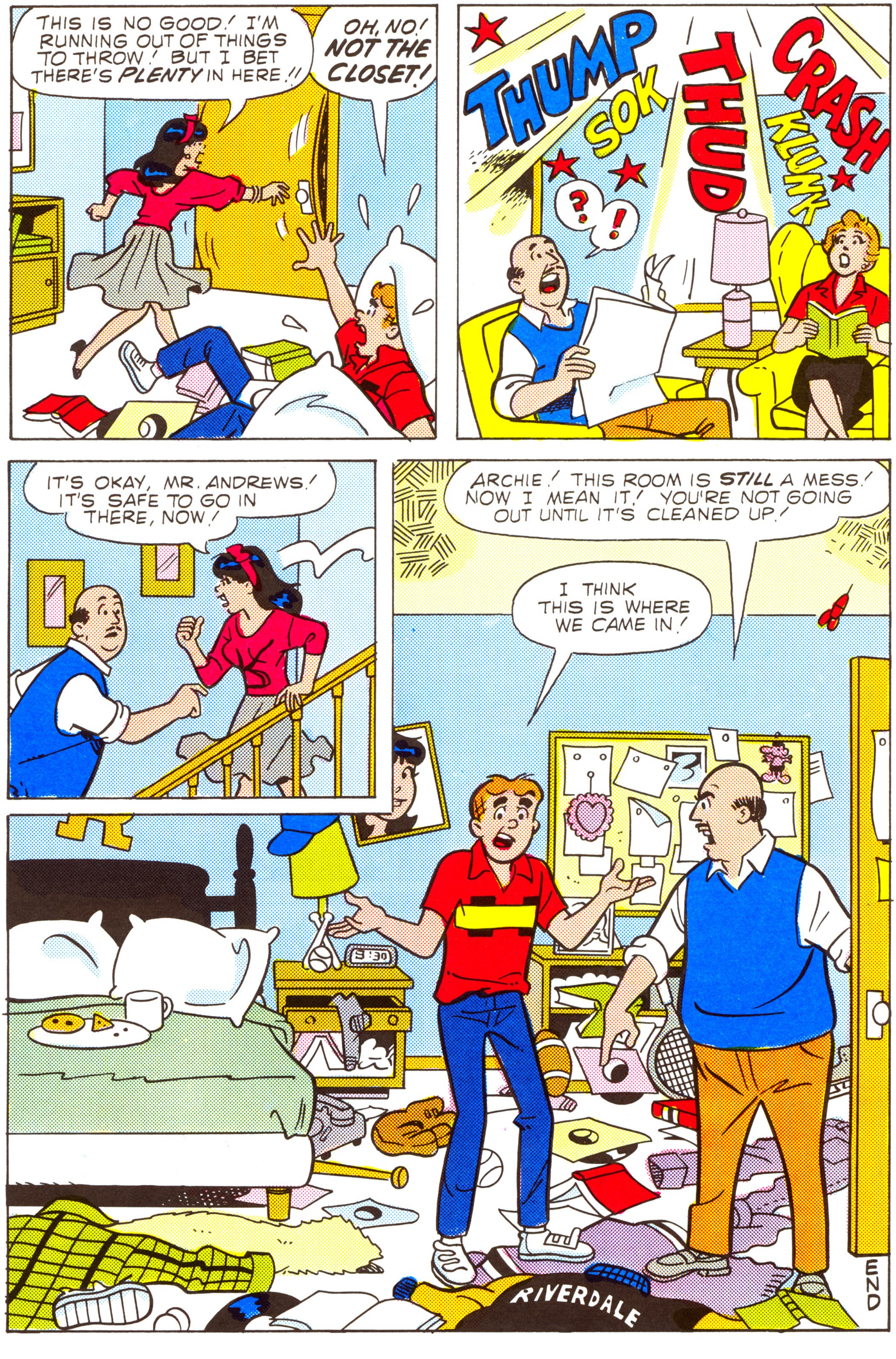
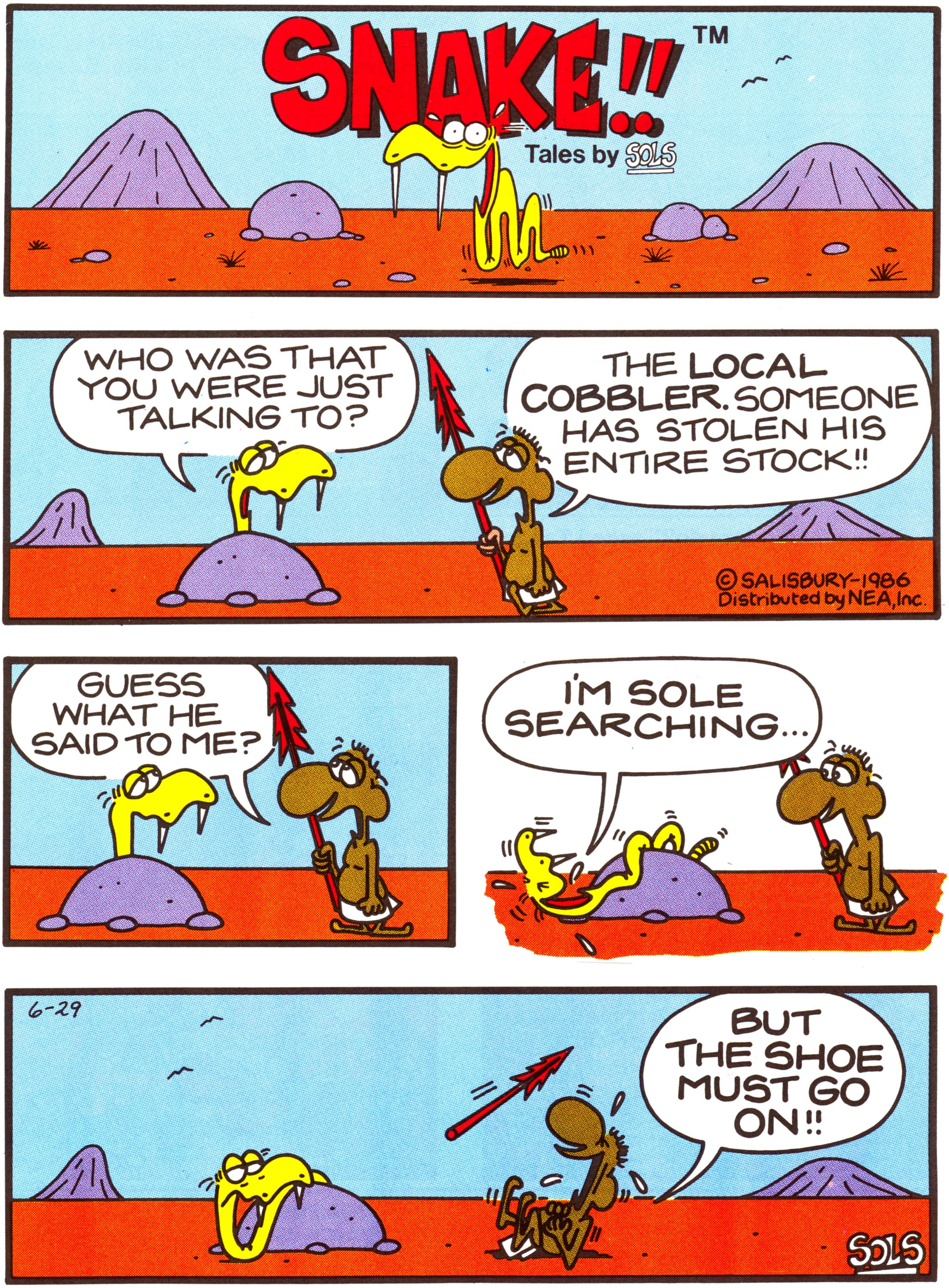

HMM, I'VE GOT TO APPLY **SCIENCE!** LET'S SEE... HOW WOULD DILTON HANDLE THIS ?! GOTTA THINK HARD, REALLY HARD!
RIVERDALE
AHA! HE'D CLASSIFY THE STUFF INTO DIFFERENT CATEGORIES! I'LL MAKE **TWO PILES** — SPORTS AND NON-SPORTS!
ROCK
LEMME SEE WHAT'S UNDER THE BED! ONE FLIP-FLOP---A GYM SOCK... A QUARTER---AN OLD COMIC BOOK---A COMB-- MY OTHER GYM SOCK---
PEP
AND SO, FINALLY...
THERE! I'VE CONCENTRATED THE ENTIRE MESS INTO TWO PILES!
13
COMIC BOOK
TO MAKE THINGS EASY, I'LL ⁝ PUFF-PUFF ⁝ GET RID OF THE SPORTS PILE BY ⁝ UNNH ⁝ TEMPORARILY DUMPING IT IN THE CLOSET!


WHEW! DON'T OPEN THAT DOOR! CONTENTS UNDER EXTREME PRESSURE...!
CREAK!
RIVERDALE
NOW! I'VE PLENTY OF ELBOW ROOM TO SORT THROUGH THE SECOND MISCELLANEOUS PILE!
COMIC BOOKS
SOON---
HEY!
HERE'S A BUNCH OF OLD PHOTOS! THEY'RE FROM OUR WINTER SCHOOL TRIP! I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THEM!
RIVERDALE
HERE'S ONE OF REGGIE SKIING UPSIDE-DOWN ON HIS HANDS! HA! HA! HA! THAT BOZO ALWAYS CRACKS ME UP! HA HA HA HA HA!
MORE SORTING, AND THEN LATER...
SIGH! HERE'S A BIRTHDAY CARD RONNIE SENT ME, WITH LOVE! THAT LADY SURE DOES MEAN A LOT TO ME!


MUCH LATER:
WHAT'S THIS? BETTY'S RECIPE FOR CHICKEN SOUP! WHEN I HAD THE FLU, SHE FED ME EVERY DAY!
WHAT A GAL! SHE MEANS A LOT TO ME, TOO!
GEE, I NEVER KNEW THERE WERE SO MANY FOND MEMORIES BURIED IN ALL THIS STUFF I... EH?!
A TV VIDEO GAME! "SPACE ATTACKERS"! I HAVEN'T PLAYED THIS IN YEARS! HOPE I HAVEN'T LOST MY TOUCH...
SPACE
NOBODY COULD BEAT ME! NOT REGGIE, NOT JUGHEAD, NOT EVEN DILTON!
WHOOP! WHOOP! WHOOP!
BEEP! BLIP! BLOP!
KLUNK!
FZZT!
MEANWHILE, AT THE LODGE MANSION...
WHERE'S ARCHIE?
I WAS FASHIONABLY LATE GETTING READY... AND HE STILL HASN'T SHOWN UP FOR OUR DATE!


I DON'T KNOW WHAT EXCUSE HE HAS, BUT IT BETTER BE A **GOOD** ONE!
THE ANDREWS' RESIDENCE AND **HURRY**!
SHORTLY!
HELLO, MR. ANDREWS! IS ANYTHING **WRONG** WITH ARCHIE? WE WERE SUPPOSED TO GO **OUT**!
HE'S BEEN BUSY UPSTAIRS, CLEANING HIS ROOM!
CLEANING HIS ROOM?! HE COULD'VE ASKED FOR HELP! I'D BE GLAD TO LEND HIM MY BUTLER!
?
UH, HI, RON! I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU! ANOTHER 13,000 POINTS, AND I'LL BEAT MY OLD RECORD!
WHOOP-WHOOP-WHOOP! POINK! DINK! BLOOP-DE-BLOOP! FRUP!
BEAT? I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO BEAT! YOU STOOD ME UP FOR SOME STUPID COMPUTER GAME?
IT'S NOT STUPID! ACTUALLY, IT'S QUITE CHALLENGING, AND---!
OUCH!
BAP
R

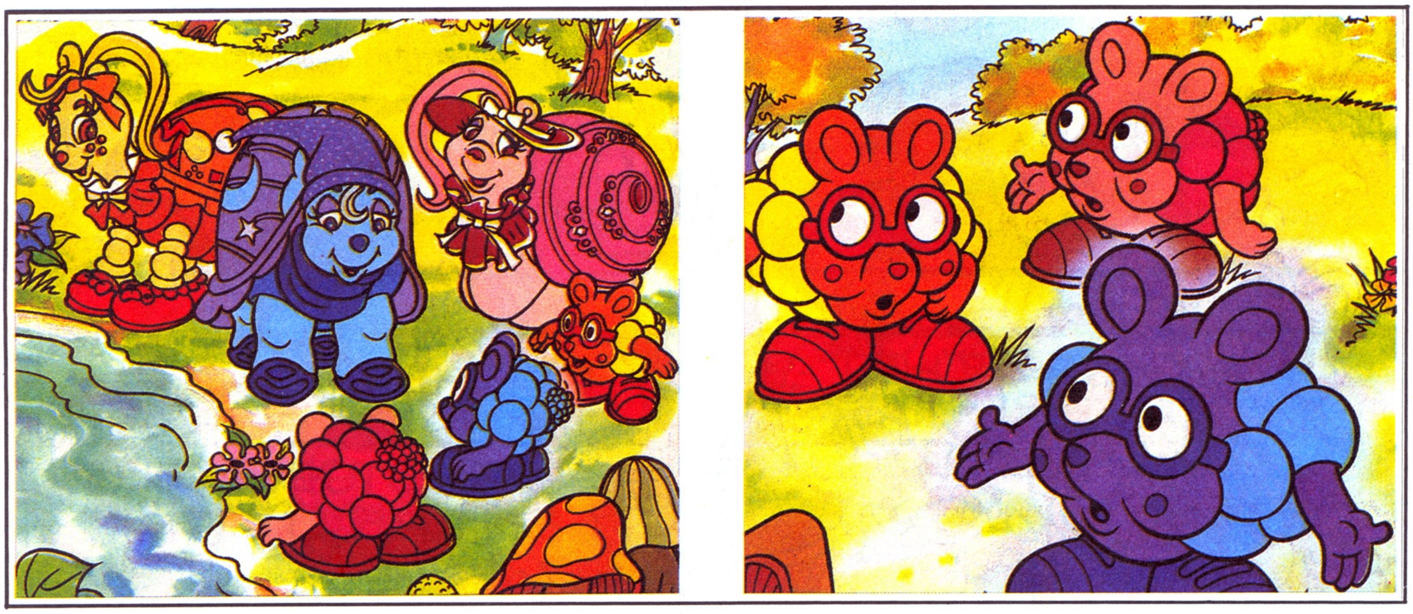

THIS IS NO GOOD! I'M RUNNING OUT OF THINGS TO THROW! BUT I BET THERE'S PLENTY IN HERE!!
OH, NO! NOT THE CLOSET!
THUMP
SOK
THUD
CRASH
KLUNK
?!
IT'S OKAY, MR. ANDREWS! IT'S SAFE TO GO IN THERE, NOW!
ARCHIE! THIS ROOM IS STILL A MESS! NOW I MEAN IT! YOU'RE NOT GOING OUT UNTIL IT'S CLEANED UP!
I THINK THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN!
RIVERDALE
END


SNAKE!!
TM
Tales by SOLS
WHO WAS THAT YOU WERE JUST TALKING TO?
THE LOCAL COBBLER. SOMEONE HAS STOLEN HIS ENTIRE STOCK!!
© SALISBURY-1986 Distributed by NEA, Inc.
GUESS WHAT HE SAID TO ME?
I'M SOLE SEARCHING...
6-29
BUT THE SHOE MUST GO ON!!
SOLS

One day, as the Keypers sat around the Magic Pond, three funny creatures ran by.

"Come back," called Shelldon. "Who are you?"

"We're 'Finders!'" said the first little creature. "My name is Nitelite, this is Footloose, and this is Twist."



"What do Finders do?" asked Tango excitedly.

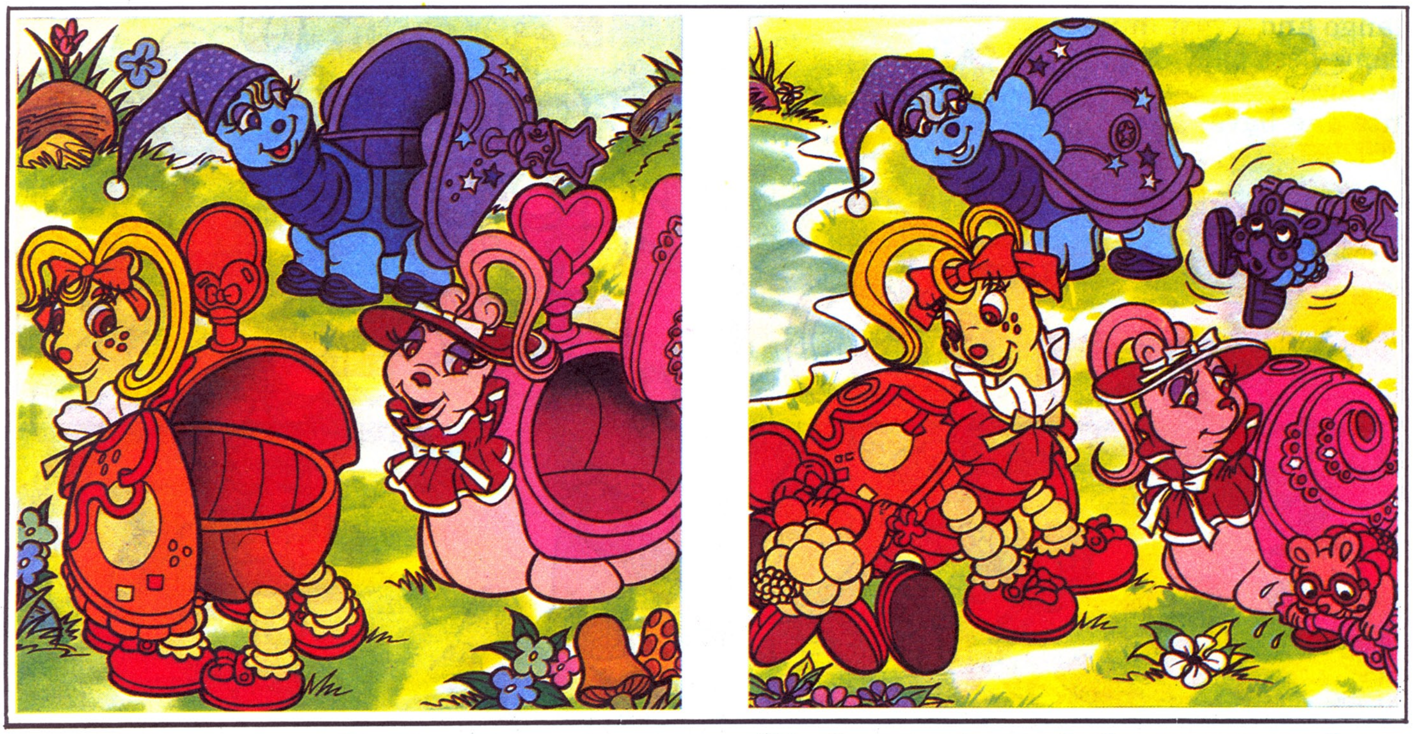
"Well," sighed Footloose, "we find wonderful things . . ."

". . . But we have nowhere to put them," continued Twist.

"Nowhere safe," echoed Nitelite.

Smiling, the Keypers looked at each other, Shelldon said, "Let me introduce myself. I'm Shelldon, and this is Fancy, and Tango. We're Keypers!"

"That means," said Fancy, "that we keep treasures safely stored!"



The Keypers and Finders knew they belonged together.

Nitelite, joined Shelldon,

Footloose matched up with Fancy.

Tango and Twist quickly became best pals. Both loved to dance and have parties.

"Perhaps you can help us use our keys to safely lock up treasures," said Shelldon to the Finders.

But try as they might, the Finders were too small to reach the locks.

"Our keys must be meant for someone else to use. But who?" asked Tango.

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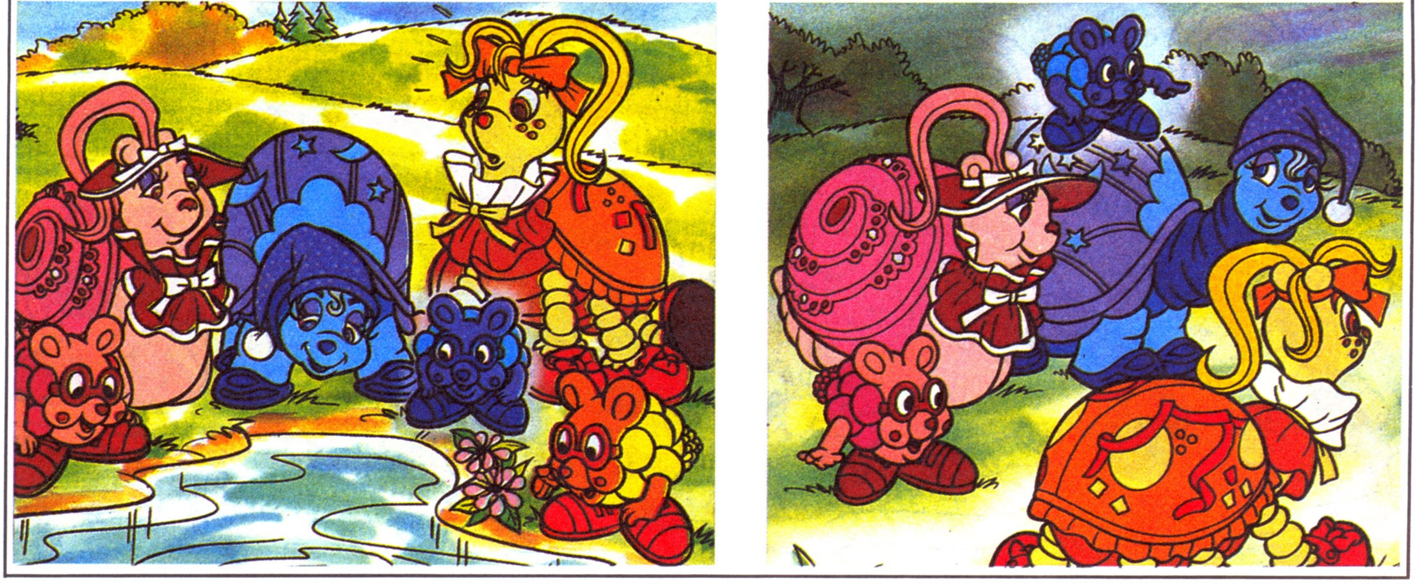
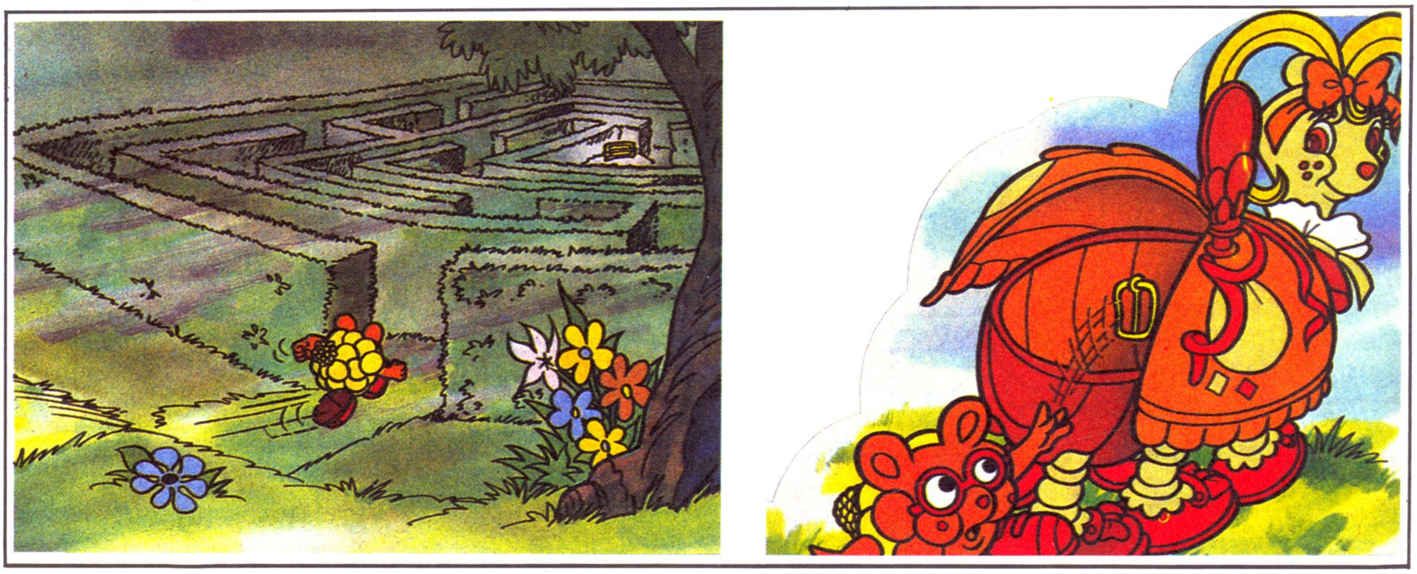


Suddenly, the Magic Pond began to shimmer and speak!

"Keypers and Finders, there are many who need your help."

The Keypers and Finders watched as a shadowy figure sneaked into a room, grabbed a shiny object, and sneaked back out.

"That's Lose-it-Louie," said the Magic Pond, "a mean sneaky snatcher of treasures. He has taken Dee's favorite brooch.



"Go to the Hollow Tree. It will take you to where Lose-it-Louie may have hidden the treasure. When the lost is found, many of your own questions will be answered, too."

"But just one moment," said Fancy. "Where is the Hollow Tree?"

"We know where to find it!" said the Finders excitedly.

"Well, then, let's go," said Shelldon.

"I'm sure this is where we'll find Lose-it-Louie and Dee's brooch," said Nitelite confidently.

But as they walked out, they saw a strange, gloomy place with paths twisting in every direction. It was a giant maze!

"Oh my," said Fancy unhappily, "how will we ever find anything? We'll get lost!"

The Finders said, "We have a plan!"

Climbing onto Shelldon's shell, Nitelite glowed and located Dee's shiny brooch. Following Nitelite's directions, Twist twisted in and out of the paths and in a few moments the energetic Finder found the brooch and returned.

Angrily, Lose-it-Louie shouted after them, "You may have gotten something back this time but it won't happen again!"

The Hollow Tree transported the Keypers and Finders to Dee's room.

Dee locked her brooch inside Tango's shell and ran to get her friends to come and play.

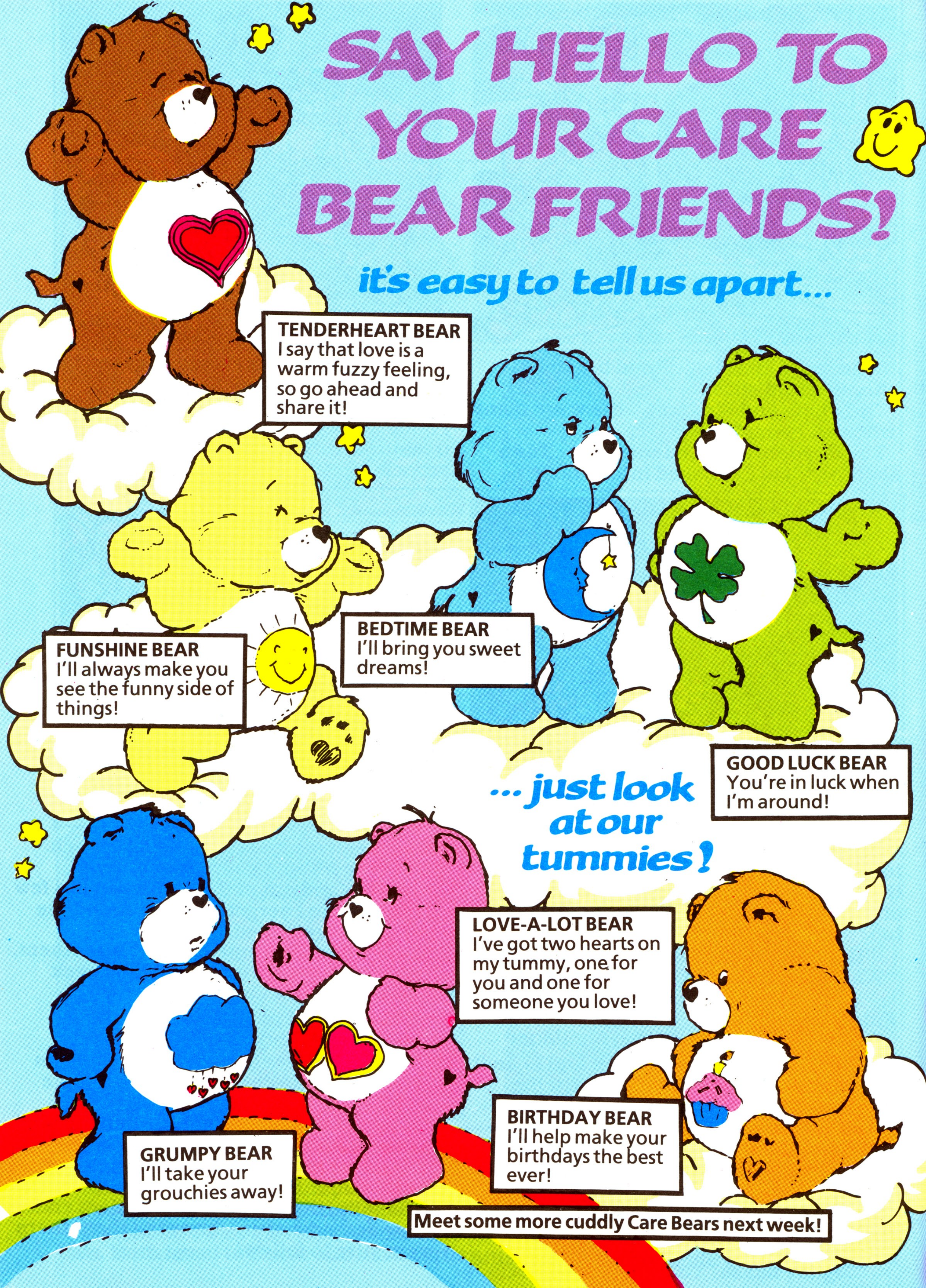
As soon as Dee was gone, Shelldon said, "Now we know who can use our keys!"

"And we know what to do with things we find!" said Nitelite.

Happily, the Keypers and Finders ended their first adventure, knowing that others were sure to follow!

SAY HELLO TO YOUR CARE BEAR FRIENDS!

it's easy to tell us apart...



TENDERHEART BEAR
I say that love is a warm fuzzy feeling, so go ahead and share it!

FUNSHINE BEAR
I'll always make you see the funny side of things!

BEDTIME BEAR
I'll bring you sweet dreams!

GOOD LUCK BEAR
You're in luck when I'm around!

... just look at our tummies!

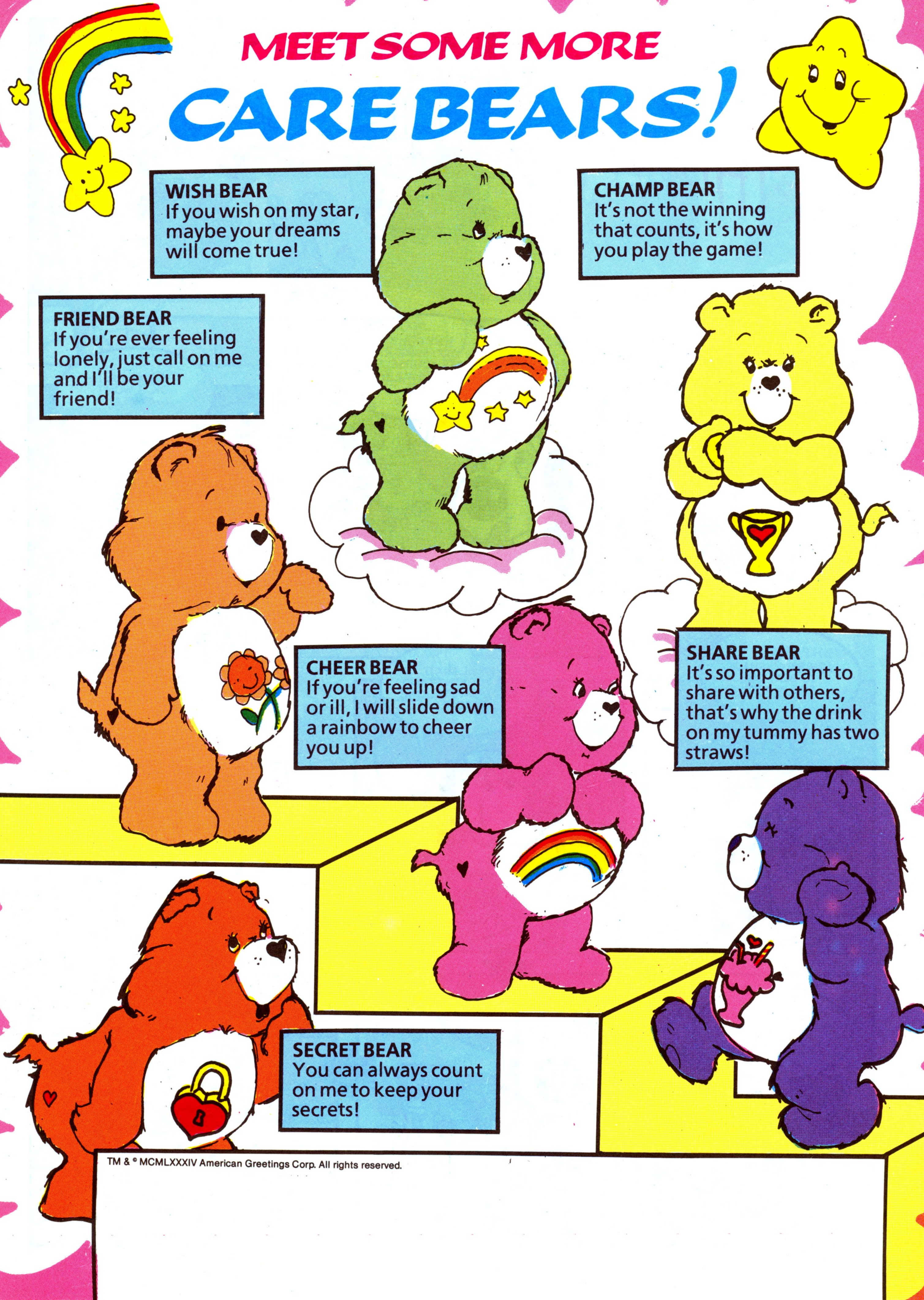
LOVE-A-LOT BEAR
I've got two hearts on my tummy, one for you and one for someone you love!

GRUMPY BEAR
I'll take your grouchies away!

BIRTHDAY BEAR
I'll help make your birthdays the best ever!

Meet some more cuddly Care Bears next week!

MEET SOME MORE
CARE BEARS!



WISH BEAR
If you wish on my star, maybe your dreams will come true!

CHAMP BEAR
It's not the winning that counts, it's how you play the game!

FRIEND BEAR
If you're ever feeling lonely, just call on me and I'll be your friend!

CHEER BEAR
If you're feeling sad or ill, I will slide down a rainbow to cheer you up!

SHARE BEAR
It's so important to share with others, that's why the drink on my tummy has two straws!

SECRET BEAR
You can always count on me to keep your secrets!

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D'Artacan and the three muskehounds

D'ARTACANS BIRTHDAY

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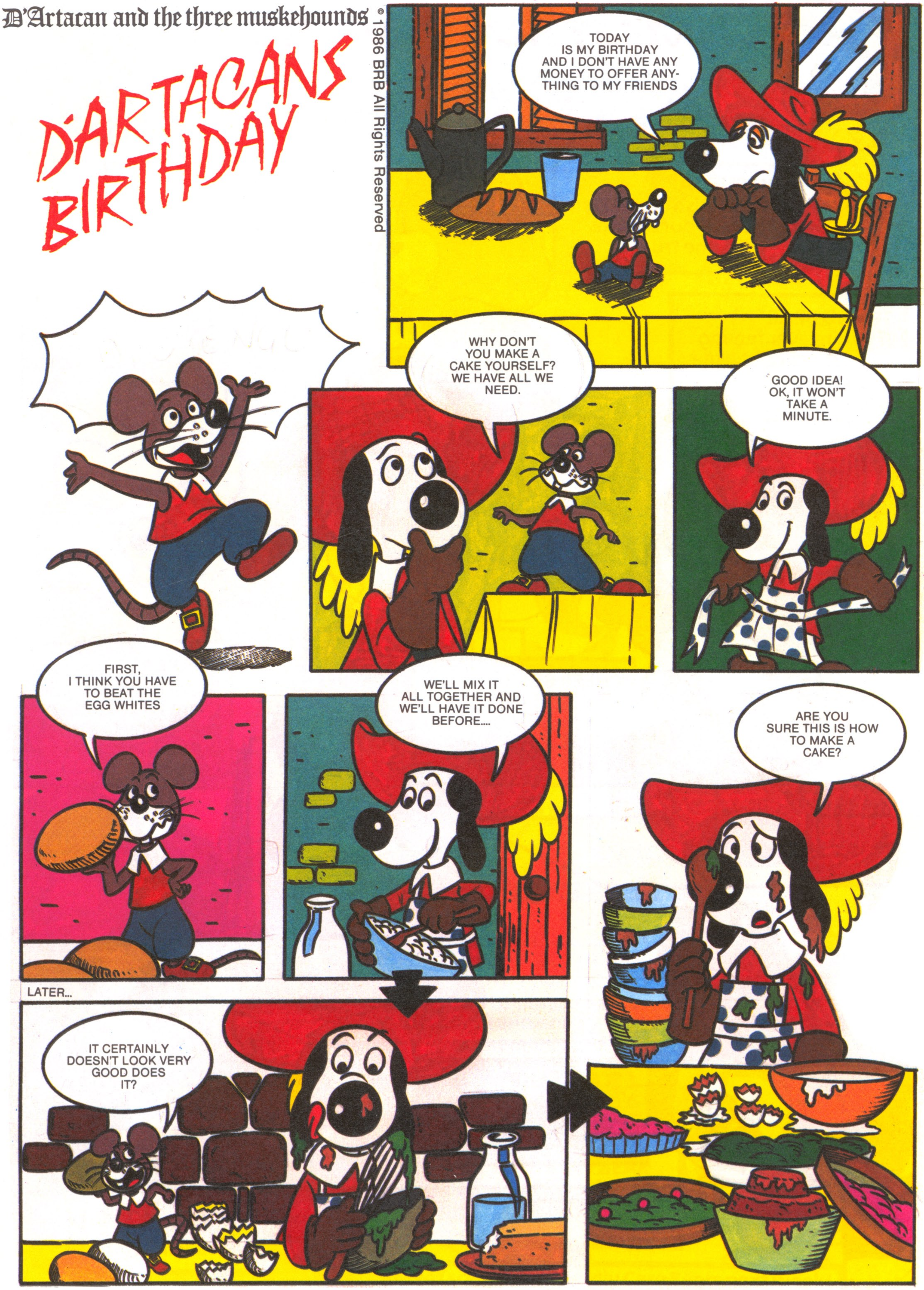
TODAY IS MY BIRTHDAY AND I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY TO OFFER ANYTHING TO MY FRIENDS
WHY DON'T YOU MAKE A CAKE YOURSELF? WE HAVE ALL WE NEED.
GOOD IDEA! OK, IT WON'T TAKE A MINUTE.
FIRST, I THINK YOU HAVE TO BEAT THE EGG WHITES
WE'LL MIX IT ALL TOGETHER AND WE'LL HAVE IT DONE BEFORE....
LATER...
IT CERTAINLY DOESN'T LOOK VERY GOOD DOES IT?
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS HOW TO MAKE A CAKE?

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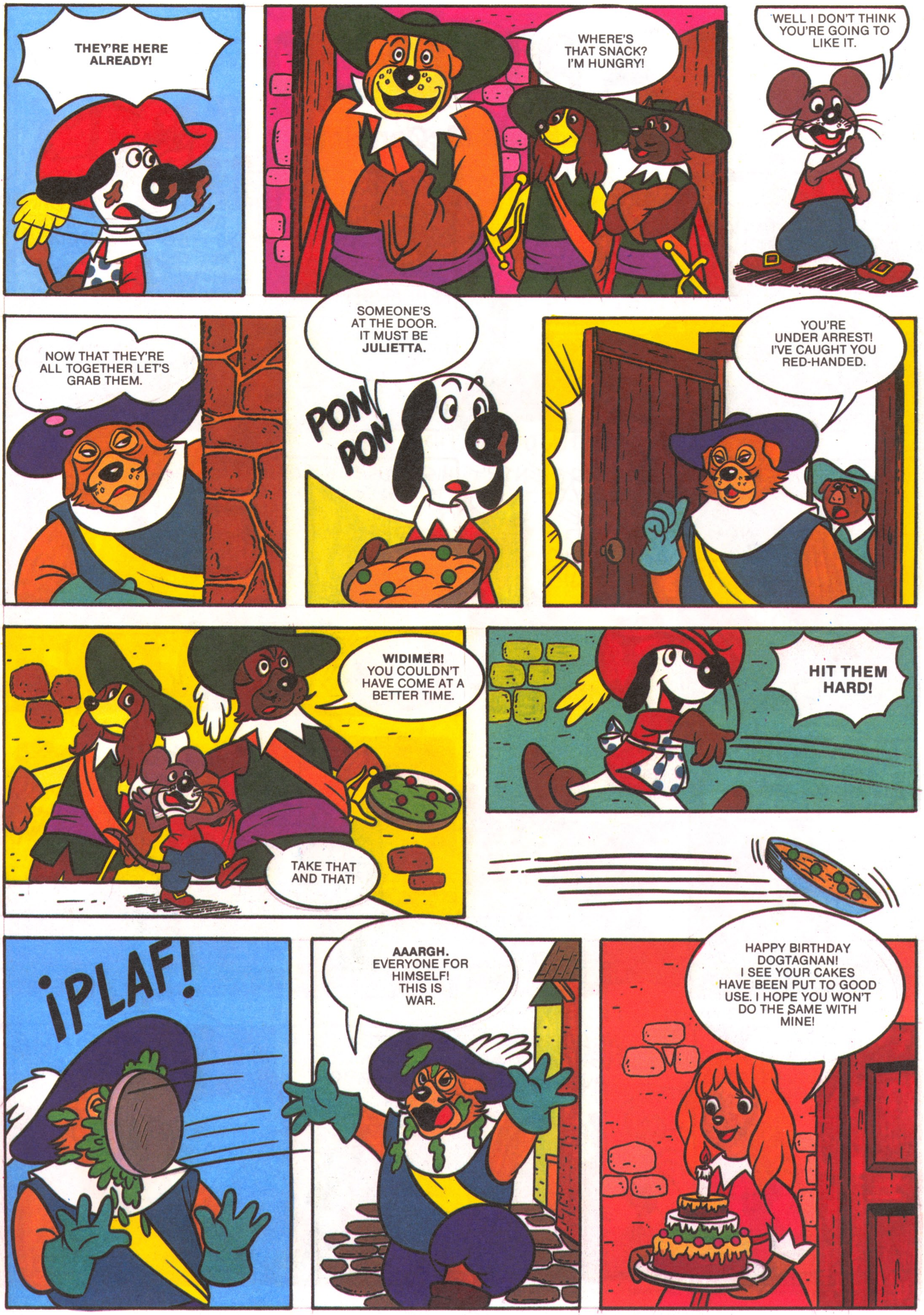
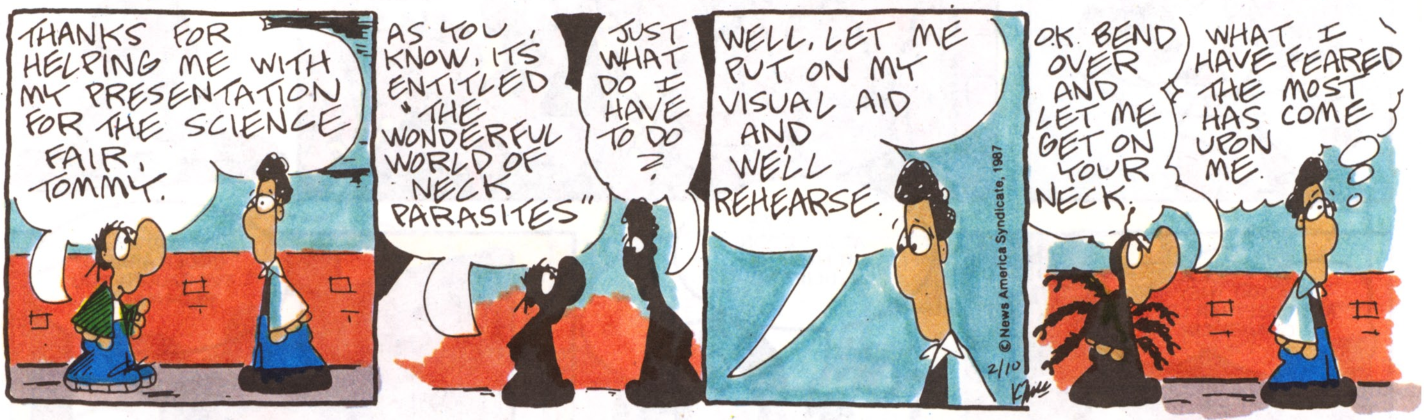
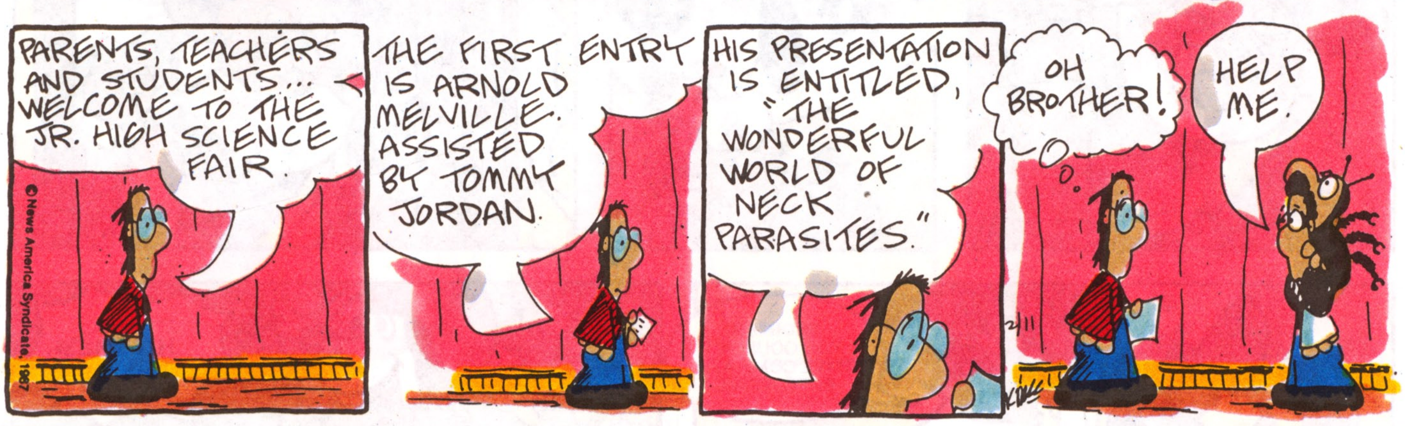

THEY'RE HERE ALREADY!
WHERE'S THAT SNACK? I'M HUNGRY!
WELL I DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE IT.
NOW THAT THEY'RE ALL TOGETHER LET'S GRAB THEM.
SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR. IT MUST BE **JULIETTA.**
PON PON
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! I'VE CAUGHT YOU RED-HANDED.
WIDIMER! YOU COULDN'T HAVE COME AT A BETTER TIME.
TAKE THAT AND THAT!
HIT THEM HARD!
¡PLAF!
AAARGH. EVERYONE FOR HIMSELF! THIS IS WAR.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY DOGTAGNAN! I SEE YOUR CAKES HAVE BEEN PUT TO GOOD USE. I HOPE YOU WON'T DO THE SAME WITH MINE!

ARNOLD

by Kevin McCormick


THANKS FOR HELPING ME WITH MY PRESENTATION FOR THE SCIENCE FAIR, TOMMY.
AS YOU KNOW, IT'S ENTITLED "THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF NECK PARASITES"
JUST WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO ?
WELL, LET ME PUT ON MY VISUAL AID AND WE'LL REHEARSE.
O.K. BEND OVER AND LET ME GET ON YOUR NECK.
WHAT I HAVE FEARED THE MOST HAS COME UPON ME.
© News America Syndicate, 1987
2/10


PARENTS, TEACHERS AND STUDENTS... WELCOME TO THE JR. HIGH SCIENCE FAIR.
THE FIRST ENTRY IS ARNOLD MELVILLE. ASSISTED BY TOMMY JORDAN.
HIS PRESENTATION IS ENTITLED, "THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF NECK PARASITES."
OH BROTHER!
HELP ME.
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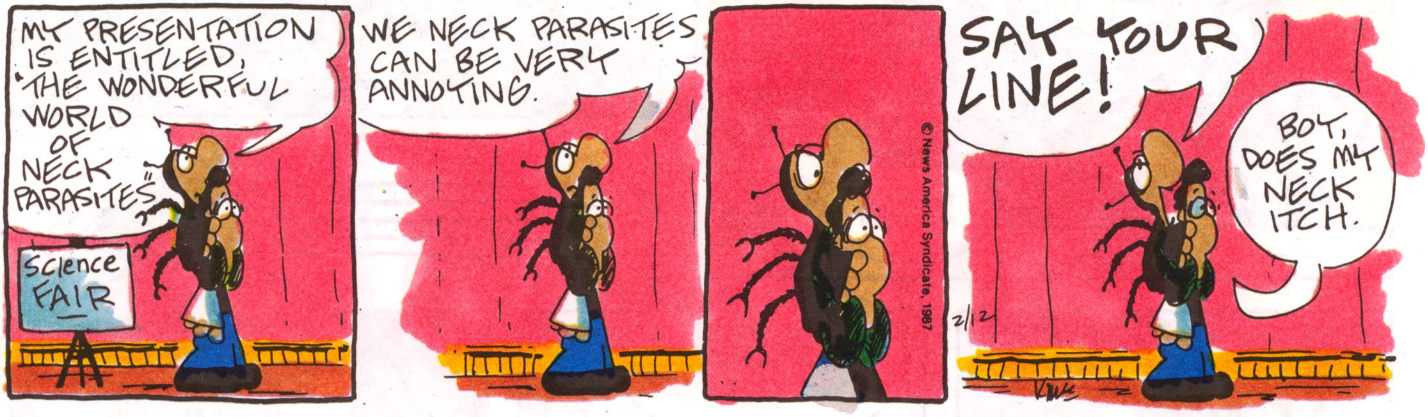
2/11


MY PRESENTATION IS ENTITLED, "THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF NECK PARASITES"
Science FAIR
WE NECK PARASITES CAN BE VERY ANNOYING.
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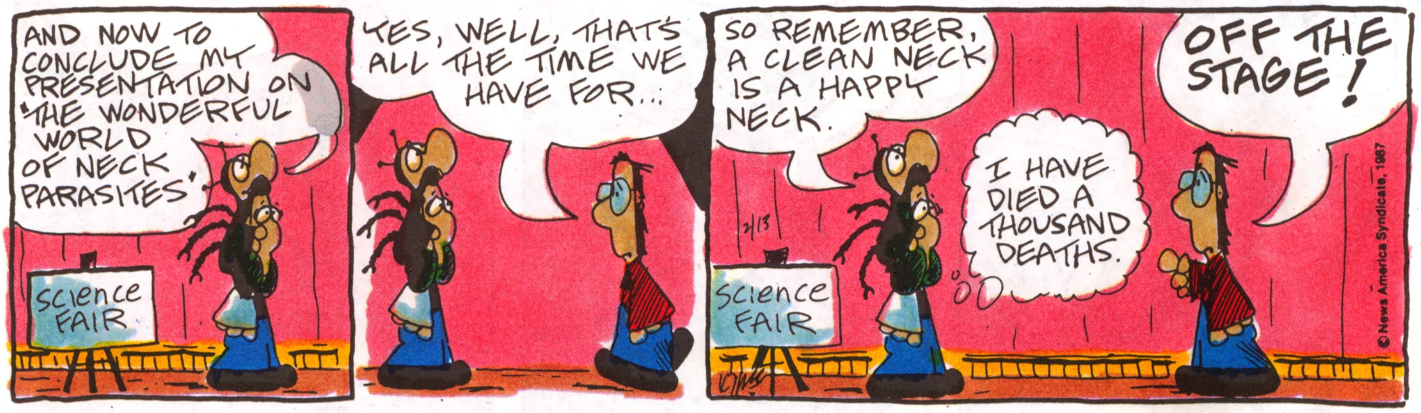
SAY YOUR LINE!
BOY, DOES MY NECK ITCH.
2/12


AND NOW TO CONCLUDE MY PRESENTATION ON "THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF NECK PARASITES"
Science FAIR
YES, WELL, THAT'S ALL THE TIME WE HAVE FOR...
SO REMEMBER, A CLEAN NECK IS A HAPPY NECK.
I HAVE DIED A THOUSAND DEATHS.
OFF THE STAGE!
2/13
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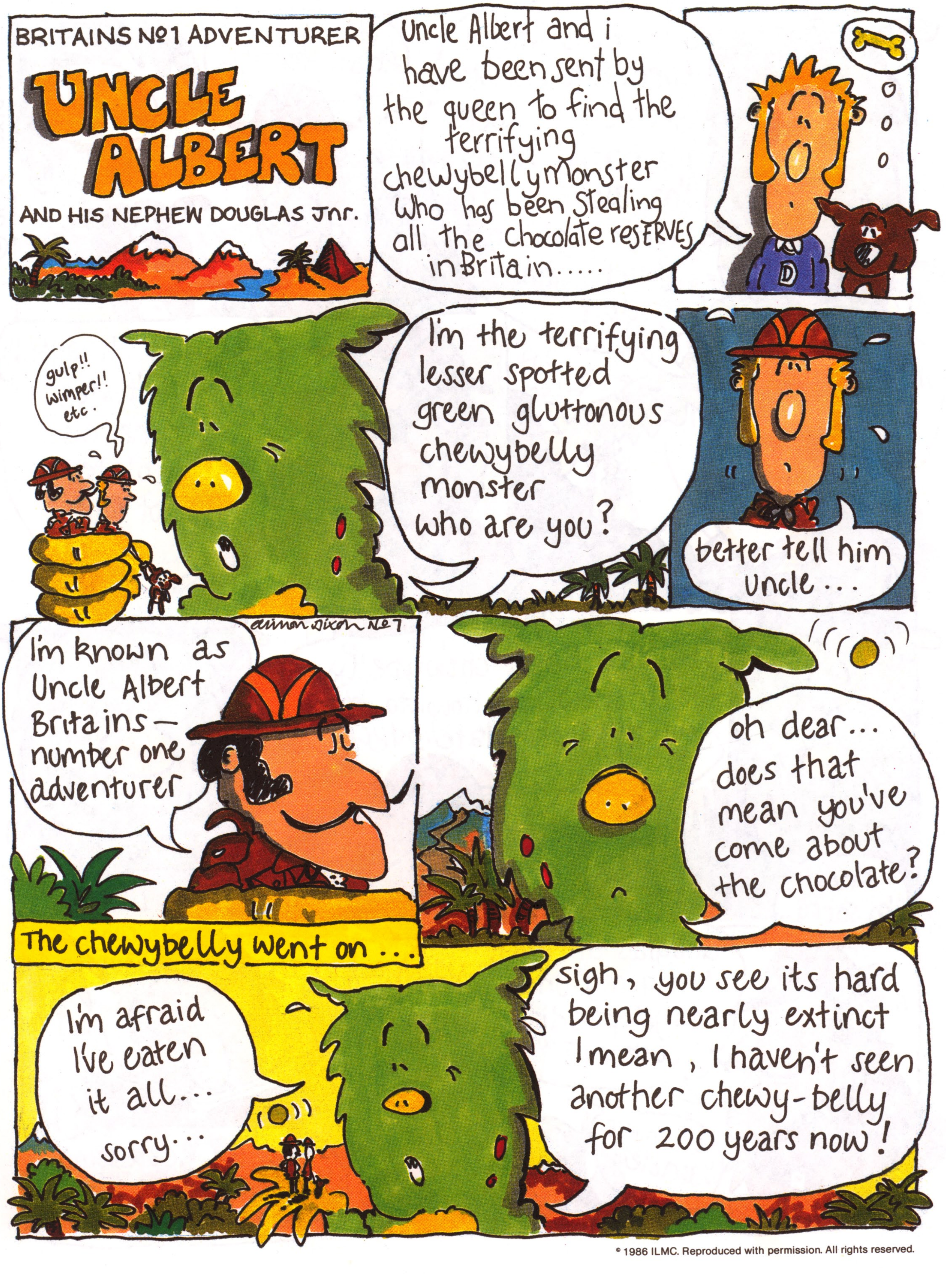
BRITAINS Nº1 ADVENTURER
UNCLE ALBERT
AND HIS NEPHEW DOUGLAS Jnr.
Uncle Albert and i have been sent by the queen to find the terrifying chewybelly monster who has been stealing all the chocolate reserves in Britain.....
gulp!! wimper!! etc.
I'm the terrifying lesser spotted green gluttonous chewybelly monster who are you?
better tell him uncle...
Simon Dixon Nº7
I'm known as Uncle Albert Britains — number one adventurer
oh dear... does that mean you've come about the chocolate?
The chewybelly went on...
I'm afraid I've eaten it all... sorry...
sigh, you see its hard being nearly extinct I mean, I haven't seen another chewy-belly for 200 years now!

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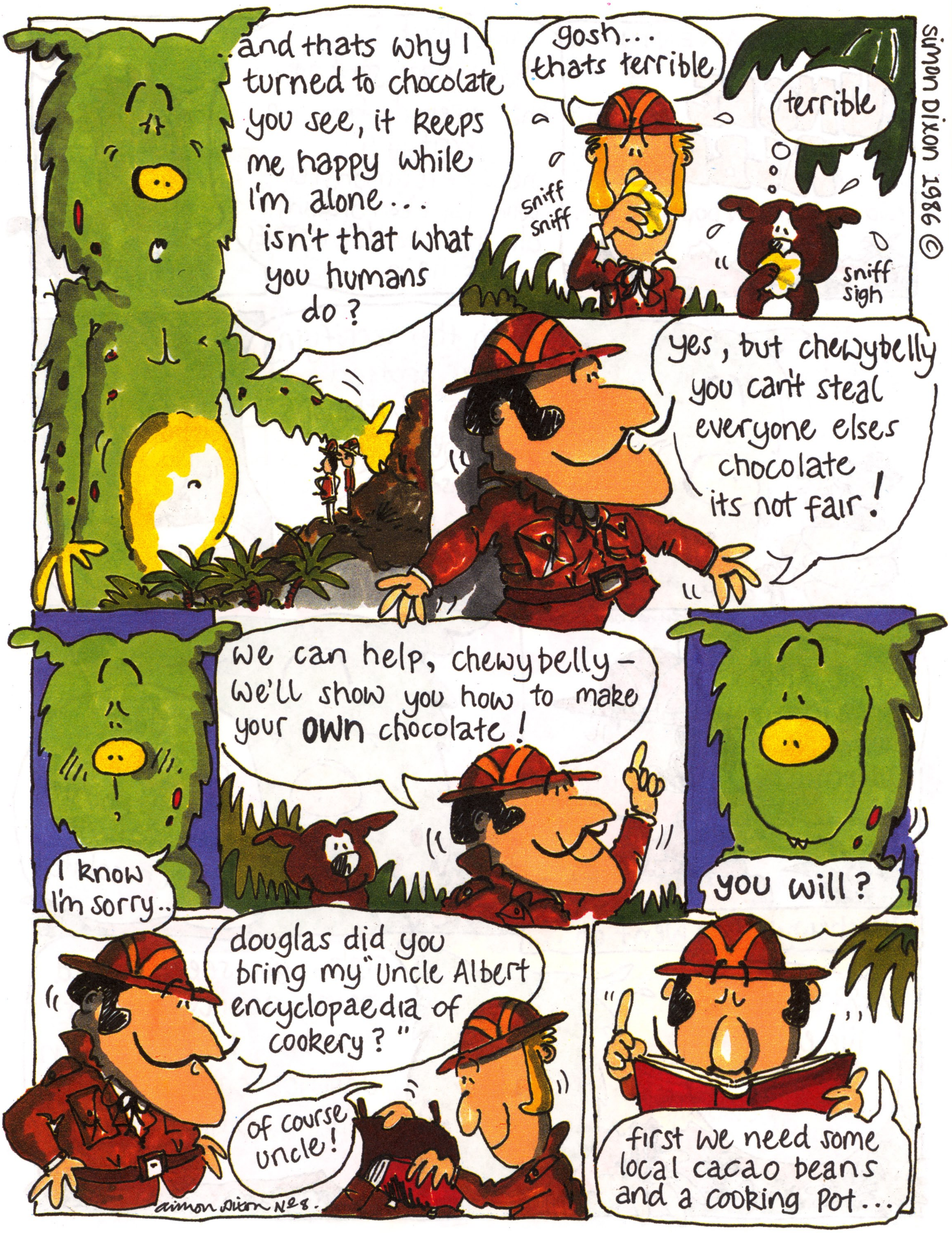
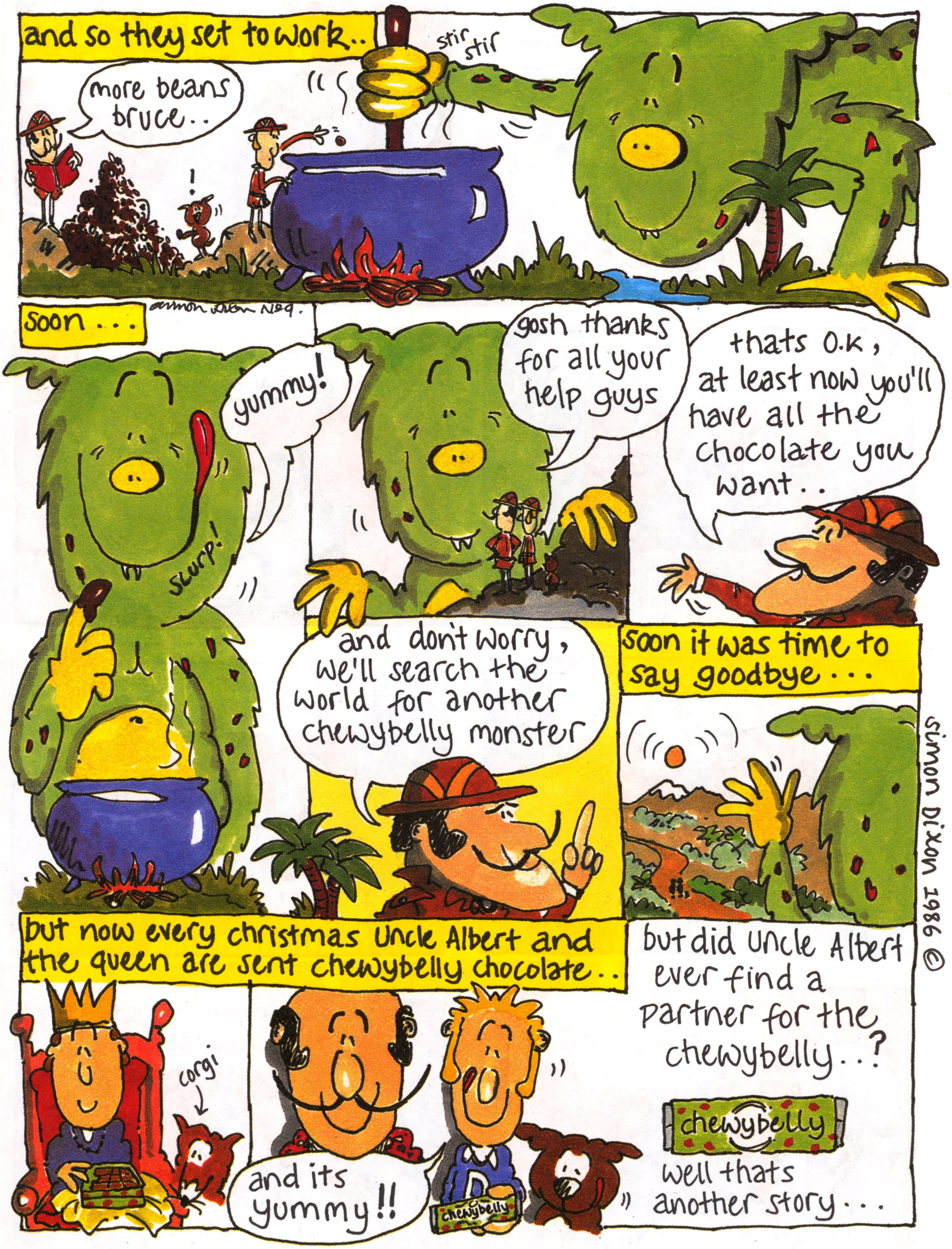
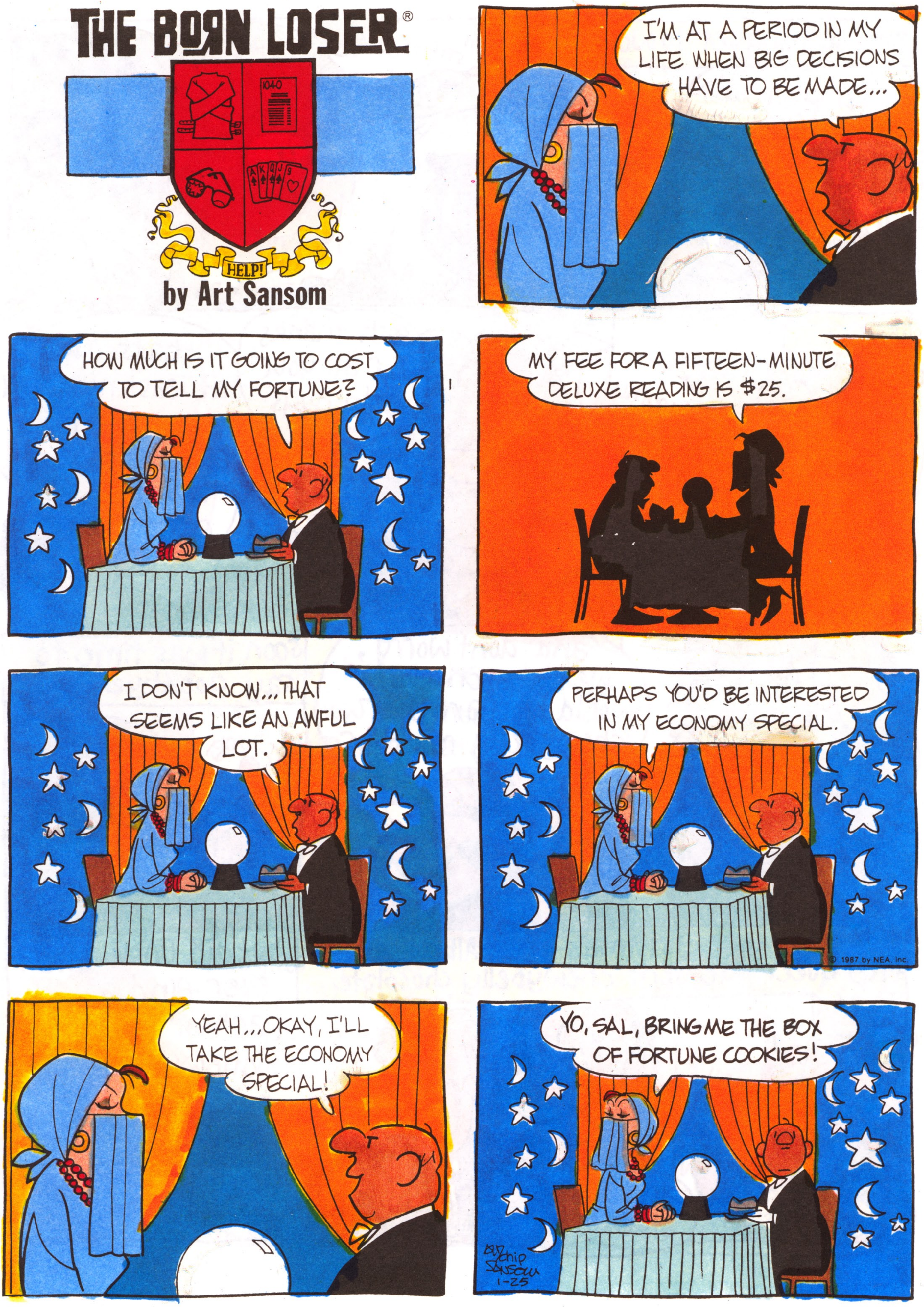
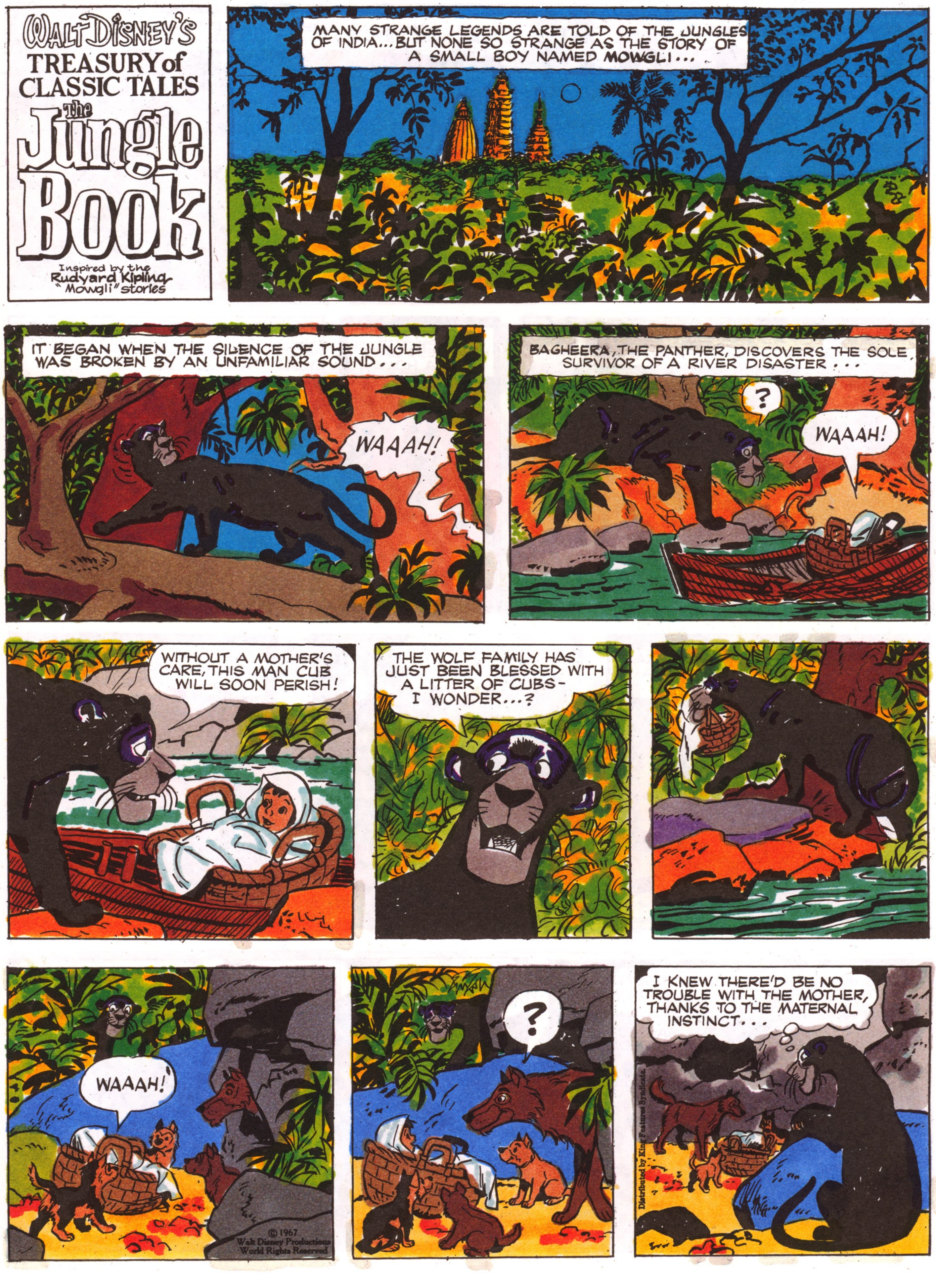

..and thats why I turned to chocolate you see, it keeps me happy while I'm alone... isn't that what you humans do?
gosh... thats terrible
terrible
sniff sniff
sniff sigh
simon Dixon 1986 ©
yes, but chewybelly you can't steal everyone elses chocolate its not fair!
we can help, chewybelly - we'll show you how to make your **own** chocolate!
I know I'm sorry..
you will?
douglas did you bring my "Uncle Albert encyclopaedia of cookery?"
of course uncle!
first we need some local cacao beans and a cooking pot...
simon Dixon No8.


and so they set to work..
more beans bruce..
stir stir
simon dixon No 9.
soon....
yummy!
slurp!
gosh thanks for all your help guys
thats O.K, at least now you'll have all the chocolate you want..
and don't worry, we'll search the world for another chewybelly monster
soon it was time to say goodbye...
simon Dixon 1986 ©
but now every christmas Uncle Albert and the queen are sent chewybelly chocolate..
corgi
and its yummy!!
chewybelly
but did Uncle Albert ever find a partner for the chewybelly..?
chewybelly
well thats another story...


THE BORN LOSER®
1040
HELP!
by Art Sansom
I'M AT A PERIOD IN MY LIFE WHEN BIG DECISIONS HAVE TO BE MADE...
HOW MUCH IS IT GOING TO COST TO TELL MY FORTUNE?
MY FEE FOR A FIFTEEN-MINUTE DELUXE READING IS $25.
I DON'T KNOW...THAT SEEMS LIKE AN AWFUL LOT.
PERHAPS YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN MY ECONOMY SPECIAL.
© 1987 by NEA, Inc.
YEAH...OKAY, I'LL TAKE THE ECONOMY SPECIAL!
YO, SAL, BRING ME THE BOX OF FORTUNE COOKIES!
Art Chip Sansom 1-25


WALT DISNEY'S TREASURY of CLASSIC TALES
The Jungle Book
Inspired by the Rudyard Kipling "Mowgli" stories
MANY STRANGE LEGENDS ARE TOLD OF THE JUNGLES OF INDIA... BUT NONE SO STRANGE AS THE STORY OF A SMALL BOY NAMED MOWGLI...
IT BEGAN WHEN THE SILENCE OF THE JUNGLE WAS BROKEN BY AN UNFAMILIAR SOUND...
WAAAH!
BAGHEERA, THE PANTHER, DISCOVERS THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF A RIVER DISASTER...
?
WAAAH!
WITHOUT A MOTHER'S CARE, THIS MAN CUB WILL SOON PERISH!
THE WOLF FAMILY HAS JUST BEEN BLESSED WITH A LITTER OF CUBS- I WONDER...?
WAAAH!
?
I KNEW THERE'D BE NO TROUBLE WITH THE MOTHER, THANKS TO THE MATERNAL INSTINCT...

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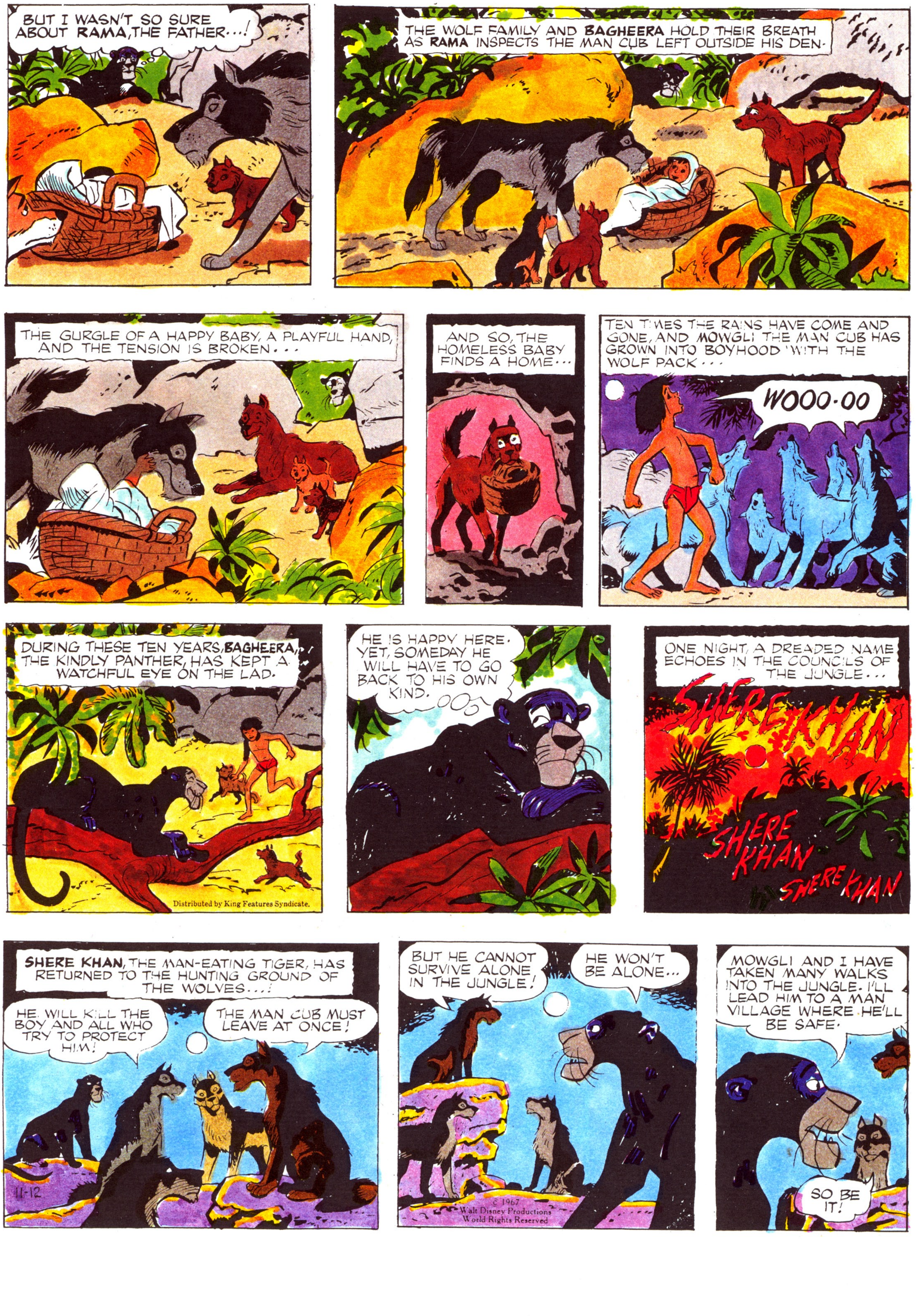
BUT I WASN'T SO SURE ABOUT RAMA, THE FATHER...!
THE WOLF FAMILY AND BAGHEERA HOLD THEIR BREATH AS RAMA INSPECTS THE MAN CUB LEFT OUTSIDE HIS DEN.
THE GURGLE OF A HAPPY BABY, A PLAYFUL HAND, AND THE TENSION IS BROKEN...
AND SO, THE HOMELESS BABY FINDS A HOME...
TEN TIMES THE RAINS HAVE COME AND GONE, AND MOWGLI THE MAN CUB HAS GROWN INTO BOYHOOD WITH THE WOLF PACK...
WOOO-OO
DURING THESE TEN YEARS, BAGHEERA, THE KINDLY PANTHER, HAS KEPT A WATCHFUL EYE ON THE LAD.
Distributed by King Features Syndicate.
HE IS HAPPY HERE. YET, SOMEDAY HE WILL HAVE TO GO BACK TO HIS OWN KIND.
ONE NIGHT, A DREADED NAME ECHOES IN THE COUNCILS OF THE JUNGLE...
SHERE KHAN
SHERE KHAN
SHERE KHAN
SHERE KHAN, THE MAN-EATING TIGER, HAS RETURNED TO THE HUNTING GROUND OF THE WOLVES...!
HE WILL KILL THE BOY AND ALL WHO TRY TO PROTECT HIM!
THE MAN CUB MUST LEAVE AT ONCE!
11-12
BUT HE CANNOT SURVIVE ALONE IN THE JUNGLE!
HE WON'T BE ALONE...
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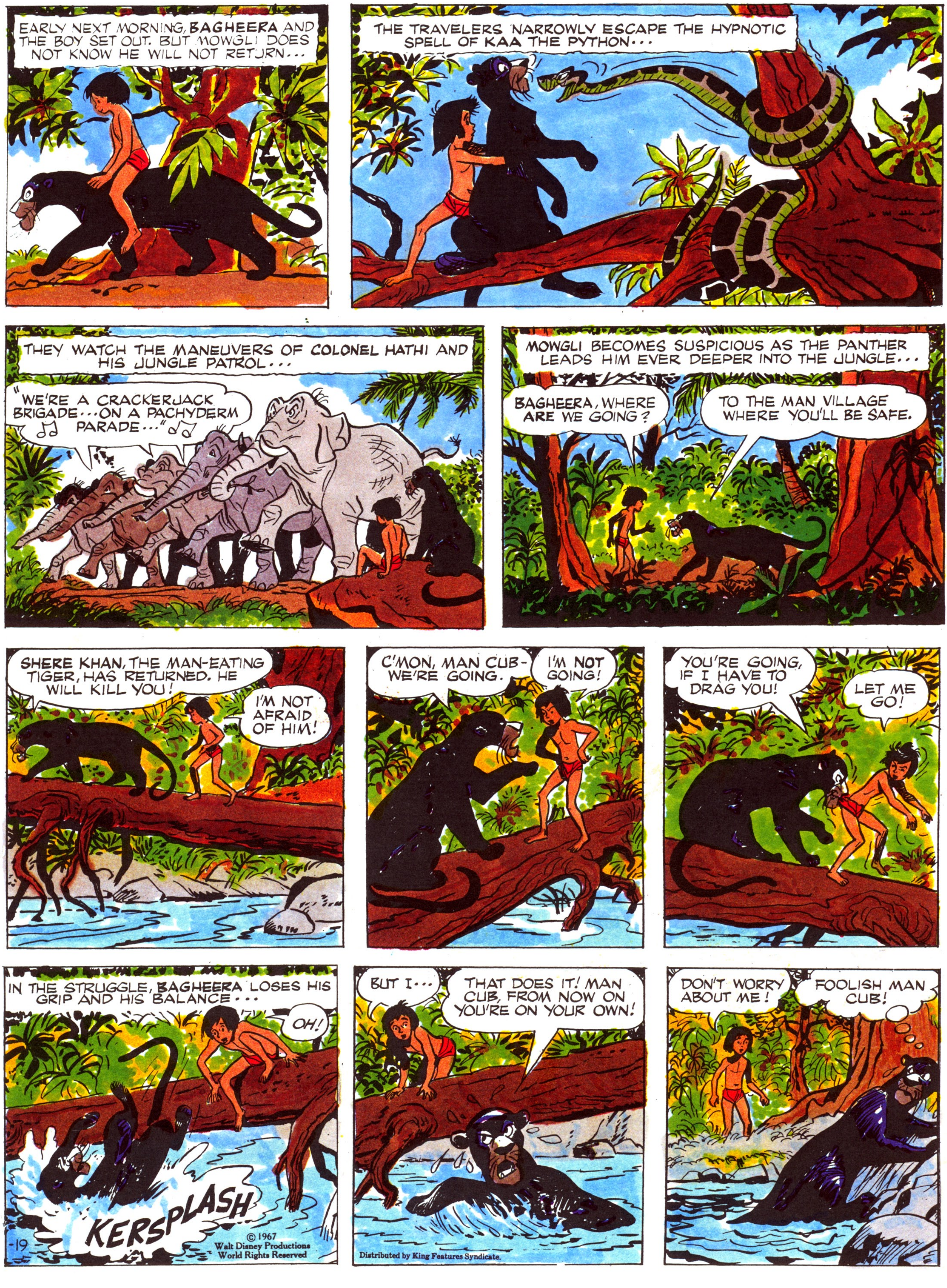
MOWGLI AND I HAVE TAKEN MANY WALKS INTO THE JUNGLE. I'LL LEAD HIM TO A MAN VILLAGE WHERE HE'LL BE SAFE.
SO BE IT!


EARLY NEXT MORNING, BAGHEERA AND THE BOY SET OUT. BUT MOWGLI DOES NOT KNOW HE WILL NOT RETURN...
THE TRAVELERS NARROWLY ESCAPE THE HYPNOTIC SPELL OF KAA THE PYTHON...
THEY WATCH THE MANEUVERS OF COLONEL HATHI AND HIS JUNGLE PATROL...
"WE'RE A CRACKERJACK BRIGADE...ON A PACHYDERM PARADE..."
MOWGLI BECOMES SUSPICIOUS AS THE PANTHER LEADS HIM EVER DEEPER INTO THE JUNGLE...
BAGHEERA, WHERE ARE WE GOING?
TO THE MAN VILLAGE WHERE YOU'LL BE SAFE.
SHERE KHAN, THE MAN-EATING TIGER, HAS RETURNED. HE WILL KILL YOU!
I'M NOT AFRAID OF HIM!
C'MON, MAN CUB-WE'RE GOING.
I'M NOT GOING!
YOU'RE GOING, IF I HAVE TO DRAG YOU!
LET ME GO!
IN THE STRUGGLE, BAGHEERA LOSES HIS GRIP AND HIS BALANCE...
OH!
KERSPLASH
-19
BUT I...
THAT DOES IT! MAN CUB, FROM NOW ON YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!
FOOLISH MAN CUB!

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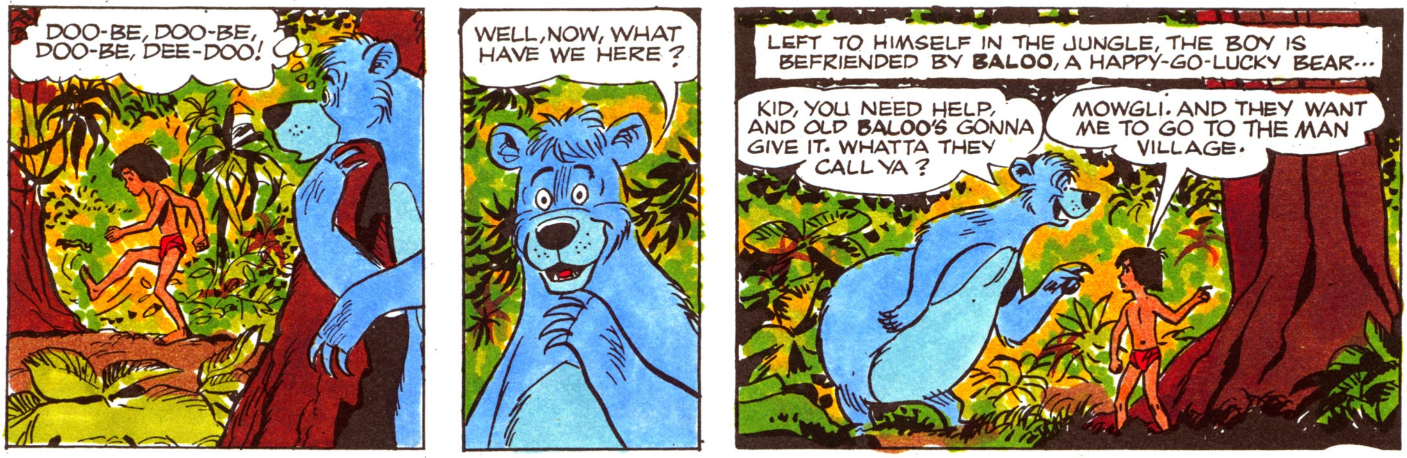
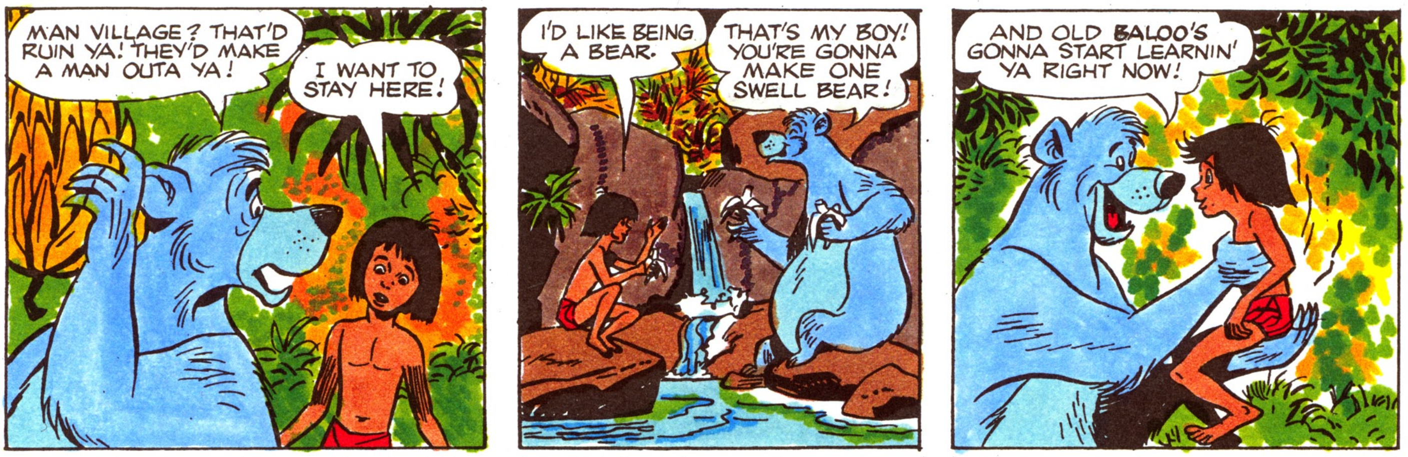
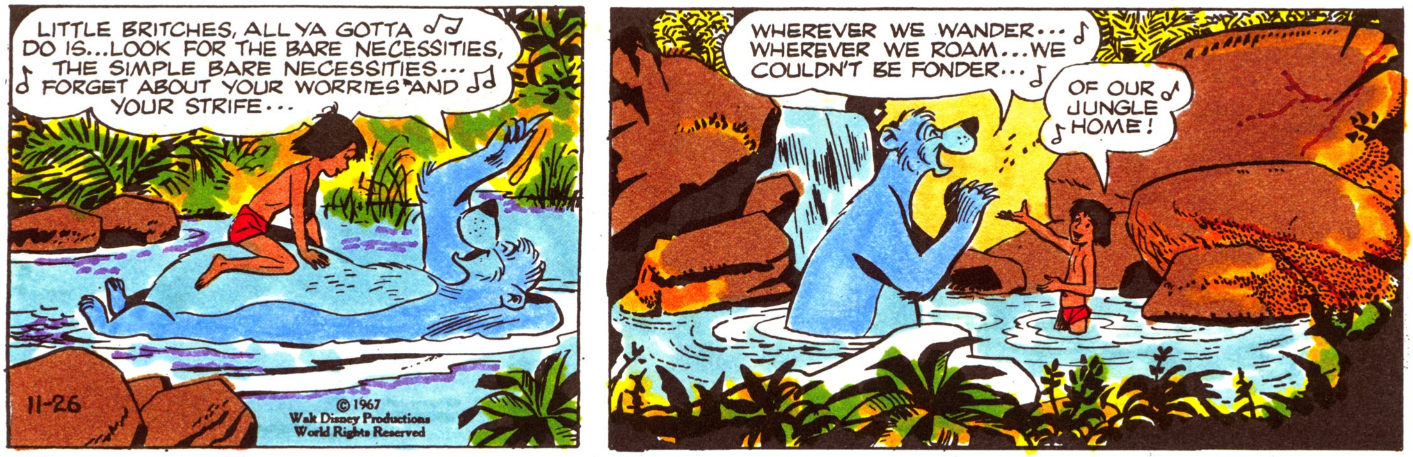

DOO-BE, DOO-BE, DOO-BE, DEE-DOO!
WELL, NOW, WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
LEFT TO HIMSELF IN THE JUNGLE, THE BOY IS BEFRIENDED BY **BALOO**, A HAPPY-GO-LUCKY BEAR...
KID, YOU NEED HELP, AND OLD **BALOO'S** GONNA GIVE IT. WHATTA THEY CALL YA?
MOWGLI. AND THEY WANT ME TO GO TO THE MAN VILLAGE.


MAN VILLAGE? THAT'D RUIN YA! THEY'D MAKE A MAN OUTA YA!
I WANT TO STAY HERE!
I'D LIKE BEING A BEAR.
THAT'S MY BOY! YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ONE SWELL BEAR!
AND OLD BALOO'S GONNA START LEARNIN' YA RIGHT NOW!


LITTLE BRITCHES, ALL YA GOTTA DO IS...LOOK FOR THE BARE NECESSITIES, THE SIMPLE BARE NECESSITIES... FORGET ABOUT YOUR WORRIES AND YOUR STRIFE...
11-26
WHEREVER WE WANDER... WHEREVER WE ROAM...WE COULDN'T BE FONDER...
OF OUR JUNGLE HOME!

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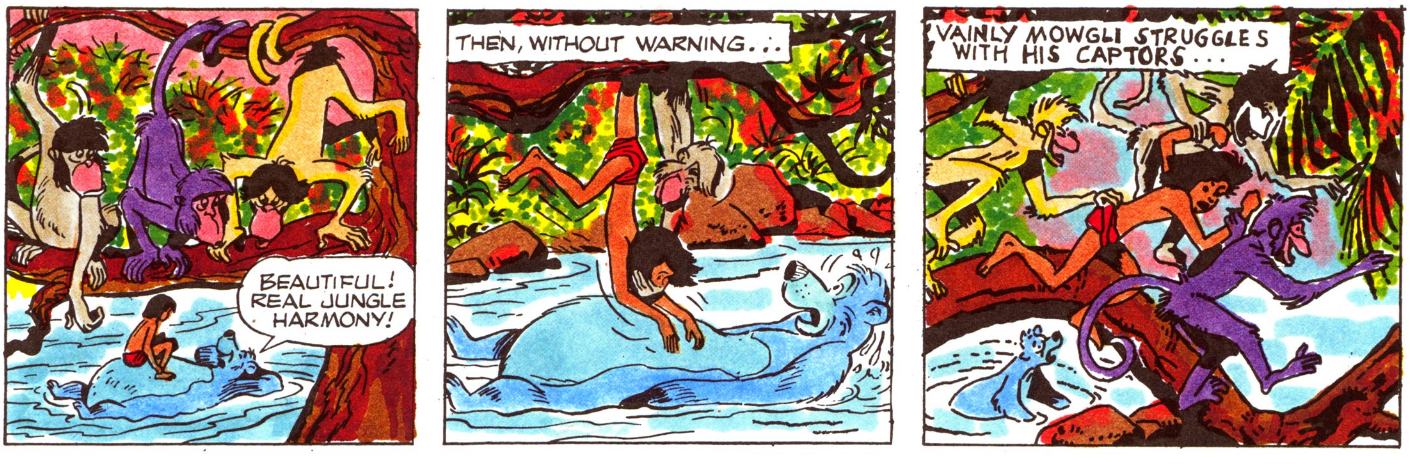
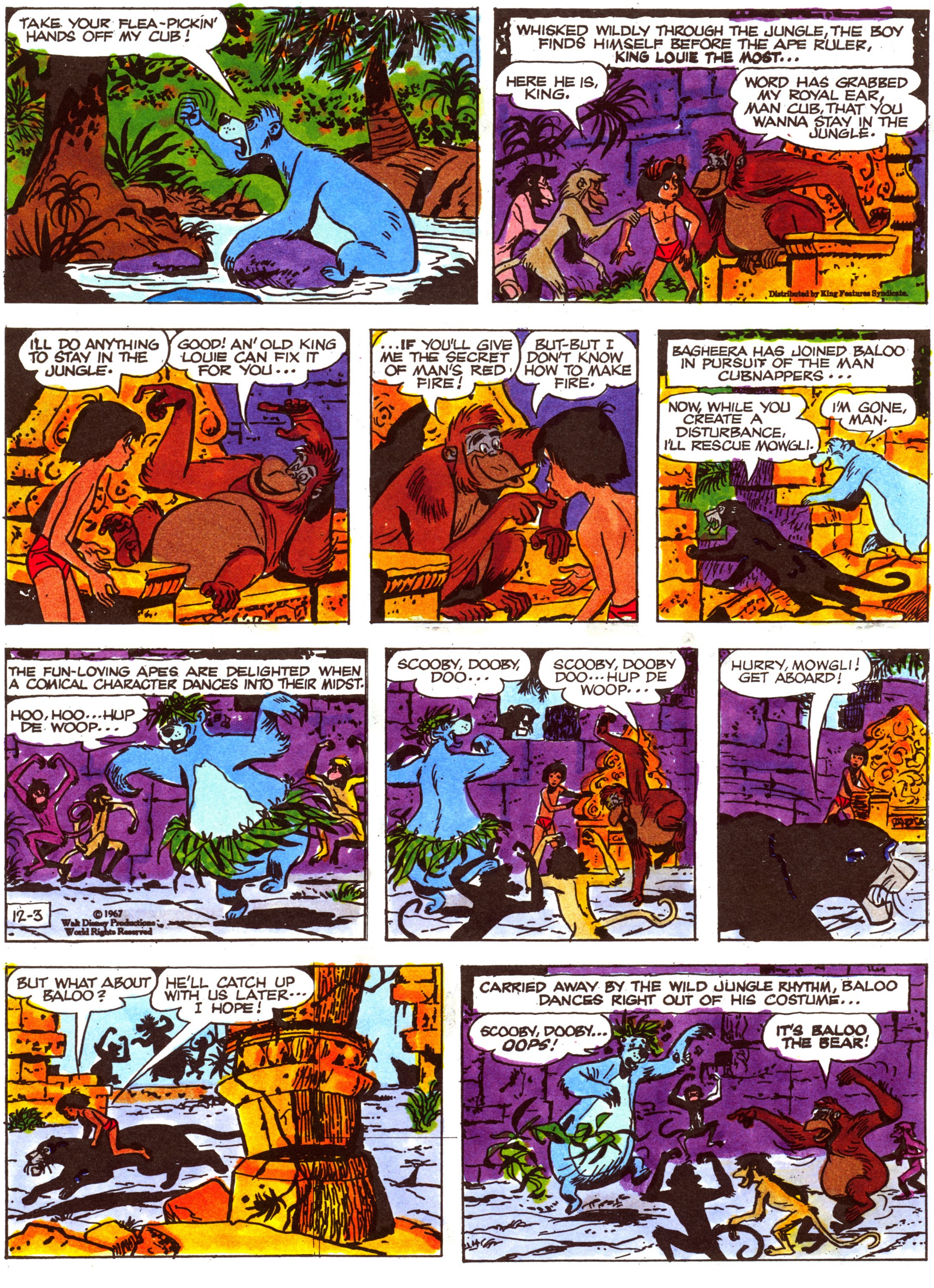
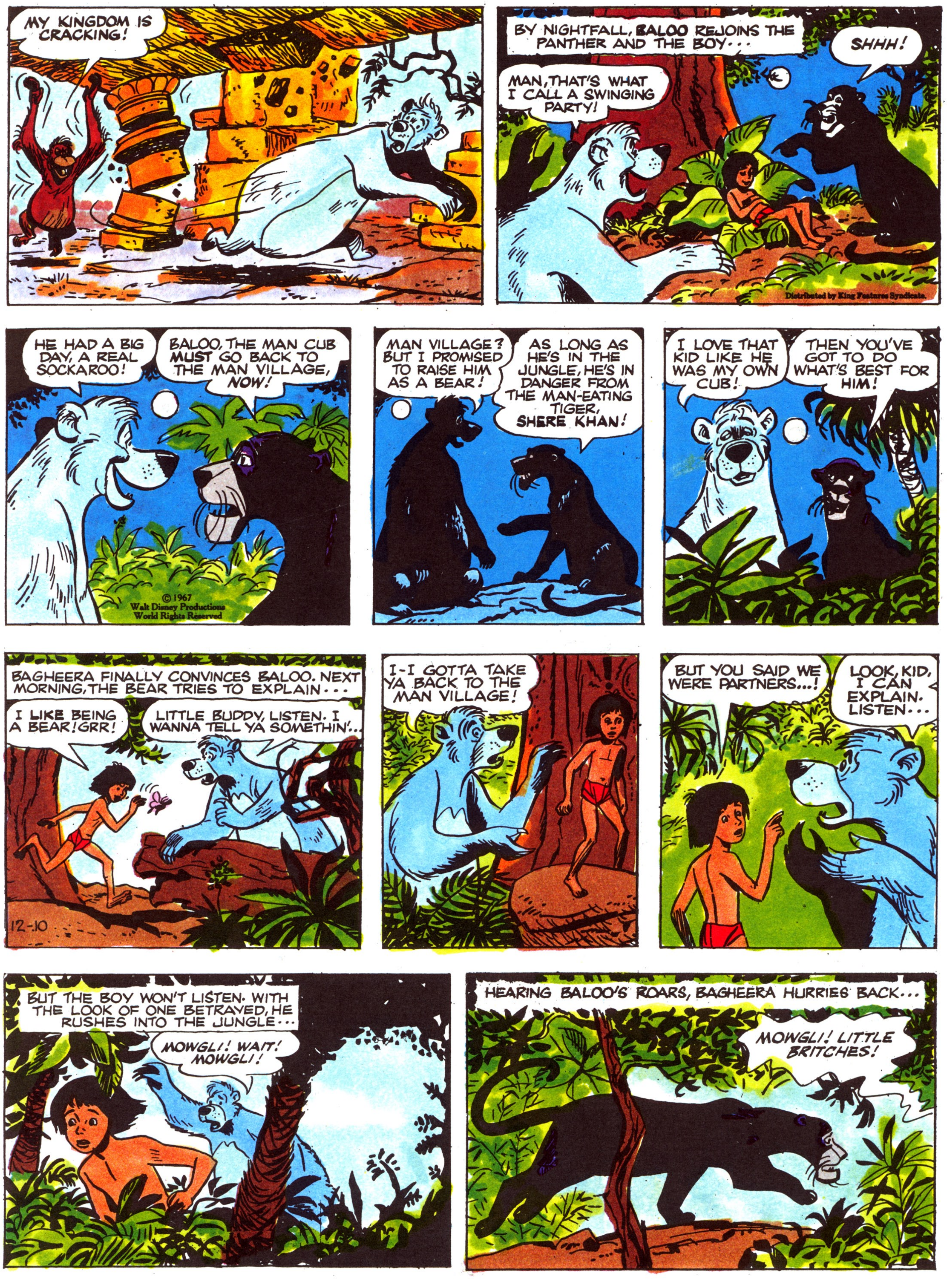
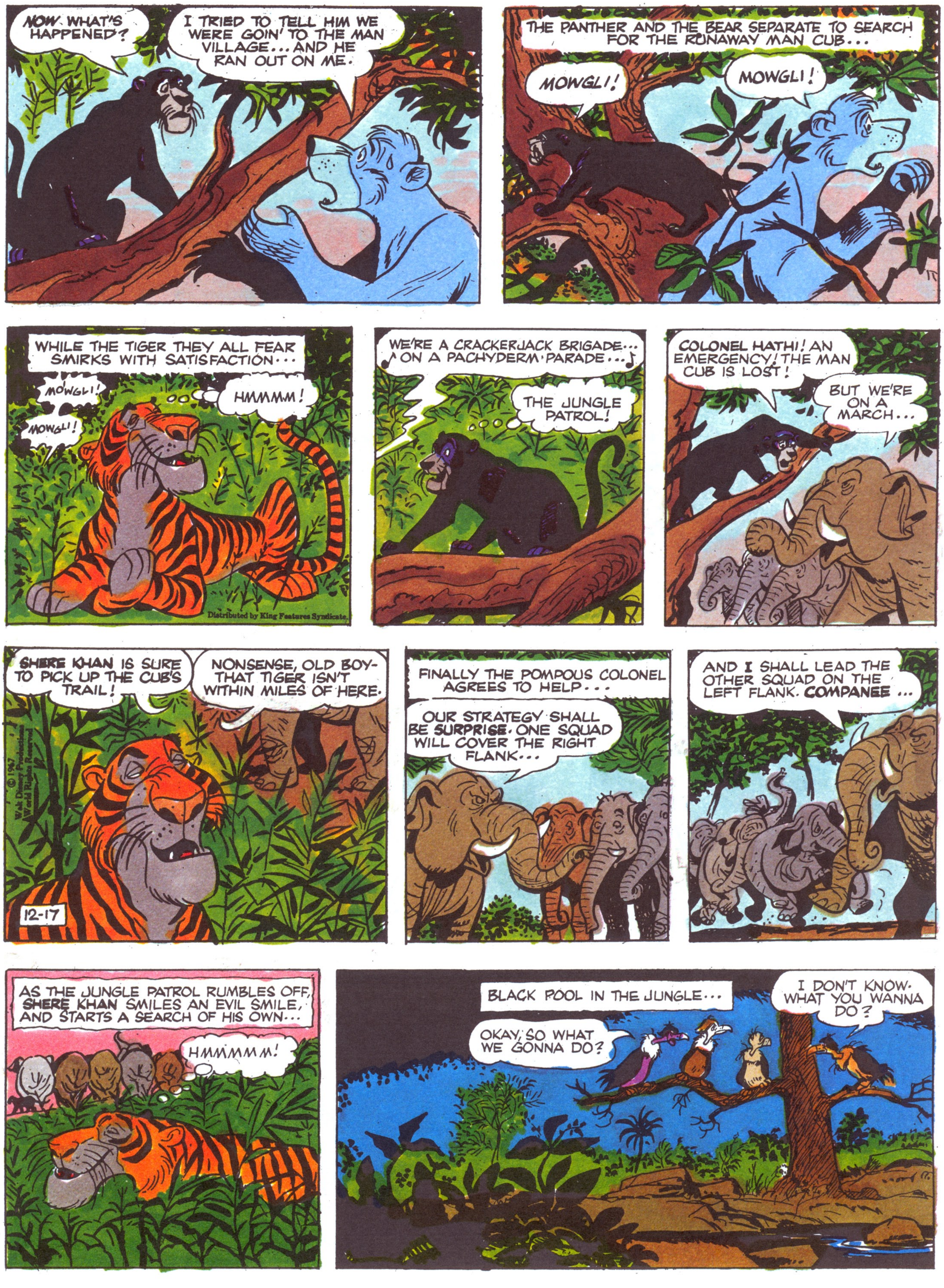
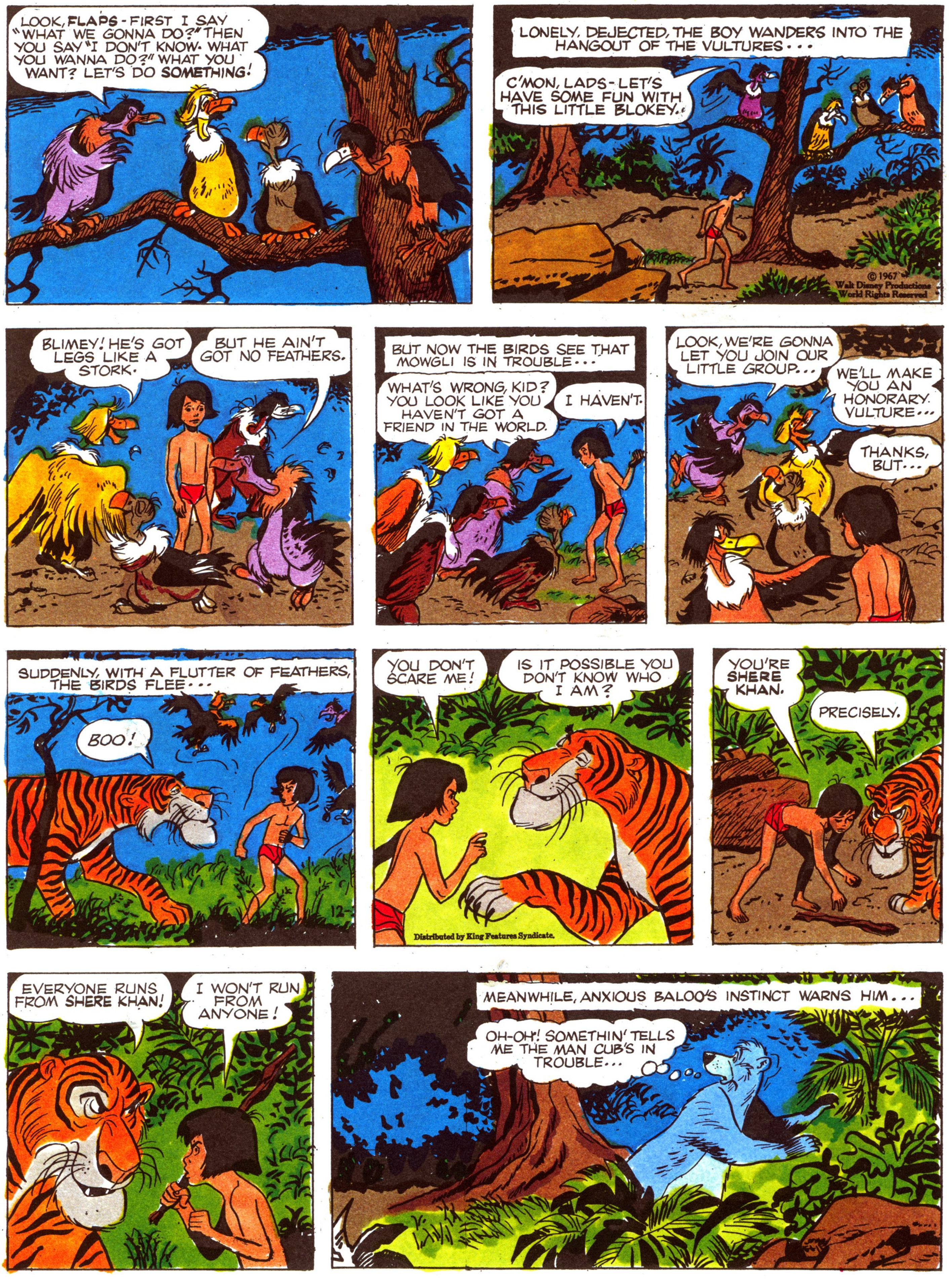

BEAUTIFUL! REAL JUNGLE HARMONY!
THEN, WITHOUT WARNING...
VAINLY MOWGLI STRUGGLES WITH HIS CAPTORS...


TAKE YOUR FLEA-PICKIN' HANDS OFF MY CUB!
WHISKED WILDLY THROUGH THE JUNGLE, THE BOY FINDS HIMSELF BEFORE THE APE RULER, KING LOUIE THE MOST...
HERE HE IS, KING.
WORD HAS GRABBED MY ROYAL EAR, MAN CUB, THAT YOU WANNA STAY IN THE JUNGLE.
Distributed by King Features Syndicate.
I'LL DO ANYTHING TO STAY IN THE JUNGLE.
GOOD! AN' OLD KING LOUIE CAN FIX IT FOR YOU...
...IF YOU'LL GIVE ME THE SECRET OF MAN'S RED FIRE!
BUT-BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO MAKE FIRE.
BAGHEERA HAS JOINED BALOO IN PURSUIT OF THE MAN CUBNAPPERS...
NOW, WHILE YOU CREATE A DISTURBANCE, I'LL RESCUE MOWGLI.
I'M GONE, MAN.
THE FUN-LOVING APES ARE DELIGHTED WHEN A COMICAL CHARACTER DANCES INTO THEIR MIDST.
HOO, HOO...HUP DE WOOP...
12-3
© 1967 Walt Disney Productions World Rights Reserved
SCOOBY, DOOBY, DOO...
SCOOBY, DOOBY DOO...HUP DE WOOP...
HURRY, MOWGLI! GET ABOARD!
BUT WHAT ABOUT BALOO?
HE'LL CATCH UP WITH US LATER... I HOPE!
CARRIED AWAY BY THE WILD JUNGLE RHYTHM, BALOO DANCES RIGHT OUT OF HIS COSTUME...
SCOOBY, DOOBY... OOPS!
IT'S BALOO THE BEAR!



MY KINGDOM IS CRACKING!
BY NIGHTFALL, BALOO REJOINS THE PANTHER AND THE BOY...
MAN, THAT'S WHAT I CALL A SWINGING PARTY!
SHHH!
Distributed by King Features Syndicate.
HE HAD A BIG DAY, A REAL SOCKAROO!
BALOO, THE MAN CUB **MUST** GO BACK TO THE MAN VILLAGE, ***NOW!***
© 1967 Walt Disney Productions World Rights Reserved
MAN VILLAGE? BUT I PROMISED TO RAISE HIM AS A BEAR!
AS LONG AS HE'S IN THE JUNGLE, HE'S IN DANGER FROM THE MAN-EATING TIGER, **SHERE KHAN!**
I LOVE THAT KID LIKE HE WAS MY OWN CUB!
THEN YOU'VE GOT TO DO WHAT'S BEST FOR **HIM!**
BAGHEERA FINALLY CONVINCES BALOO. NEXT MORNING, THE BEAR TRIES TO EXPLAIN...
I **LIKE** BEING A BEAR! GRR!
LITTLE BUDDY, LISTEN. I WANNA TELL YA SOMETHIN'...
12-10
I-I GOTTA TAKE YA BACK TO THE MAN VILLAGE!
BUT YOU SAID WE WERE PARTNERS...!
LOOK, KID, I CAN EXPLAIN. LISTEN...
BUT THE BOY WON'T LISTEN. WITH THE LOOK OF ONE BETRAYED, HE RUSHES INTO THE JUNGLE...
MOWGLI! WAIT! MOWGLI!
HEARING BALOO'S ROARS, BAGHEERA HURRIES BACK...
MOWGLI! LITTLE BRITCHES!


NOW WHAT'S HAPPENED?
I TRIED TO TELL HIM WE WERE GOIN' TO THE MAN VILLAGE... AND HE RAN OUT ON ME.
THE PANTHER AND THE BEAR SEPARATE TO SEARCH FOR THE RUNAWAY MAN CUB...
MOWGLI!
MOWGLI!
WHILE THE TIGER THEY ALL FEAR SMIRKS WITH SATISFACTION...
MOWGLI!
MOWGLI!
HMMMM!
Distributed by King Features Syndicate.
WE'RE A CRACKERJACK BRIGADE... ♪ON A PACHYDERM PARADE...♪
THE JUNGLE PATROL!
COLONEL HATHI! AN EMERGENCY! THE MAN CUB IS LOST!
BUT WE'RE ON A MARCH...
SHERE KHAN IS SURE TO PICK UP THE CUB'S TRAIL!
NONSENSE, OLD BOY- THAT TIGER ISN'T WITHIN MILES OF HERE.
© 1967 Walt Disney Productions World Rights Reserved
12-17
FINALLY THE POMPOUS COLONEL AGREES TO HELP...
OUR STRATEGY SHALL BE SURPRISE. ONE SQUAD WILL COVER THE RIGHT FLANK...
AND I SHALL LEAD THE OTHER SQUAD ON THE LEFT FLANK. COMPANEE...
AS THE JUNGLE PATROL RUMBLES OFF, SHERE KHAN SMILES AN EVIL SMILE, AND STARTS A SEARCH OF HIS OWN...
HMMMMM!
BLACK POOL IN THE JUNGLE...
OKAY, SO WHAT WE GONNA DO?
I DON'T KNOW. WHAT YOU WANNA DO?


LOOK, FLAPS - FIRST I SAY "WHAT WE GONNA DO?" THEN YOU SAY "I DON'T KNOW· WHAT YOU WANNA DO?" WHAT YOU WANT? LET'S DO SOMETHING!
LONELY, DEJECTED, THE BOY WANDERS INTO THE HANGOUT OF THE VULTURES···
C'MON, LADS - LET'S HAVE SOME FUN WITH THIS LITTLE BLOKEY.
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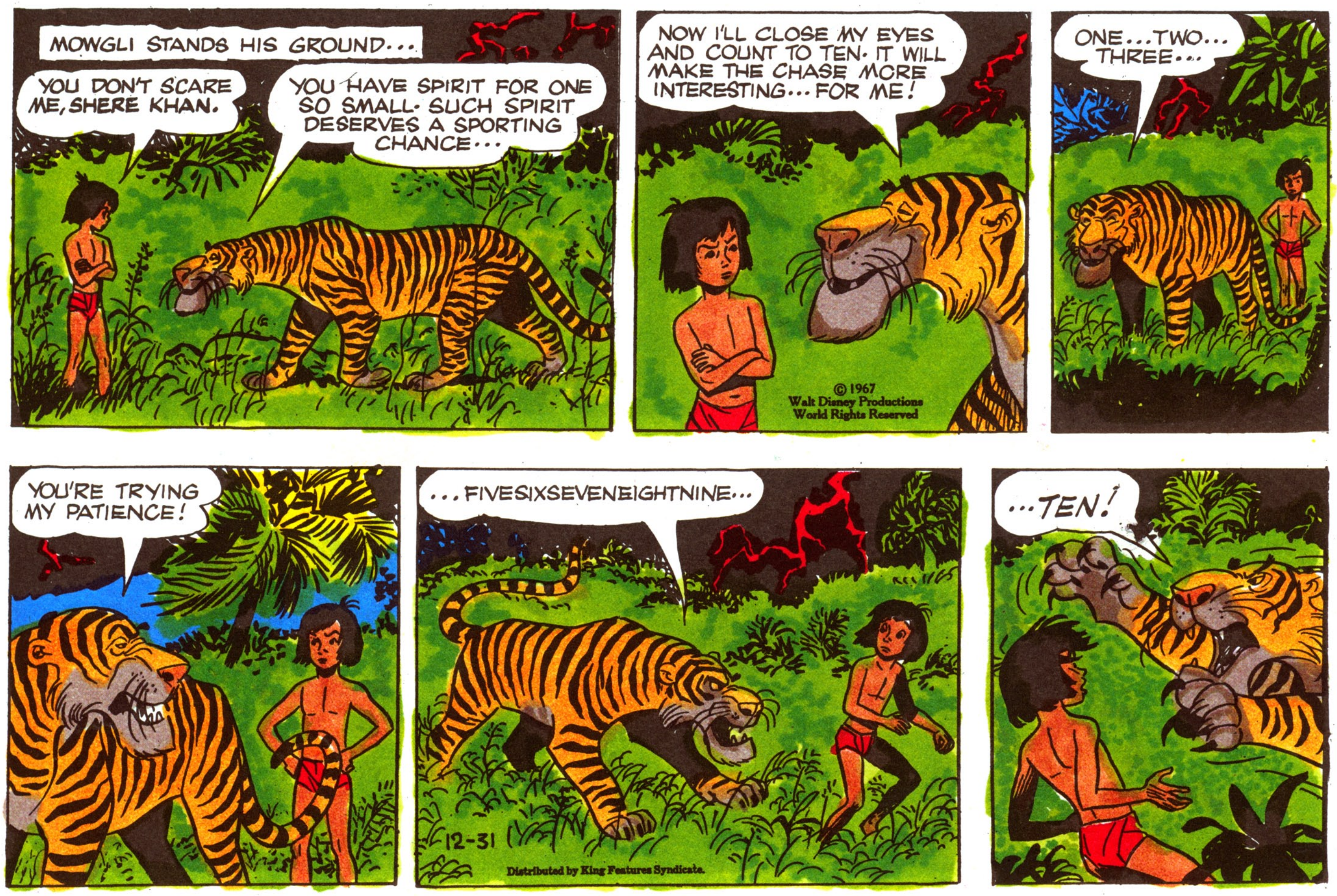
BLIMEY! HE'S GOT LEGS LIKE A STORK·
BUT HE AIN'T GOT NO FEATHERS.
BUT NOW THE BIRDS SEE THAT MOWGLI IS IN TROUBLE···
WHAT'S WRONG, KID? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU HAVEN'T GOT A FRIEND IN THE WORLD.
I HAVEN'T.
LOOK, WE'RE GONNA LET YOU JOIN OUR LITTLE GROUP···
WE'LL MAKE YOU AN HONORARY VULTURE···
THANKS, BUT···
SUDDENLY, WITH A FLUTTER OF FEATHERS, THE BIRDS FLEE···
BOO!
12-
YOU DON'T SCARE ME!
IS IT POSSIBLE YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM?
Distributed by King Features Syndicate.
YOU'RE SHERE KHAN.
PRECISELY.
EVERYONE RUNS FROM SHERE KHAN!
I WON'T RUN FROM ANYONE!
MEANWHILE, ANXIOUS BALOO'S INSTINCT WARNS HIM···
OH-OH! SOMETHIN' TELLS ME THE MAN CUB'S IN TROUBLE···


MOWGLI STANDS HIS GROUND...
YOU DON'T SCARE ME, SHERE KHAN.
YOU HAVE SPIRIT FOR ONE SO SMALL. SUCH SPIRIT DESERVES A SPORTING CHANCE...
NOW I'LL CLOSE MY EYES AND COUNT TO TEN. IT WILL MAKE THE CHASE MORE INTERESTING... FOR ME!
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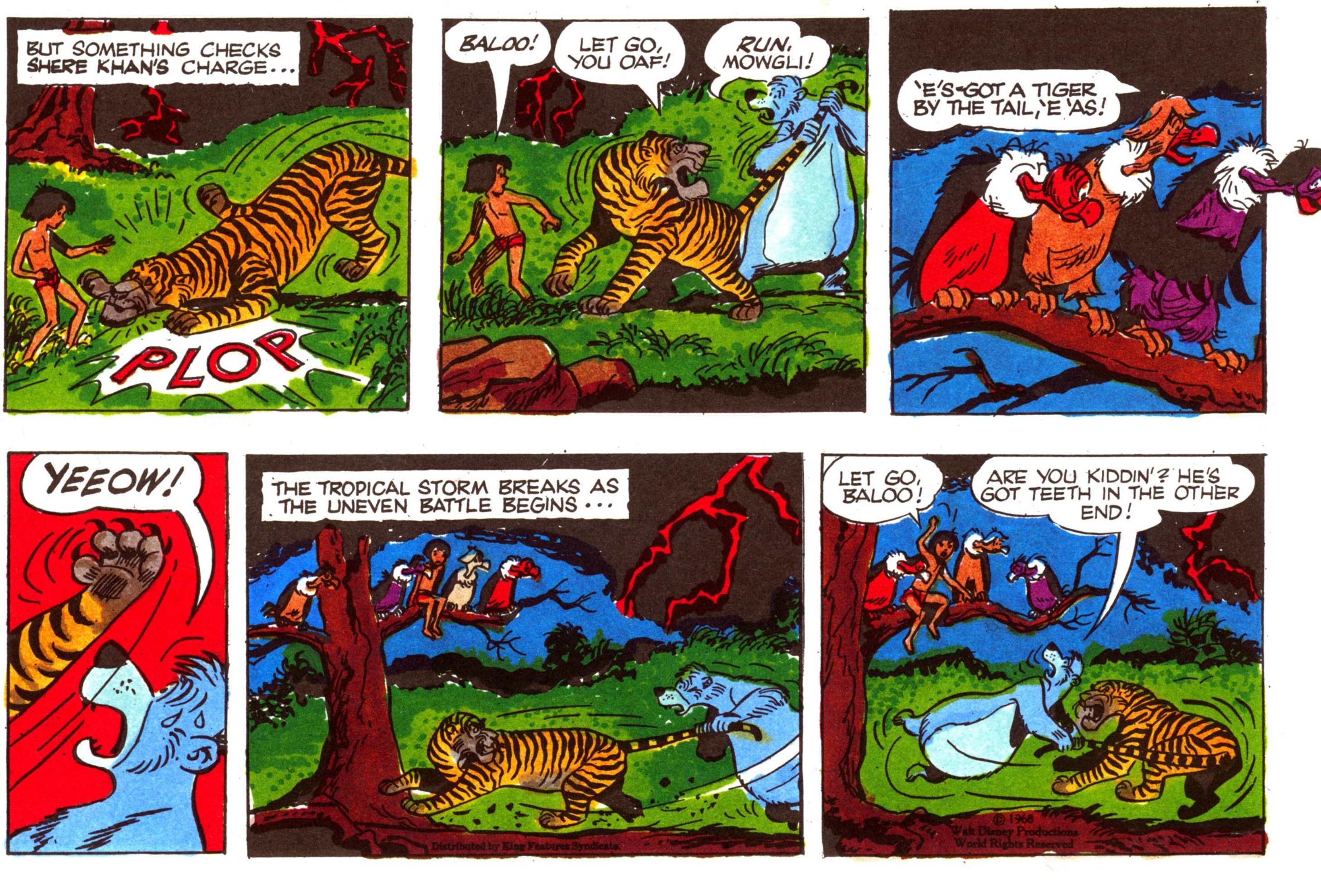
ONE... TWO... THREE...
YOU'RE TRYING MY PATIENCE!
...FIVESIXSEVENEIGHTNINE...
12-31
Distributed by King Features Syndicate.
...TEN!


BUT SOMETHING CHECKS SHERE KHAN'S CHARGE...
PLOP
BALOO!
LET GO, YOU OAF!
RUN, MOWGLI!
'E'S GOT A TIGER BY THE TAIL, 'E 'AS!
YEEOW!
THE TROPICAL STORM BREAKS AS THE UNEVEN BATTLE BEGINS...
Distributed by King Features Syndicate.
LET GO, BALOO!
ARE YOU KIDDIN'? HE'S GOT TEETH IN THE OTHER END!
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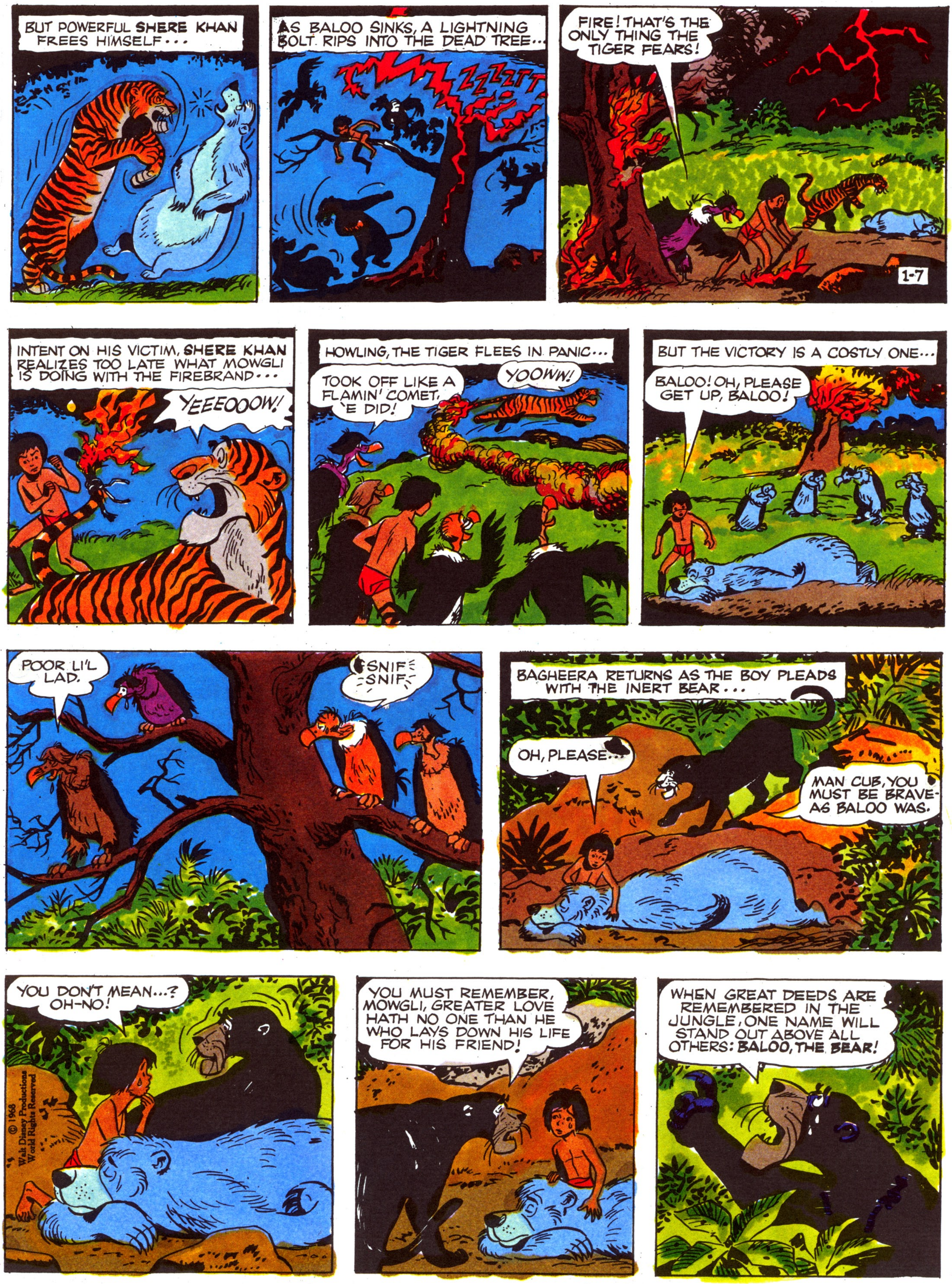
BUT POWERFUL SHERE KHAN FREES HIMSELF...
AS BALOO SINKS, A LIGHTNING BOLT RIPS INTO THE DEAD TREE...
ZZZZTT
FIRE! THAT'S THE ONLY THING THE TIGER FEARS!
1-7
INTENT ON HIS VICTIM, SHERE KHAN REALIZES TOO LATE WHAT MOWGLI IS DOING WITH THE FIREBRAND...
YEEEOOOW!
HOWLING, THE TIGER FLEES IN PANIC...
YOOWW!
TOOK OFF LIKE A FLAMIN' COMET, 'E DID!
BUT THE VICTORY IS A COSTLY ONE...
BALOO! OH, PLEASE GET UP, BALOO!
POOR LI'L LAD.
SNIF SNIF
BAGHEERA RETURNS AS THE BOY PLEADS WITH THE INERT BEAR...
OH, PLEASE...
MAN CUB, YOU MUST BE BRAVE AS BALOO WAS.
YOU DON'T MEAN...? OH-NO!
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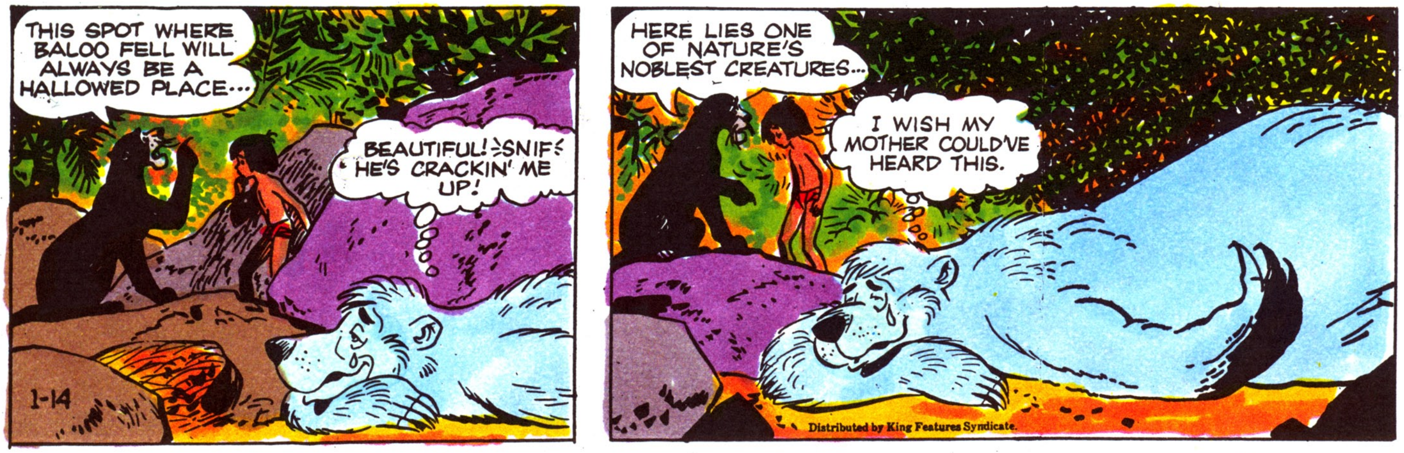
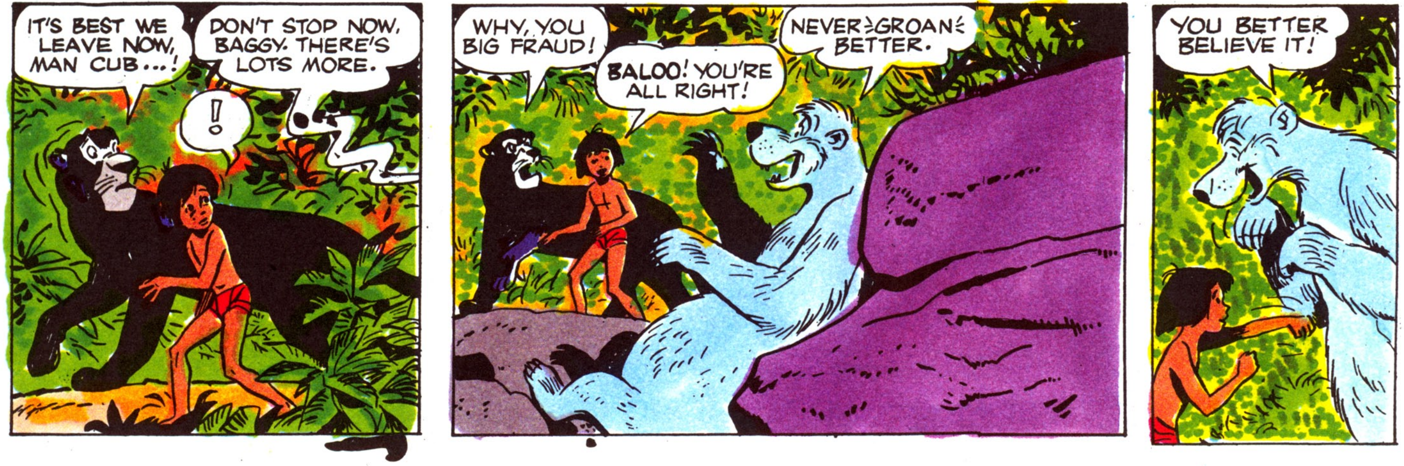
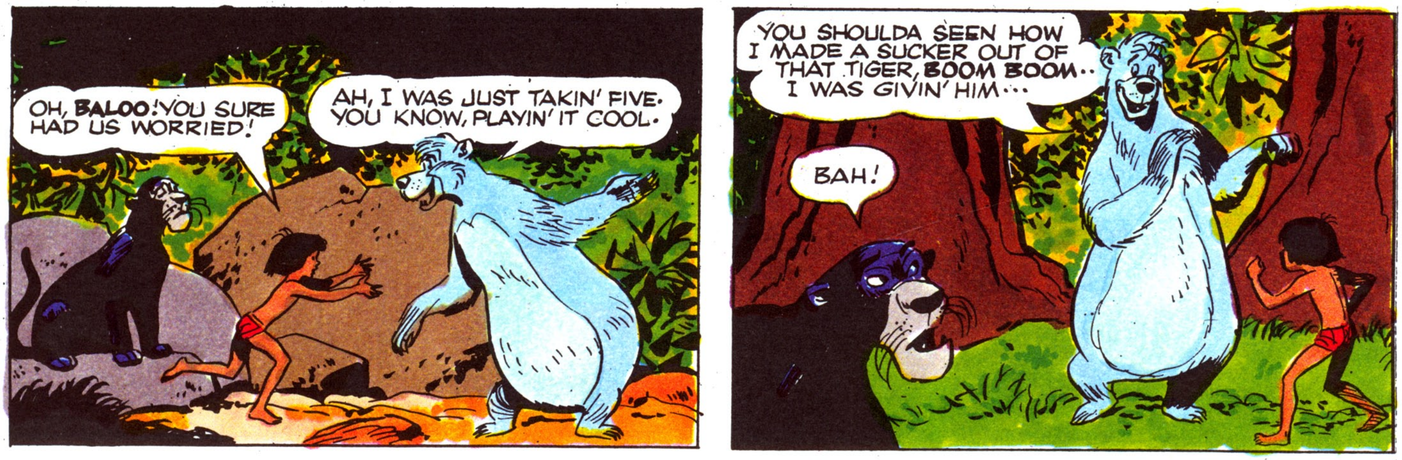
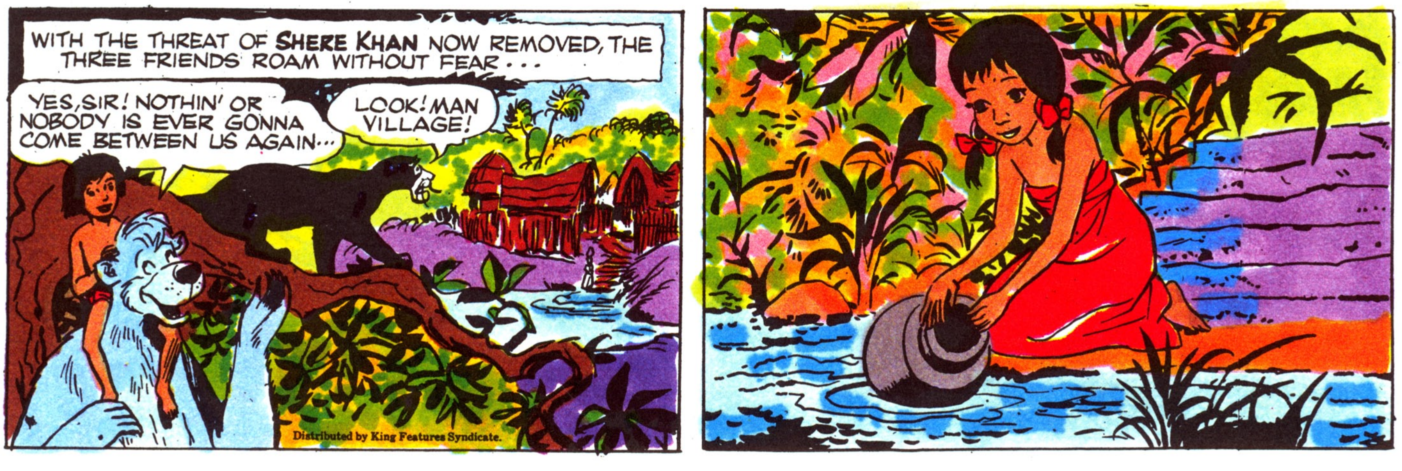
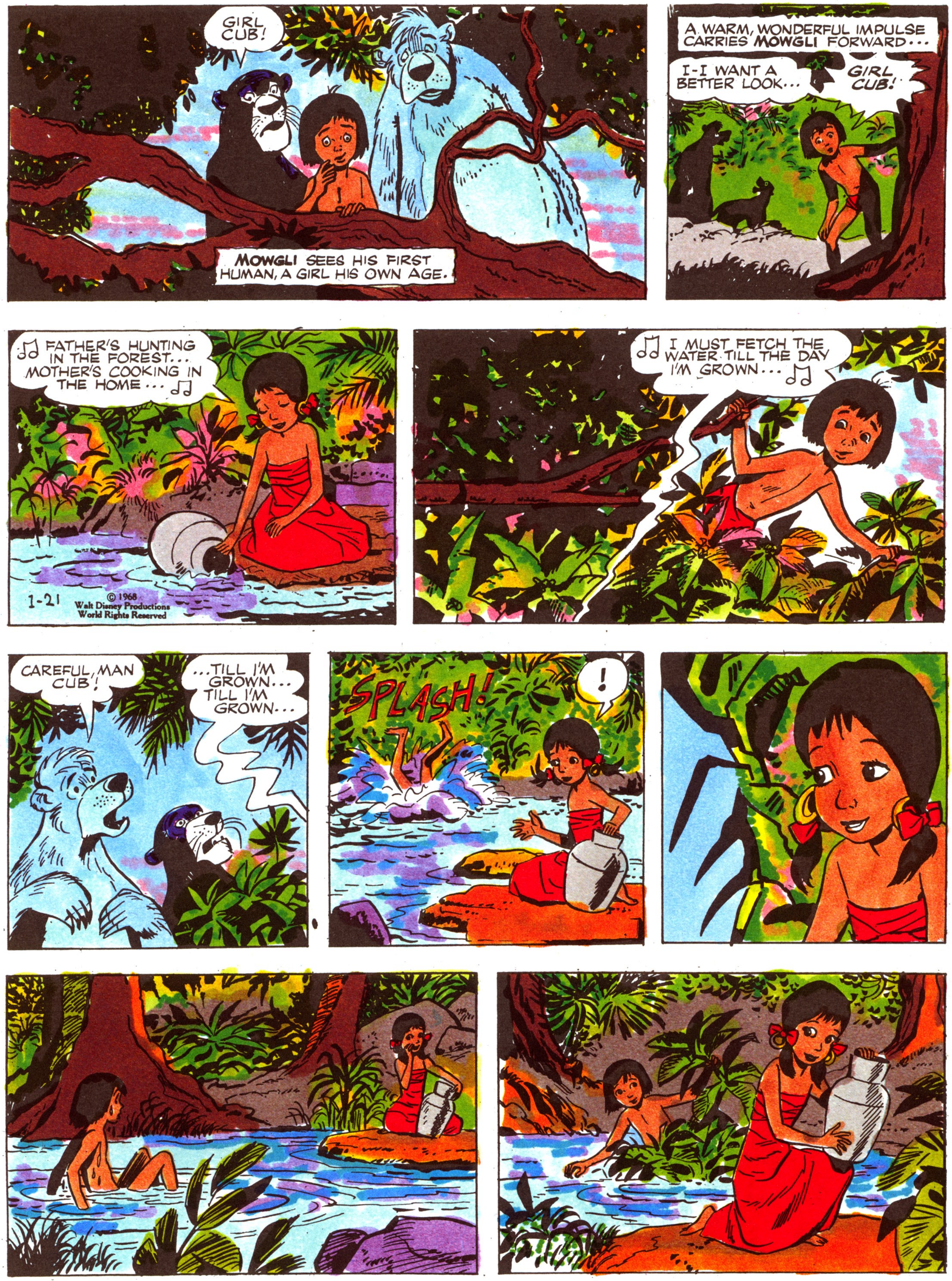
YOU MUST REMEMBER, MOWGLI, GREATER LOVE HATH NO ONE THAN HE WHO LAYS DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIEND!
WHEN GREAT DEEDS ARE REMEMBERED IN THE JUNGLE, ONE NAME WILL STAND OUT ABOVE ALL OTHERS: BALOO, THE BEAR!

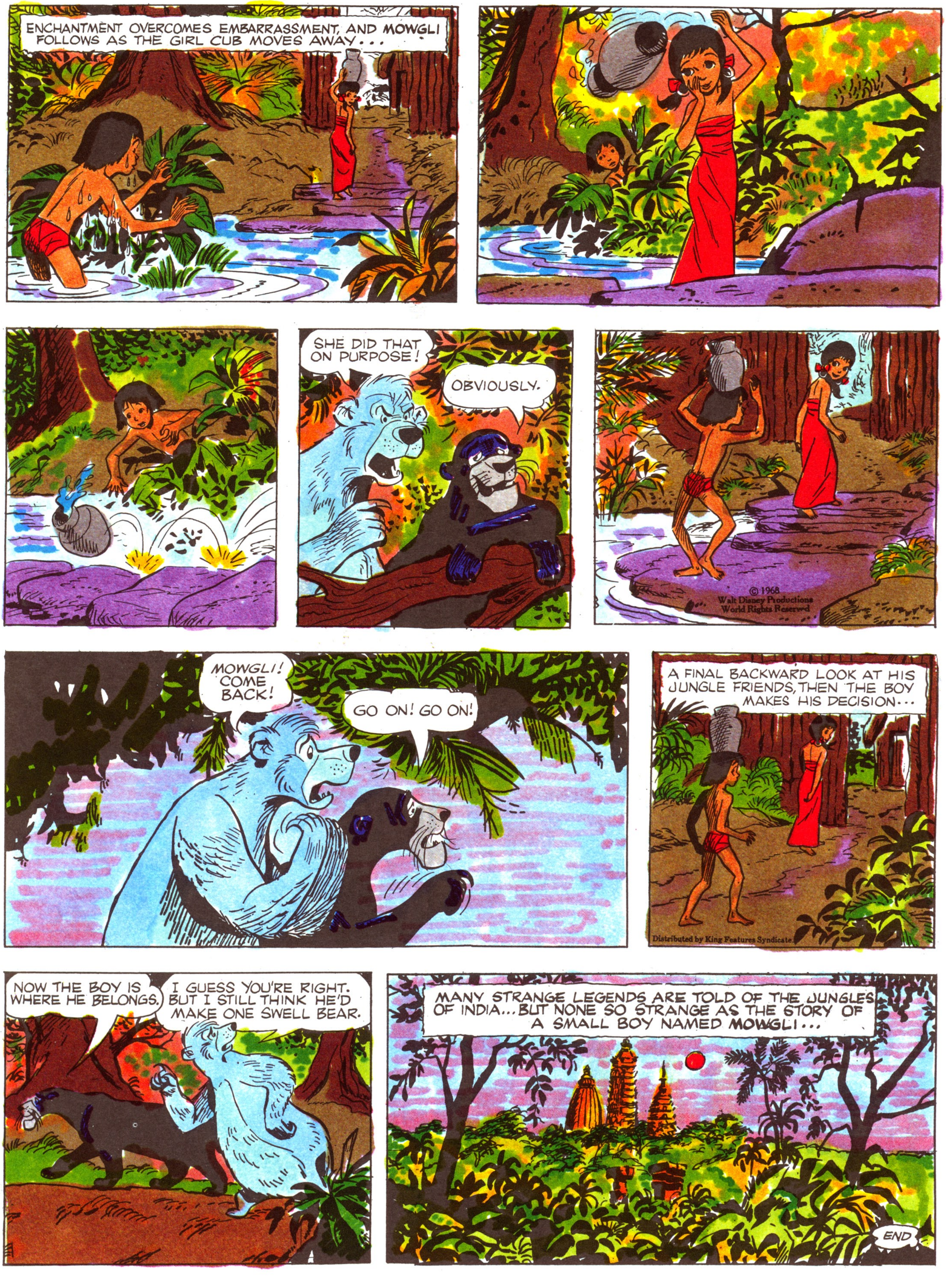

THIS SPOT WHERE BALOO FELL WILL ALWAYS BE A HALLOWED PLACE...
BEAUTIFUL! SNIF HE'S CRACKIN' ME UP!
1-14
HERE LIES ONE OF NATURE'S NOBLEST CREATURES...
I WISH MY MOTHER COULD'VE HEARD THIS.
Distributed by King Features Syndicate.


IT'S BEST WE LEAVE NOW, MAN CUB...!
DON'T STOP NOW, BAGGY. THERE'S LOTS MORE.
!
WHY, YOU BIG FRAUD!
NEVER GROAN BETTER.
BALOO! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!
YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT!


OH, BALOO! YOU SURE HAD US WORRIED!
AH, I WAS JUST TAKIN' FIVE. YOU KNOW, PLAYIN' IT COOL.
YOU SHOULDA SEEN HOW I MADE A SUCKER OUT OF THAT TIGER, BOOM BOOM... I WAS GIVIN' HIM...
BAH!


WITH THE THREAT OF SHERE KHAN NOW REMOVED, THE THREE FRIENDS ROAM WITHOUT FEAR...
YES, SIR! NOTHIN' OR NOBODY IS EVER GONNA COME BETWEEN US AGAIN...
LOOK! MAN VILLAGE!
Distributed by King Features Syndicate.

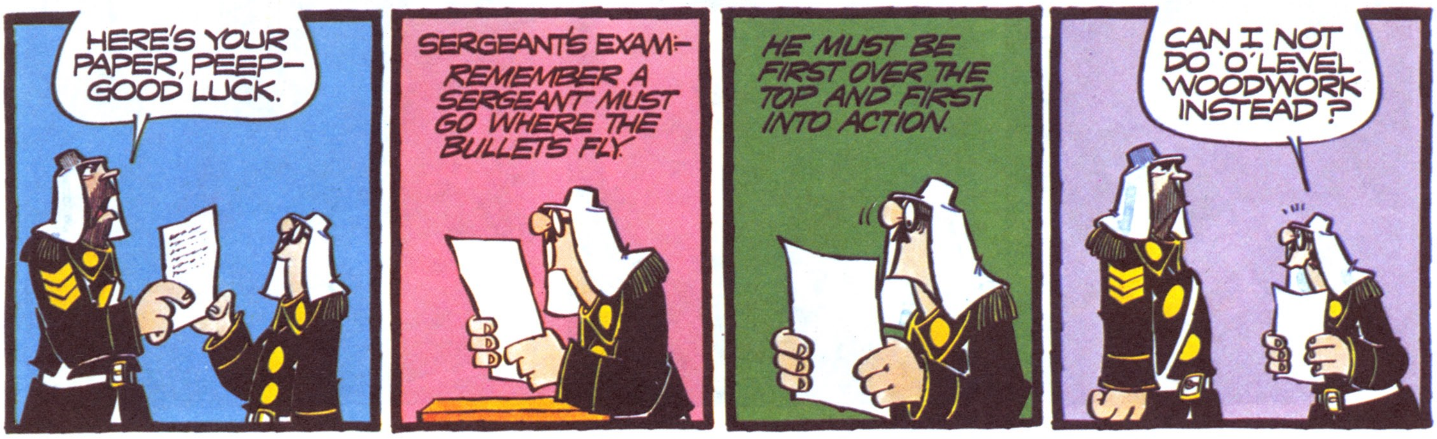

GIRL CUB!
MOWGLI SEES HIS FIRST HUMAN, A GIRL HIS OWN AGE.
A WARM, WONDERFUL IMPULSE CARRIES MOWGLI FORWARD...
I-I WANT A BETTER LOOK...
GIRL CUB!
♫ FATHER'S HUNTING IN THE FOREST... MOTHER'S COOKING IN THE HOME... ♫
1-21
© 1968 Walt Disney Productions World Rights Reserved
♫ I MUST FETCH THE WATER TILL THE DAY I'M GROWN... ♫
CAREFUL, MAN CUB!
...TILL I'M GROWN... TILL I'M GROWN...
SPLASH!
!

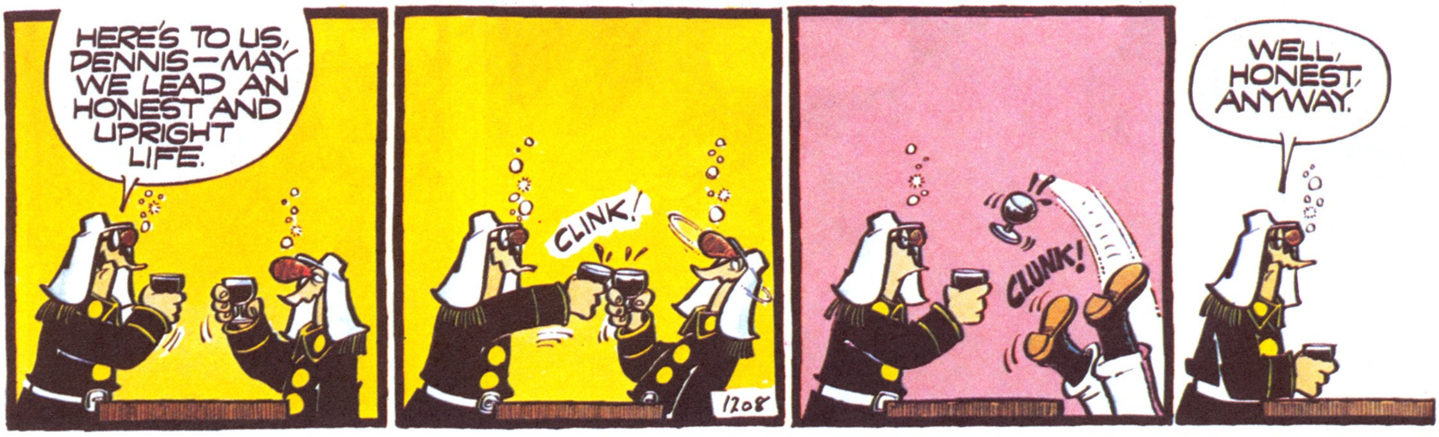

ENCHANTMENT OVERCOMES EMBARRASSMENT, AND MOWGLI FOLLOWS AS THE GIRL CUB MOVES AWAY...
SHE DID THAT ON PURPOSE!
OBVIOUSLY.
© 1968 Walt Disney Productions World Rights Reserved
MOWGLI! COME BACK!
GO ON! GO ON!
A FINAL BACKWARD LOOK AT HIS JUNGLE FRIENDS, THEN THE BOY MAKES HIS DECISION...
Distributed by King Features Syndicate.
NOW THE BOY IS WHERE HE BELONGS.
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. BUT I STILL THINK HE'D MAKE ONE SWELL BEAR.
MANY STRANGE LEGENDS ARE TOLD OF THE JUNGLES OF INDIA... BUT NONE SO STRANGE AS THE STORY OF A SMALL BOY NAMED MOWGLI...
END

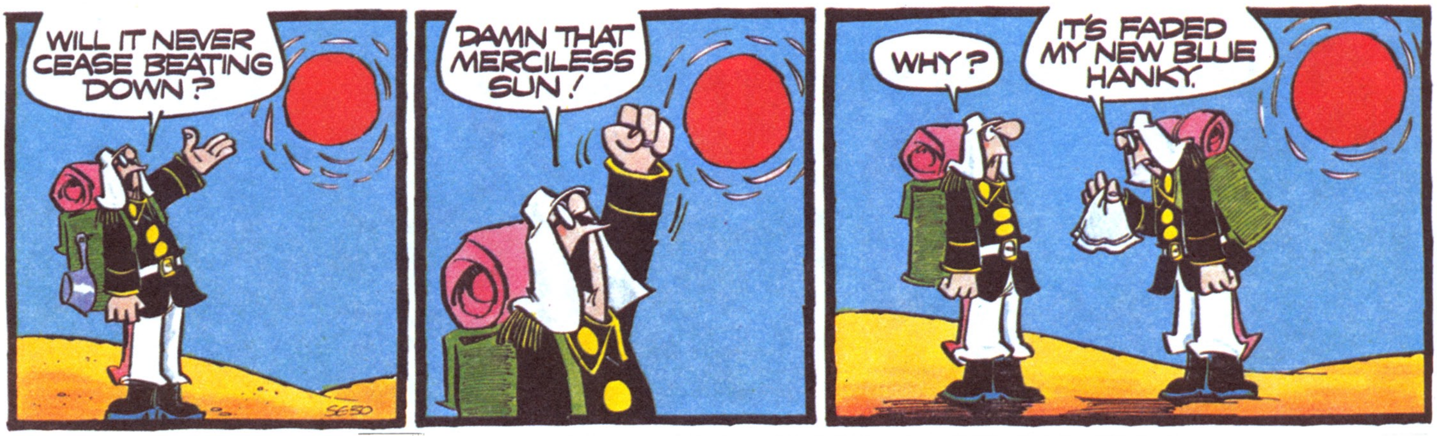
THE ADVENTURES OF LEGIONNAIRE

BEAU PEEP

FROM THE DAILY STAR AND SUNDAY EXPRESS MAGAZINE


HERE'S YOUR PAPER, PEEP— GOOD LUCK.
SERGEANT'S EXAM:- REMEMBER A SERGEANT MUST GO WHERE THE BULLETS FLY.
HE MUST BE FIRST OVER THE TOP AND FIRST INTO ACTION.
CAN I NOT DO 'O' LEVEL WOODWORK INSTEAD?


HERE'S TO US, DENNIS—MAY WE LEAD AN HONEST AND UPRIGHT LIFE.
CLINK!
1208
CLUNK!
WELL, HONEST ANYWAY.


WILL IT NEVER CEASE BEATING DOWN?
DAMN THAT MERCILESS SUN!
WHY?
IT'S FADED MY NEW BLUE HANKY.
SE50

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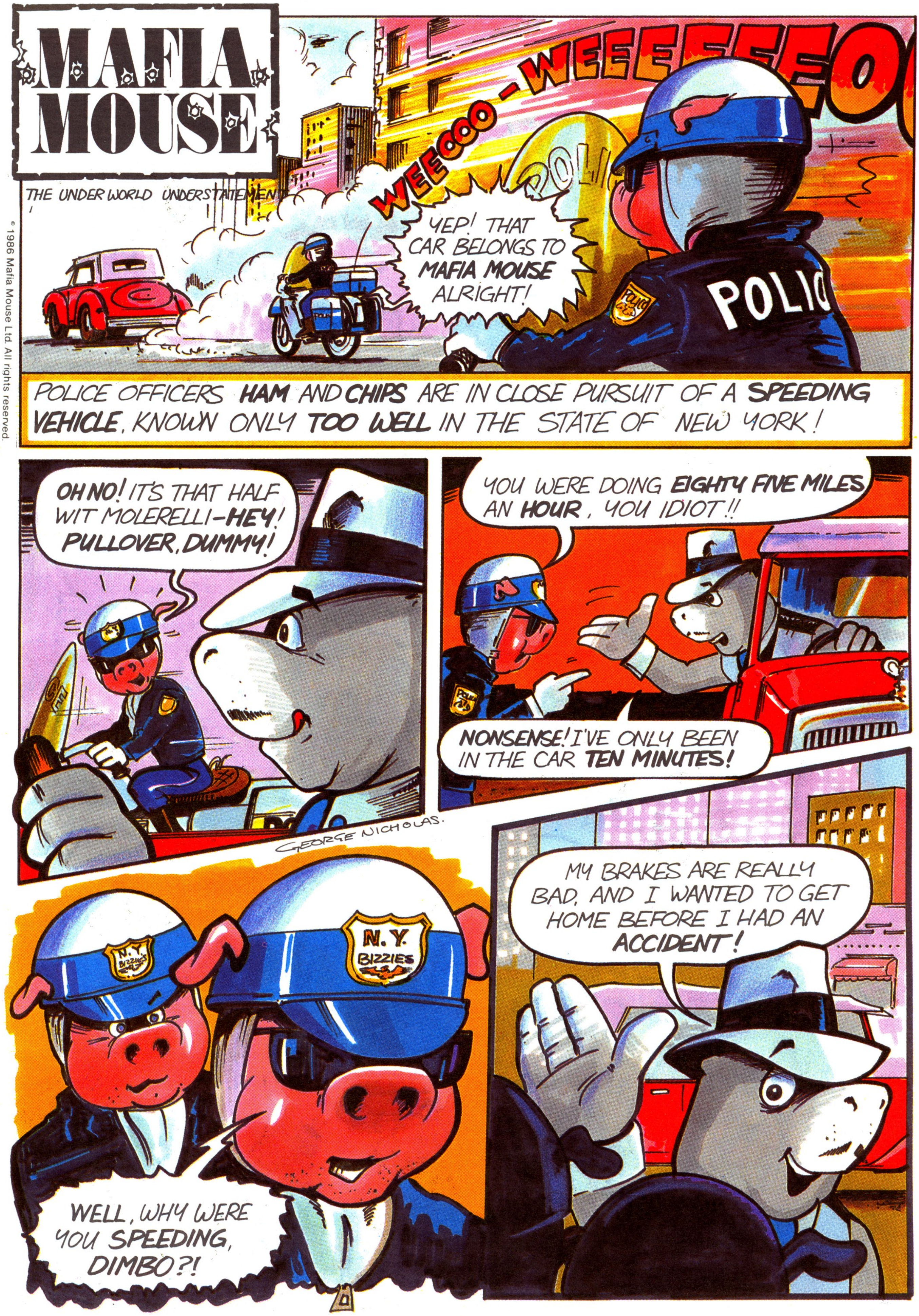
MAFIA MOUSE
THE UNDER WORLD UNDERSTATEMENT!
WEEOOO – WEEEEEEO
POLICE
YEP! THAT CAR BELONGS TO **MAFIA MOUSE** ALRIGHT!
POLICE OFFICERS **HAM** AND **CHIPS** ARE IN CLOSE PURSUIT OF A **SPEEDING VEHICLE**, KNOWN ONLY **TOO WELL** IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK!
OH NO! IT'S THAT HALF WIT MOLERELLI–**HEY! PULLOVER, DUMMY!**
YOU WERE DOING **EIGHTY FIVE MILES** AN **HOUR**, YOU IDIOT!!
NONSENSE! I'VE ONLY BEEN IN THE CAR **TEN MINUTES!**
GEORGE NICHOLAS.
N.Y. BIZZIES
MY BRAKES ARE REALLY BAD, AND I WANTED TO GET HOME BEFORE I HAD AN **ACCIDENT**!
WELL, WHY WERE YOU **SPEEDING, DIMBO**?!

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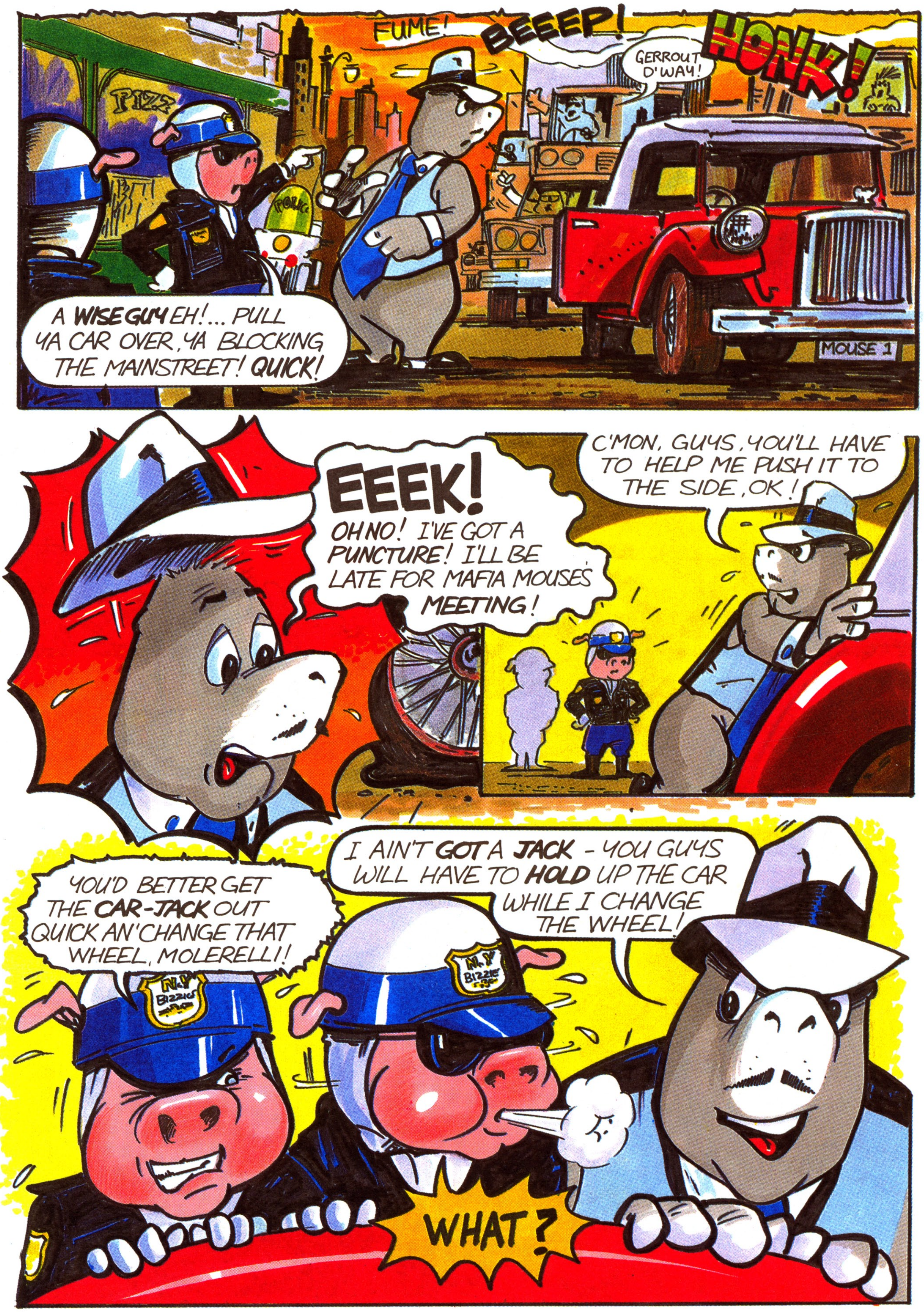
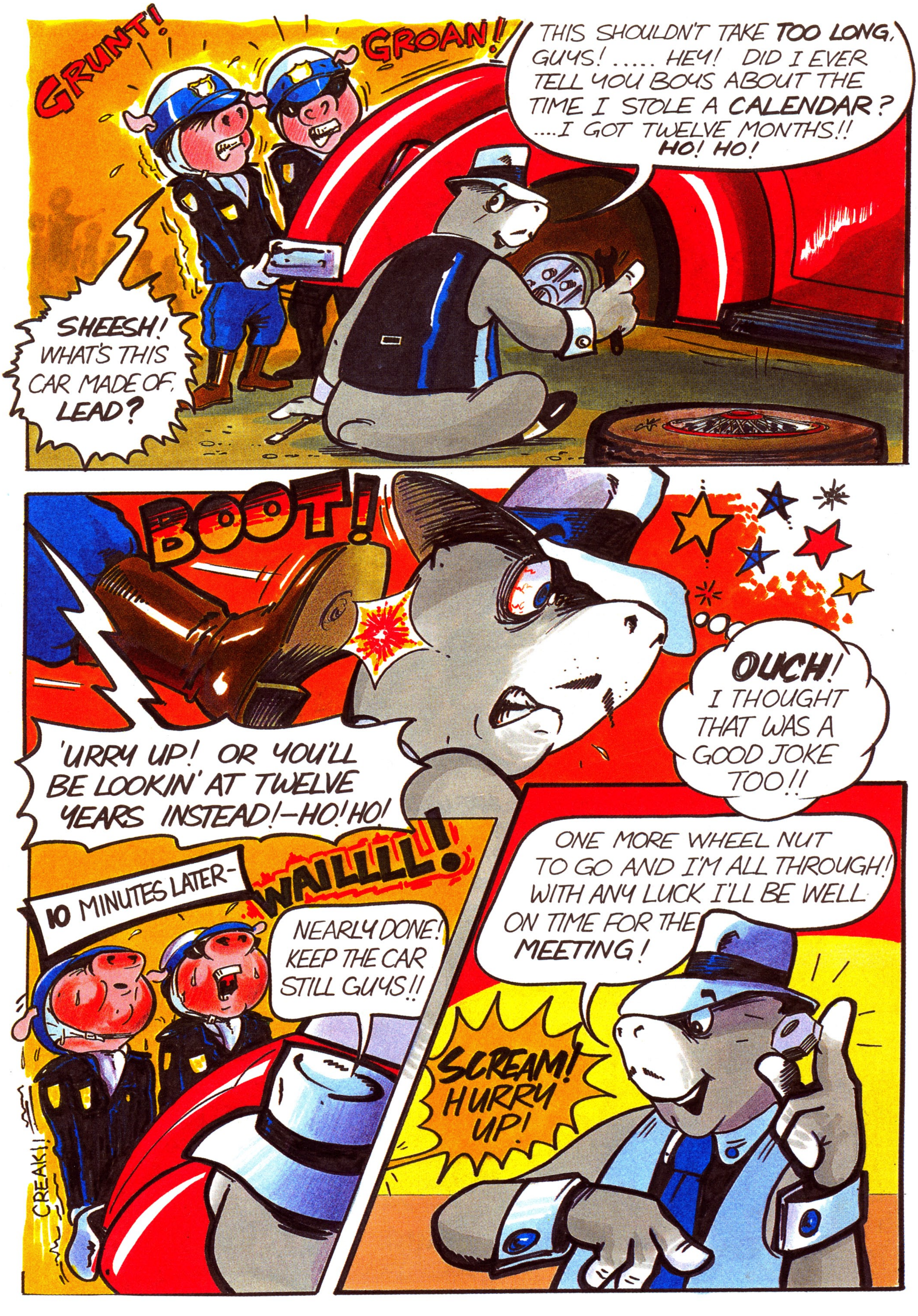
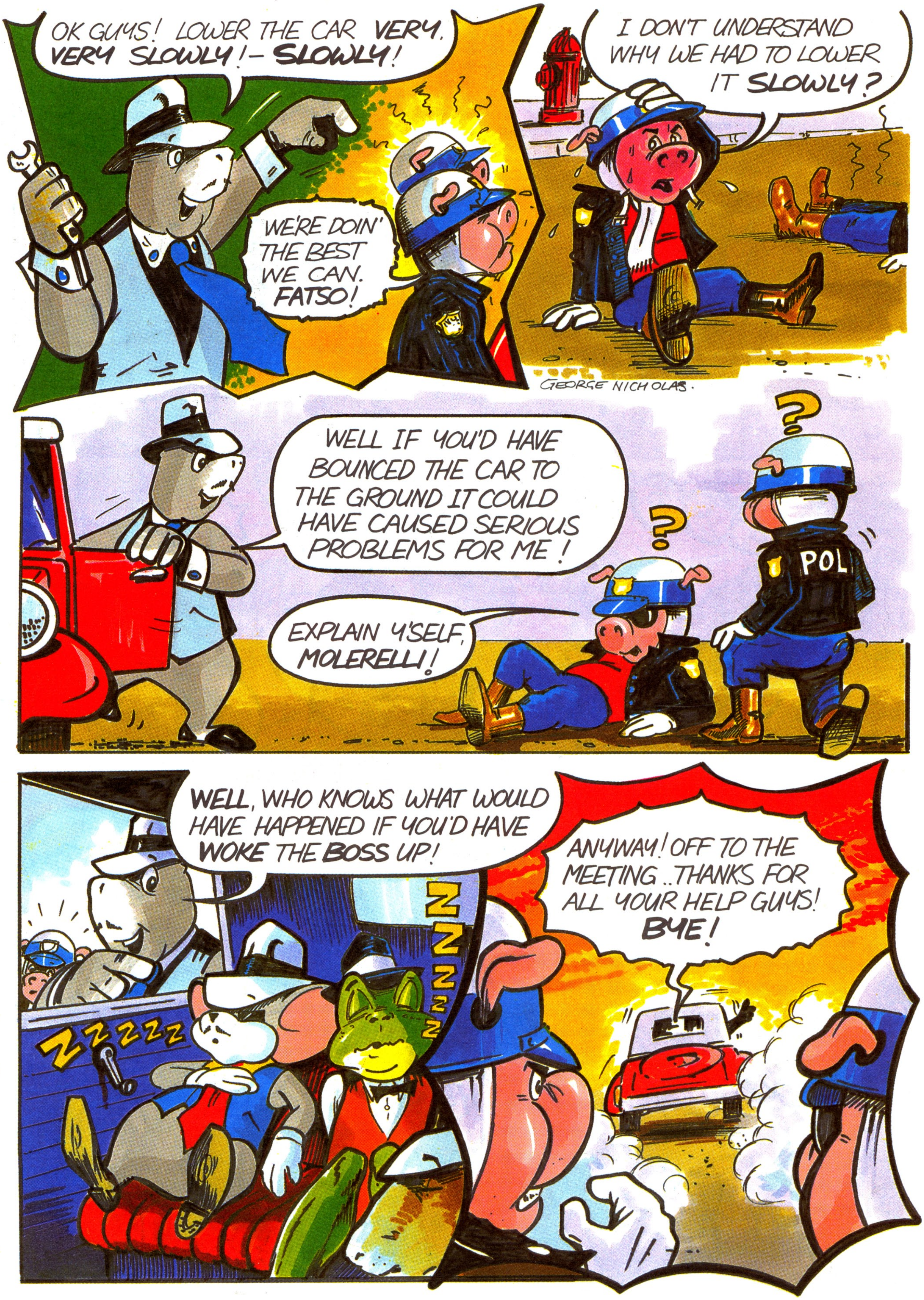
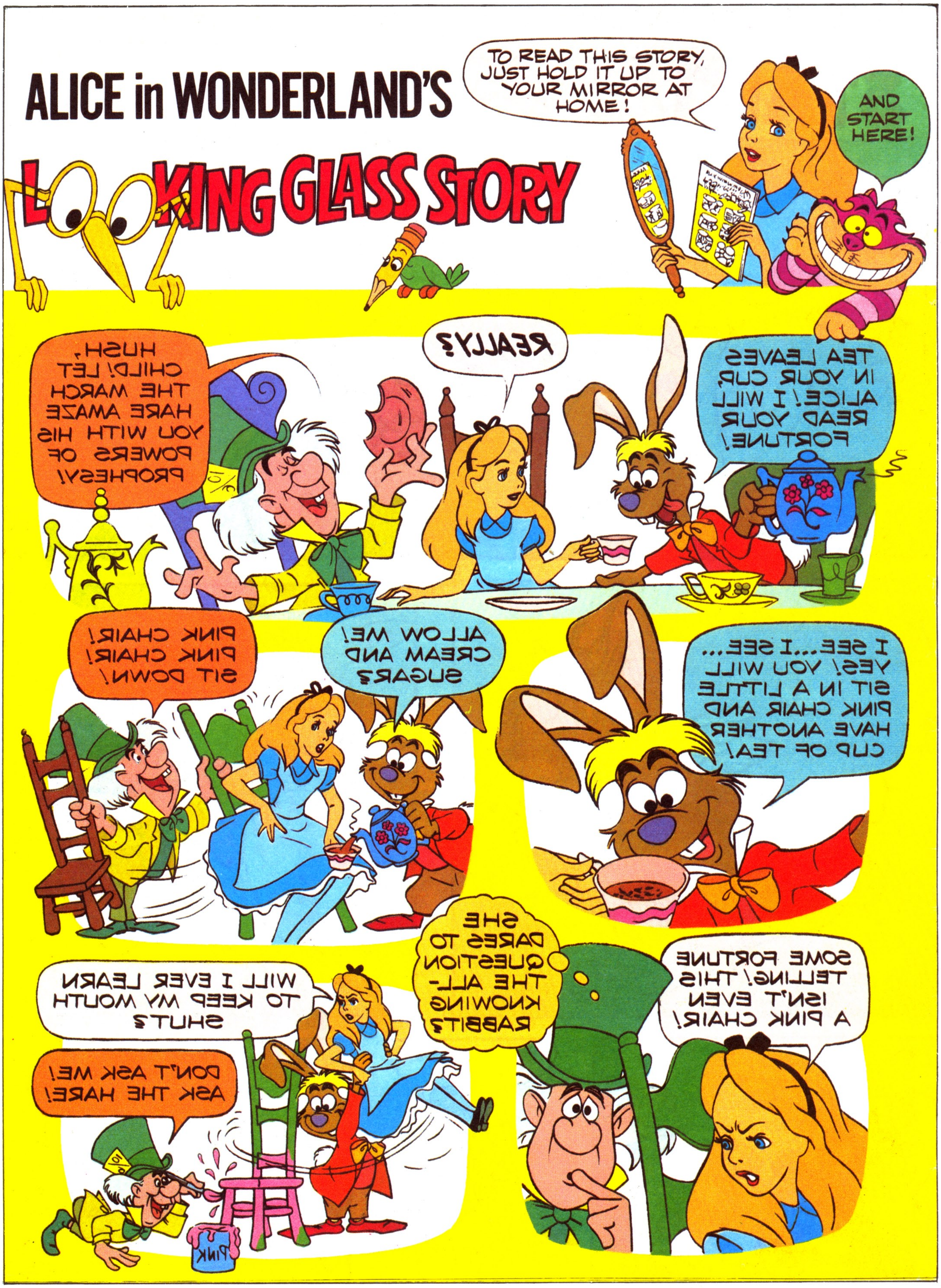

FUME!
BEEEP!
GERROUT D'WAY!
HONK!
PIZZ
POLICE
MOUSE 1
A WISE GUY EH!... PULL YA CAR OVER, YA BLOCKING THE MAINSTREET! QUICK!
EEEK! OH NO! I'VE GOT A PUNCTURE! I'LL BE LATE FOR MAFIA MOUSE'S MEETING!
C'MON, GUYS, YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP ME PUSH IT TO THE SIDE, OK!
YOU'D BETTER GET THE CAR-JACK OUT QUICK AN' CHANGE THAT WHEEL, MOLERELLI!
I AIN'T GOT A JACK - YOU GUYS WILL HAVE TO HOLD UP THE CAR WHILE I CHANGE THE WHEEL!
N.Y BIZZIES
N.Y BIZZIES
WHAT?


GRUNT!
GROAN!
THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE TOO LONG, GUYS! ..... HEY! DID I EVER TELL YOU BOYS ABOUT THE TIME I STOLE A CALENDAR? ....I GOT TWELVE MONTHS!! HO! HO!
SHEESH! WHAT'S THIS CAR MADE OF, LEAD?
BOOT!
'URRY UP! OR YOU'LL BE LOOKIN' AT TWELVE YEARS INSTEAD!–HO! HO!
OUCH! I THOUGHT THAT WAS A GOOD JOKE TOO!!
10 MINUTES LATER-
WAILLLL!
NEARLY DONE! KEEP THE CAR STILL GUYS!!
CREAK!!
ONE MORE WHEEL NUT TO GO AND I'M ALL THROUGH! WITH ANY LUCK I'LL BE WELL ON TIME FOR THE MEETING!
SCREAM! HURRY UP!


OK GUYS! LOWER THE CAR VERY, VERY SLOWLY! – SLOWLY!
WE'RE DOIN' THE BEST WE CAN, FATSO!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY WE HAD TO LOWER IT SLOWLY?
GEORGE NICHOLAS.
WELL IF YOU'D HAVE BOUNCED THE CAR TO THE GROUND IT COULD HAVE CAUSED SERIOUS PROBLEMS FOR ME!
?
?
POL
EXPLAIN Y'SELF, MOLERELLI!
WELL, WHO KNOWS WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU'D HAVE WOKE THE BOSS UP!
ZZZZZ
ZZZZZ
ANYWAY! OFF TO THE MEETING ..THANKS FOR ALL YOUR HELP GUYS! BYE!

ALICE in WONDERLAND'S
LOOKING GLASS STORY


TO READ THIS STORY, JUST HOLD IT UP TO YOUR MIRROR AT HOME!
AND START HERE!
TEA LEAVES IN YOUR CUP, ALICE! I WILL READ YOUR FORTUNE!
REALLY?
HUSH, CHILD! LET THE MARCH HARE AMAZE YOU WITH HIS POWERS OF PROPHESY!
I SEE... I SEE... YES! YOU WILL SIT IN A LITTLE PINK CHAIR AND HAVE ANOTHER CUP OF TEA!
ALLOW ME! CREAM AND SUGAR?
PINK CHAIR! PINK CHAIR! SIT DOWN!
SOME FORTUNE TELLING! THIS ISN'T EVEN A PINK CHAIR!
SHE DARES TO QUESTION THE ALL-KNOWING RABBIT?
WILL I EVER LEARN TO KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT?
DON'T ASK ME! ASK THE HARE!
PINK

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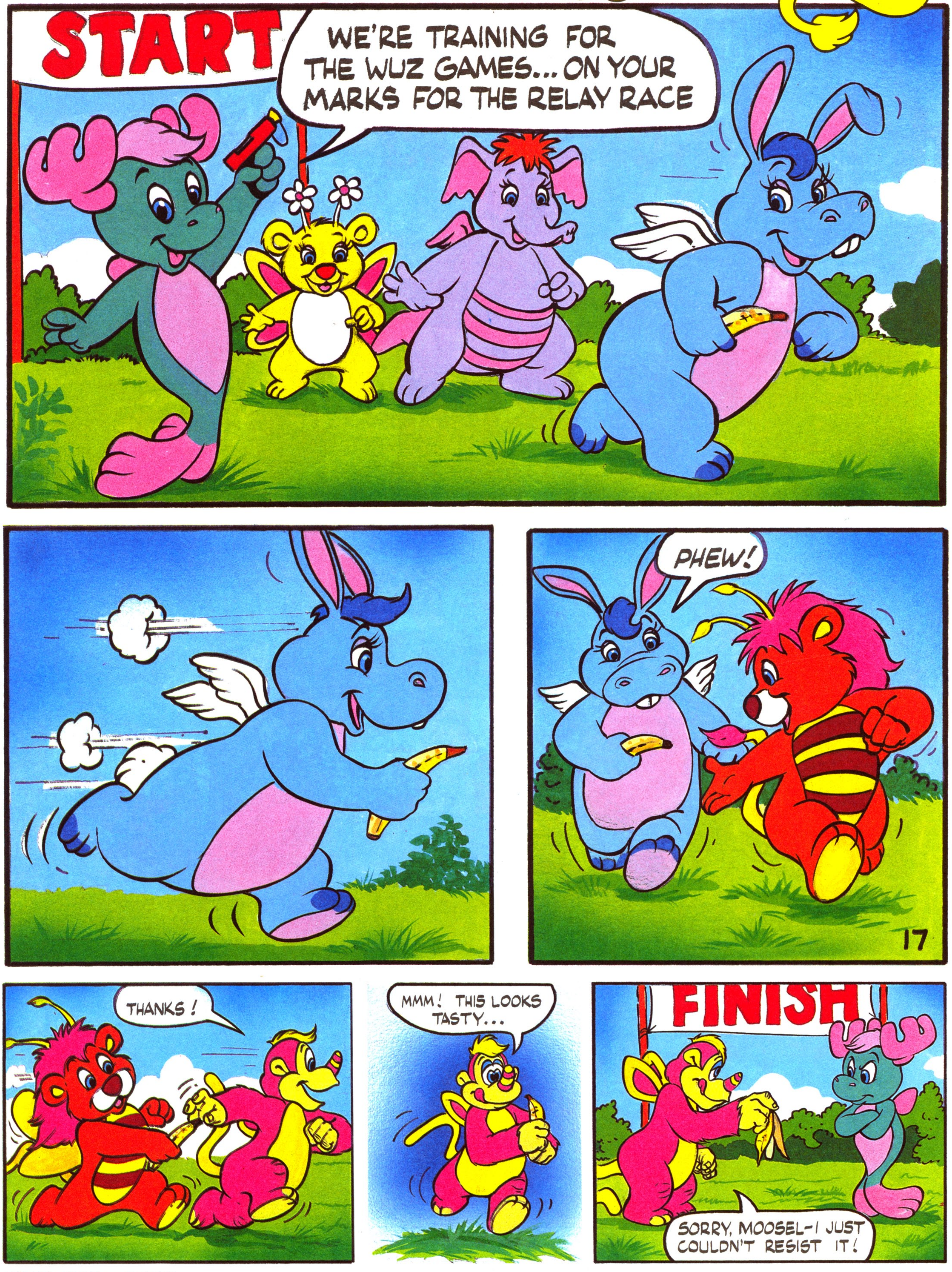
The Wuz Games

Wuzzles™


START
WE'RE TRAINING FOR THE WUZ GAMES... ON YOUR MARKS FOR THE RELAY RACE
PHEW!
THANKS!
MMM! THIS LOOKS TASTY...
FINISH
SORRY, MOOSEL—I JUST COULDN'T RESIST IT!

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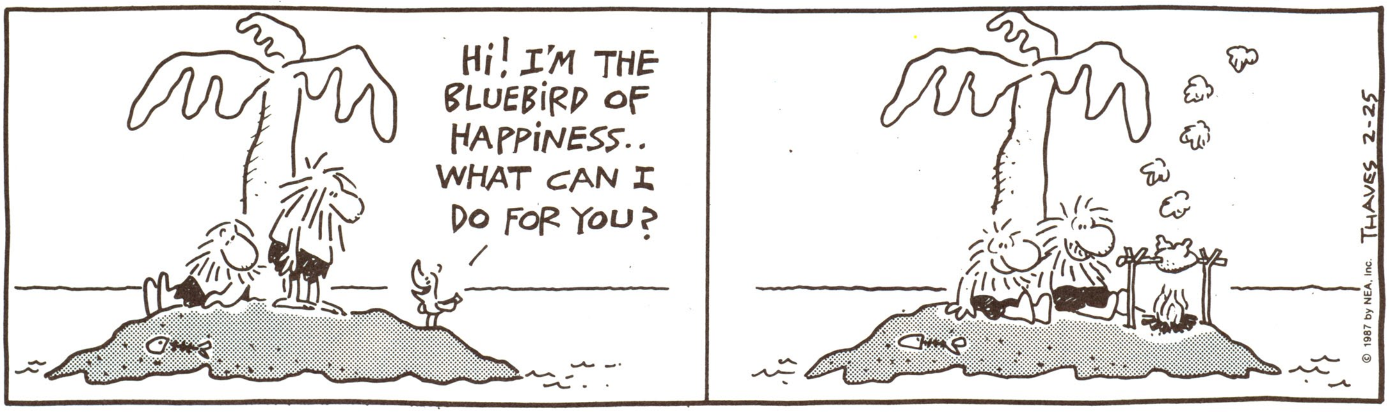
FRANK & ERNEST


HI! I'M THE BLUEBIRD OF HAPPINESS.. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
THAVES 2-25
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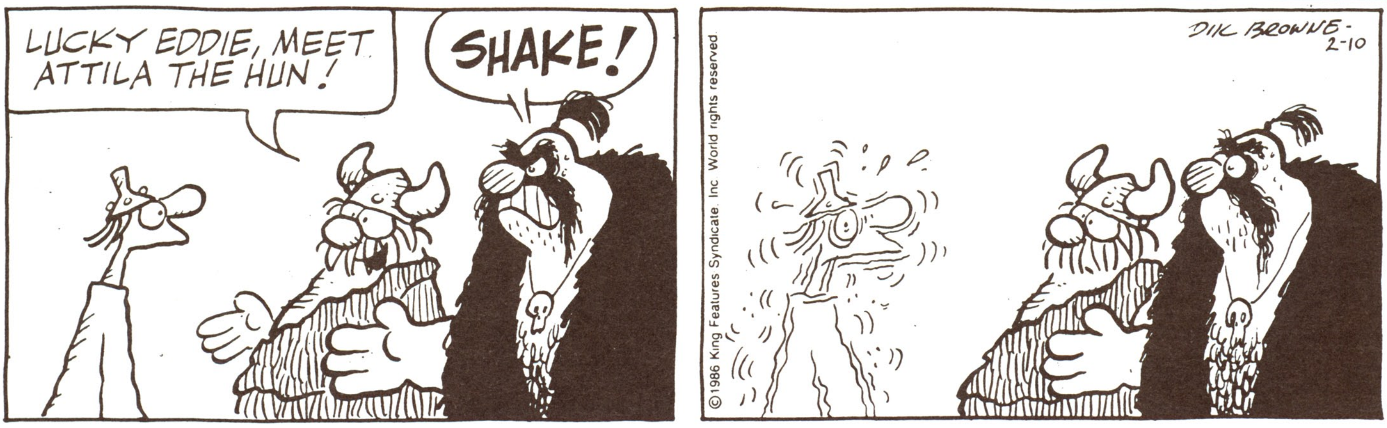
HAGAR THE HORRIBLE


LUCKY EDDIE, MEET ATTILA THE HUN!
SHAKE!
DIK BROWNE 2-10
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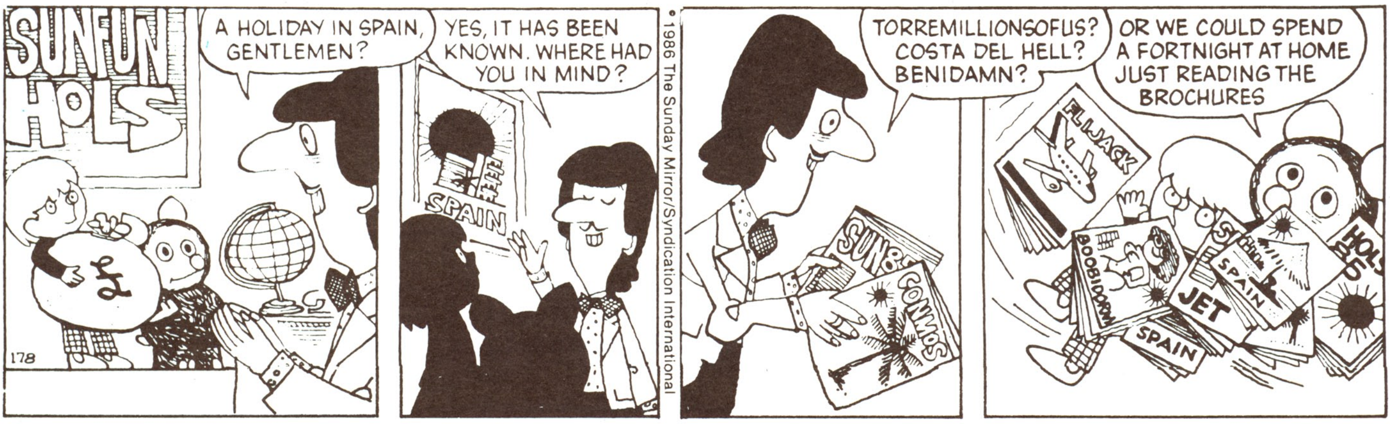
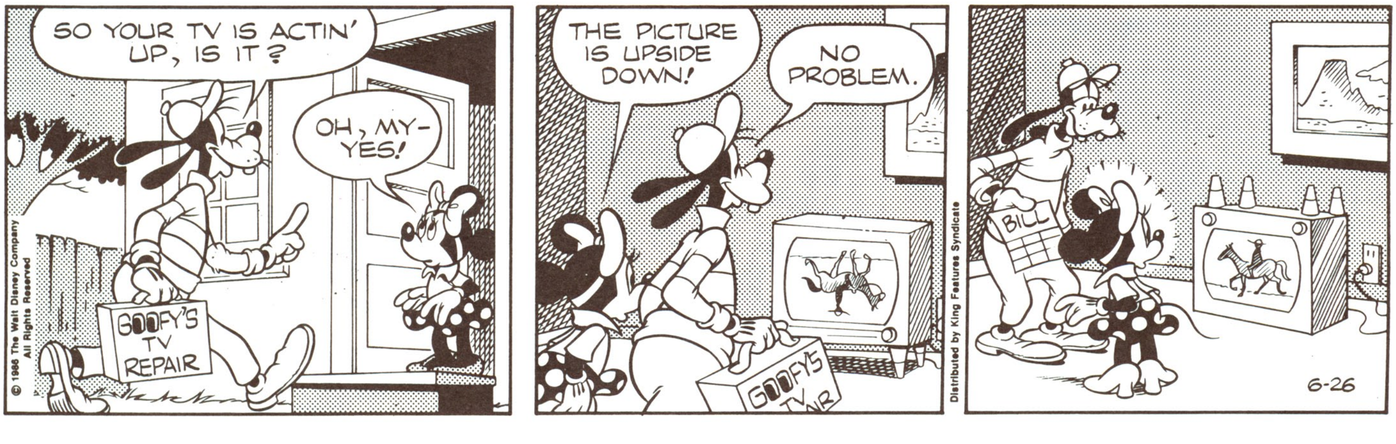
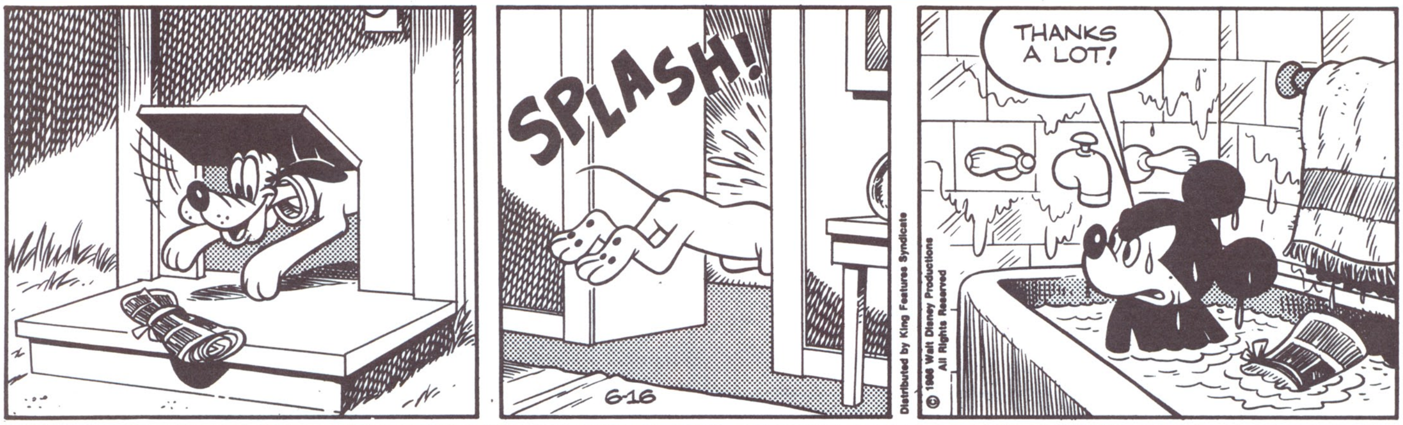
FLOOK


SUNFUN HOLS
A HOLIDAY IN SPAIN, GENTLEMEN?
£
178
YES, IT HAS BEEN KNOWN. WHERE HAD YOU IN MIND?
SPAIN
©1986 The Sunday Mirror/Syndication International
TORREMILLIONSOFUS? COSTA DEL HELL? BENIDAMN?
SUN
CONDOS
OR WE COULD SPEND A FORTNIGHT AT HOME JUST READING THE BROCHURES
FLIJACK
BOOBIDORM
SPAIN
JET
SPAIN
HOLS

GOOFY


SO YOUR TV IS ACTIN' UP, IS IT?
OH, MY-YES!
GOOFY'S TV REPAIR
© 1986 The Walt Disney Company All Rights Reserved
THE PICTURE IS UPSIDE DOWN!
NO PROBLEM.
GOOFY'S TV R
BILL
Distributed by King Features Syndicate
6-26

PLUTO


SPLASH!
6-16
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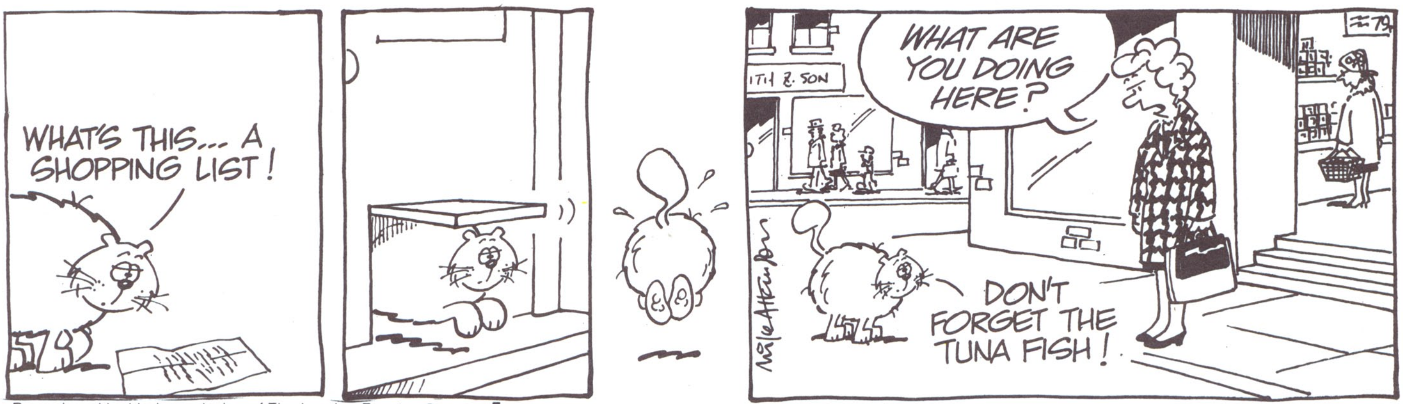
THANKS A LOT!

FAT CAT


WHAT'S THIS... A SHOPPING LIST!
ITH & SON
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
DON'T FORGET THE TUNA FISH!
Mike Atkinson

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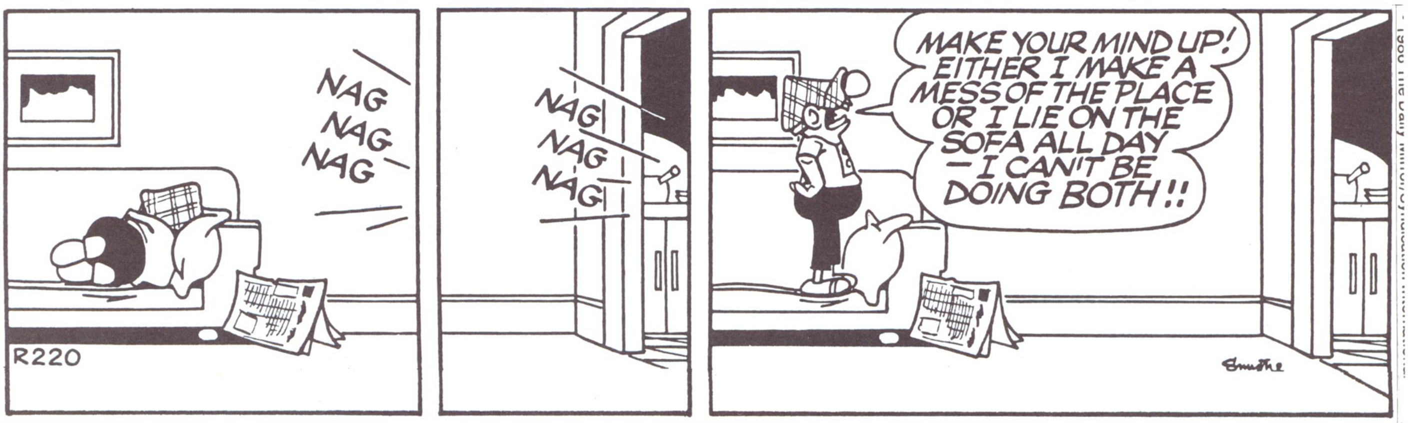
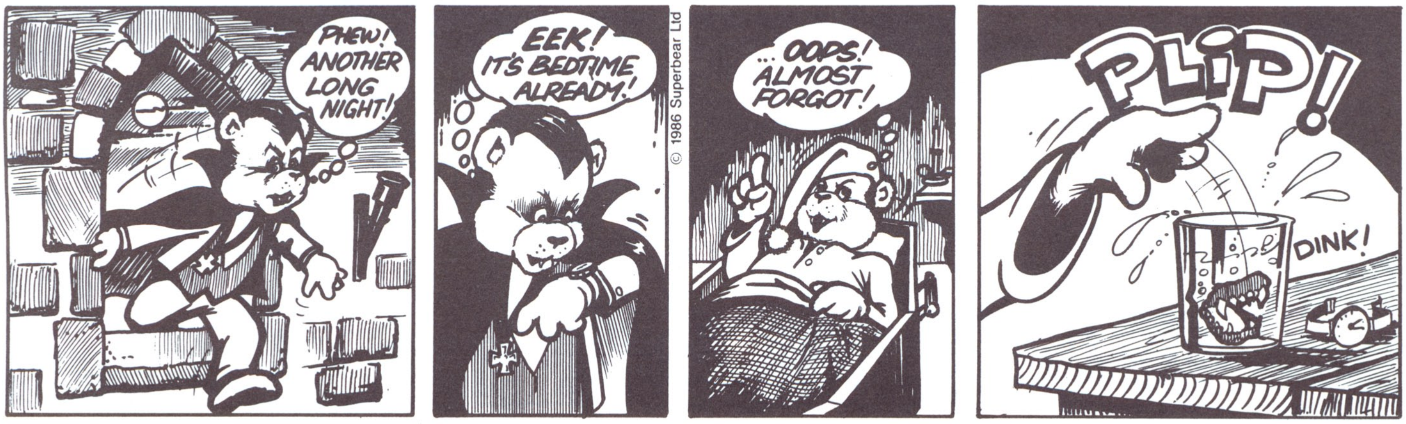
ANDY CAPP


NAG
NAG
NAG
R220
NAG
NAG
NAG
MAKE YOUR MIND UP! EITHER I MAKE A MESS OF THE PLACE OR I LIE ON THE SOFA ALL DAY — I CAN'T BE DOING BOTH!!
Smythe
1986 The Daily Mirror/Syndication International

SCARE BEARS


PHEW! ANOTHER LONG NIGHT!
EEK! IT'S BEDTIME ALREADY!
© 1986 Superbear Ltd
...OOPS! ALMOST FORGOT!
PLIP!
DINK!

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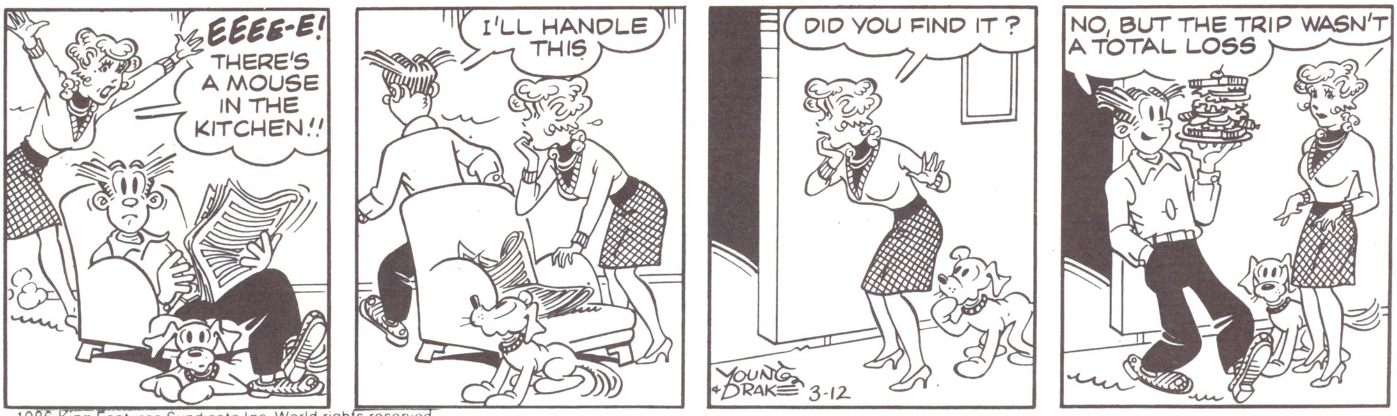
BLONDIE


EEEE-E! THERE'S A MOUSE IN THE KITCHEN!!
I'LL HANDLE THIS
DID YOU FIND IT ?
NO, BUT THE TRIP WASN'T A TOTAL LOSS
YOUNG & DRAKE 3-12

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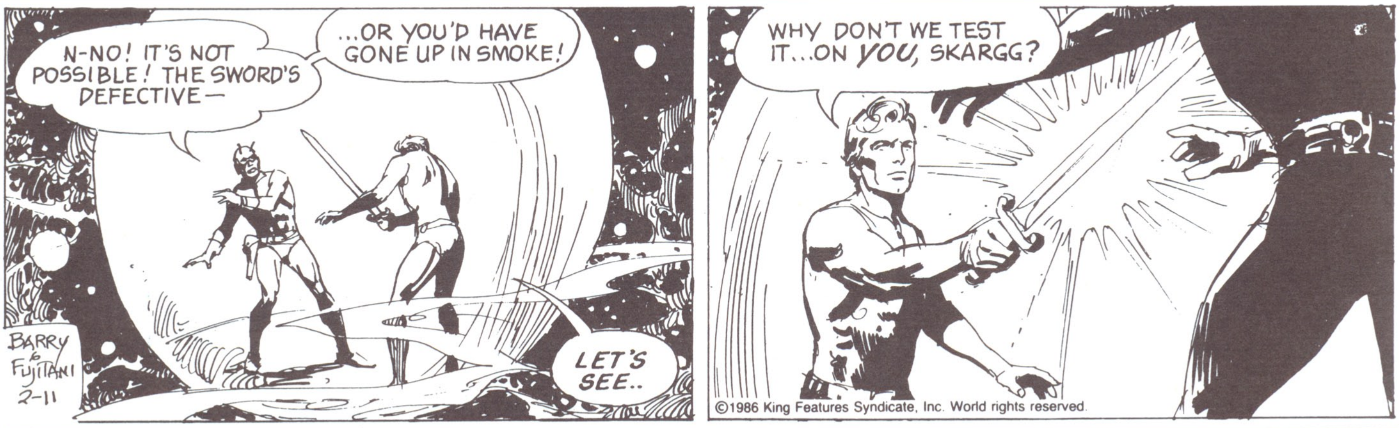
FLASH GORDON


N-NO! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! THE SWORD'S DEFECTIVE—
...OR YOU'D HAVE GONE UP IN SMOKE!
LET'S SEE..
BARRY & FUJITANI 2-11
WHY DON'T WE TEST IT...ON *YOU*, SKARGG?
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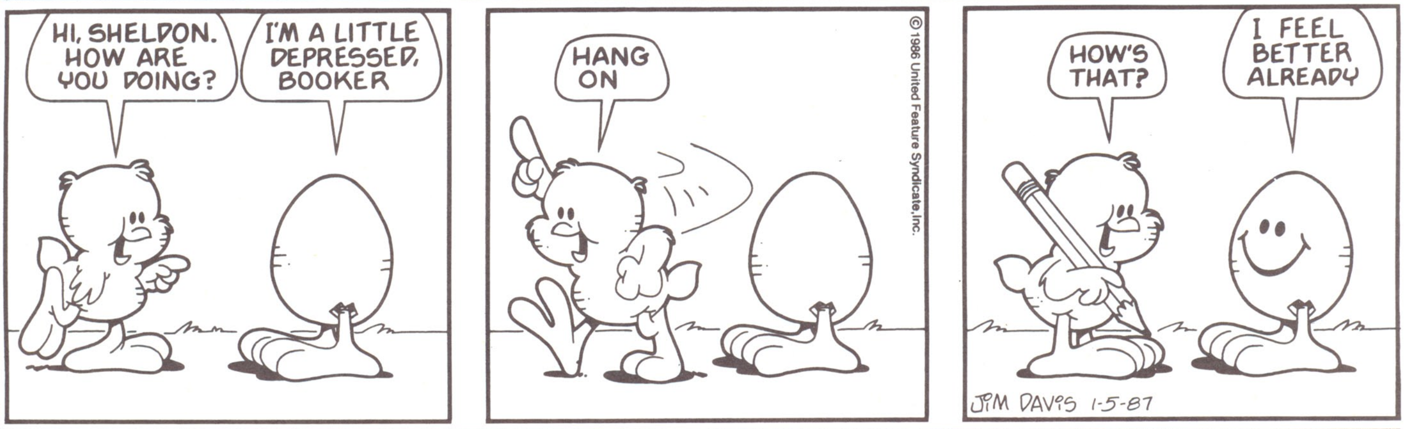
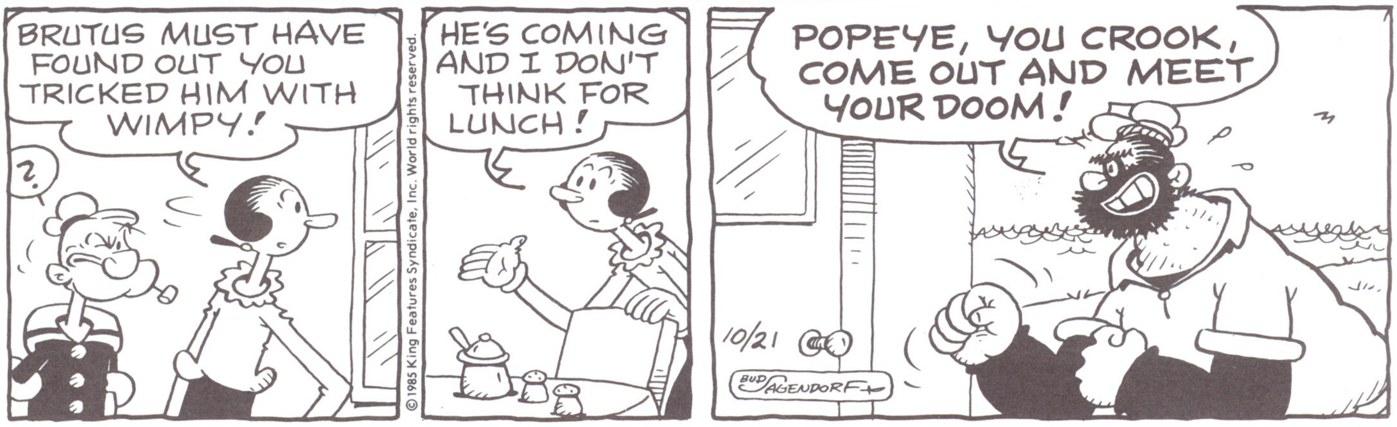
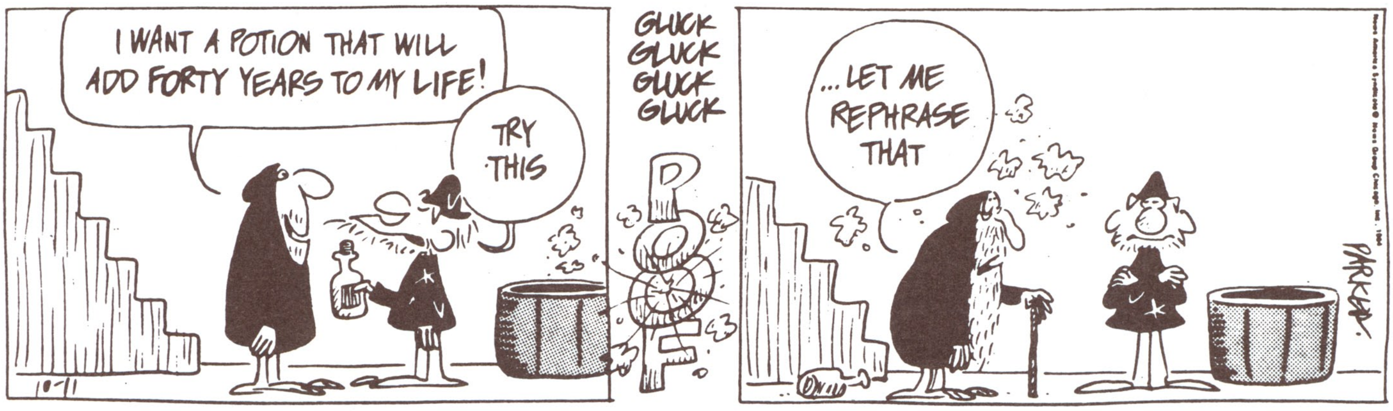
U.S. ACRES


HI, SHELDON. HOW ARE YOU DOING?
I'M A LITTLE DEPRESSED, BOOKER
HANG ON
© 1986 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
HOW'S THAT?
I FEEL BETTER ALREADY
JIM DAVIS 1-5-87

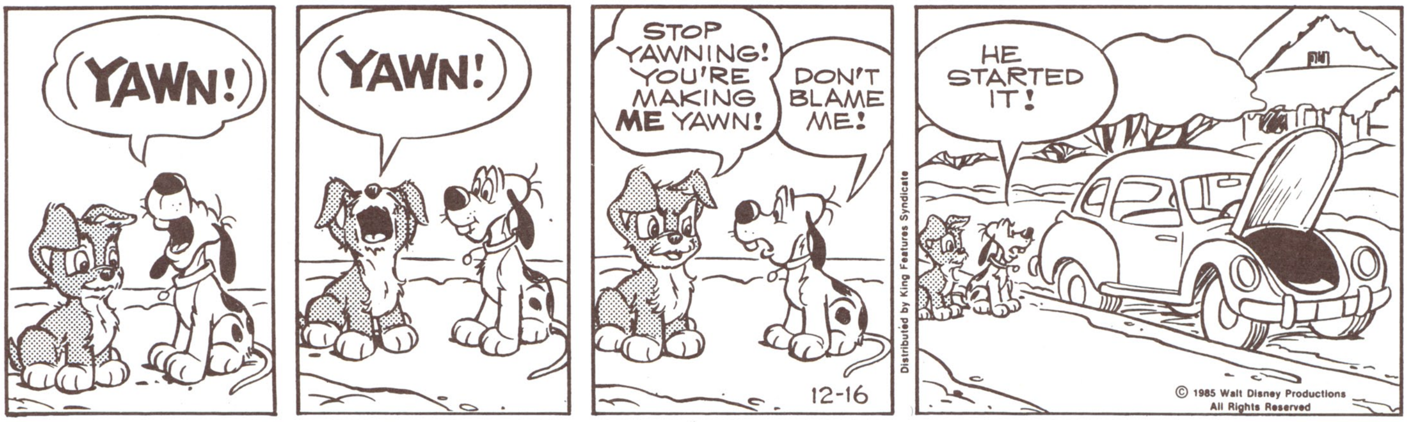
POPEYE THE SAILOR


BRUTUS MUST HAVE FOUND OUT YOU TRICKED HIM WITH WIMPY!
?
©1985 King Features Syndicate, Inc. World rights reserved.
HE'S COMING AND I DON'T THINK FOR LUNCH!
POPEYE, YOU CROOK, COME OUT AND MEET YOUR DOOM!
10/21
BUD SAGENDORF

WIZARD OF ID


I WANT A POTION THAT WILL ADD FORTY YEARS TO MY LIFE!
TRY THIS
GLUCK GLUCK GLUCK GLUCK
POOF
...LET ME REPHRASE THAT
10-11
PARKER
News America Syndicate © News Group Chicago, Inc. 1984

SCAMP


(YAWN!)
(YAWN!)
STOP YAWNING! YOU'RE MAKING ME YAWN!
DON'T BLAME ME!
12-16
Distributed by King Features Syndicate
HE STARTED IT!
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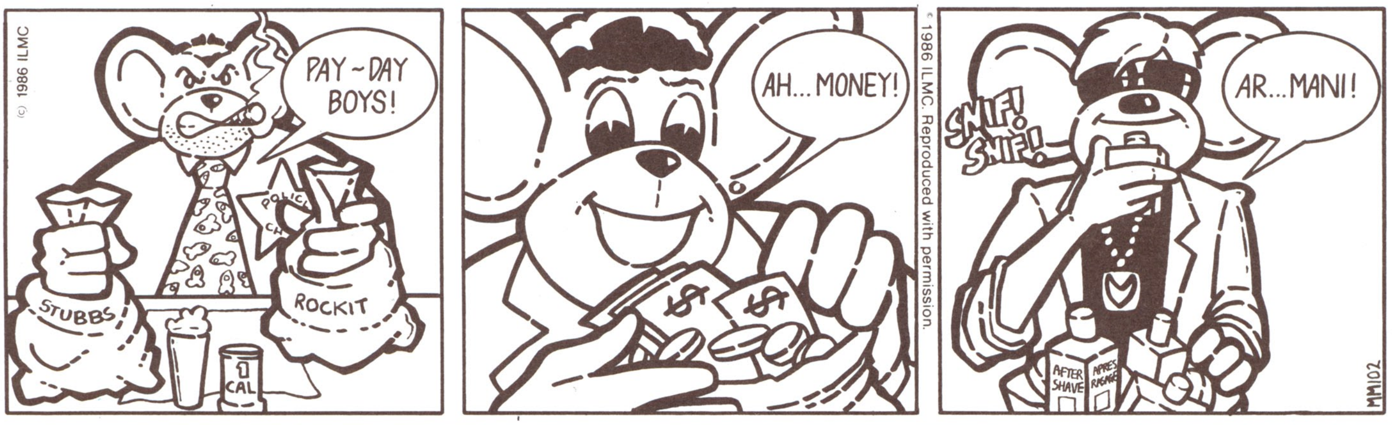
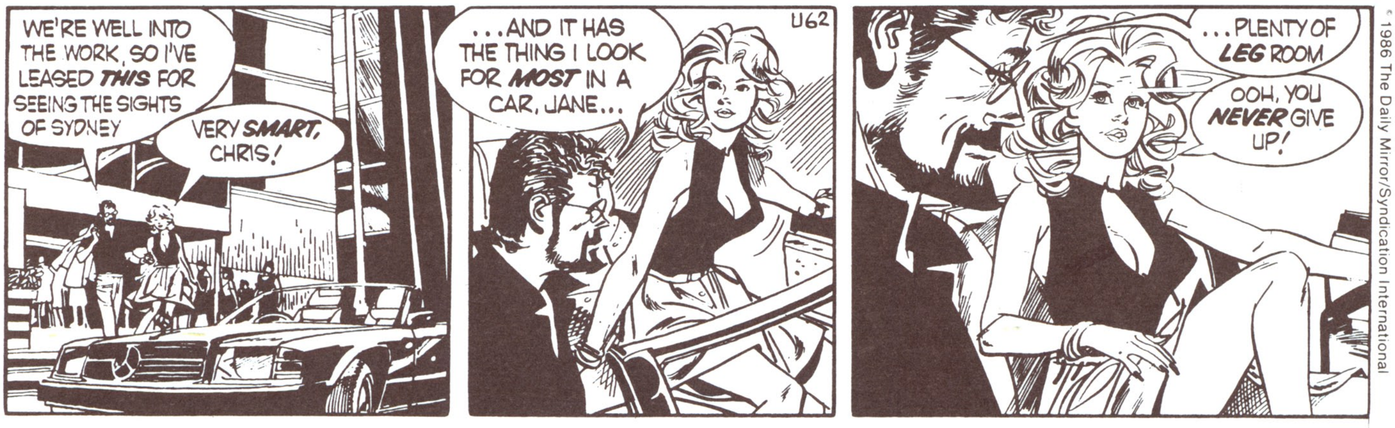
MIAMI MICE


© 1986 ILMC
PAY~DAY BOYS!
POLICE CH
STUBBS
ROCKIT
1 CAL
AH...MONEY!
© 1986 ILMC. Reproduced with permission.
SNIF! SNIF!
AR...MANI!
AFTER SHAVE
APRES RASAGE
MM102

JANE


WE'RE WELL INTO THE WORK, SO I'VE LEASED THIS FOR SEEING THE SIGHTS OF SYDNEY
VERY SMART, CHRIS!
...AND IT HAS THE THING I LOOK FOR MOST IN A CAR, JANE...
U62
...PLENTY OF LEG ROOM
OOH, YOU NEVER GIVE UP!
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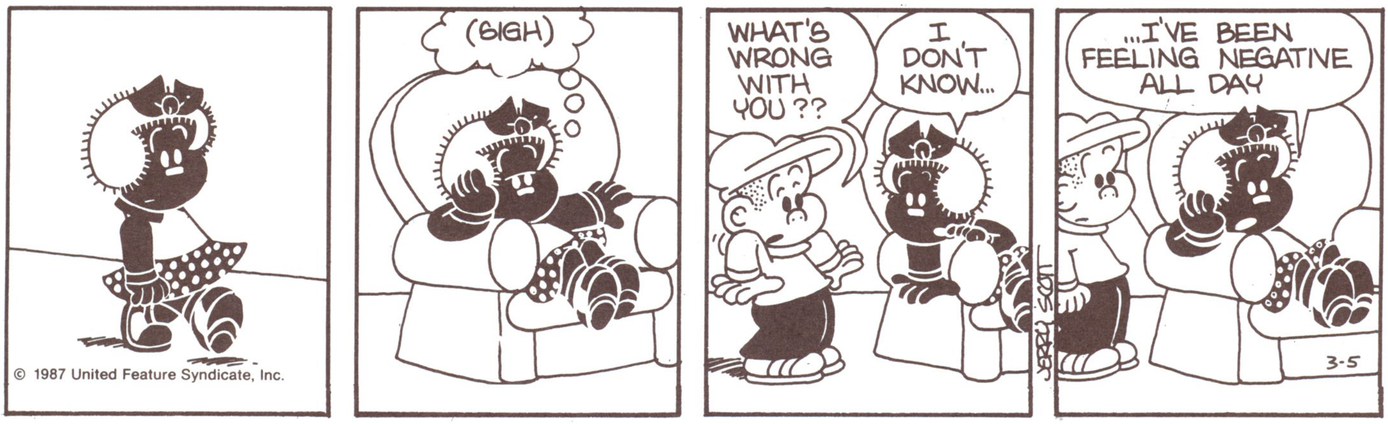
NANCY


(SIGH)
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU ??
I DON'T KNOW...
...I'VE BEEN FEELING NEGATIVE ALL DAY
JERRY SCOTT
3-5

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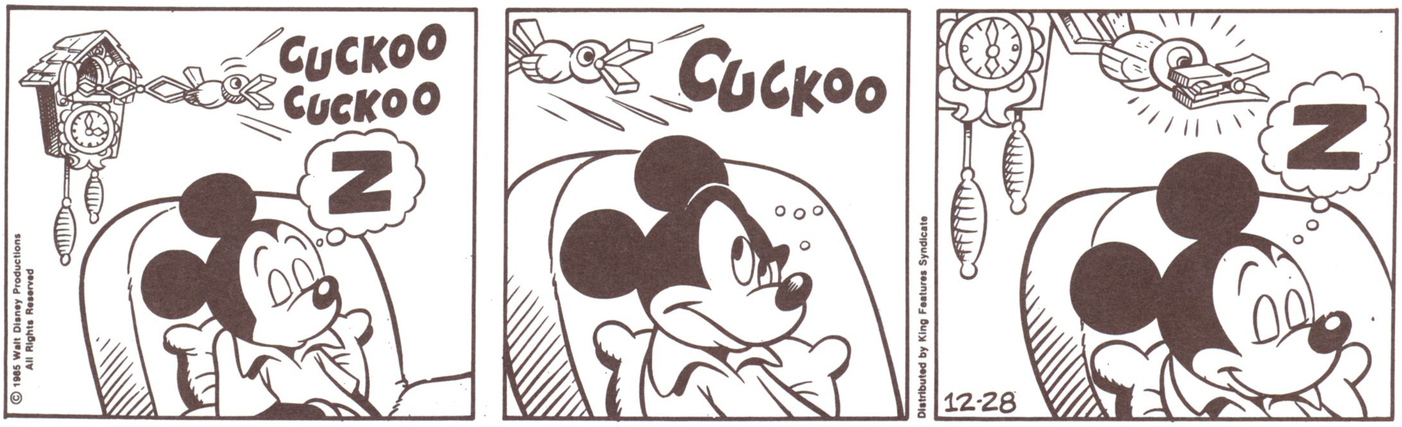
MICKEY MOUSE


CUCKOO CUCKOO
Z
CUCKOO
Z
12-28

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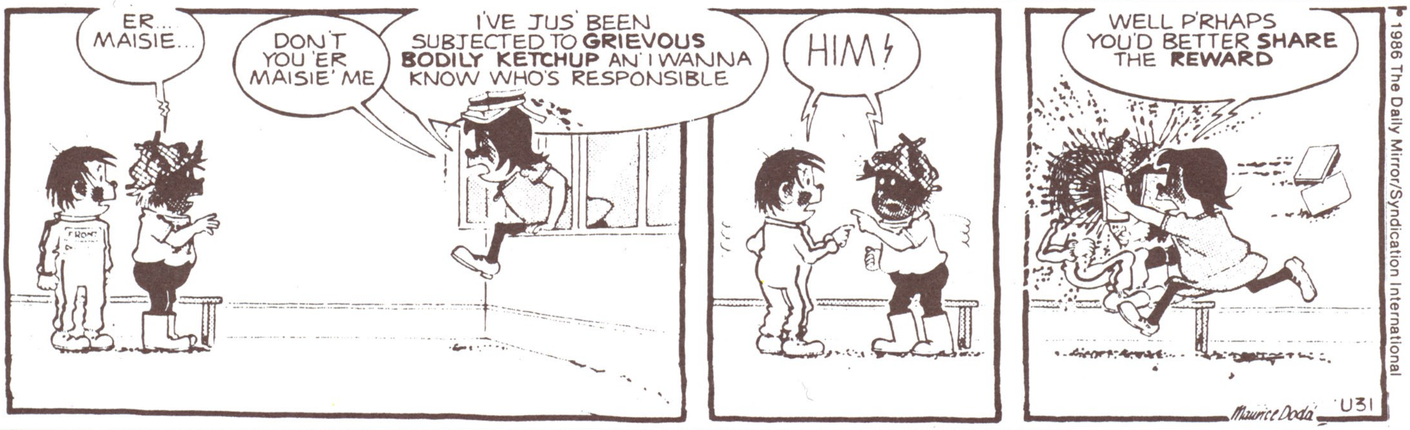
THE PERISHERS


ER... MAISIE...
DON'T YOU 'ER MAISIE' ME
I'VE JUS' BEEN SUBJECTED TO GRIEVOUS BODILY KETCHUP AN' I WANNA KNOW WHO'S RESPONSIBLE
HIM!
WELL P'RHAPS YOU'D BETTER SHARE THE REWARD
FRONT
Maurice Dodd
U31

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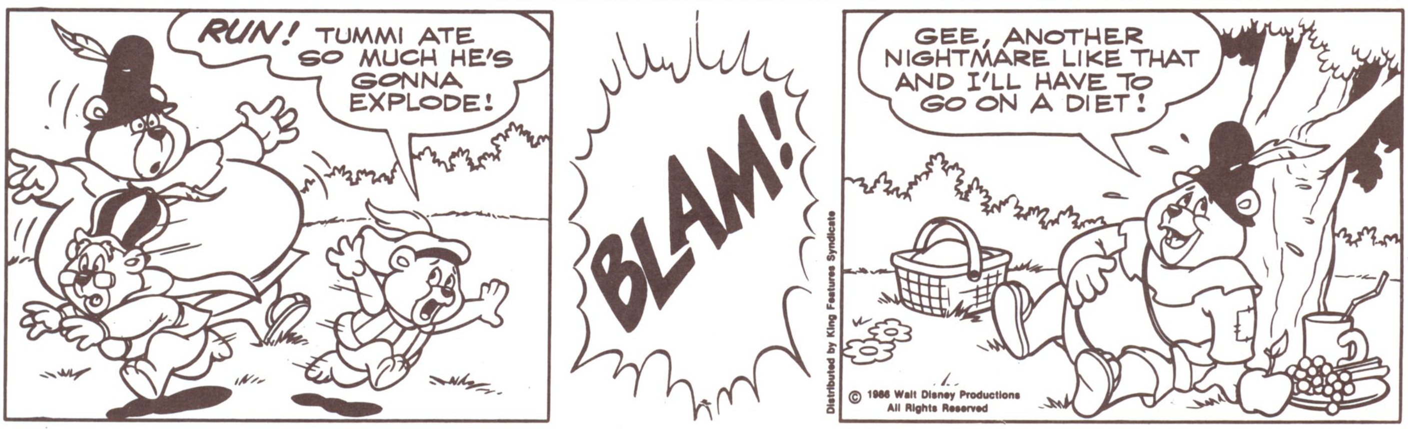
THE GUMMI BEARS


RUN! TUMMI ATE SO MUCH HE'S GONNA EXPLODE!
BLAM!
GEE, ANOTHER NIGHTMARE LIKE THAT AND I'LL HAVE TO GO ON A DIET!

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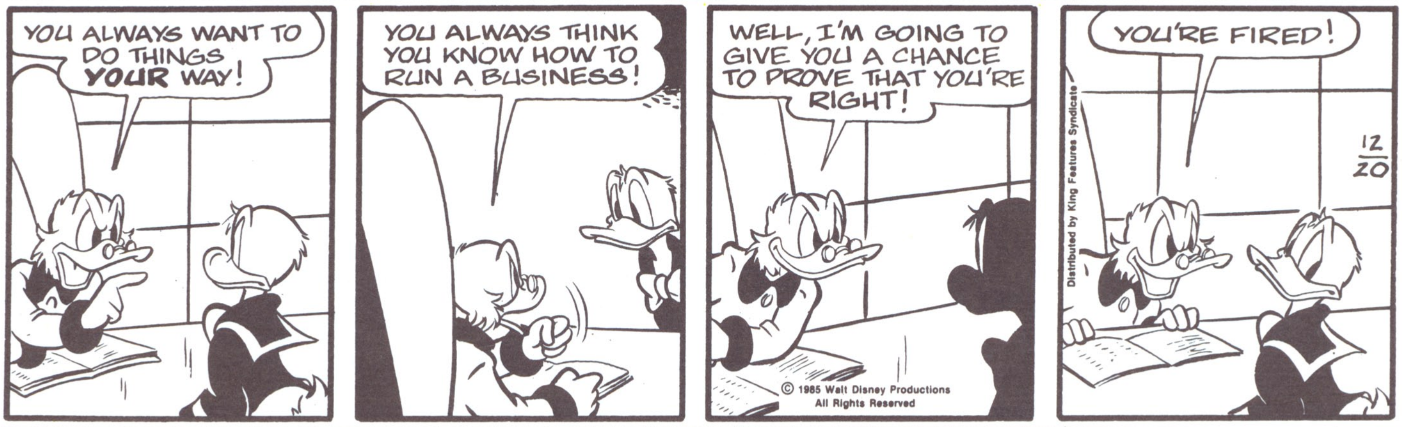
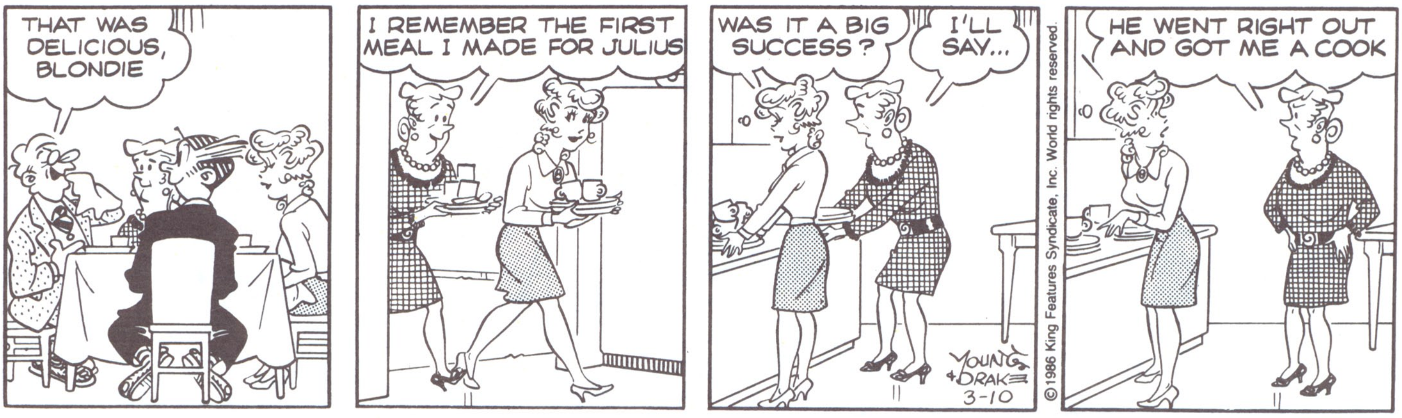
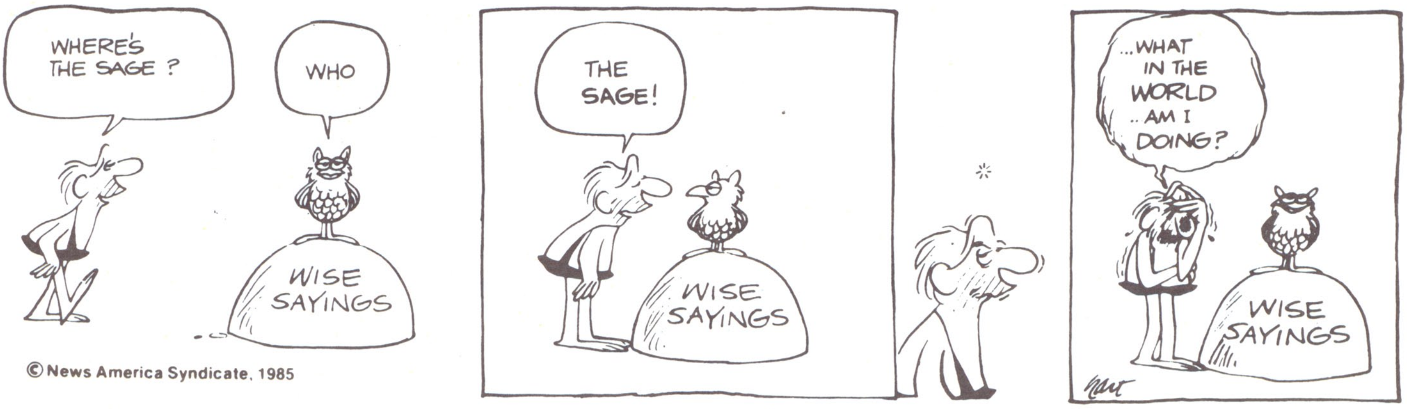
DONALD DUCK


YOU ALWAYS WANT TO DO THINGS YOUR WAY!
YOU ALWAYS THINK YOU KNOW HOW TO RUN A BUSINESS!
WELL, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO PROVE THAT YOU'RE RIGHT!
© 1985 Walt Disney Productions All Rights Reserved
YOU'RE FIRED!
Distributed by King Features Syndicate
12/20

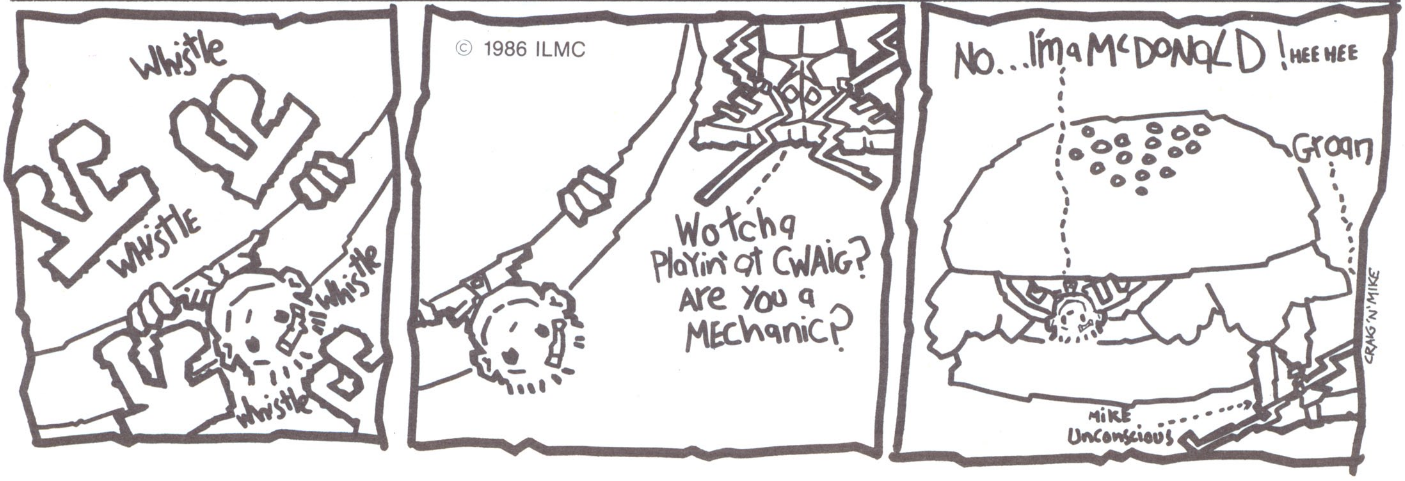
BLONDIE


THAT WAS DELICIOUS, BLONDIE
I REMEMBER THE FIRST MEAL I MADE FOR JULIUS
WAS IT A BIG SUCCESS?
I'LL SAY...
YOUNG & DRAKE 3-10
© 1986 King Features Syndicate, Inc. World rights reserved.
HE WENT RIGHT OUT AND GOT ME A COOK

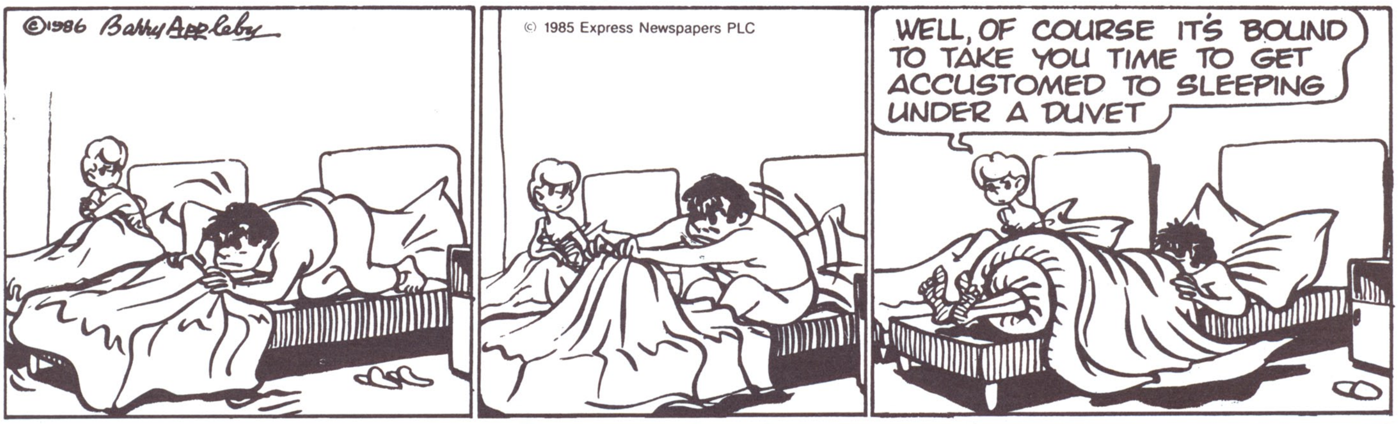
B.C


WHERE'S THE SAGE?
WHO
WISE SAYINGS
© News America Syndicate, 1985
THE SAGE!
WISE SAYINGS
...WHAT IN THE WORLD ..AM I DOING?
WISE SAYINGS
hart

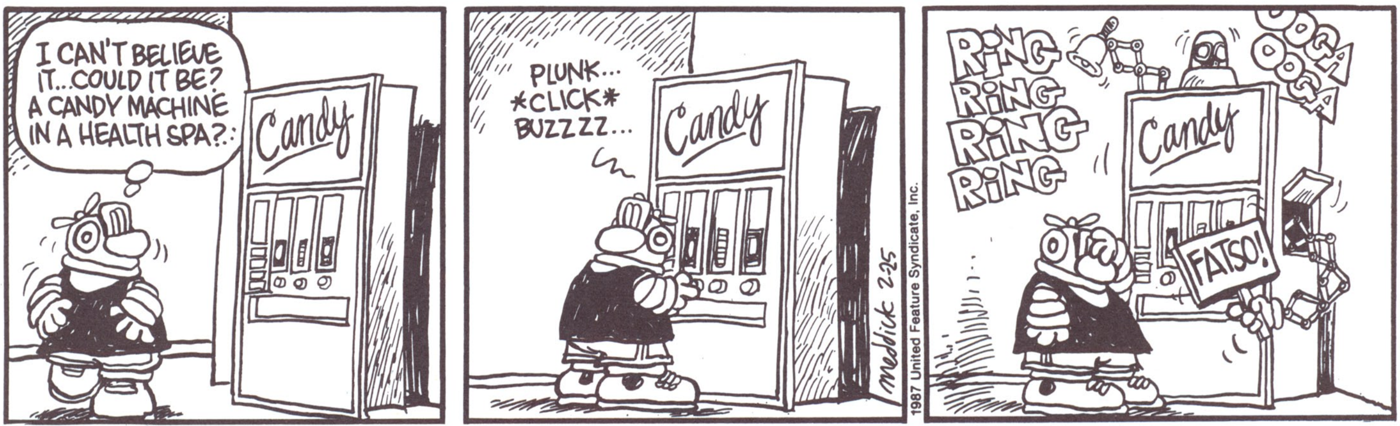
THE SUGAR HICCUPS


whistle
whistle
whistle
whistle
© 1986 ILMC
Wotcha Playin' at CWAIG? Are You a MEChanic?
No...I'm a McDONALD! HEE HEE
Groan
MIKE Unconscious
CRAIG'N'MIKE

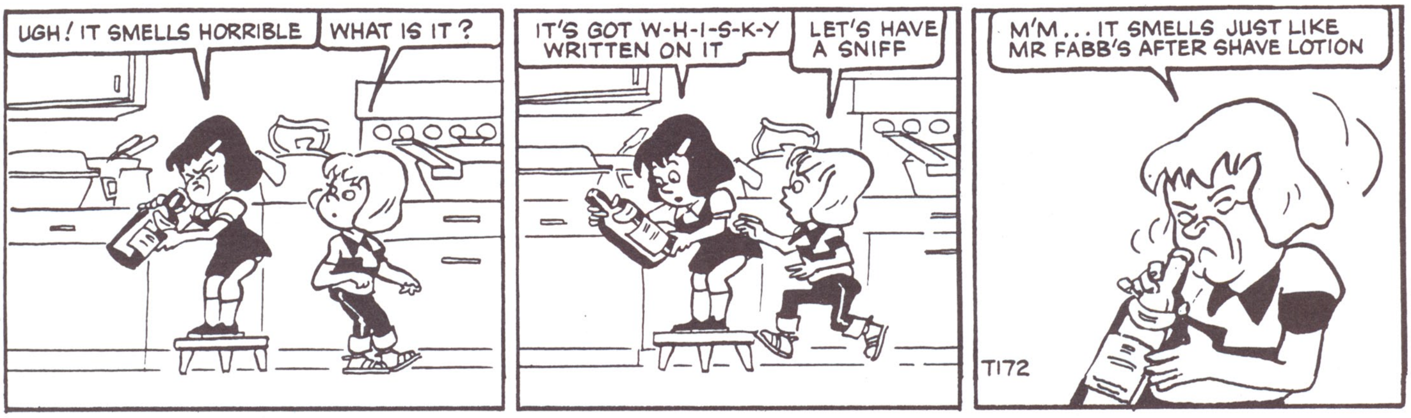
THE GAMBOLS


©1986 Barry Appleby
(c) 1985 Express Newspapers PLC
WELL, OF COURSE IT'S BOUND TO TAKE YOU TIME TO GET ACCUSTOMED TO SLEEPING UNDER A DUVET

ROBOT MAN


I CAN'T BELIEVE IT...COULD IT BE? A CANDY MACHINE IN A HEALTH SPA?
Candy
PLUNK... *CLICK* BUZZZZ...
Candy
meddick 2-25
1987 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
RING RING RING RING
OOGA OOGA
Candy
FATSO!

THE LARKS


UGH! IT SMELLS HORRIBLE
WHAT IS IT?
IT'S GOT W-H-I-S-K-Y WRITTEN ON IT
LET'S HAVE A SNIFF
M'M... IT SMELLS JUST LIKE MR FABB'S AFTER SHAVE LOTION
T172

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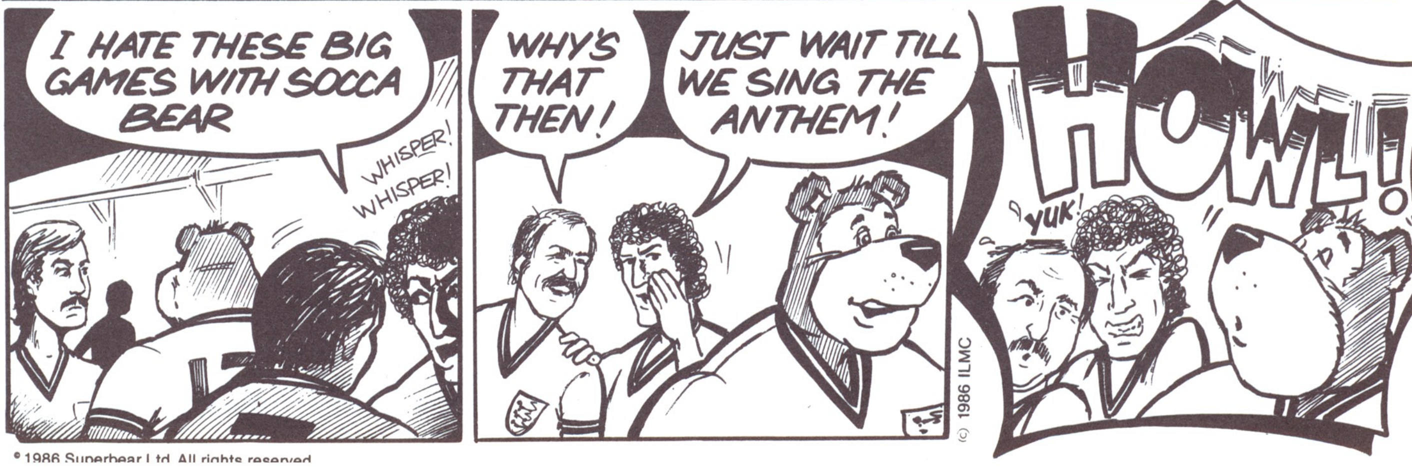
SOCCA-BEAR


I HATE THESE BIG GAMES WITH SOCCA BEAR
WHISPER! WHISPER!
WHY'S THAT THEN!
JUST WAIT TILL WE SING THE ANTHEM!
(c) 1986 ILMC
HOWL!
YUK!

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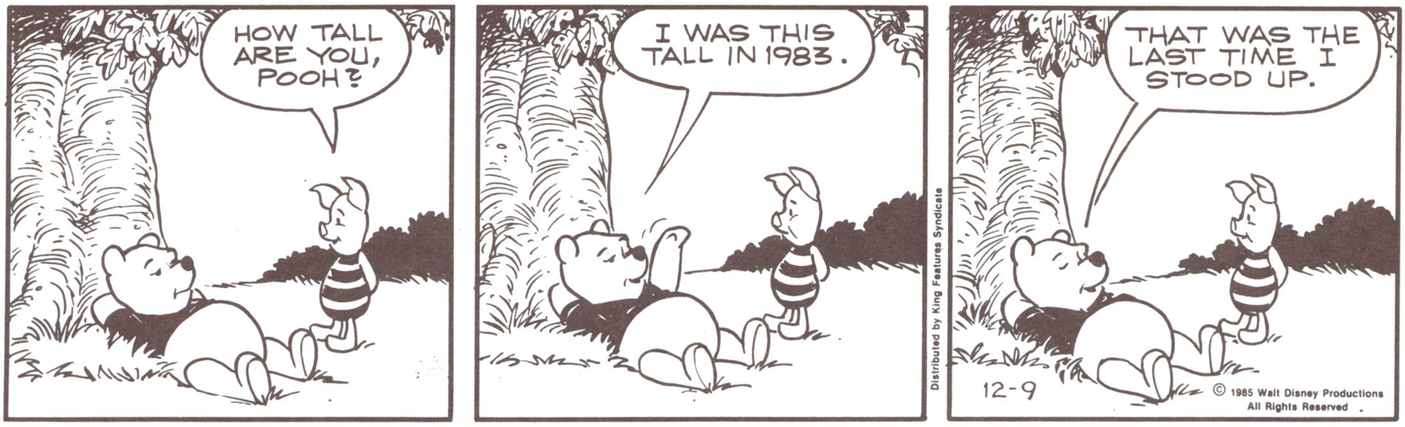
WINNIE THE POOH


HOW TALL ARE YOU, POOH?
I WAS THIS TALL IN 1983.
THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I STOOD UP.
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12-9
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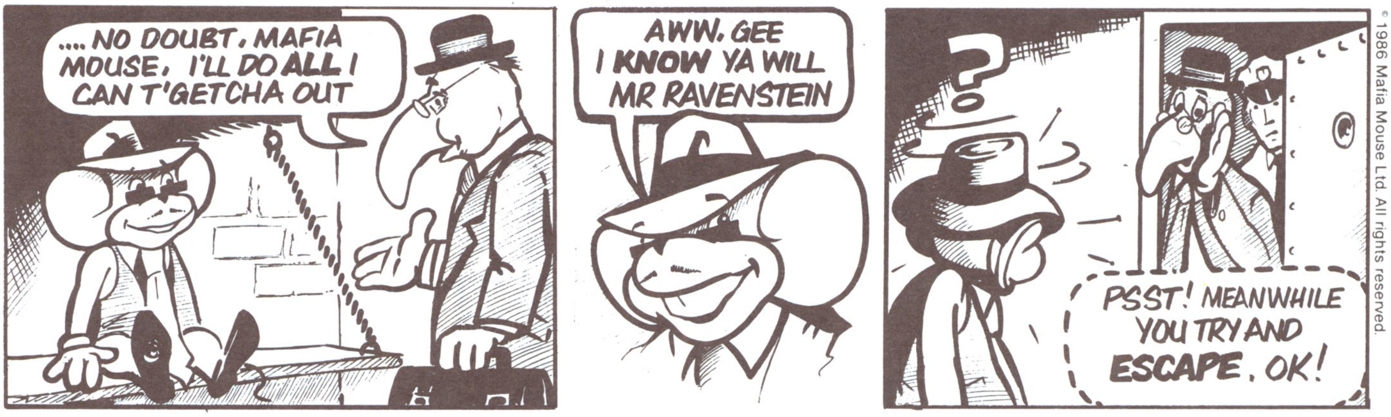
MAFIA MOUSE


....NO DOUBT, MAFIA MOUSE, I'LL DO ALL I CAN T'GETCHA OUT
AWW, GEE I KNOW YA WILL MR RAVENSTEIN
?
PSST! MEANWHILE YOU TRY AND ESCAPE, OK!
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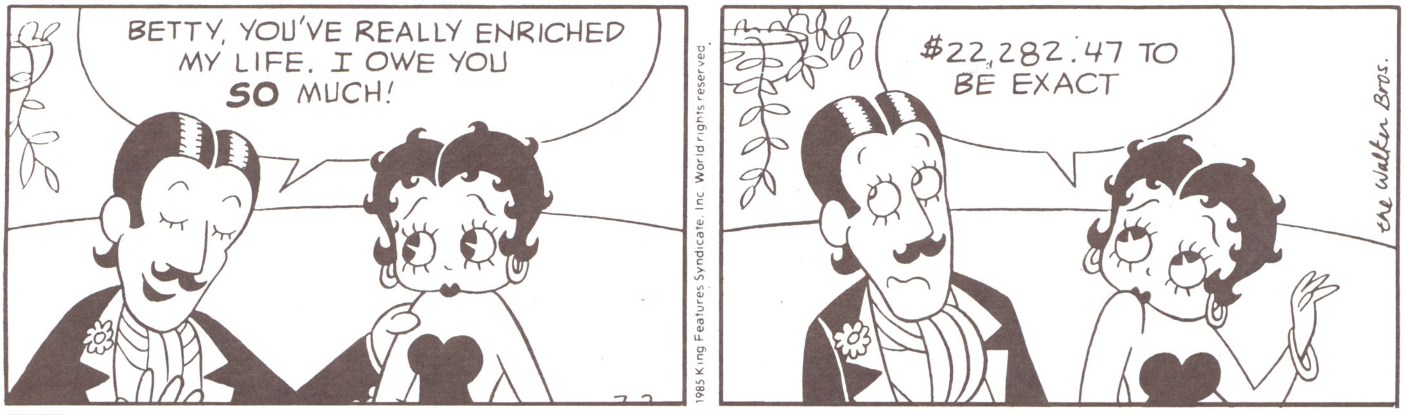
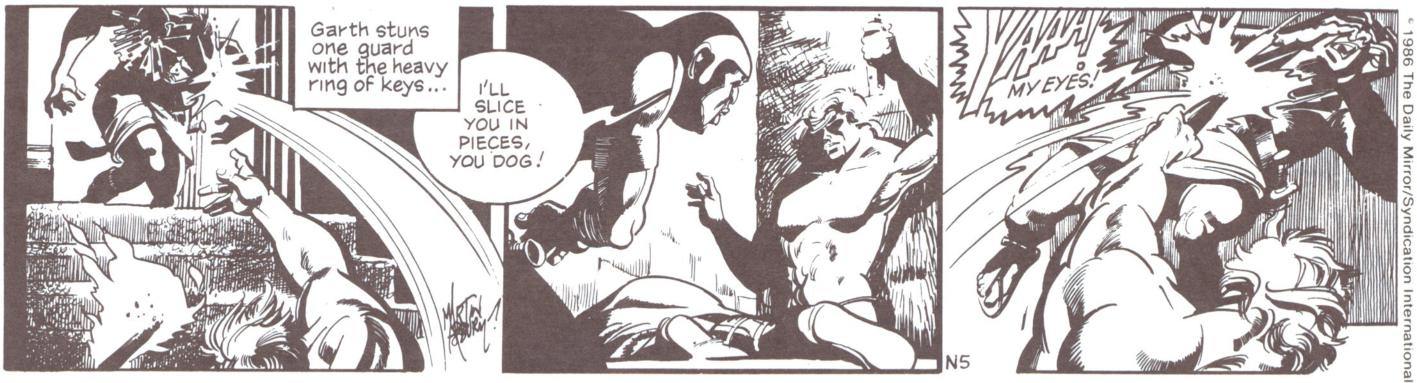
BETTY BOOP


BETTY, YOU'VE REALLY ENRICHED MY LIFE. I OWE YOU SO MUCH!
© 1985 King Features Syndicate, Inc. World rights reserved.
$22,282.47 TO BE EXACT
the Walker Bros.

GARTH


Garth stuns one guard with the heavy ring of keys...
I'LL SLICE YOU IN PIECES, YOU DOG!
Martin Asbury
N5
YAAH!
MY EYES!
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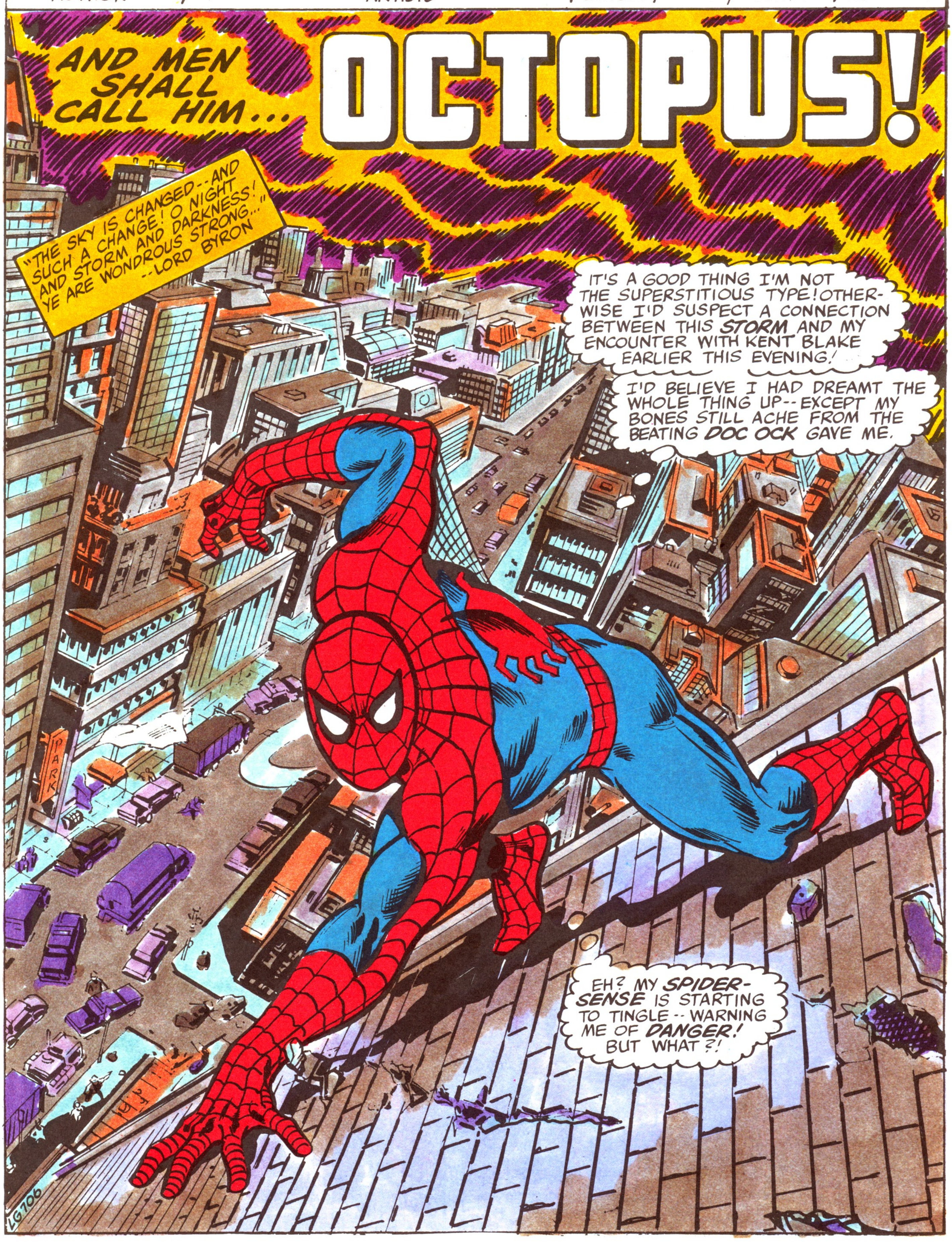
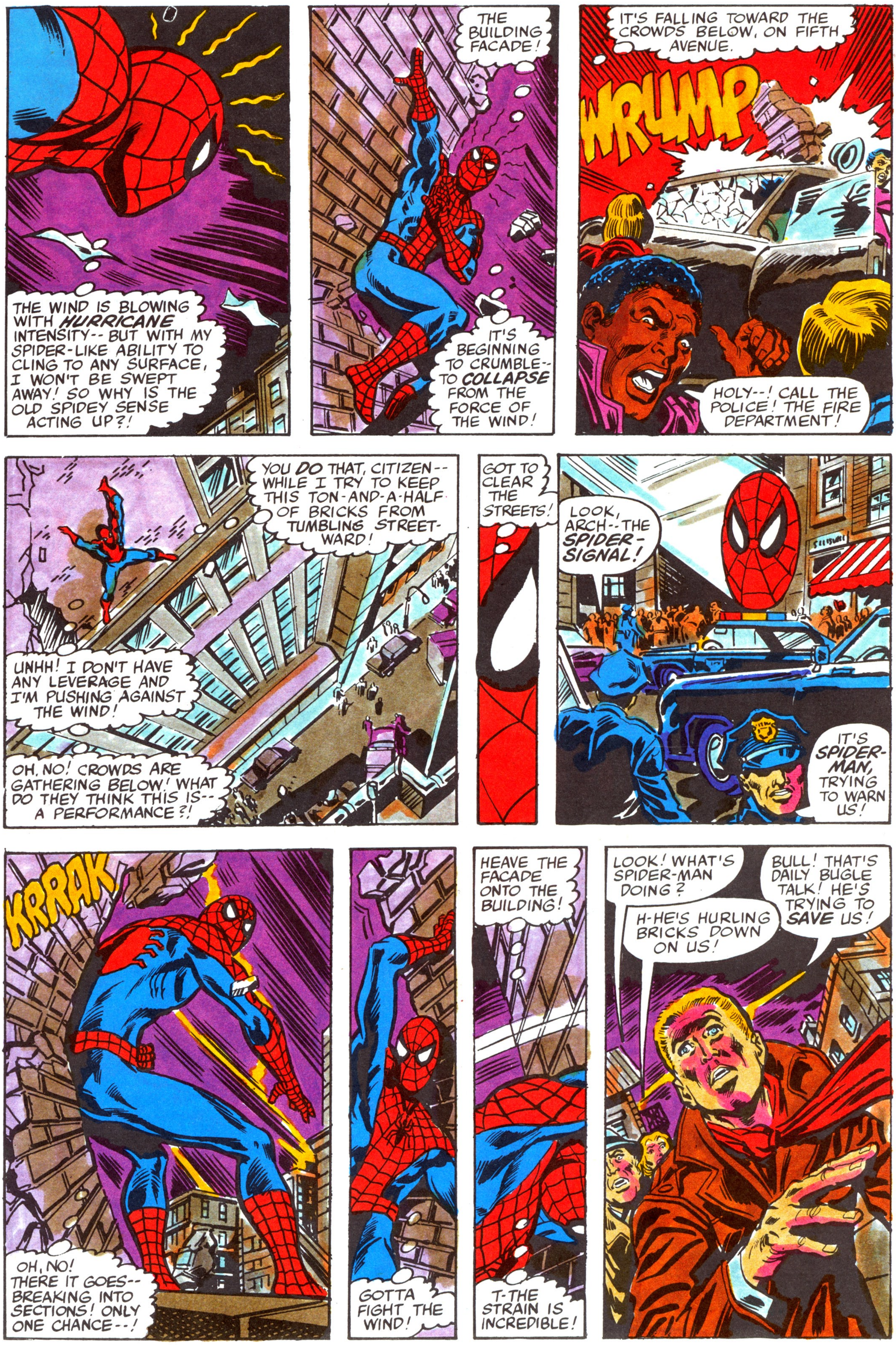
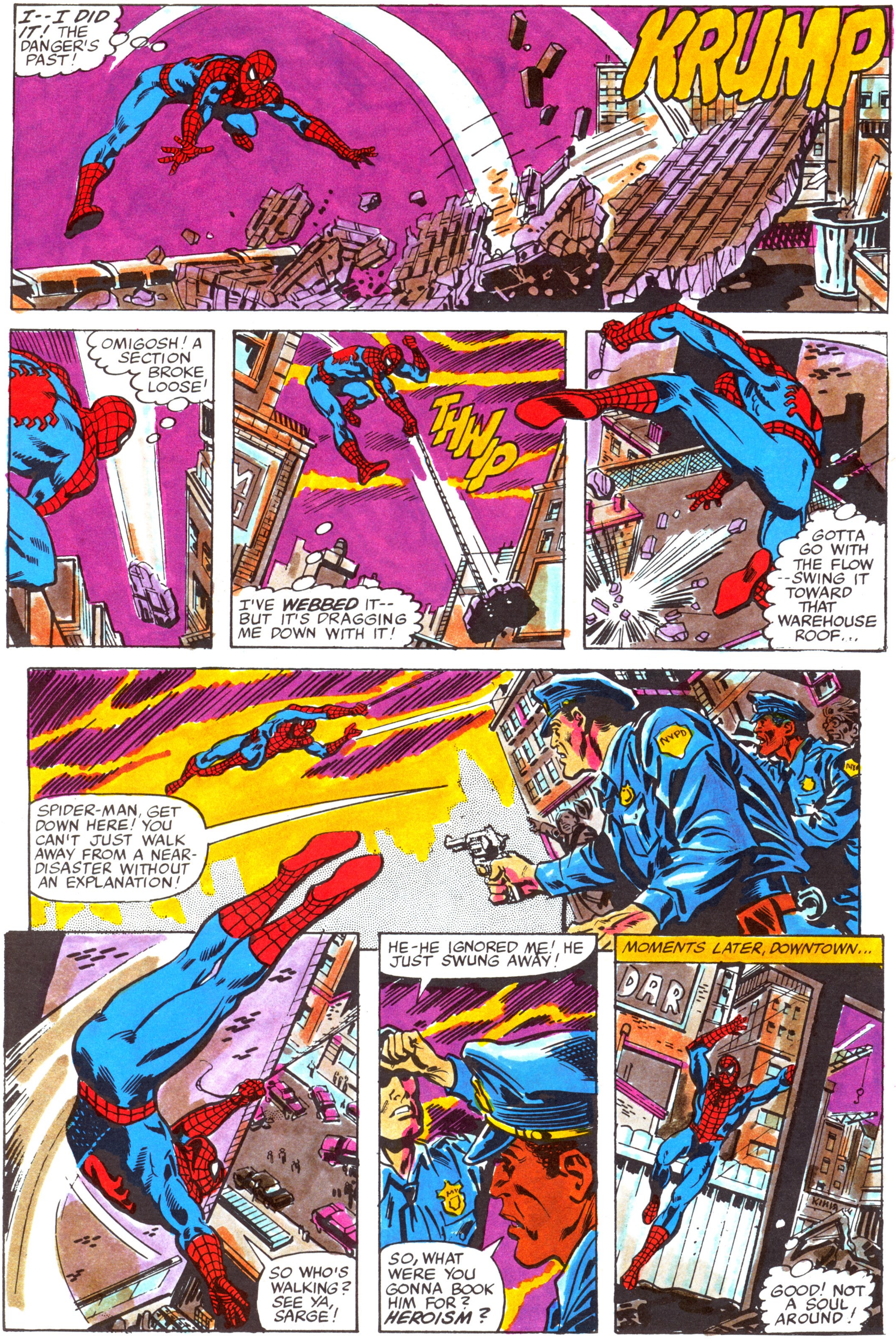
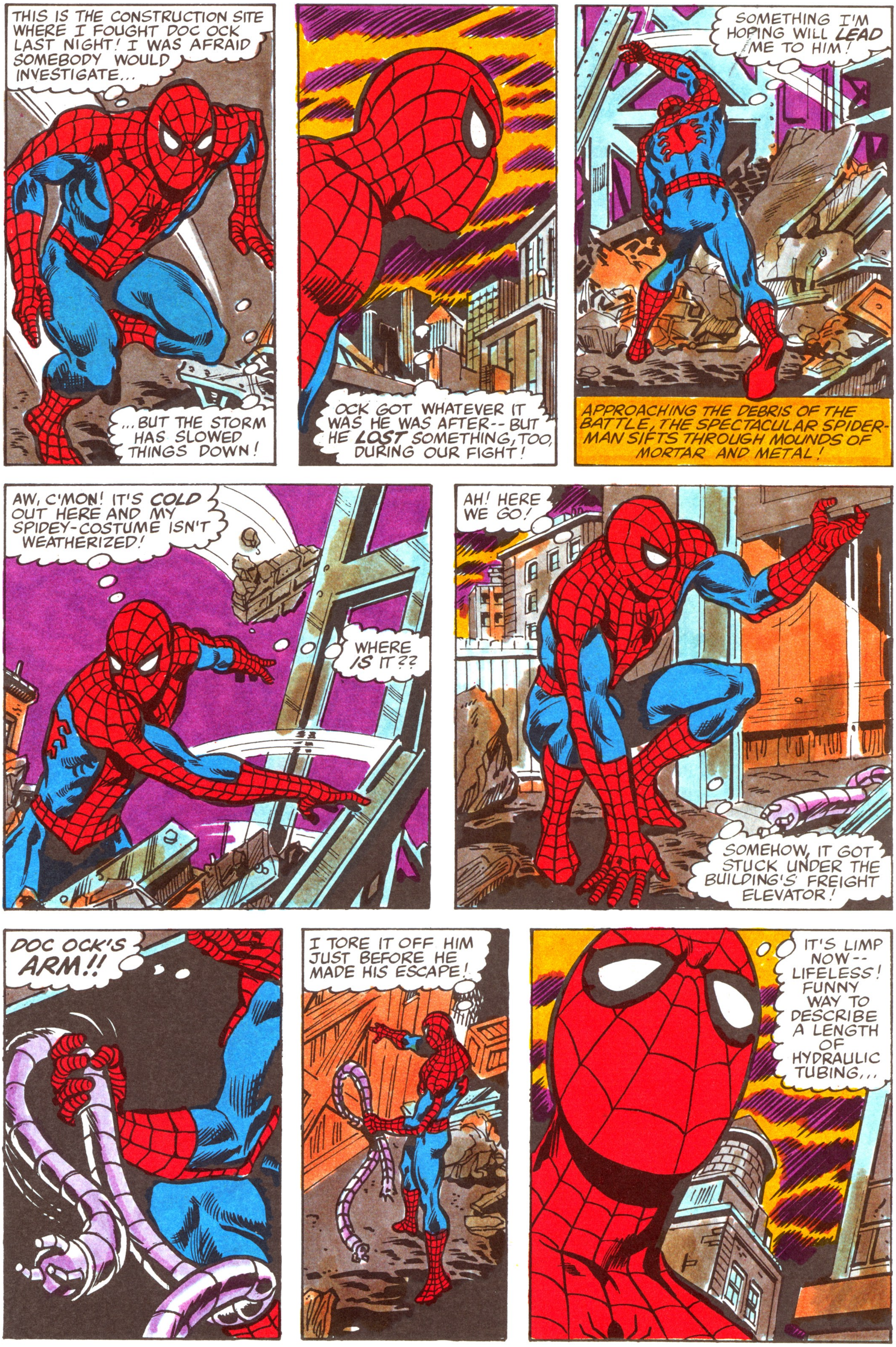
Stan Lee presents: THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN!

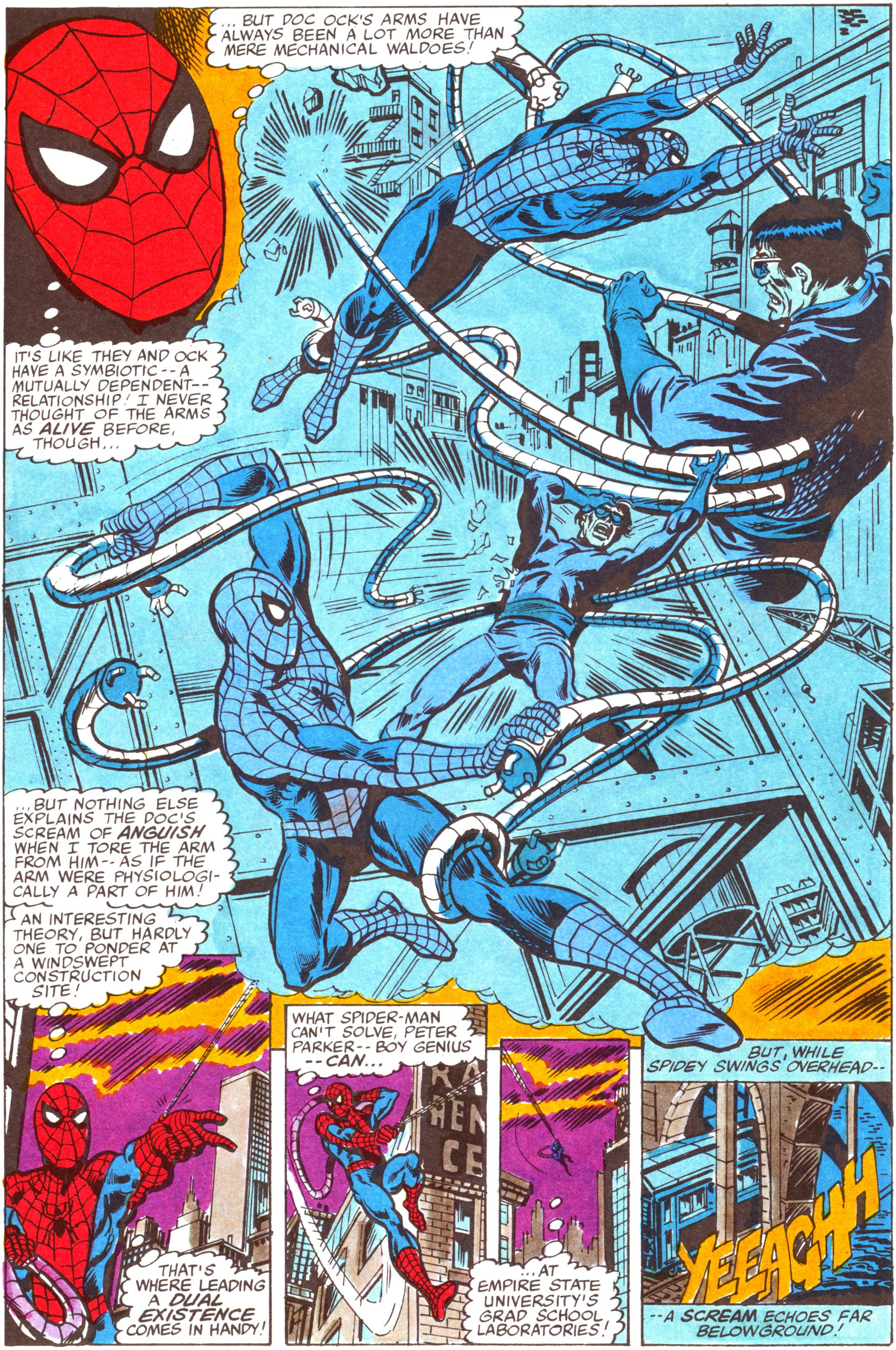
BILL MANTLO AUTHOR / **RICH BUCKLER & JIM MOONEY** ARTISTS / JIM NOVAK LETTERS / BOB SHAREN COLOURS / **ALLEN MILGROM** EDITOR / **JIM SHOOTER** HEAD HONCHO

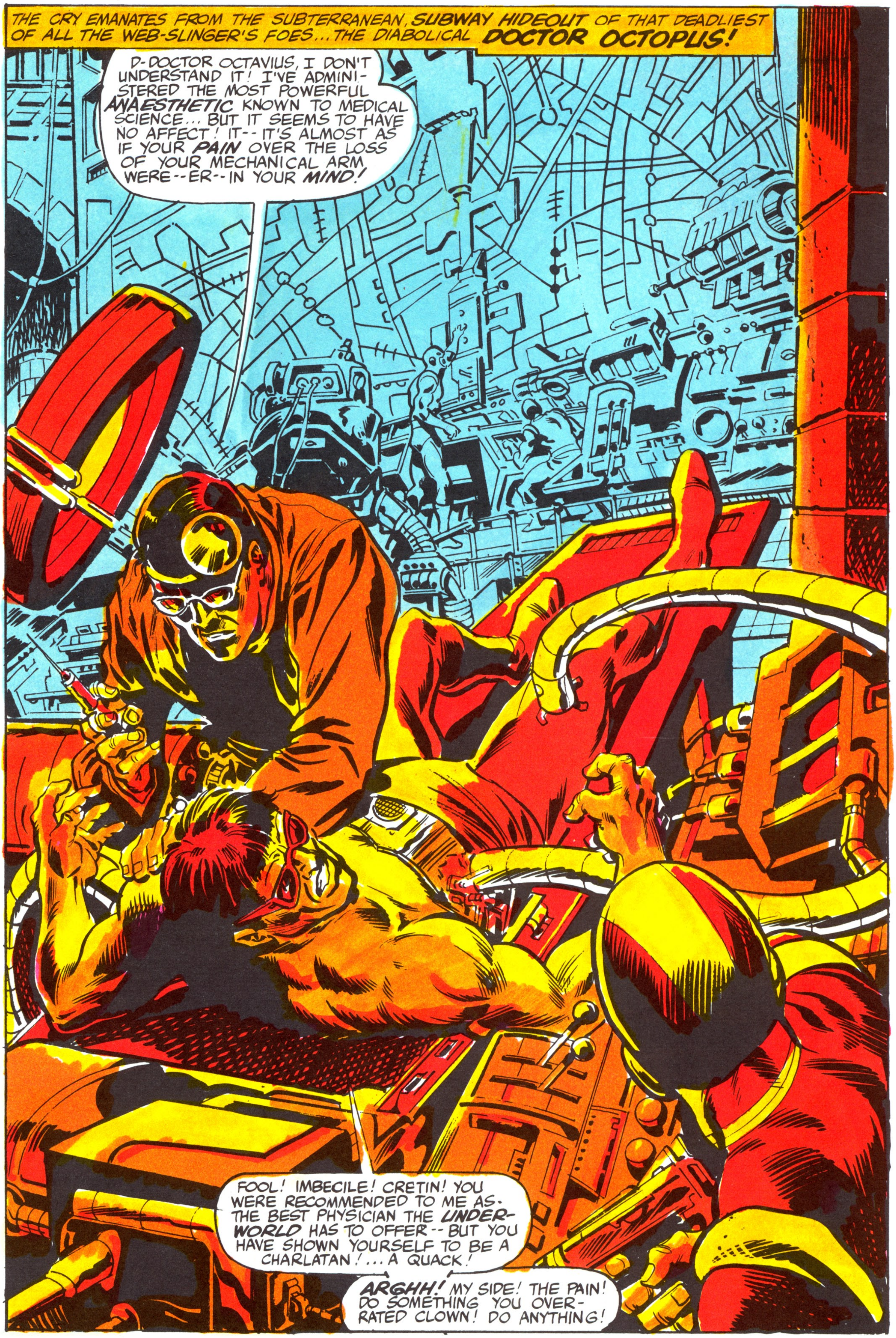

AND MEN SHALL CALL HIM... OCTOPUS!
"THE SKY IS CHANGED--AND SUCH A CHANGE! O NIGHT AND STORM AND DARKNESS! YE ARE WONDROUS STRONG..." --LORD BYRON
IT'S A GOOD THING I'M NOT THE SUPERSTITIOUS TYPE! OTHERWISE I'D SUSPECT A CONNECTION BETWEEN THIS STORM AND MY ENCOUNTER WITH KENT BLAKE EARLIER THIS EVENING!
I'D BELIEVE I HAD DREAMT THE WHOLE THING UP--EXCEPT MY BONES STILL ACHE FROM THE BEATING DOC OCK GAVE ME.
PARK
EH? MY SPIDER-SENSE IS STARTING TO TINGLE--WARNING ME OF DANGER! BUT WHAT?!
LG706

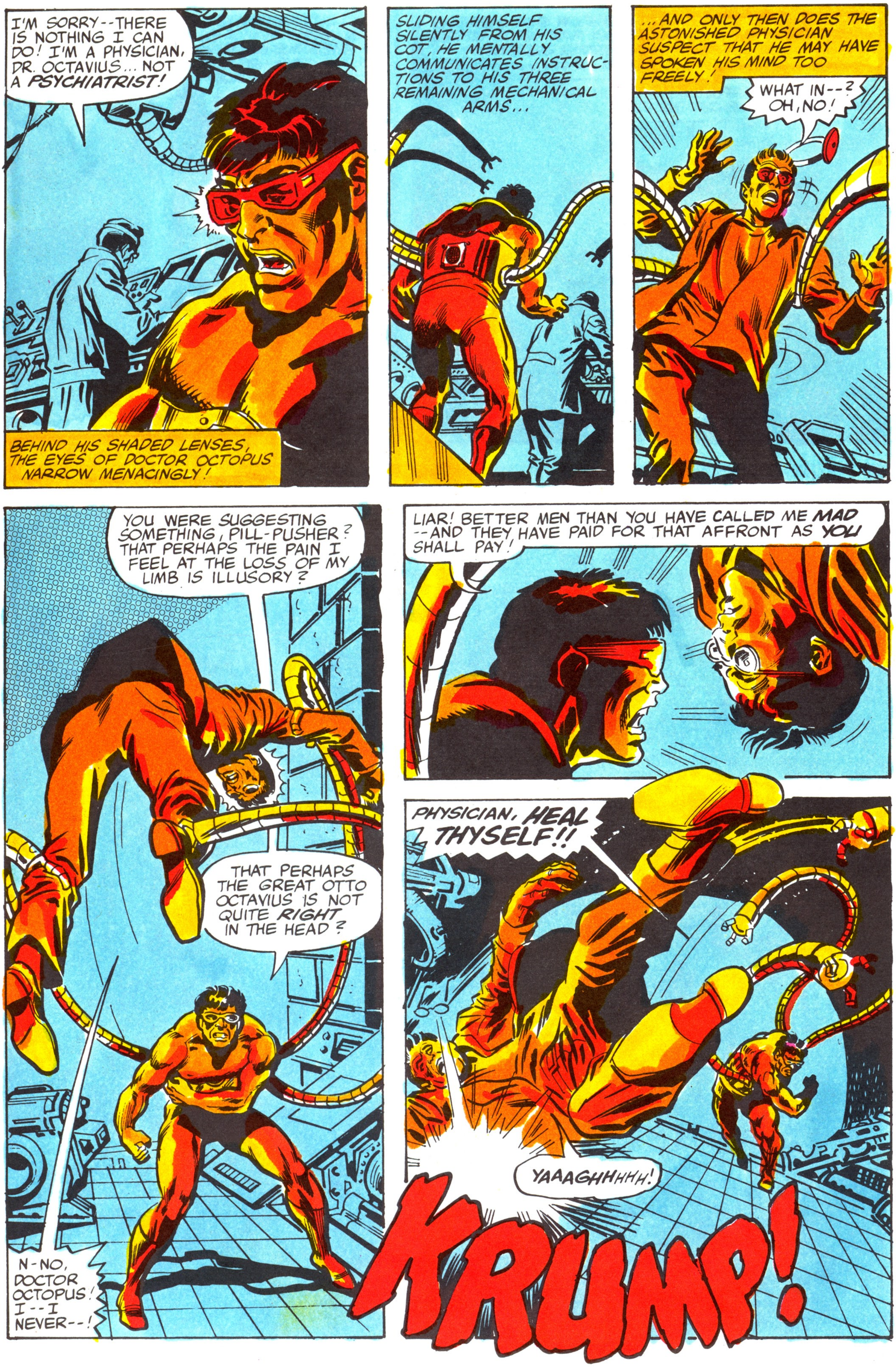

THE WIND IS BLOWING WITH HURRICANE INTENSITY-- BUT WITH MY SPIDER-LIKE ABILITY TO CLING TO ANY SURFACE, I WON'T BE SWEPT AWAY! SO WHY IS THE OLD SPIDEY SENSE ACTING UP?!
THE BUILDING FACADE!
IT'S BEGINNING TO CRUMBLE-- TO COLLAPSE FROM THE FORCE OF THE WIND!
IT'S FALLING TOWARD THE CROWDS BELOW, ON FIFTH AVENUE.
WRUMP
HOLY--! CALL THE POLICE! THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!
YOU DO THAT, CITIZEN-- WHILE I TRY TO KEEP THIS TON-AND-A-HALF OF BRICKS FROM TUMBLING STREETWARD!
UNHH! I DON'T HAVE ANY LEVERAGE AND I'M PUSHING AGAINST THE WIND!
OH, NO! CROWDS ARE GATHERING BELOW! WHAT DO THEY THINK THIS IS-- A PERFORMANCE?!
GOT TO CLEAR THE STREETS!
LOOK, ARCH-- THE SPIDER-SIGNAL!
IT'S SPIDER-MAN, TRYING TO WARN US!
KRRAK
OH, NO! THERE IT GOES-- BREAKING INTO SECTIONS! ONLY ONE CHANCE--!
GOTTA FIGHT THE WIND!
HEAVE THE FACADE ONTO THE BUILDING!
T-THE STRAIN IS INCREDIBLE!
LOOK! WHAT'S SPIDER-MAN DOING?
H-HE'S HURLING BRICKS DOWN ON US!
BULL! THAT'S DAILY BUGLE TALK! HE'S TRYING TO SAVE US!

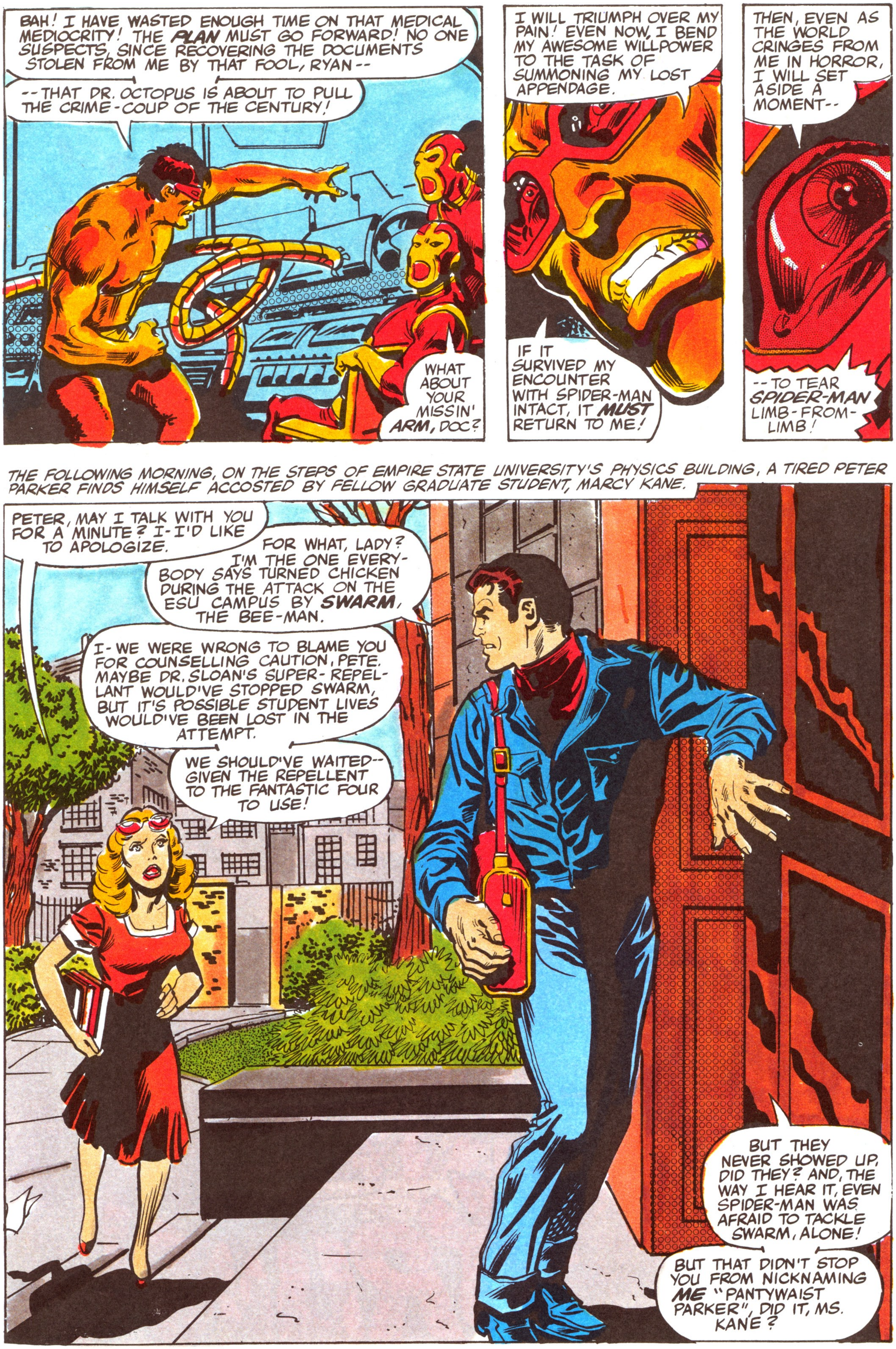

I--I DID IT! THE DANGER'S PAST!
KRUMP
OMIGOSH! A SECTION BROKE LOOSE!
THWIP
I'VE WEBBED IT-- BUT IT'S DRAGGING ME DOWN WITH IT!
GOTTA GO WITH THE FLOW --SWING IT TOWARD THAT WAREHOUSE ROOF...
SPIDER-MAN, GET DOWN HERE! YOU CAN'T JUST WALK AWAY FROM A NEAR-DISASTER WITHOUT AN EXPLANATION!
NYPD
SO WHO'S WALKING? SEE YA, SARGE!
HE-HE IGNORED ME! HE JUST SWUNG AWAY!
SO, WHAT WERE YOU GONNA BOOK HIM FOR? HEROISM?
MOMENTS LATER, DOWNTOWN...
DAR
GOOD! NOT A SOUL AROUND!

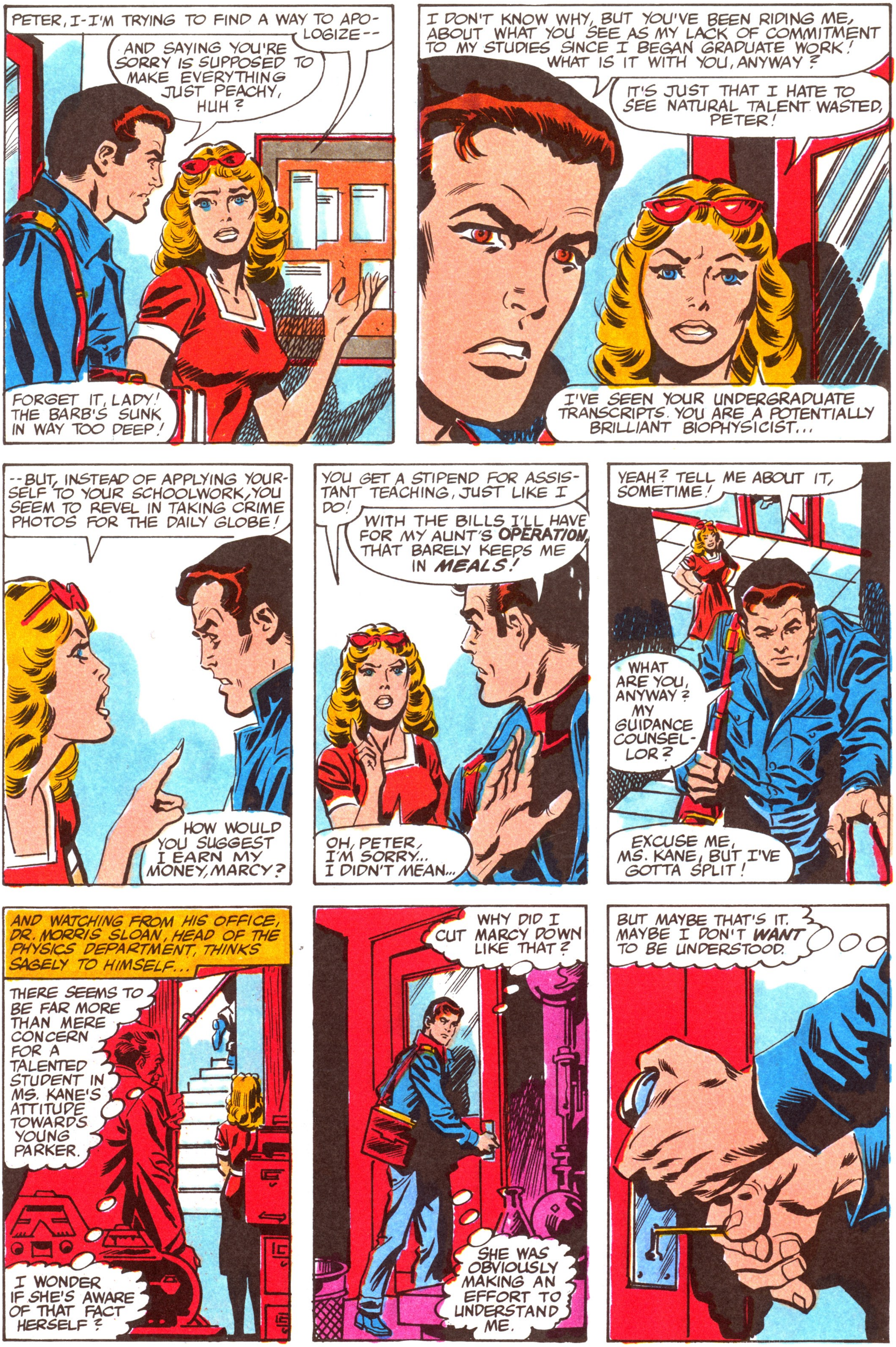

THIS IS THE CONSTRUCTION SITE WHERE I FOUGHT DOC OCK LAST NIGHT! I WAS AFRAID SOMEBODY WOULD INVESTIGATE...
...BUT THE STORM HAS SLOWED THINGS DOWN!
OCK GOT WHATEVER IT WAS HE WAS AFTER-- BUT HE LOST SOMETHING, TOO, DURING OUR FIGHT!
SOMETHING I'M HOPING WILL LEAD ME TO HIM!
APPROACHING THE DEBRIS OF THE BATTLE, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN SIFTS THROUGH MOUNDS OF MORTAR AND METAL!
AW, C'MON! IT'S COLD OUT HERE AND MY SPIDEY-COSTUME ISN'T WEATHERIZED!
WHERE IS IT??
AH! HERE WE GO!
SOMEHOW, IT GOT STUCK UNDER THE BUILDING'S FREIGHT ELEVATOR!
DOC OCK'S ARM!!
I TORE IT OFF HIM JUST BEFORE HE MADE HIS ESCAPE!
IT'S LIMP NOW-- LIFELESS! FUNNY WAY TO DESCRIBE A LENGTH OF HYDRAULIC TUBING...

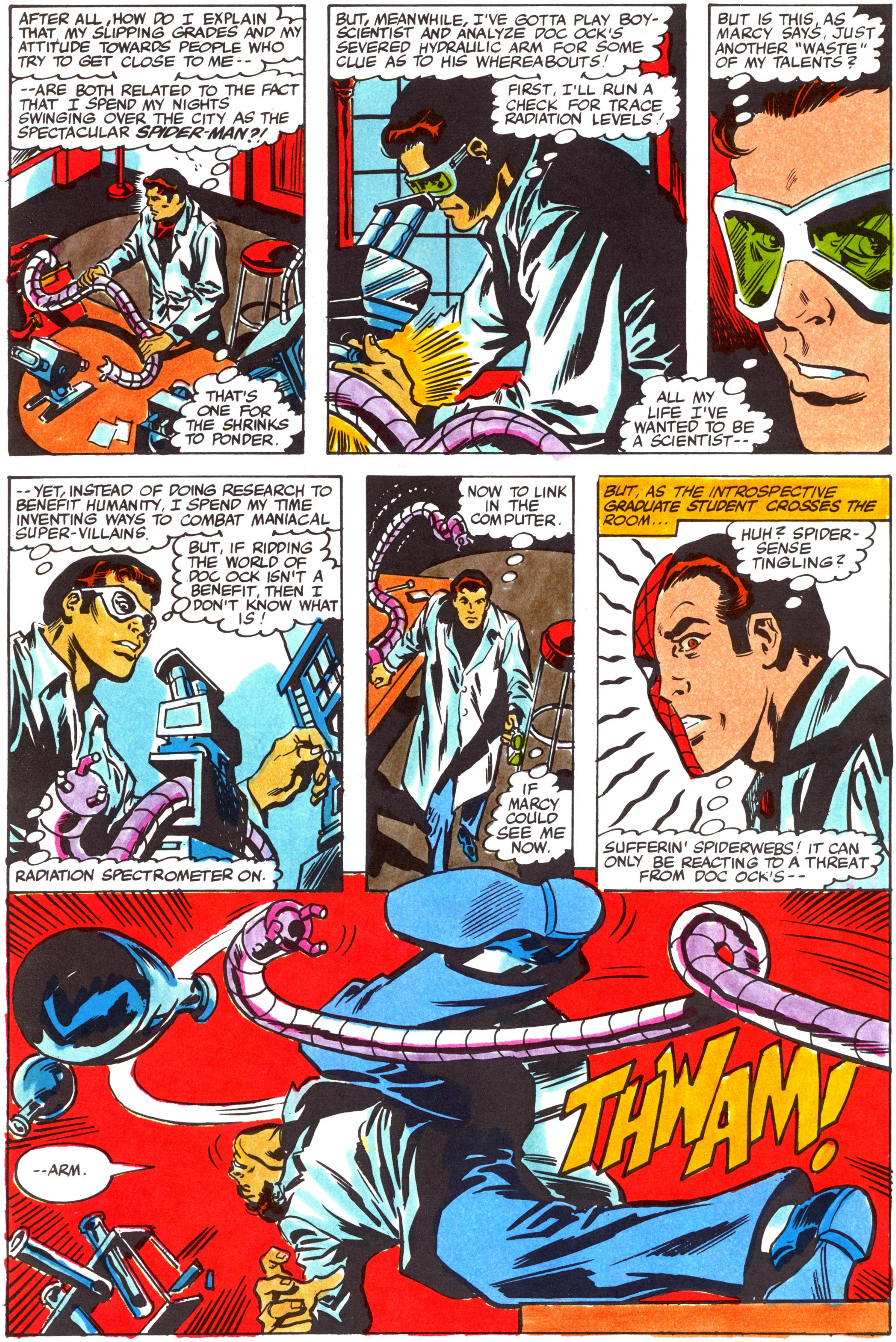

... BUT DOC OCK'S ARMS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A LOT MORE THAN MERE MECHANICAL WALDOES!
IT'S LIKE THEY AND OCK HAVE A SYMBIOTIC--A MUTUALLY DEPENDENT--RELATIONSHIP! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THE ARMS AS ALIVE BEFORE, THOUGH...
...BUT NOTHING ELSE EXPLAINS THE DOC'S SCREAM OF ANGUISH WHEN I TORE THE ARM FROM HIM--AS IF THE ARM WERE PHYSIOLOGICALLY A PART OF HIM!
AN INTERESTING THEORY, BUT HARDLY ONE TO PONDER AT A WINDSWEPT CONSTRUCTION SITE!
THAT'S WHERE LEADING A DUAL EXISTENCE COMES IN HANDY!
WHAT SPIDER-MAN CAN'T SOLVE, PETER PARKER--BOY GENIUS--CAN...
...AT EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY'S GRAD SCHOOL LABORATORIES!
BUT, WHILE SPIDEY SWINGS OVERHEAD--
YEEAGHH
--A SCREAM ECHOES FAR BELOWGROUND!

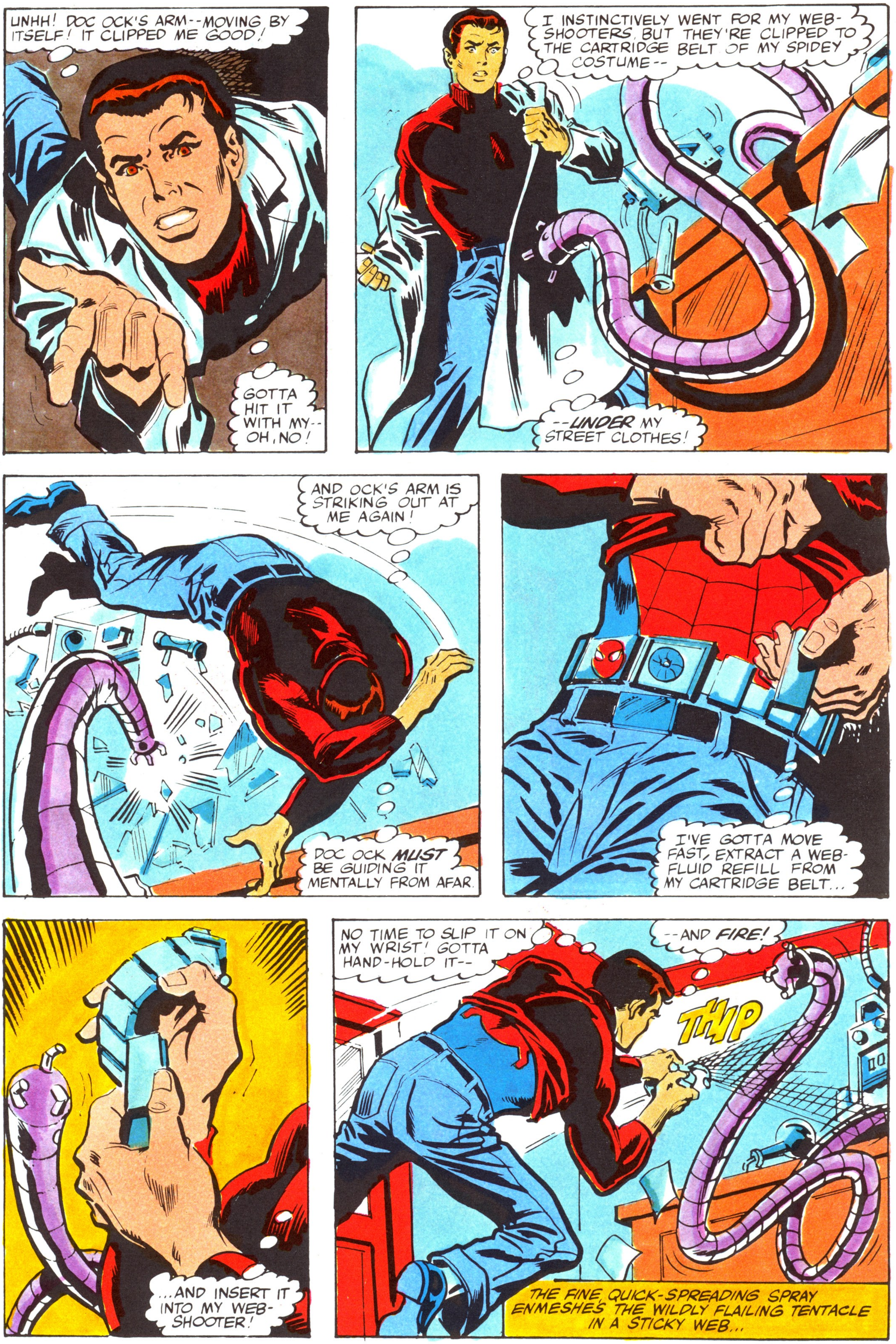

THE CRY EMANATES FROM THE SUBTERRANEAN, SUBWAY HIDEOUT OF THAT DEADLIEST OF ALL THE WEB-SLINGER'S FOES... THE DIABOLICAL DOCTOR OCTOPUS!
D-DOCTOR OCTAVIUS, I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! I'VE ADMINISTERED THE MOST POWERFUL ANAESTHETIC KNOWN TO MEDICAL SCIENCE... BUT IT SEEMS TO HAVE NO AFFECT! IT-- IT'S ALMOST AS IF YOUR PAIN OVER THE LOSS OF YOUR MECHANICAL ARM WERE--ER--IN YOUR MIND!
FOOL! IMBECILE! CRETIN! YOU WERE RECOMMENDED TO ME AS THE BEST PHYSICIAN THE UNDERWORLD HAS TO OFFER-- BUT YOU HAVE SHOWN YOURSELF TO BE A CHARLATAN!... A QUACK!
ARGHH! MY SIDE! THE PAIN! DO SOMETHING YOU OVERRATED CLOWN! DO ANYTHING!

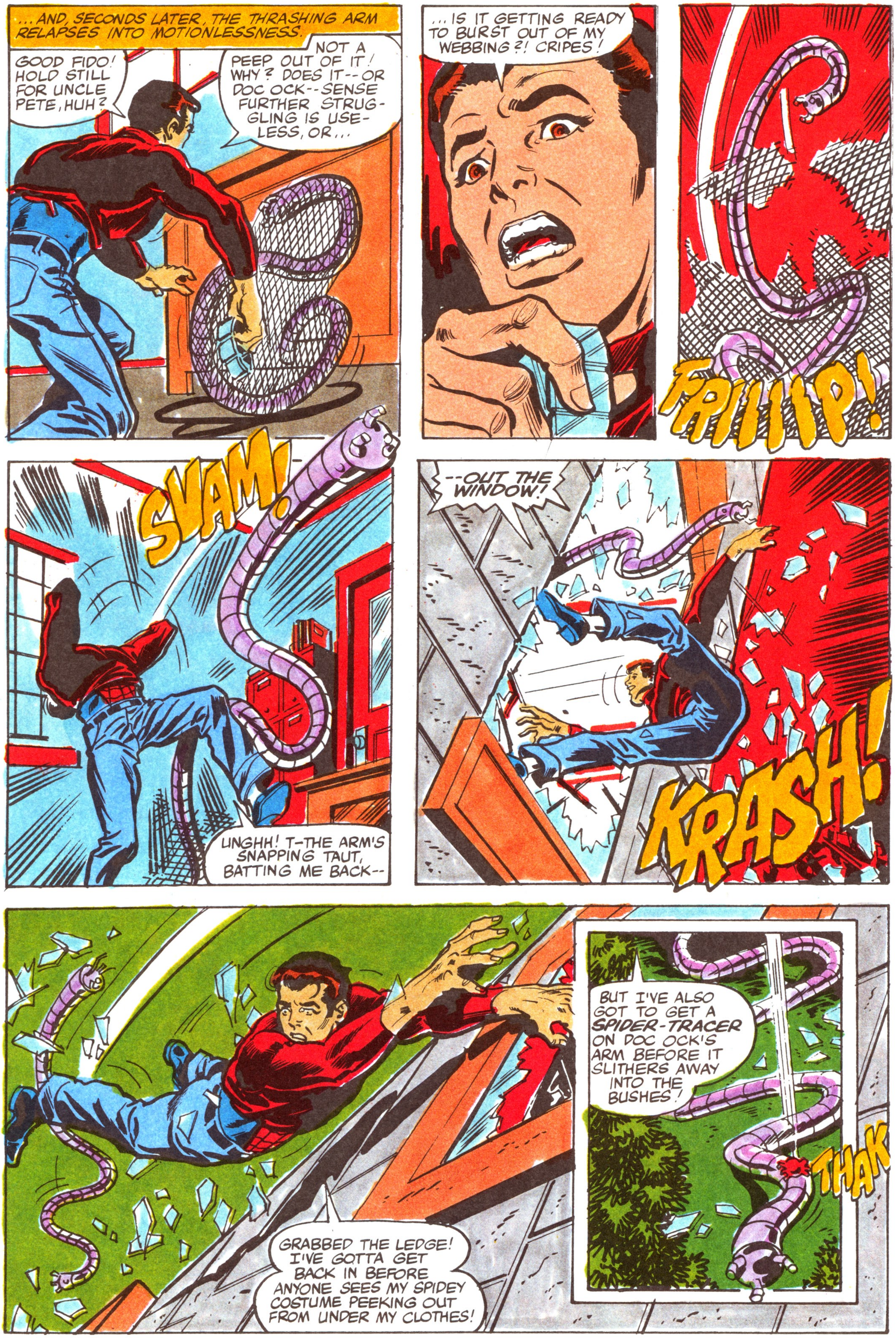

I'M SORRY--THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO! I'M A PHYSICIAN, DR. OCTAVIUS... NOT A *PSYCHIATRIST*!
BEHIND HIS SHADED LENSES, THE EYES OF DOCTOR OCTOPUS NARROW MENACINGLY!
SLIDING HIMSELF SILENTLY FROM HIS COT, HE MENTALLY COMMUNICATES INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS THREE REMAINING MECHANICAL ARMS...
...AND ONLY THEN DOES THE ASTONISHED PHYSICIAN SUSPECT THAT HE MAY HAVE SPOKEN HIS MIND TOO FREELY!
WHAT IN--? OH, NO!
YOU WERE SUGGESTING SOMETHING, PILL-PUSHER? THAT PERHAPS THE PAIN I FEEL AT THE LOSS OF MY LIMB IS ILLUSORY?
THAT PERHAPS THE GREAT OTTO OCTAVIUS IS NOT QUITE *RIGHT* IN THE HEAD?
N-NO, DOCTOR OCTOPUS! I--I NEVER--!
LIAR! BETTER MEN THAN YOU HAVE CALLED ME *MAD*--AND THEY HAVE PAID FOR THAT AFFRONT AS *YOU* SHALL PAY!
PHYSICIAN, *HEAL THYSELF*!!
YAAAGHHHHH!
KRUMP!

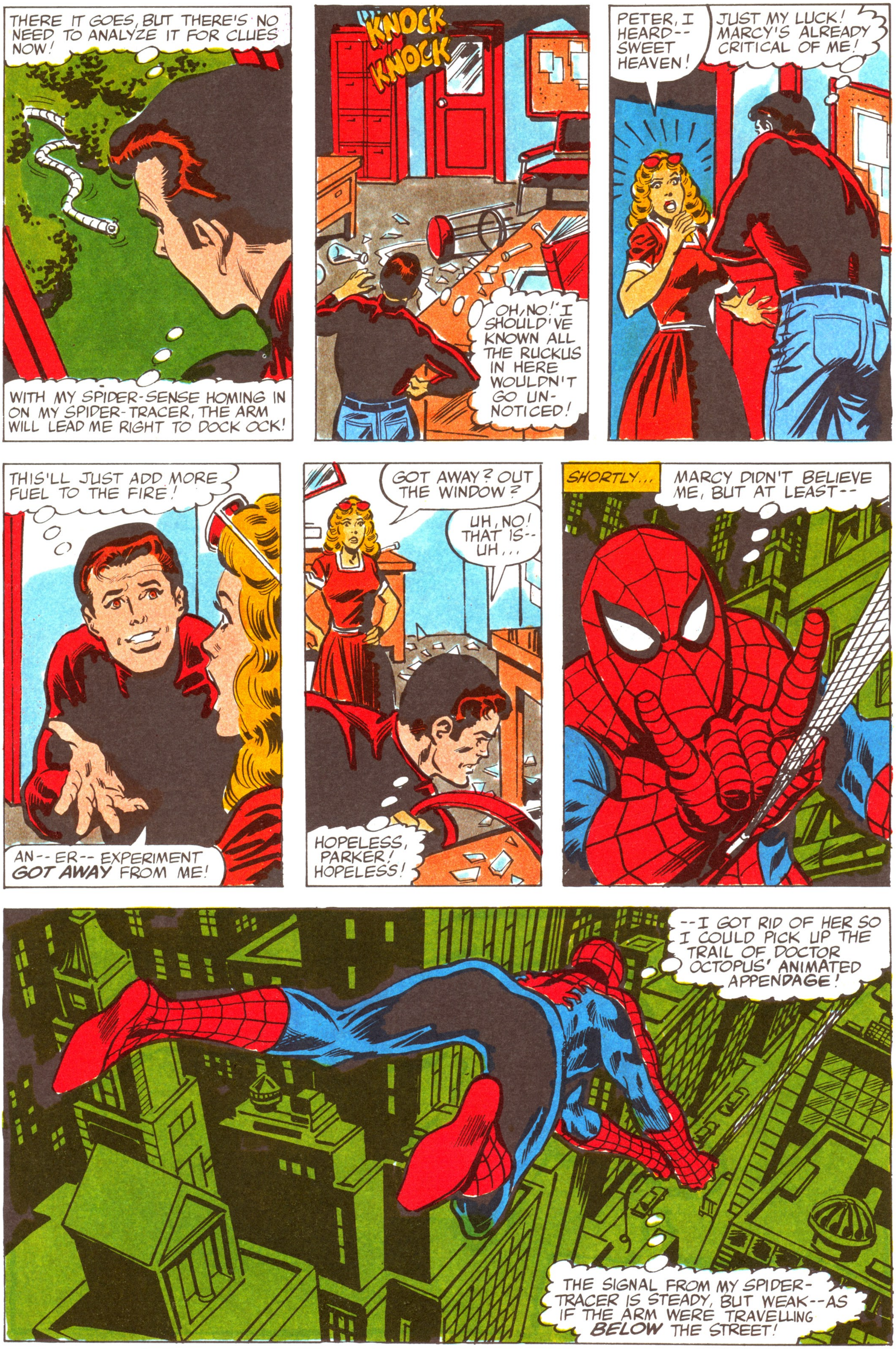

BAH! I HAVE WASTED ENOUGH TIME ON THAT MEDICAL MEDIOCRITY! THE **PLAN** MUST GO FORWARD! NO ONE SUSPECTS, SINCE RECOVERING THE DOCUMENTS STOLEN FROM ME BY THAT FOOL, RYAN--
--THAT DR. OCTOPUS IS ABOUT TO PULL THE CRIME-COUP OF THE CENTURY!
WHAT ABOUT YOUR MISSIN' **ARM**, DOC?
I WILL TRIUMPH OVER MY PAIN! EVEN NOW, I BEND MY AWESOME WILLPOWER TO THE TASK OF SUMMONING MY LOST APPENDAGE.
IF IT SURVIVED MY ENCOUNTER WITH SPIDER-MAN INTACT, IT **MUST** RETURN TO ME!
THEN, EVEN AS THE WORLD CRINGES FROM ME IN HORROR, I WILL SET ASIDE A MOMENT--
--TO TEAR **SPIDER-MAN** LIMB-FROM-LIMB!
THE FOLLOWING MORNING, ON THE STEPS OF EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY'S PHYSICS BUILDING, A TIRED PETER PARKER FINDS HIMSELF ACCOSTED BY FELLOW GRADUATE STUDENT, MARCY KANE.
PETER, MAY I TALK WITH YOU FOR A MINUTE? I-I'D LIKE TO APOLOGIZE.
FOR WHAT, LADY? I'M THE ONE EVERYBODY SAYS TURNED CHICKEN DURING THE ATTACK ON THE ESU CAMPUS BY **SWARM**, THE BEE-MAN.
I-WE WERE WRONG TO BLAME YOU FOR COUNSELLING CAUTION, PETE. MAYBE DR. SLOAN'S SUPER-REPELLANT WOULD'VE STOPPED SWARM, BUT IT'S POSSIBLE STUDENT LIVES WOULD'VE BEEN LOST IN THE ATTEMPT.
WE SHOULD'VE WAITED-- GIVEN THE REPELLENT TO THE FANTASTIC FOUR TO USE!
BUT THEY NEVER SHOWED UP, DID THEY? AND, THE WAY I HEAR IT, EVEN SPIDER-MAN WAS AFRAID TO TACKLE SWARM, ALONE!
BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP YOU FROM NICKNAMING **ME** "PANTYWAIST PARKER", DID IT, MS. KANE?

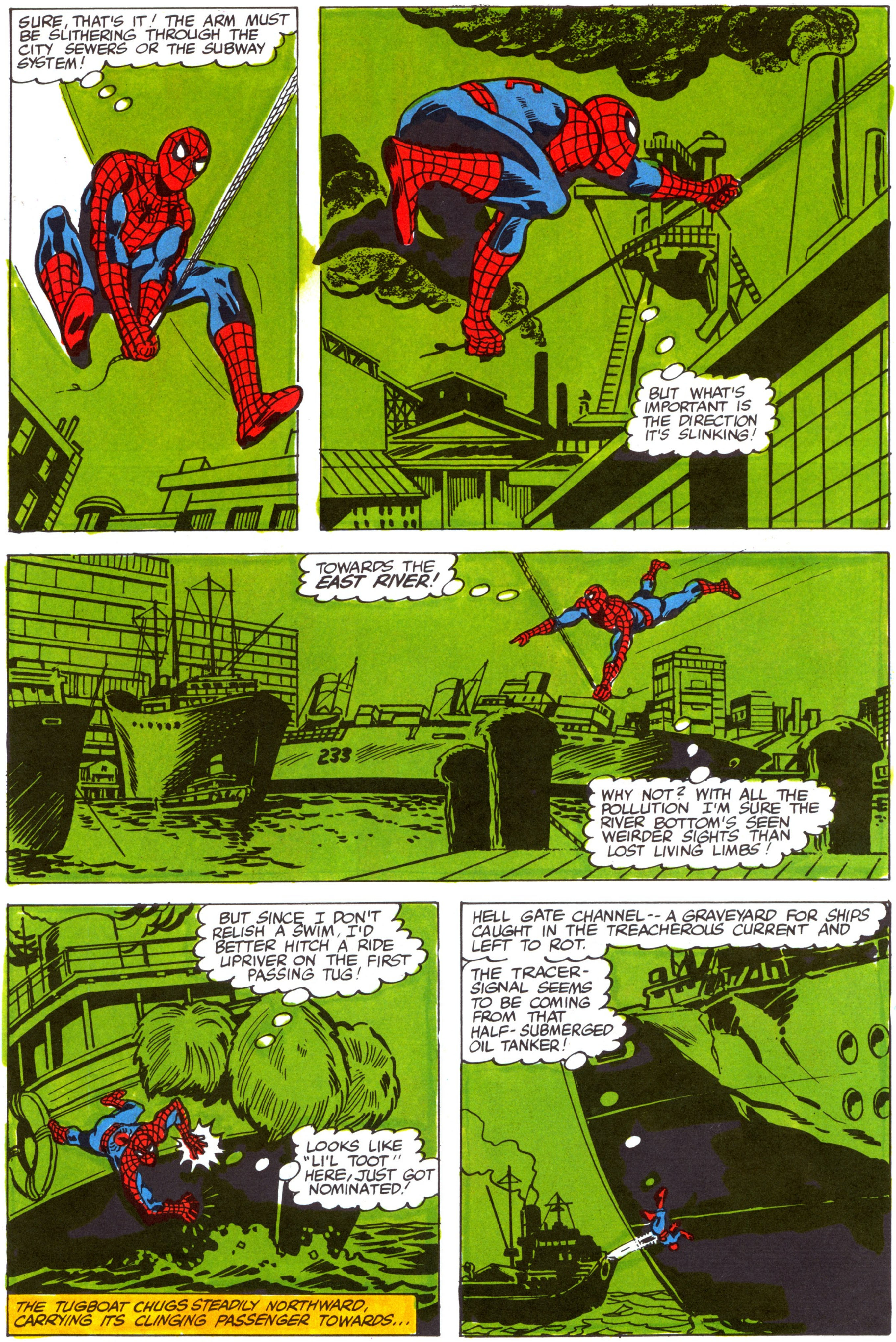

PETER, I-I'M TRYING TO FIND A WAY TO APOLOGIZE--
AND SAYING YOU'RE SORRY IS SUPPOSED TO MAKE EVERYTHING JUST PEACHY, HUH?
FORGET IT, LADY! THE BARB'S SUNK IN WAY TOO DEEP!
I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT YOU'VE BEEN RIDING ME, ABOUT WHAT YOU SEE AS MY LACK OF COMMITMENT TO MY STUDIES SINCE I BEGAN GRADUATE WORK! WHAT IS IT WITH YOU, ANYWAY?
IT'S JUST THAT I HATE TO SEE NATURAL TALENT WASTED, PETER!
I'VE SEEN YOUR UNDERGRADUATE TRANSCRIPTS. YOU ARE A POTENTIALLY BRILLIANT BIOPHYSICIST...
--BUT, INSTEAD OF APPLYING YOURSELF TO YOUR SCHOOLWORK, YOU SEEM TO REVEL IN TAKING CRIME PHOTOS FOR THE DAILY GLOBE!
HOW WOULD YOU SUGGEST I EARN MY MONEY, MARCY?
YOU GET A STIPEND FOR ASSISTANT TEACHING, JUST LIKE I DO!
WITH THE BILLS I'LL HAVE FOR MY AUNT'S **OPERATION**, THAT BARELY KEEPS ME IN ***MEALS!***
OH, PETER, I'M SORRY... I DIDN'T MEAN...
YEAH? TELL ME ABOUT IT, SOMETIME!
WHAT ARE YOU, ANYWAY? MY GUIDANCE COUNSELLOR?
EXCUSE ME, MS. KANE, BUT I'VE GOTTA SPLIT!
AND WATCHING FROM HIS OFFICE, DR. MORRIS SLOAN, HEAD OF THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT, THINKS SAGELY TO HIMSELF...
THERE SEEMS TO BE FAR MORE THAN MERE CONCERN FOR A TALENTED STUDENT IN MS. KANE'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS YOUNG PARKER.
I WONDER IF SHE'S AWARE OF THAT FACT HERSELF?
WHY DID I CUT MARCY DOWN LIKE THAT?
SHE WAS OBVIOUSLY MAKING AN EFFORT TO UNDERSTAND ME.
BUT MAYBE THAT'S IT. MAYBE I DON'T ***WANT*** TO BE UNDERSTOOD.

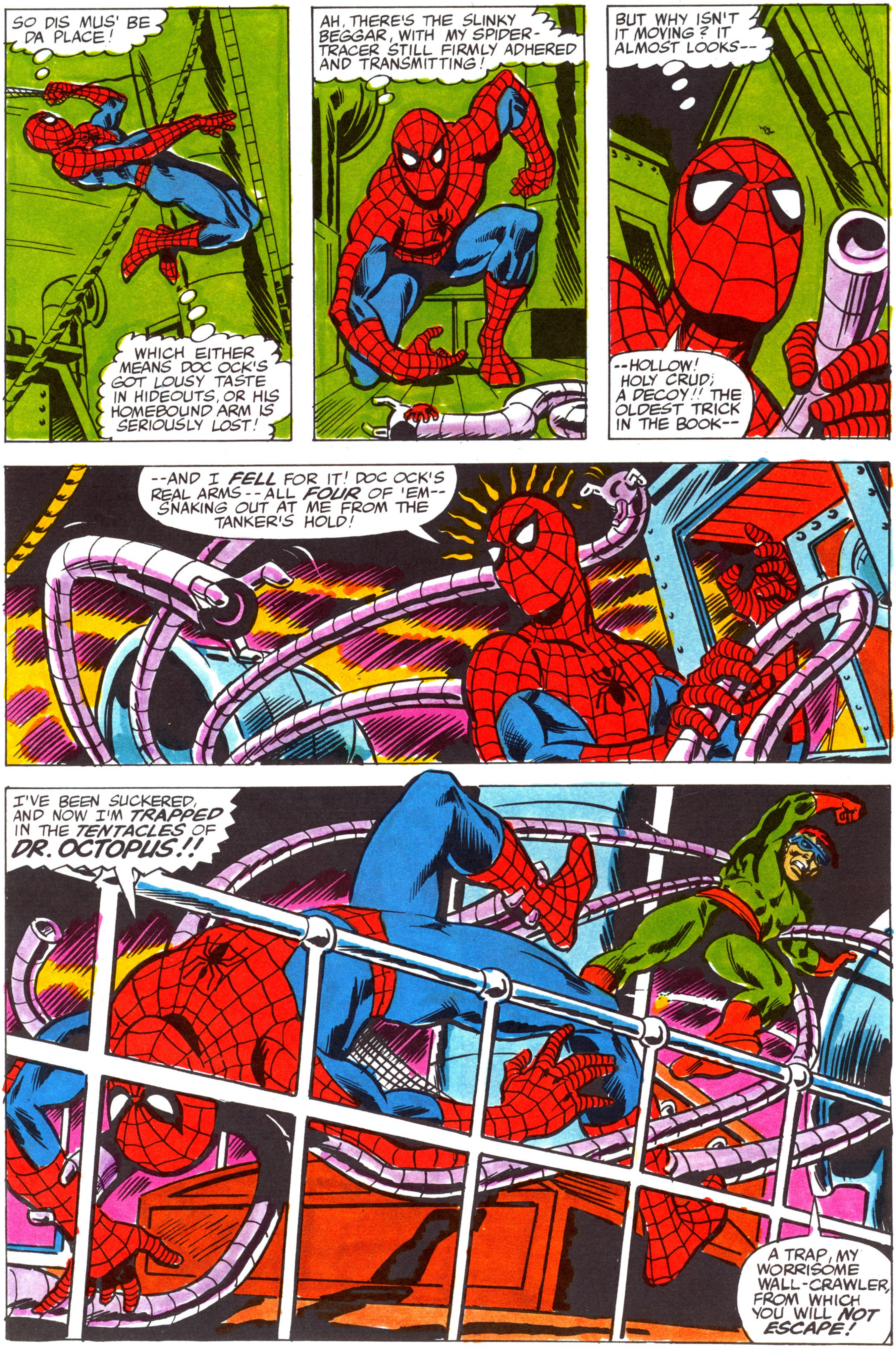

AFTER ALL, HOW DO I EXPLAIN THAT MY SLIPPING GRADES AND MY ATTITUDE TOWARDS PEOPLE WHO TRY TO GET CLOSE TO ME--
--ARE BOTH RELATED TO THE FACT THAT I SPEND MY NIGHTS SWINGING OVER THE CITY AS THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN?!
THAT'S ONE FOR THE SHRINKS TO PONDER.
BUT, MEANWHILE, I'VE GOTTA PLAY BOY-SCIENTIST AND ANALYZE DOC OCK'S SEVERED HYDRAULIC ARM FOR SOME CLUE AS TO HIS WHEREABOUTS!
FIRST, I'LL RUN A CHECK FOR TRACE RADIATION LEVELS!
BUT IS THIS, AS MARCY SAYS, JUST ANOTHER "WASTE" OF MY TALENTS?
ALL MY LIFE I'VE WANTED TO BE A SCIENTIST--
--YET, INSTEAD OF DOING RESEARCH TO BENEFIT HUMANITY, I SPEND MY TIME INVENTING WAYS TO COMBAT MANIACAL SUPER-VILLAINS.
BUT, IF RIDDING THE WORLD OF DOC OCK ISN'T A BENEFIT, THEN I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS!
RADIATION SPECTROMETER ON.
NOW TO LINK IN THE COMPUTER.
IF MARCY COULD SEE ME NOW.
BUT, AS THE INTROSPECTIVE GRADUATE STUDENT CROSSES THE ROOM...
HUH? SPIDER-SENSE TINGLING?
SUFFERIN' SPIDERWEBS! IT CAN ONLY BE REACTING TO A THREAT FROM DOC OCK'S--
THWAM!
--ARM.

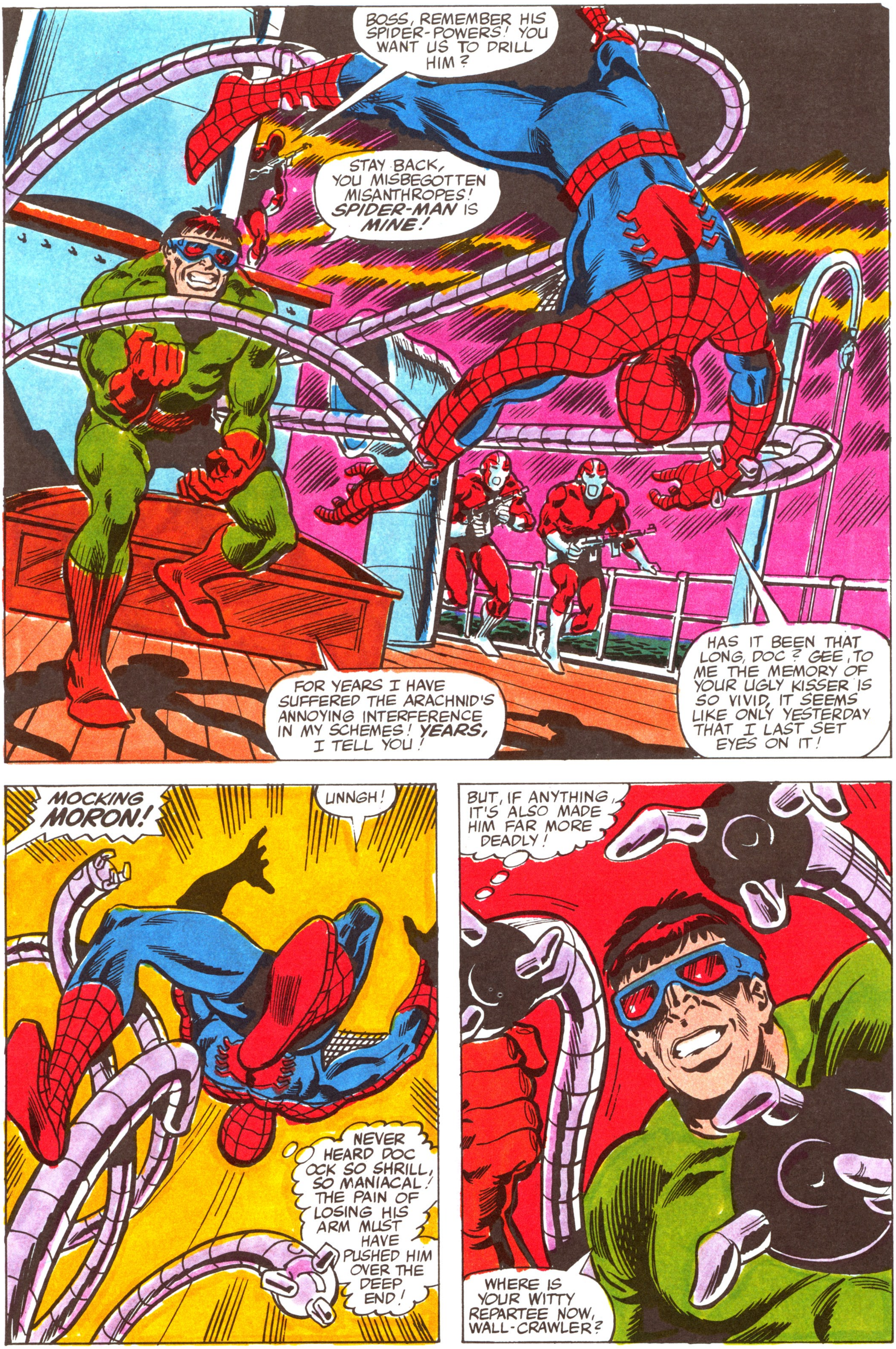

UNHH! DOC OCK'S ARM--MOVING BY ITSELF! IT CLIPPED ME GOOD!
GOTTA HIT IT WITH MY-- OH, NO!
I INSTINCTIVELY WENT FOR MY WEB-SHOOTERS, BUT THEY'RE CLIPPED TO THE CARTRIDGE BELT OF MY SPIDEY COSTUME--
--**UNDER** MY STREET CLOTHES!
AND OCK'S ARM IS STRIKING OUT AT ME AGAIN!
DOC OCK **MUST** BE GUIDING IT MENTALLY FROM AFAR.
I'VE GOTTA MOVE FAST, EXTRACT A WEB-FLUID REFILL FROM MY CARTRIDGE BELT...
...AND INSERT IT INTO MY WEB-SHOOTER!
NO TIME TO SLIP IT ON MY WRIST! GOTTA HAND-HOLD IT--
--AND **FIRE!**
THIP
THE FINE QUICK-SPREADING SPRAY ENMESHES THE WILDLY FLAILING TENTACLE IN A STICKY WEB...

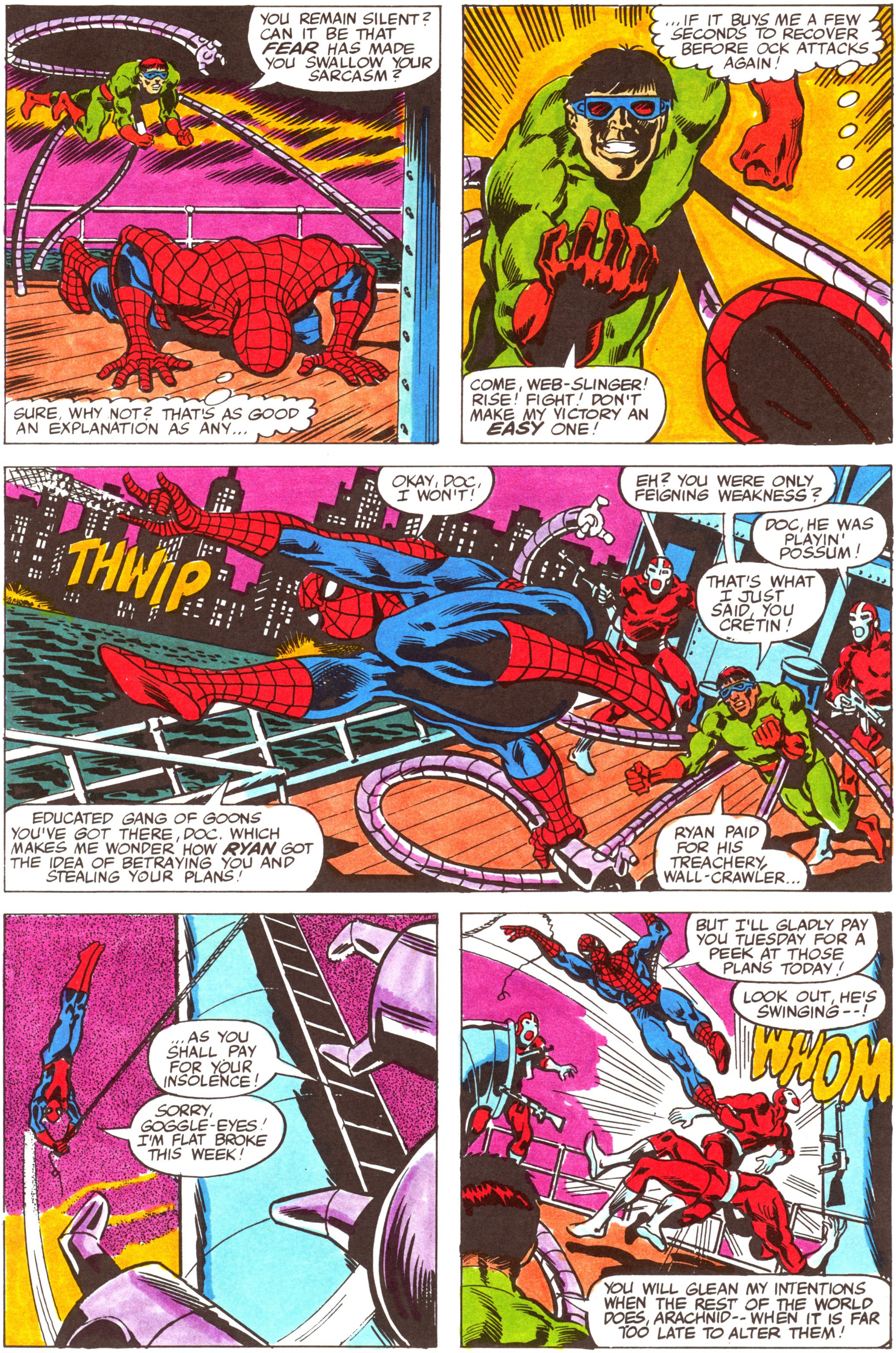

...AND SECONDS LATER, THE THRASHING ARM RELAPSES INTO MOTIONLESSNESS.
GOOD FIDO! HOLD STILL FOR UNCLE PETE, HUH?
NOT A PEEP OUT OF IT! WHY? DOES IT--OR DOC OCK--SENSE FURTHER STRUGGLING IS USELESS, OR...
...IS IT GETTING READY TO BURST OUT OF MY WEBBING?! CRIPES!
FRIIIIP!
SVAM!
UNGHH! T-THE ARM'S SNAPPING TAUT, BATTING ME BACK--
--OUT THE WINDOW!
KRASH!
GRABBED THE LEDGE! I'VE GOTTA GET BACK IN BEFORE ANYONE SEES MY SPIDEY COSTUME PEEKING OUT FROM UNDER MY CLOTHES!
BUT I'VE ALSO GOT TO GET A SPIDER-TRACER ON DOC OCK'S ARM BEFORE IT SLITHERS AWAY INTO THE BUSHES!
THAK

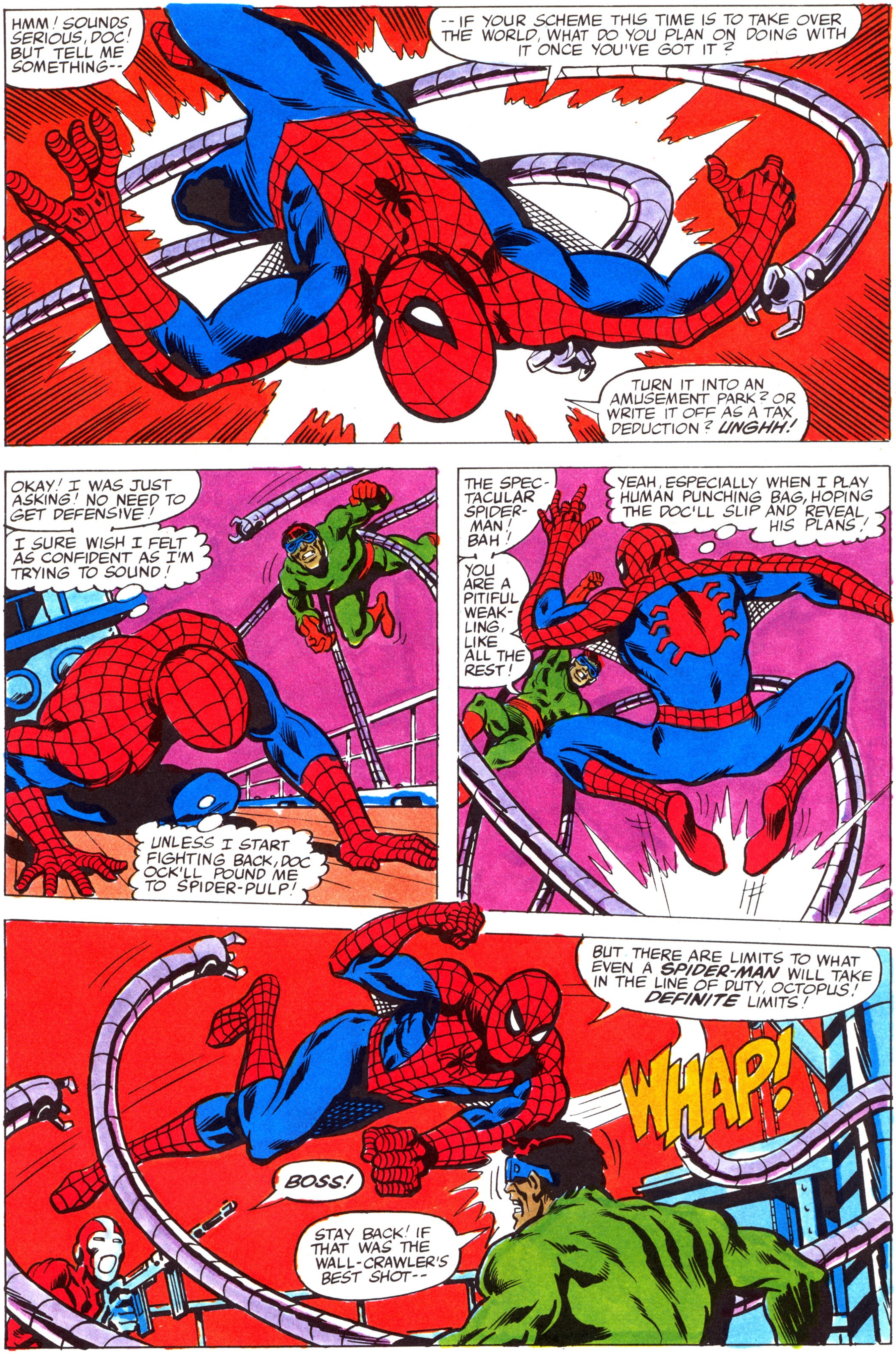

THERE IT GOES, BUT THERE'S NO NEED TO ANALYZE IT FOR CLUES NOW!
WITH MY SPIDER-SENSE HOMING IN ON MY SPIDER-TRACER, THE ARM WILL LEAD ME RIGHT TO DOCK OCK!
KNOCK KNOCK
OH, NO! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN ALL THE RUCKUS IN HERE WOULDN'T GO UN-NOTICED!
PETER, I HEARD-- SWEET HEAVEN!
JUST MY LUCK! MARCY'S ALREADY CRITICAL OF ME!
THIS'LL JUST ADD MORE FUEL TO THE FIRE!
AN-- ER-- EXPERIMENT GOT AWAY FROM ME!
GOT AWAY? OUT THE WINDOW?
UH, NO! THAT IS-- UH...
HOPELESS, PARKER! HOPELESS!
SHORTLY...
MARCY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME, BUT AT LEAST--
--I GOT RID OF HER SO I COULD PICK UP THE TRAIL OF DOCTOR OCTOPUS' ANIMATED APPENDAGE!
THE SIGNAL FROM MY SPIDER-TRACER IS STEADY, BUT WEAK--AS IF THE ARM WERE TRAVELLING BELOW THE STREET!

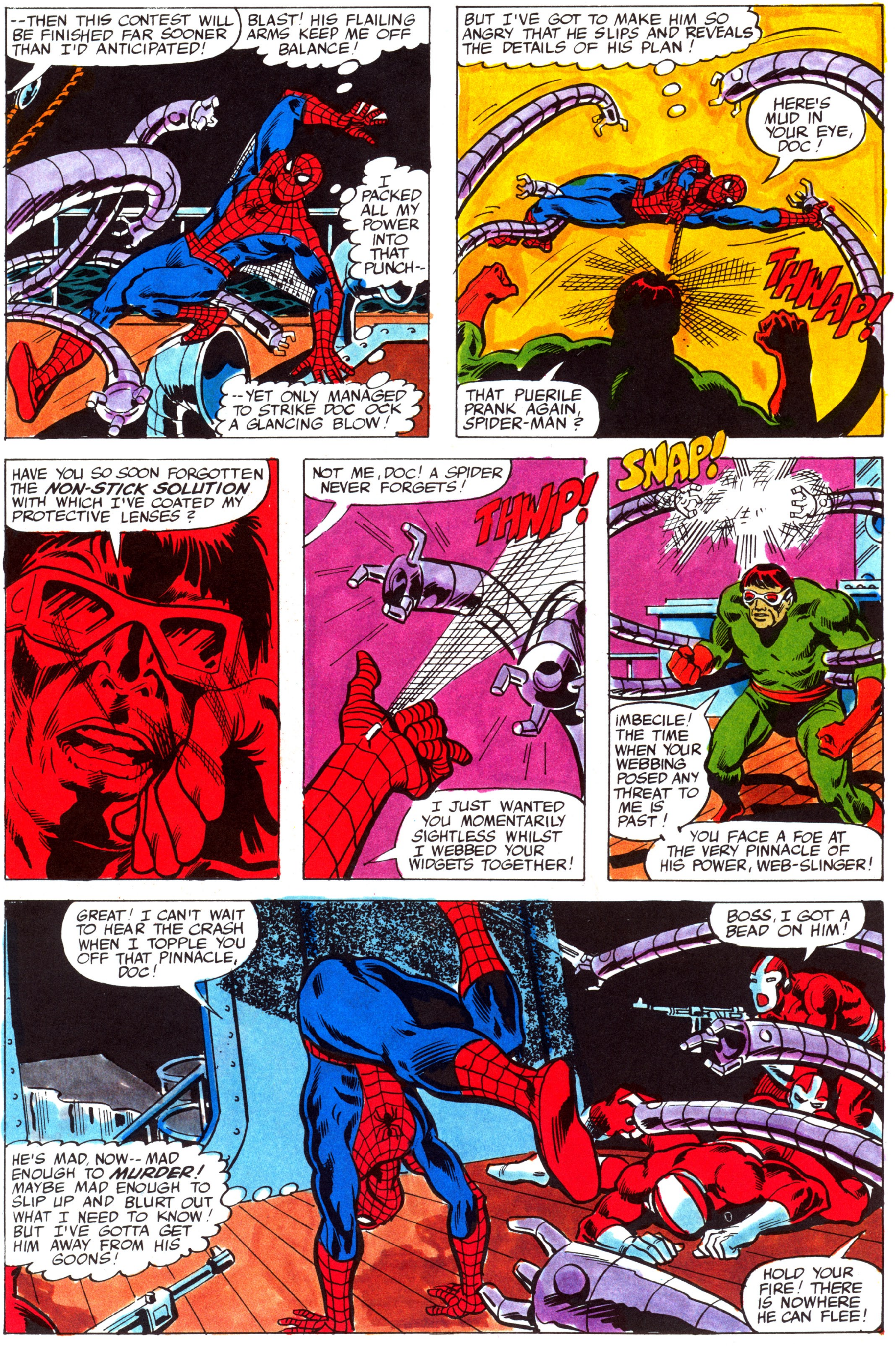

SURE, THAT'S IT! THE ARM MUST BE SLITHERING THROUGH THE CITY SEWERS OR THE SUBWAY SYSTEM!
BUT WHAT'S IMPORTANT IS THE DIRECTION IT'S SLINKING!
TOWARDS THE *EAST RIVER!*
233
WHY NOT? WITH ALL THE POLLUTION I'M SURE THE RIVER BOTTOM'S SEEN WEIRDER SIGHTS THAN LOST LIVING LIMBS!
BUT SINCE I DON'T RELISH A SWIM, I'D BETTER HITCH A RIDE UPRIVER ON THE FIRST PASSING TUG!
LOOKS LIKE "LI'L TOOT" HERE, JUST GOT NOMINATED!
THE TUGBOAT CHUGS STEADILY NORTHWARD, CARRYING ITS CLINGING PASSENGER TOWARDS...
HELL GATE CHANNEL-- A GRAVEYARD FOR SHIPS CAUGHT IN THE TREACHEROUS CURRENT AND LEFT TO ROT.
THE TRACER-SIGNAL SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM THAT HALF-SUBMERGED OIL TANKER!

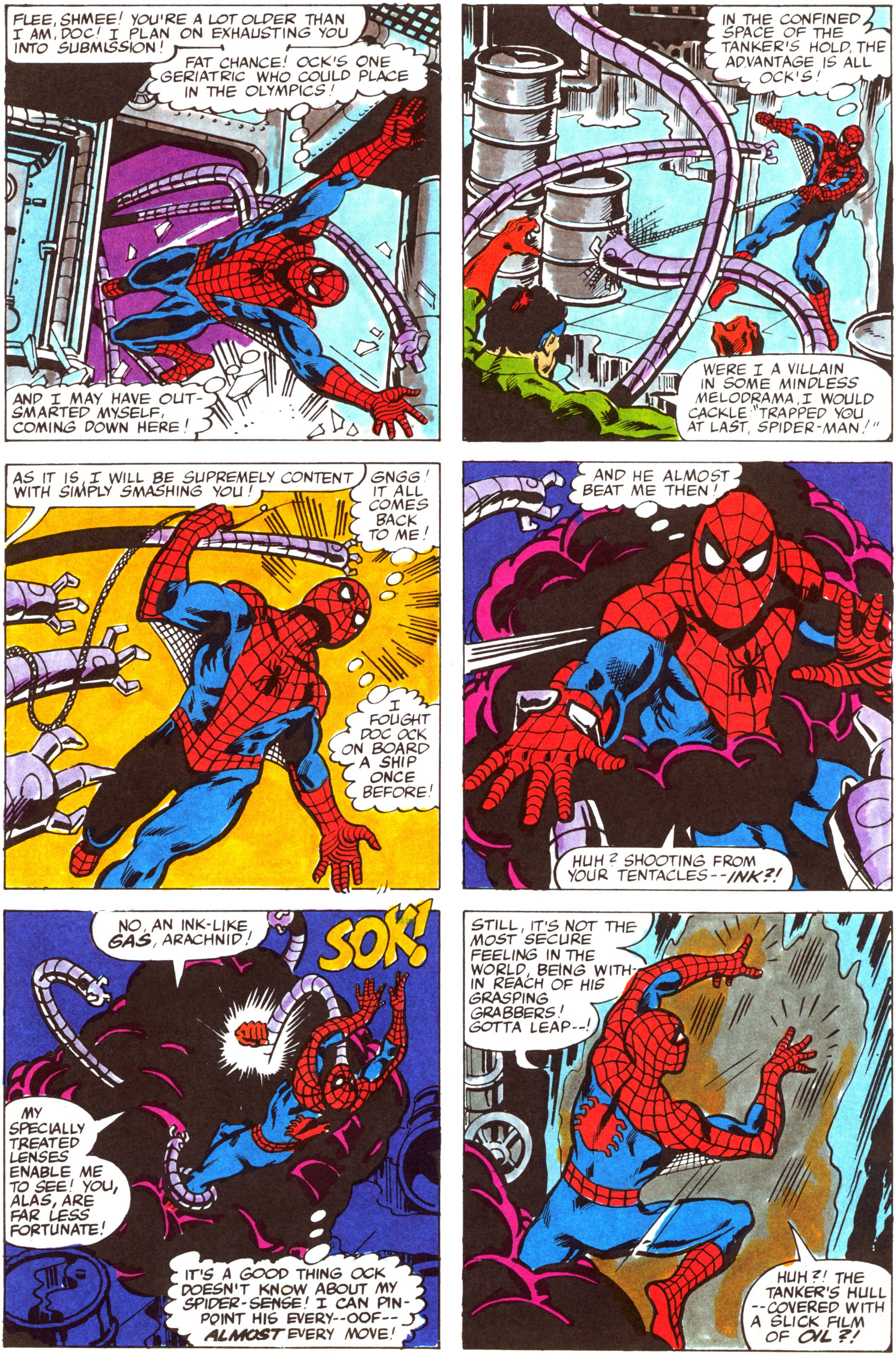

SO DIS MUS' BE DA PLACE!
WHICH EITHER MEANS DOC OCK'S GOT LOUSY TASTE IN HIDEOUTS, OR HIS HOMEBOUND ARM IS SERIOUSLY LOST!
AH, THERE'S THE SLINKY BEGGAR, WITH MY SPIDER-TRACER STILL FIRMLY ADHERED AND TRANSMITTING!
BUT WHY ISN'T IT MOVING? IT ALMOST LOOKS--
--HOLLOW! HOLY CRUD; A DECOY!! THE OLDEST TRICK IN THE BOOK--
--AND I FELL FOR IT! DOC OCK'S REAL ARMS--ALL FOUR OF 'EM--SNAKING OUT AT ME FROM THE TANKER'S HOLD!
I'VE BEEN SUCKERED, AND NOW I'M TRAPPED IN THE TENTACLES OF DR. OCTOPUS!!
A TRAP, MY WORRISOME WALL-CRAWLER, FROM WHICH YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE!

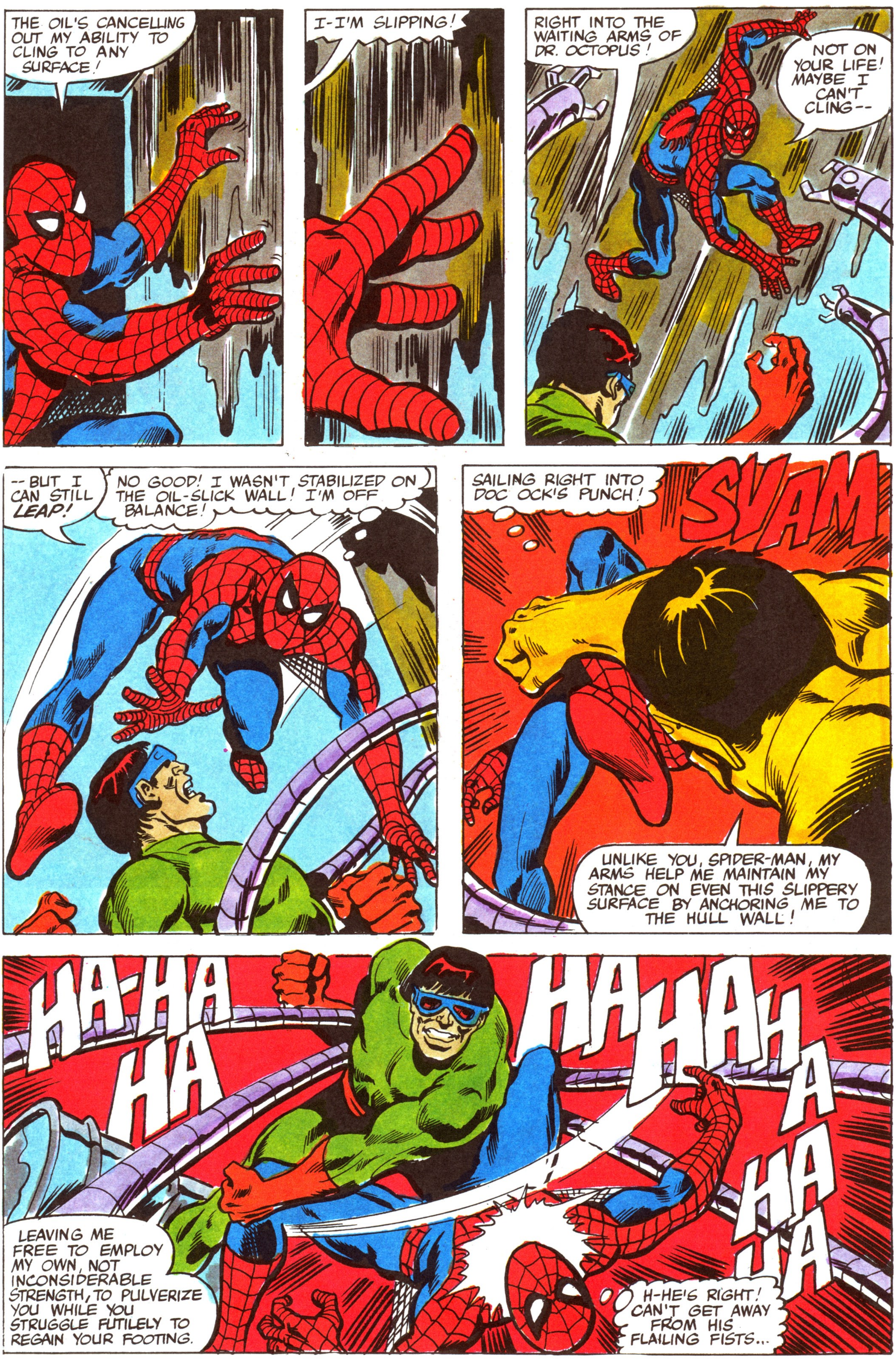

BOSS, REMEMBER HIS SPIDER-POWERS! YOU WANT US TO DRILL HIM?
STAY BACK, YOU MISBEGOTTEN MISANTHROPES! SPIDER-MAN IS MINE!
FOR YEARS I HAVE SUFFERED THE ARACHNID'S ANNOYING INTERFERENCE IN MY SCHEMES! YEARS, I TELL YOU!
HAS IT BEEN THAT LONG, DOC? GEE, TO ME THE MEMORY OF YOUR UGLY KISSER IS SO VIVID, IT SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY THAT I LAST SET EYES ON IT!
MOCKING MORON!
UNNGH!
NEVER HEARD DOC OCK SO SHRILL, SO MANIACAL! THE PAIN OF LOSING HIS ARM MUST HAVE PUSHED HIM OVER THE DEEP END!
BUT, IF ANYTHING, IT'S ALSO MADE HIM FAR MORE DEADLY!
WHERE IS YOUR WITTY REPARTEE NOW, WALL-CRAWLER?

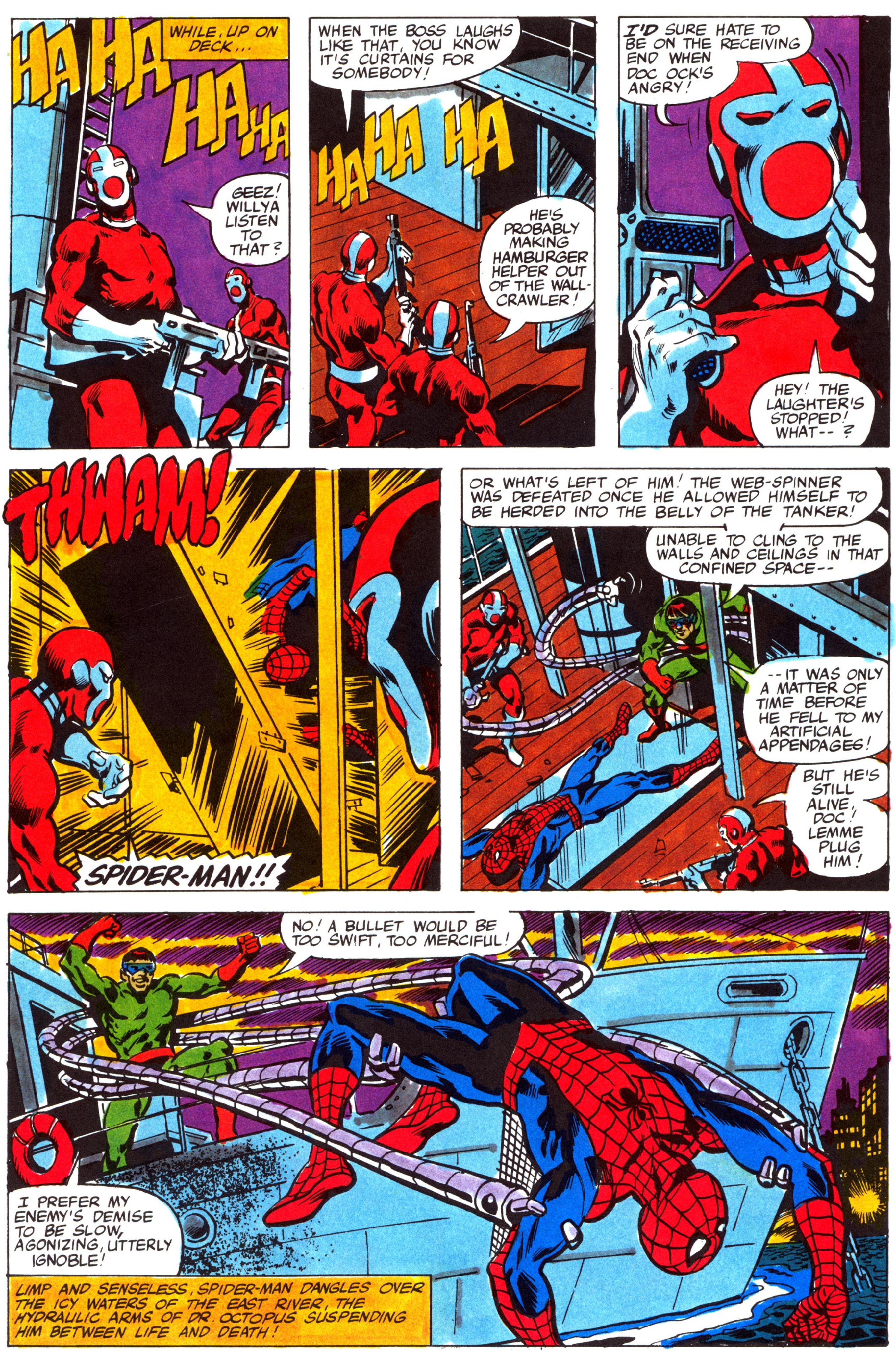

YOU REMAIN SILENT? CAN IT BE THAT **FEAR** HAS MADE YOU SWALLOW YOUR SARCASM?
SURE, WHY NOT? THAT'S AS GOOD AN EXPLANATION AS ANY...
...IF IT BUYS ME A FEW SECONDS TO RECOVER BEFORE OCK ATTACKS AGAIN!
COME, WEB-SLINGER! RISE! FIGHT! DON'T MAKE MY VICTORY AN **EASY** ONE!
OKAY, DOC, I WON'T!
THWIP
EH? YOU WERE ONLY FEIGNING WEAKNESS?
DOC, HE WAS PLAYIN' POSSUM!
THAT'S WHAT I JUST SAID, YOU CRETIN!
EDUCATED GANG OF GOONS YOU'VE GOT THERE, DOC. WHICH MAKES ME WONDER HOW **RYAN** GOT THE IDEA OF BETRAYING YOU AND STEALING YOUR PLANS!
RYAN PAID FOR HIS TREACHERY, WALL-CRAWLER...
...AS YOU SHALL PAY FOR YOUR INSOLENCE!
SORRY, GOGGLE-EYES! I'M FLAT BROKE THIS WEEK!
BUT I'LL GLADLY PAY YOU TUESDAY FOR A PEEK AT THOSE PLANS TODAY!
LOOK OUT, HE'S SWINGING--!
WHOM
YOU WILL GLEAN MY INTENTIONS WHEN THE REST OF THE WORLD DOES, ARACHNID--WHEN IT IS FAR TOO LATE TO ALTER THEM!

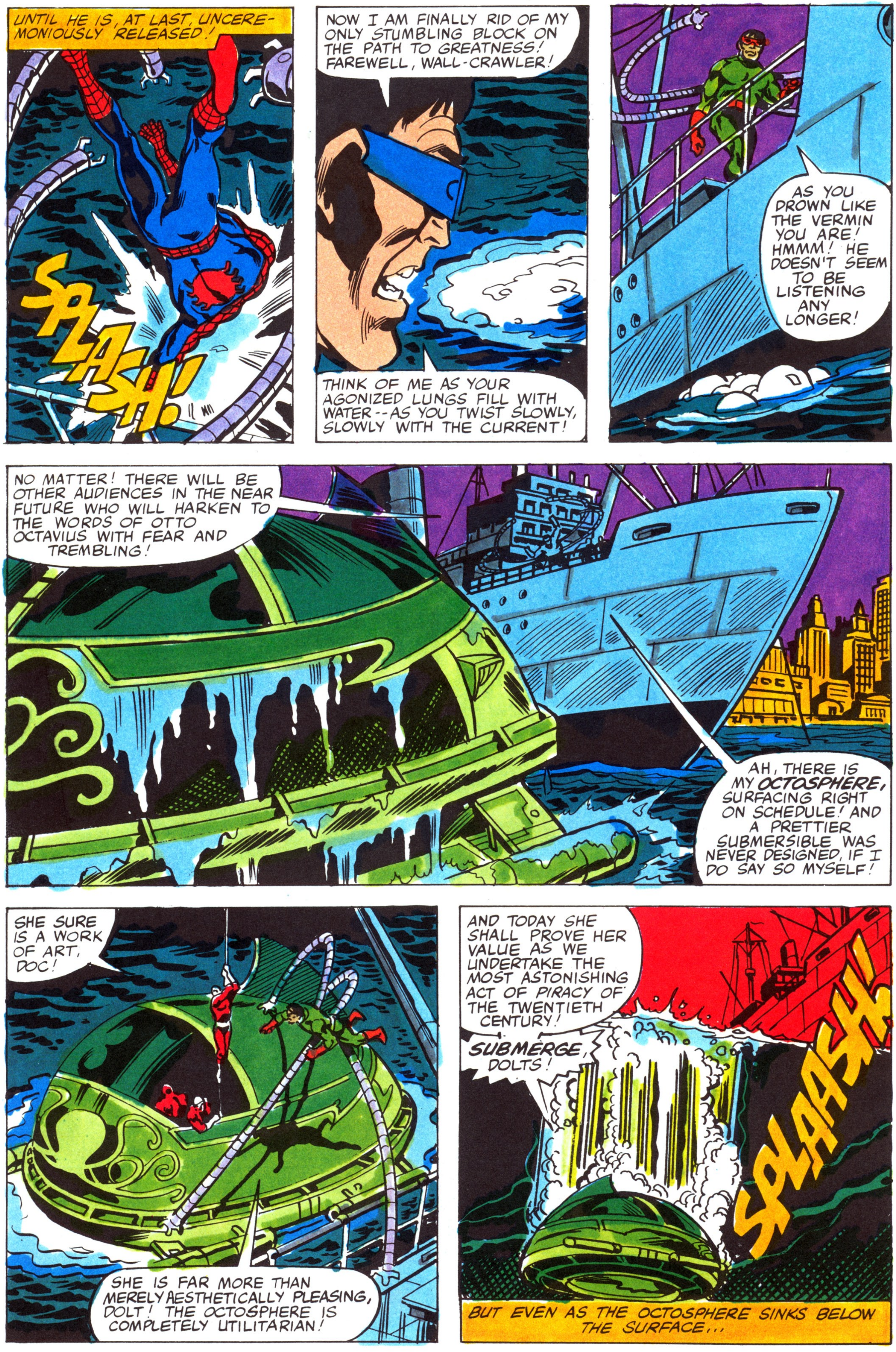

HMM! SOUNDS SERIOUS, DOC! BUT TELL ME SOMETHING--
--IF YOUR SCHEME THIS TIME IS TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD, WHAT DO YOU PLAN ON DOING WITH IT ONCE YOU'VE GOT IT?
TURN IT INTO AN AMUSEMENT PARK? OR WRITE IT OFF AS A TAX DEDUCTION? UNGHH!
OKAY! I WAS JUST ASKING! NO NEED TO GET DEFENSIVE!
I SURE WISH I FELT AS CONFIDENT AS I'M TRYING TO SOUND!
UNLESS I START FIGHTING BACK, DOC OCK'LL POUND ME TO SPIDER-PULP!
THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN! BAH!
YOU ARE A PITIFUL WEAKLING, LIKE ALL THE REST!
YEAH, ESPECIALLY WHEN I PLAY HUMAN PUNCHING BAG, HOPING THE DOC'LL SLIP AND REVEAL HIS PLANS!
BUT THERE ARE LIMITS TO WHAT EVEN A SPIDER-MAN WILL TAKE IN THE LINE OF DUTY, OCTOPUS! DEFINITE LIMITS!
WHAP!
BOSS!
STAY BACK! IF THAT WAS THE WALL-CRAWLER'S BEST SHOT--

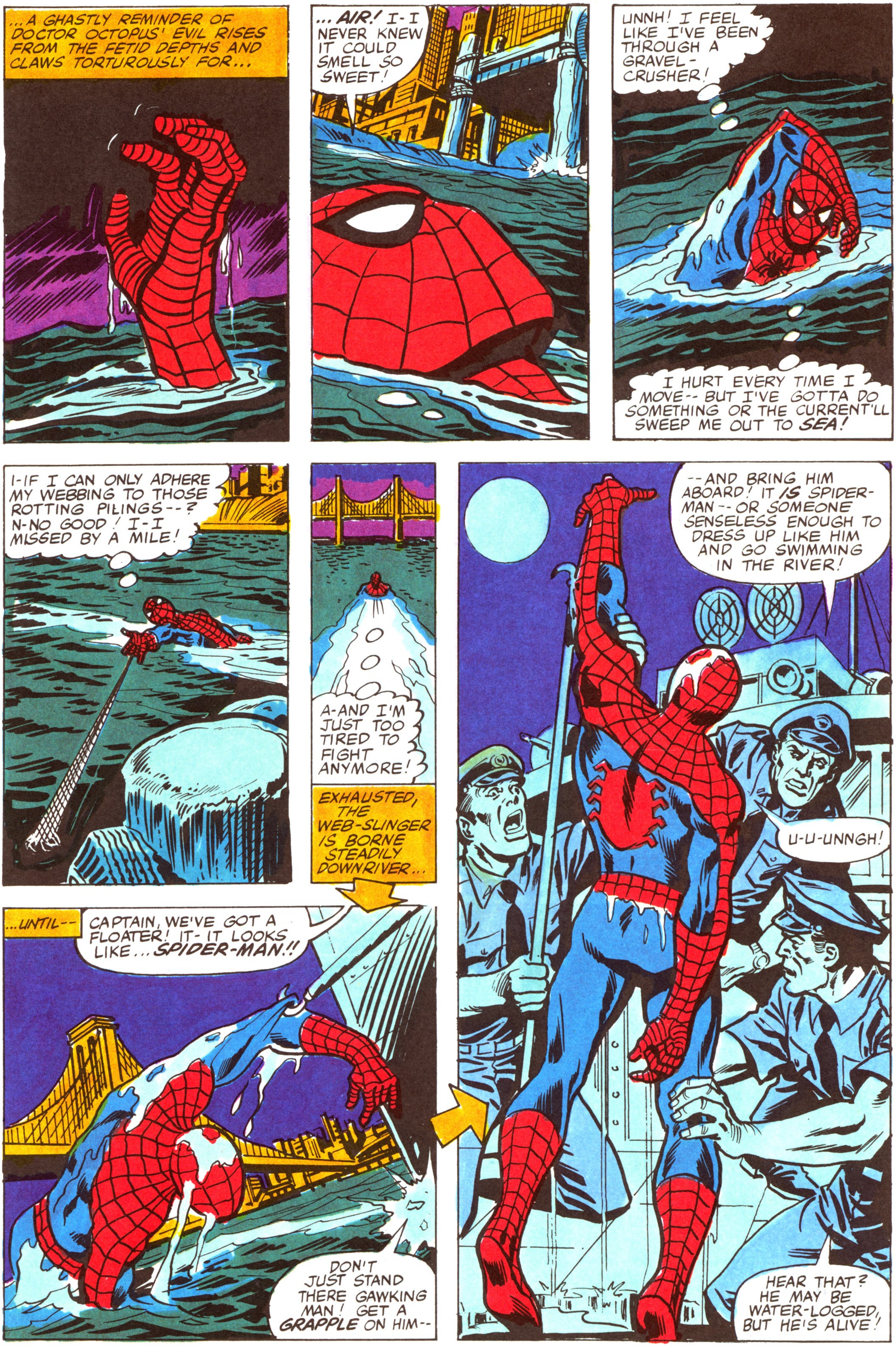

--THEN THIS CONTEST WILL BE FINISHED FAR SOONER THAN I'D ANTICIPATED!
BLAST! HIS FLAILING ARMS KEEP ME OFF BALANCE!
I PACKED ALL MY POWER INTO THAT PUNCH--
--YET ONLY MANAGED TO STRIKE DOC OCK A GLANCING BLOW!
BUT I'VE GOT TO MAKE HIM SO ANGRY THAT HE SLIPS AND REVEALS THE DETAILS OF HIS PLAN!
HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE, DOC!
THWAP!
THAT PUERILE PRANK AGAIN, SPIDER-MAN?
HAVE YOU SO SOON FORGOTTEN THE NON-STICK SOLUTION WITH WHICH I'VE COATED MY PROTECTIVE LENSES?
NOT ME, DOC! A SPIDER NEVER FORGETS!
THWIP!
I JUST WANTED YOU MOMENTARILY SIGHTLESS WHILST I WEBBED YOUR WIDGETS TOGETHER!
SNAP!
IMBECILE! THE TIME WHEN YOUR WEBBING POSED ANY THREAT TO ME IS PAST!
YOU FACE A FOE AT THE VERY PINNACLE OF HIS POWER, WEB-SLINGER!
GREAT! I CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR THE CRASH WHEN I TOPPLE YOU OFF THAT PINNACLE, DOC!
BOSS, I GOT A BEAD ON HIM!
HE'S MAD, NOW-- MAD ENOUGH TO MURDER! MAYBE MAD ENOUGH TO SLIP UP AND BLURT OUT WHAT I NEED TO KNOW! BUT I'VE GOTTA GET HIM AWAY FROM HIS GOONS!
HOLD YOUR FIRE! THERE IS NOWHERE HE CAN FLEE!

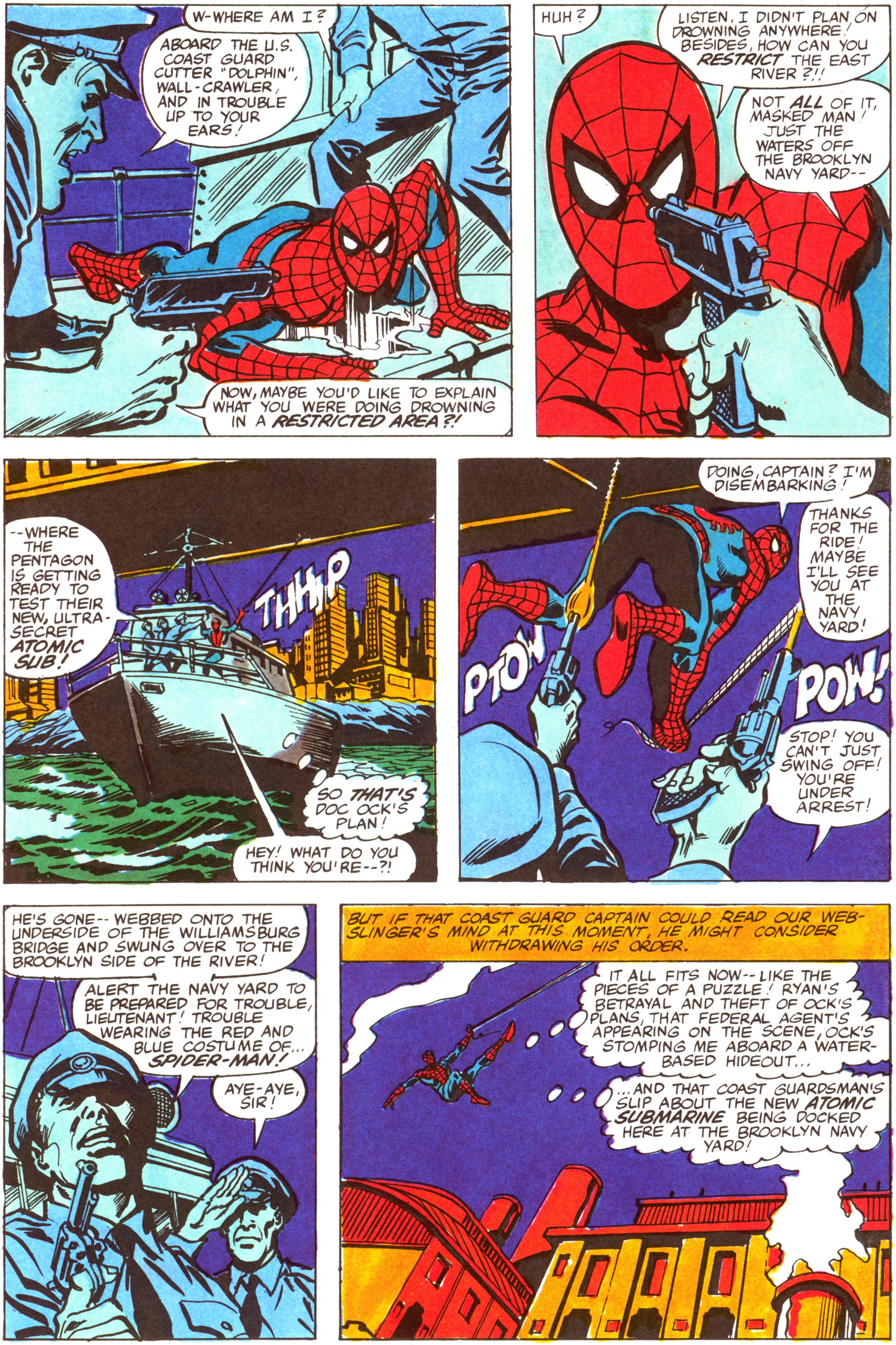

FLEE, SHMEE! YOU'RE A LOT OLDER THAN I AM, DOC! I PLAN ON EXHAUSTING YOU INTO SUBMISSION!
FAT CHANCE! OCK'S ONE GERIATRIC WHO COULD PLACE IN THE OLYMPICS!
AND I MAY HAVE OUTSMARTED MYSELF, COMING DOWN HERE!
IN THE CONFINED SPACE OF THE TANKER'S HOLD, THE ADVANTAGE IS ALL OCK'S!
WERE I A VILLAIN IN SOME MINDLESS MELODRAMA, I WOULD CACKLE "TRAPPED YOU AT LAST, SPIDER-MAN!"
AS IT IS, I WILL BE SUPREMELY CONTENT WITH SIMPLY SMASHING YOU!
GNGG! IT ALL COMES BACK TO ME!
I FOUGHT DOC OCK ON BOARD A SHIP ONCE BEFORE!
AND HE ALMOST BEAT ME THEN!
HUH? SHOOTING FROM YOUR TENTACLES--INK?!
NO, AN INK-LIKE GAS, ARACHNID!
SOK!
MY SPECIALLY TREATED LENSES ENABLE ME TO SEE! YOU, ALAS, ARE FAR LESS FORTUNATE!
IT'S A GOOD THING OCK DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT MY SPIDER-SENSE! I CAN PINPOINT HIS EVERY--OOF--ALMOST EVERY MOVE!
STILL, IT'S NOT THE MOST SECURE FEELING IN THE WORLD, BEING WITHIN REACH OF HIS GRASPING GRABBERS! GOTTA LEAP--!
HUH?! THE TANKER'S HULL--COVERED WITH A SLICK FILM OF OIL?!

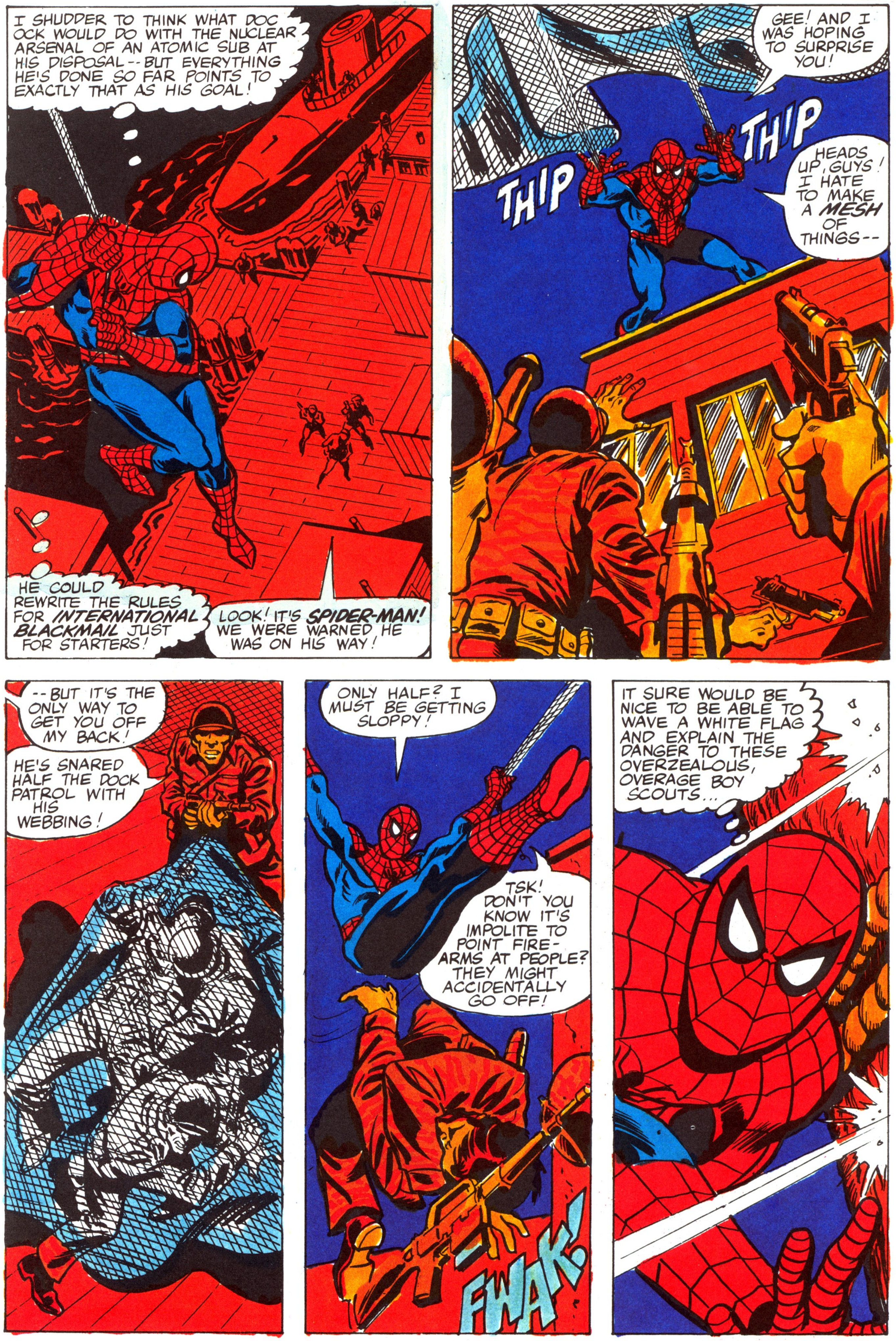

THE OIL'S CANCELLING OUT MY ABILITY TO CLING TO ANY SURFACE!
I-I'M SLIPPING!
RIGHT INTO THE WAITING ARMS OF DR. OCTOPUS!
NOT ON YOUR LIFE! MAYBE I CAN'T CLING--
--BUT I CAN STILL *LEAP!*
NO GOOD! I WASN'T STABILIZED ON THE OIL-SLICK WALL! I'M OFF BALANCE!
SAILING RIGHT INTO DOC OCK'S PUNCH!
SVAM
UNLIKE YOU, SPIDER-MAN, MY ARMS HELP ME MAINTAIN MY STANCE ON EVEN THIS SLIPPERY SURFACE BY ANCHORING ME TO THE HULL WALL!
HA-HA HA
HA HAHAHA A HA HA
LEAVING ME FREE TO EMPLOY MY OWN, NOT INCONSIDERABLE STRENGTH, TO PULVERIZE YOU WHILE YOU STRUGGLE FUTILELY TO REGAIN YOUR FOOTING.
H-HE'S RIGHT! CAN'T GET AWAY FROM HIS FLAILING FISTS...

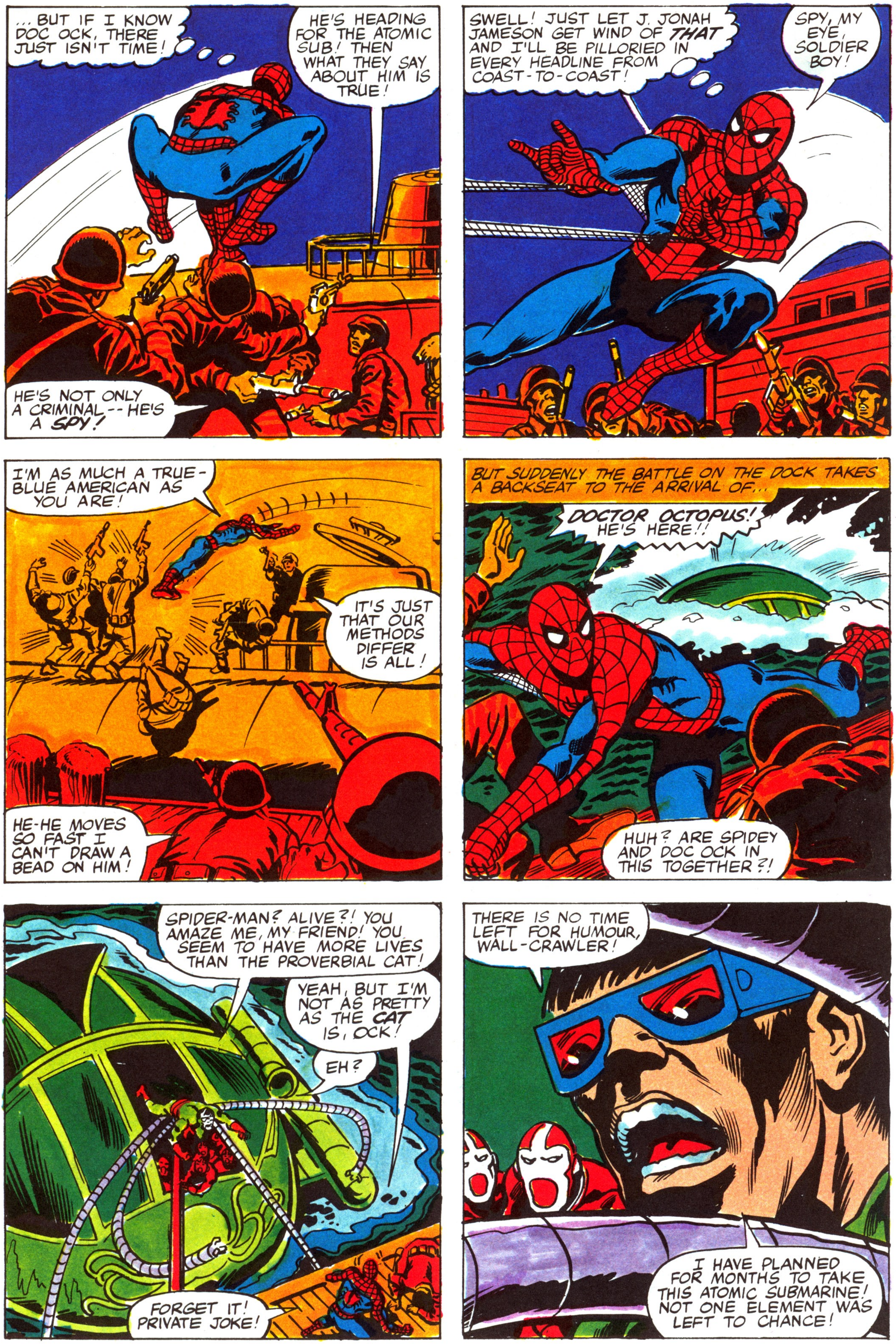

WHILE, UP ON DECK...
HA HA HA HA
GEEZ! WILLYA LISTEN TO THAT?
WHEN THE BOSS LAUGHS LIKE THAT, YOU KNOW IT'S CURTAINS FOR SOMEBODY!
HAHA HA HA
HE'S PROBABLY MAKING HAMBURGER HELPER OUT OF THE WALL-CRAWLER!
I'D SURE HATE TO BE ON THE RECEIVING END WHEN DOC OCK'S ANGRY!
HEY! THE LAUGHTER'S STOPPED! WHAT--?
THWAM!
SPIDER-MAN!!
OR WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM! THE WEB-SPINNER WAS DEFEATED ONCE HE ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE HERDED INTO THE BELLY OF THE TANKER!
UNABLE TO CLING TO THE WALLS AND CEILINGS IN THAT CONFINED SPACE--
--IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE HE FELL TO MY ARTIFICIAL APPENDAGES!
BUT HE'S STILL ALIVE, DOC! LEMME PLUG HIM!
NO! A BULLET WOULD BE TOO SWIFT, TOO MERCIFUL!
I PREFER MY ENEMY'S DEMISE TO BE SLOW, AGONIZING, UTTERLY IGNOBLE!
LIMP AND SENSELESS, SPIDER-MAN DANGLES OVER THE ICY WATERS OF THE EAST RIVER, THE HYDRAULIC ARMS OF DR. OCTOPUS SUSPENDING HIM BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH!

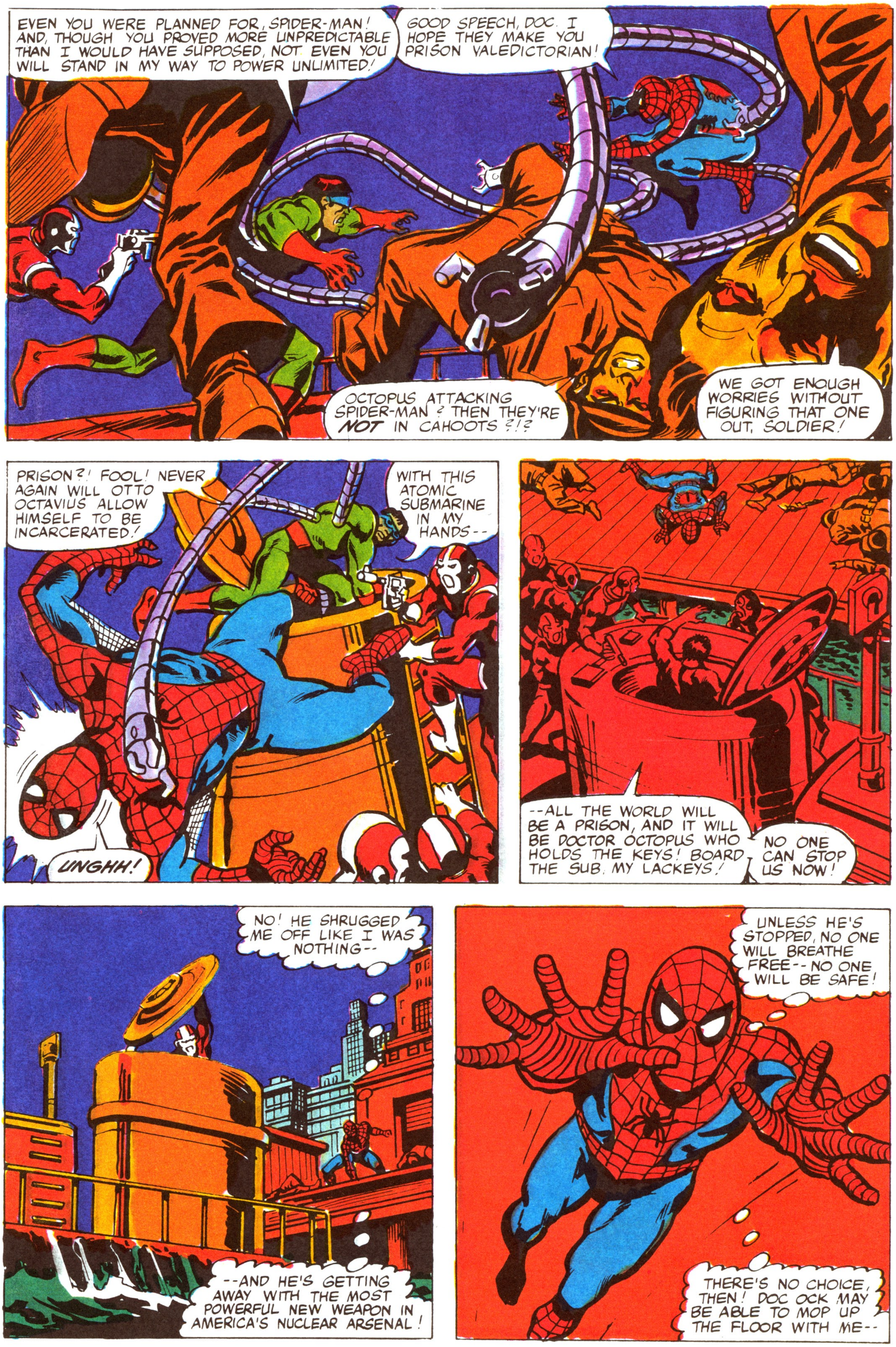

UNTIL HE IS, AT LAST, UNCEREMONIOUSLY RELEASED!
SPLASH!
NOW I AM FINALLY RID OF MY ONLY STUMBLING BLOCK ON THE PATH TO GREATNESS! FAREWELL, WALL-CRAWLER!
THINK OF ME AS YOUR AGONIZED LUNGS FILL WITH WATER--AS YOU TWIST SLOWLY, SLOWLY WITH THE CURRENT!
AS YOU DROWN LIKE THE VERMIN YOU ARE! HMMM! HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE LISTENING ANY LONGER!
NO MATTER! THERE WILL BE OTHER AUDIENCES IN THE NEAR FUTURE WHO WILL HARKEN TO THE WORDS OF OTTO OCTAVIUS WITH FEAR AND TREMBLING!
AH, THERE IS MY ***OCTOSPHERE,*** SURFACING RIGHT ON SCHEDULE! AND A PRETTIER SUBMERSIBLE WAS NEVER DESIGNED, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!
SHE SURE IS A WORK OF ART, DOC!
SHE IS FAR MORE THAN MERELY AESTHETICALLY PLEASING, DOLT! THE OCTOSPHERE IS COMPLETELY UTILITARIAN!
AND TODAY SHE SHALL PROVE HER VALUE AS WE UNDERTAKE THE MOST ASTONISHING ACT OF PIRACY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!
SUBMERGE, DOLTS!
SPLAASH!
BUT EVEN AS THE OCTOSPHERE SINKS BELOW THE SURFACE...

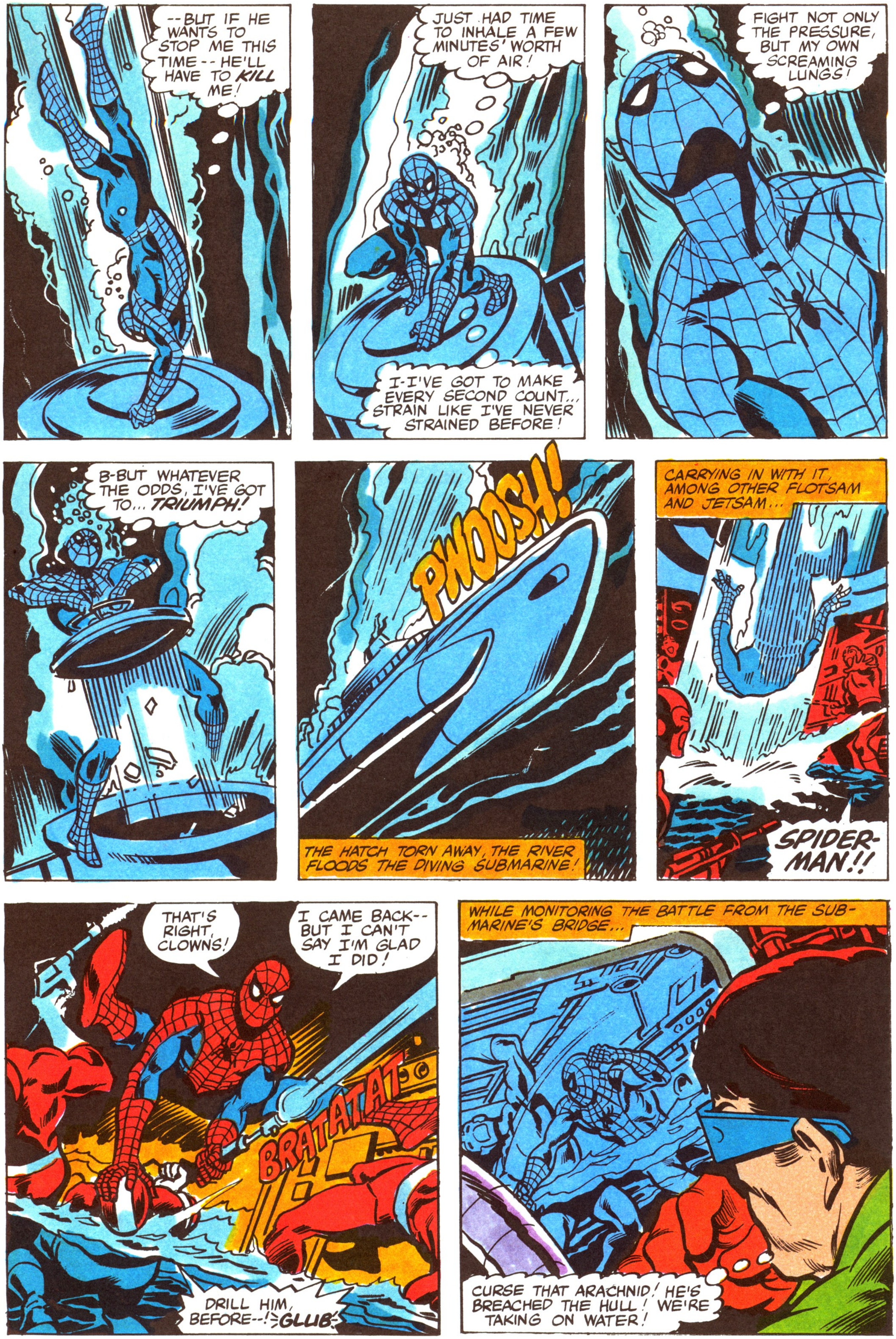

...A GHASTLY REMINDER OF DOCTOR OCTOPUS' EVIL RISES FROM THE FETID DEPTHS AND CLAWS TORTUROUSLY FOR...
...AIR! I-I NEVER KNEW IT COULD SMELL SO SWEET!
UNNH! I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN THROUGH A GRAVEL-CRUSHER!
I HURT EVERY TIME I MOVE-- BUT I'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING OR THE CURRENT'LL SWEEP ME OUT TO SEA!
I-IF I CAN ONLY ADHERE MY WEBBING TO THOSE ROTTING PILINGS--? N-NO GOOD! I-I MISSED BY A MILE!
A-AND I'M JUST TOO TIRED TO FIGHT ANYMORE!
EXHAUSTED, THE WEB-SLINGER IS BORNE STEADILY DOWNRIVER...
...UNTIL--
CAPTAIN, WE'VE GOT A FLOATER! IT- IT LOOKS LIKE... SPIDER-MAN!!
DON'T JUST STAND THERE GAWKING MAN! GET A GRAPPLE ON HIM--
--AND BRING HIM ABOARD! IT IS SPIDER-MAN--OR SOMEONE SENSELESS ENOUGH TO DRESS UP LIKE HIM AND GO SWIMMING IN THE RIVER!
U-U-UNNGH!
HEAR THAT? HE MAY BE WATER-LOGGED, BUT HE'S ALIVE!

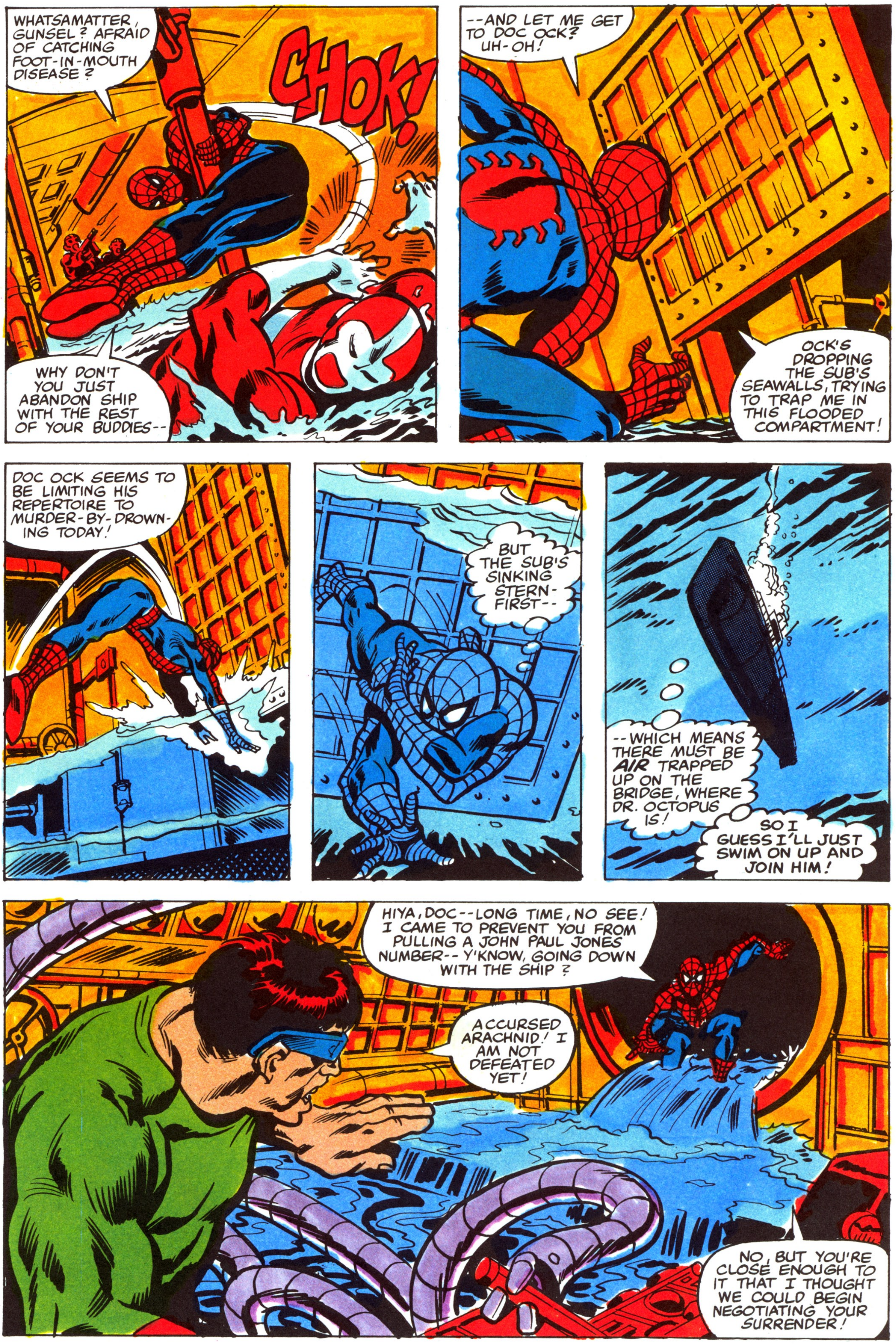

W-WHERE AM I?
ABOARD THE U.S. COAST GUARD CUTTER "DOLPHIN", WALL-CRAWLER, AND IN TROUBLE UP TO YOUR EARS!
NOW, MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO EXPLAIN WHAT YOU WERE DOING DROWNING IN A RESTRICTED AREA?!
HUH?
LISTEN, I DIDN'T PLAN ON DROWNING ANYWHERE! BESIDES, HOW CAN YOU RESTRICT THE EAST RIVER?!!
NOT ALL OF IT, MASKED MAN! JUST THE WATERS OFF THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD--
--WHERE THE PENTAGON IS GETTING READY TO TEST THEIR NEW, ULTRA-SECRET ATOMIC SUB!
THHHP
SO THAT'S DOC OCK'S PLAN!
HEY! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE--?!
DOING, CAPTAIN? I'M DISEMBARKING!
THANKS FOR THE RIDE! MAYBE I'LL SEE YOU AT THE NAVY YARD!
PTOW
POW!
STOP! YOU CAN'T JUST SWING OFF! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
HE'S GONE-- WEBBED ONTO THE UNDERSIDE OF THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE AND SWUNG OVER TO THE BROOKLYN SIDE OF THE RIVER!
ALERT THE NAVY YARD TO BE PREPARED FOR TROUBLE, LIEUTENANT! TROUBLE WEARING THE RED AND BLUE COSTUME OF... SPIDER-MAN!
AYE-AYE, SIR!
BUT IF THAT COAST GUARD CAPTAIN COULD READ OUR WEB-SLINGER'S MIND AT THIS MOMENT, HE MIGHT CONSIDER WITHDRAWING HIS ORDER.
IT ALL FITS NOW-- LIKE THE PIECES OF A PUZZLE! RYAN'S BETRAYAL AND THEFT OF OCK'S PLANS, THAT FEDERAL AGENT'S APPEARING ON THE SCENE, OCK'S STOMPING ME ABOARD A WATER-BASED HIDEOUT...
...AND THAT COAST GUARDSMAN'S SLIP ABOUT THE NEW ATOMIC SUBMARINE BEING DOCKED HERE AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD!

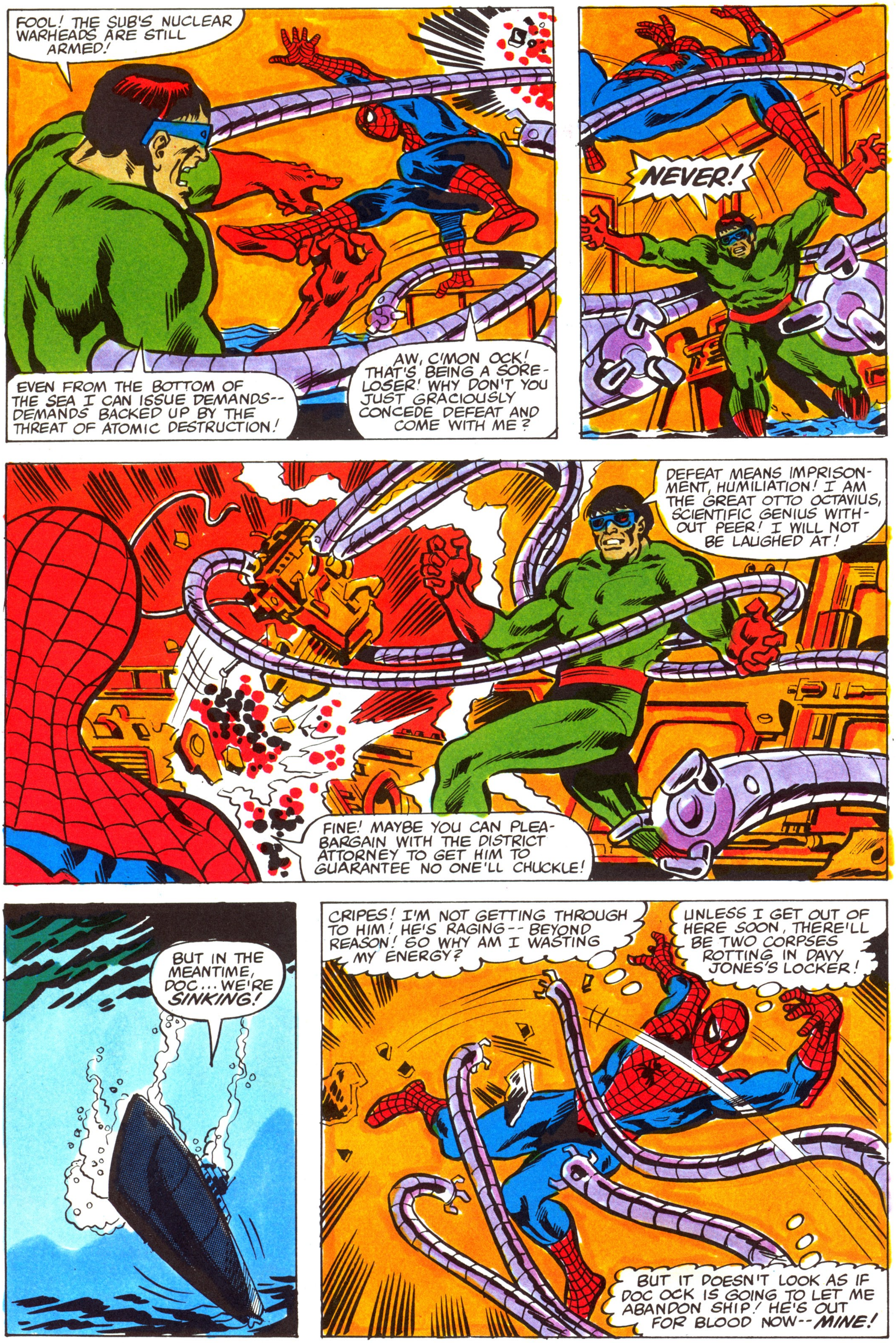

I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT DOC OCK WOULD DO WITH THE NUCLEAR ARSENAL OF AN ATOMIC SUB AT HIS DISPOSAL -- BUT EVERYTHING HE'S DONE SO FAR POINTS TO EXACTLY THAT AS HIS GOAL!
HE COULD REWRITE THE RULES FOR *INTERNATIONAL BLACKMAIL* JUST FOR STARTERS!
LOOK! IT'S **SPIDER-MAN!** WE WERE WARNED HE WAS ON HIS WAY!
GEE! AND I WAS HOPING TO SURPRISE YOU!
THIP
THIP
HEADS UP, GUYS! I HATE TO MAKE A ***MESH*** OF THINGS--
--BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET YOU OFF MY BACK!
HE'S SNARED HALF THE DOCK PATROL WITH HIS WEBBING!
ONLY HALF? I MUST BE GETTING SLOPPY!
TSK! DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S IMPOLITE TO POINT FIRE-ARMS AT PEOPLE? THEY MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY GO OFF!
FWAK!
IT SURE WOULD BE NICE TO BE ABLE TO WAVE A WHITE FLAG AND EXPLAIN THE DANGER TO THESE OVERZEALOUS, OVERAGE BOY SCOUTS...

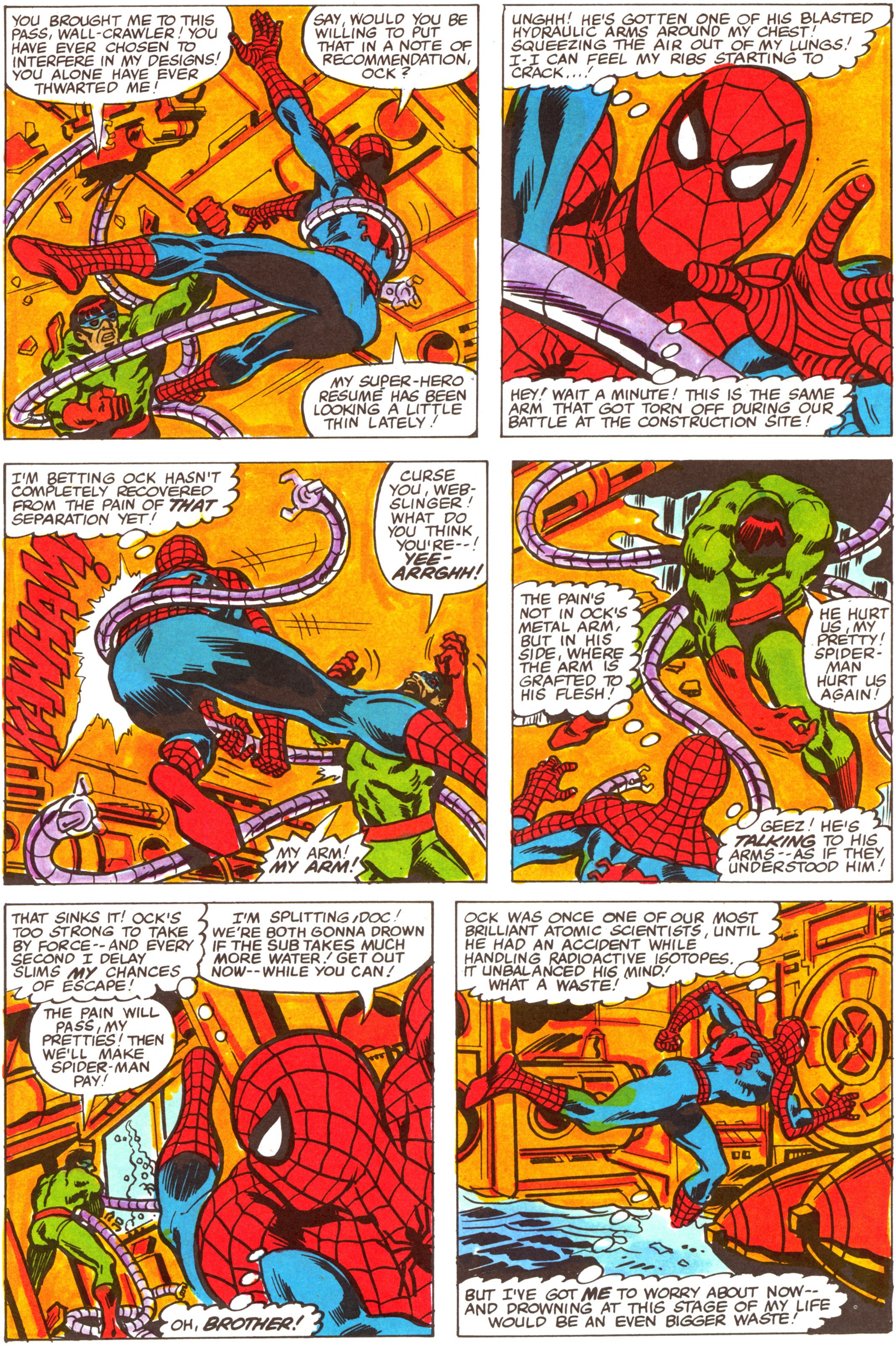

... BUT IF I KNOW DOC OCK, THERE JUST ISN'T TIME!
HE'S HEADING FOR THE ATOMIC SUB! THEN WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT HIM IS TRUE!
HE'S NOT ONLY A CRIMINAL -- HE'S A SPY!
SWELL! JUST LET J. JONAH JAMESON GET WIND OF THAT AND I'LL BE PILLORIED IN EVERY HEADLINE FROM COAST-TO-COAST!
SPY, MY EYE, SOLDIER BOY!
I'M AS MUCH A TRUE-BLUE AMERICAN AS YOU ARE!
IT'S JUST THAT OUR METHODS DIFFER IS ALL!
HE-HE MOVES SO FAST I CAN'T DRAW A BEAD ON HIM!
BUT SUDDENLY THE BATTLE ON THE DOCK TAKES A BACKSEAT TO THE ARRIVAL OF...
DOCTOR OCTOPUS! HE'S HERE!!
HUH? ARE SPIDEY AND DOC OCK IN THIS TOGETHER?!
SPIDER-MAN? ALIVE?! YOU AMAZE ME, MY FRIEND! YOU SEEM TO HAVE MORE LIVES THAN THE PROVERBIAL CAT!
YEAH, BUT I'M NOT AS PRETTY AS THE CAT IS, OCK!
EH?
FORGET IT! PRIVATE JOKE!
THERE IS NO TIME LEFT FOR HUMOUR, WALL-CRAWLER!
I HAVE PLANNED FOR MONTHS TO TAKE THIS ATOMIC SUBMARINE! NOT ONE ELEMENT WAS LEFT TO CHANCE!

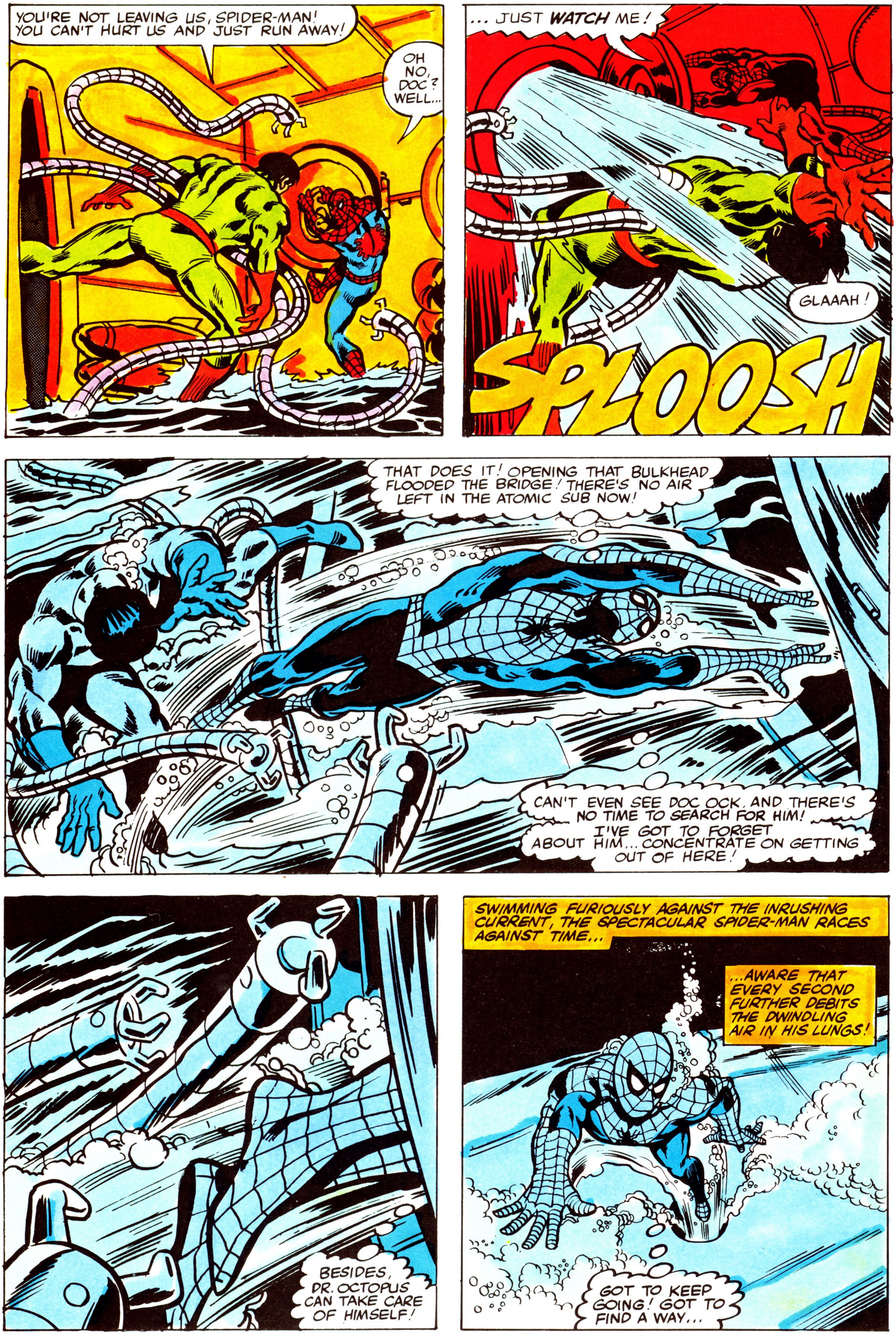

EVEN YOU WERE PLANNED FOR, SPIDER-MAN! AND, THOUGH YOU PROVED MORE UNPREDICTABLE THAN I WOULD HAVE SUPPOSED, NOT EVEN YOU WILL STAND IN MY WAY TO POWER UNLIMITED!
GOOD SPEECH, DOC. I HOPE THEY MAKE YOU PRISON VALEDICTORIAN!
OCTOPUS ATTACKING SPIDER-MAN? THEN THEY'RE *NOT* IN CAHOOTS?!?
WE GOT ENOUGH WORRIES WITHOUT FIGURING THAT ONE OUT, SOLDIER!
PRISON?! FOOL! NEVER AGAIN WILL OTTO OCTAVIUS ALLOW HIMSELF TO BE INCARCERATED!
WITH THIS ATOMIC SUBMARINE IN MY HANDS--
UNGHH!
--ALL THE WORLD WILL BE A PRISON, AND IT WILL BE DOCTOR OCTOPUS WHO HOLDS THE KEYS! BOARD THE SUB, MY LACKEYS!
NO ONE CAN STOP US NOW!
NO! HE SHRUGGED ME OFF LIKE I WAS NOTHING--
--AND HE'S GETTING AWAY WITH THE MOST POWERFUL NEW WEAPON IN AMERICA'S NUCLEAR ARSENAL!
UNLESS HE'S STOPPED, NO ONE WILL BREATHE FREE--NO ONE WILL BE SAFE!
THERE'S NO CHOICE, THEN! DOC OCK MAY BE ABLE TO MOP UP THE FLOOR WITH ME--

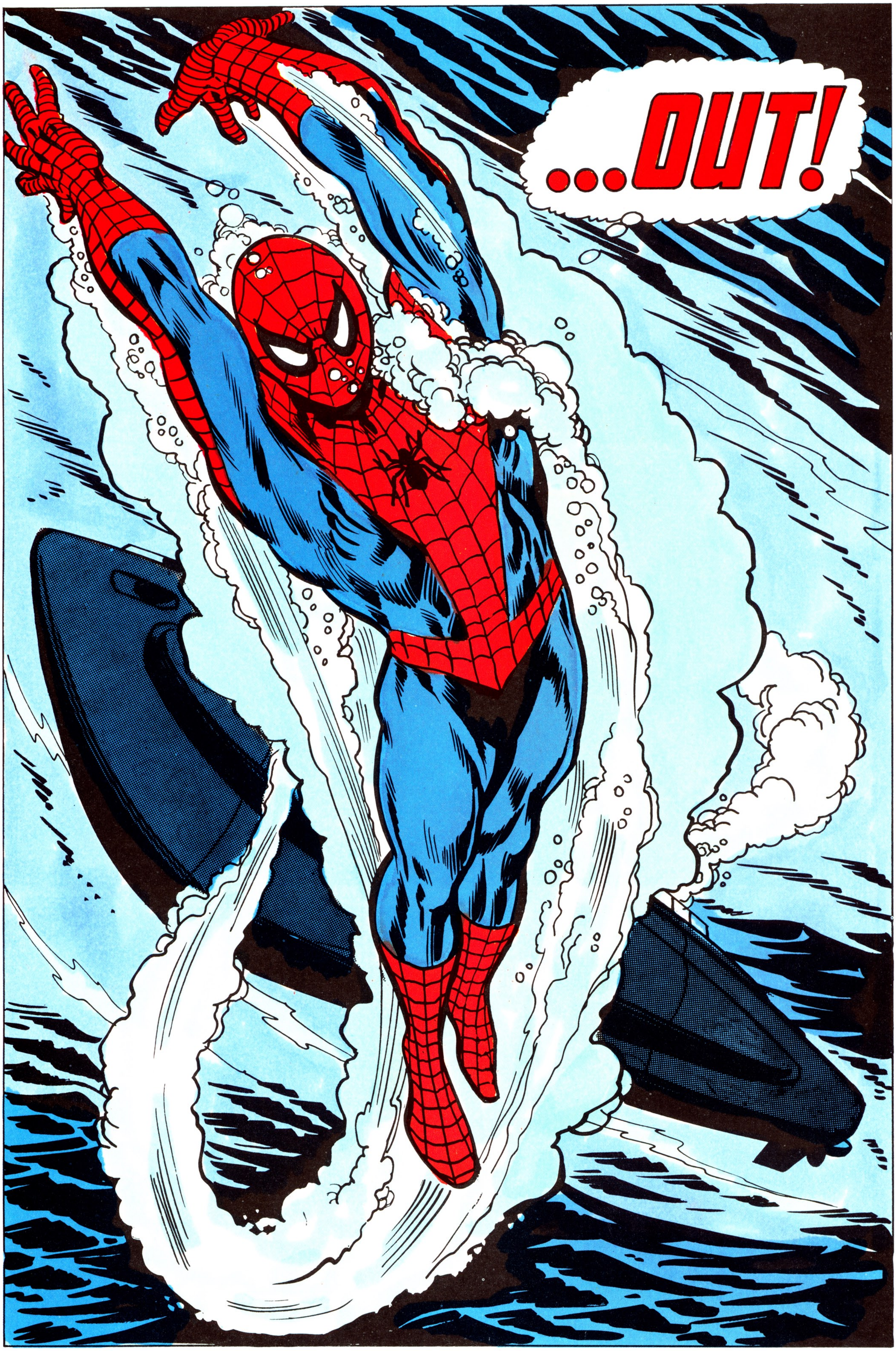

--BUT IF HE WANTS TO STOP ME THIS TIME-- HE'LL HAVE TO **KILL** ME!
JUST HAD TIME TO INHALE A FEW MINUTES' WORTH OF AIR!
I-I'VE GOT TO MAKE EVERY SECOND COUNT... STRAIN LIKE I'VE NEVER STRAINED BEFORE!
FIGHT NOT ONLY THE PRESSURE, BUT MY OWN SCREAMING LUNGS!
B-BUT WHATEVER THE ODDS, I'VE GOT TO... **TRIUMPH!**
PWOOSH!
THE HATCH TORN AWAY, THE RIVER FLOODS THE DIVING SUBMARINE!
CARRYING IN WITH IT, AMONG OTHER FLOTSAM AND JETSAM...
SPIDER-MAN!!
THAT'S RIGHT, CLOWNS!
I CAME BACK-- BUT I CAN'T SAY I'M GLAD I DID!
BRATATAT
DRILL HIM, BEFORE--! **GLUB**
WHILE MONITORING THE BATTLE FROM THE SUBMARINE'S BRIDGE...
CURSE THAT ARACHNID! HE'S BREACHED THE HULL! WE'RE TAKING ON WATER!

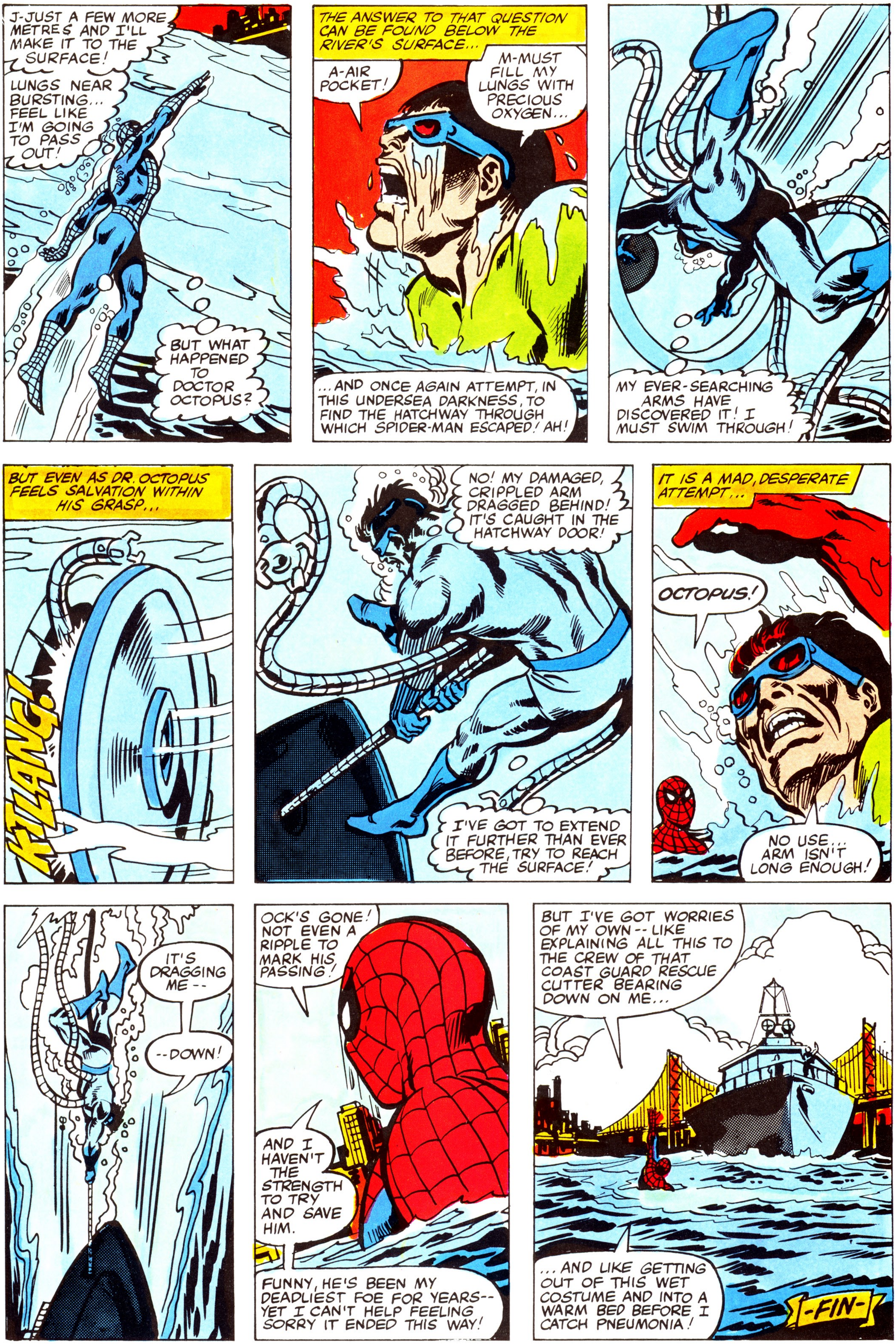

WHATSAMATTER, GUNSEL? AFRAID OF CATCHING FOOT-IN-MOUTH DISEASE?
CHOK!
WHY DON'T YOU JUST ABANDON SHIP WITH THE REST OF YOUR BUDDIES--
--AND LET ME GET TO DOC OCK? UH-OH!
OCK'S DROPPING THE SUB'S SEAWALLS, TRYING TO TRAP ME IN THIS FLOODED COMPARTMENT!
DOC OCK SEEMS TO BE LIMITING HIS REPERTOIRE TO MURDER-BY-DROWNING TODAY!
BUT THE SUB'S SINKING STERN-FIRST--
--WHICH MEANS THERE MUST BE AIR TRAPPED UP ON THE BRIDGE, WHERE DR. OCTOPUS IS!
SO I GUESS I'LL JUST SWIM ON UP AND JOIN HIM!
HIYA, DOC--LONG TIME, NO SEE! I CAME TO PREVENT YOU FROM PULLING A JOHN PAUL JONES NUMBER-- Y'KNOW, GOING DOWN WITH THE SHIP?
ACCURSED ARACHNID! I AM NOT DEFEATED YET!
NO, BUT YOU'RE CLOSE ENOUGH TO IT THAT I THOUGHT WE COULD BEGIN NEGOTIATING YOUR SURRENDER!


FOOL! THE SUB'S NUCLEAR WARHEADS ARE STILL ARMED!
EVEN FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA I CAN ISSUE DEMANDS-- DEMANDS BACKED UP BY THE THREAT OF ATOMIC DESTRUCTION!
AW, C'MON OCK! THAT'S BEING A SORE-LOSER! WHY DON'T YOU JUST GRACIOUSLY CONCEDE DEFEAT AND COME WITH ME?
NEVER!
DEFEAT MEANS IMPRISONMENT, HUMILIATION! I AM THE GREAT OTTO OCTAVIUS, SCIENTIFIC GENIUS WITHOUT PEER! I WILL NOT BE LAUGHED AT!
FINE! MAYBE YOU CAN PLEA-BARGAIN WITH THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY TO GET HIM TO GUARANTEE NO ONE'LL CHUCKLE!
BUT IN THE MEANTIME, DOC... WE'RE *SINKING*!
CRIPES! I'M NOT GETTING THROUGH TO HIM! HE'S RAGING-- BEYOND REASON! SO WHY AM I WASTING MY ENERGY?
UNLESS I GET OUT OF HERE SOON, THERE'LL BE TWO CORPSES ROTTING IN DAVY JONES'S LOCKER!
BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF DOC OCK IS GOING TO LET ME ABANDON SHIP! HE'S OUT FOR BLOOD NOW-- *MINE!*

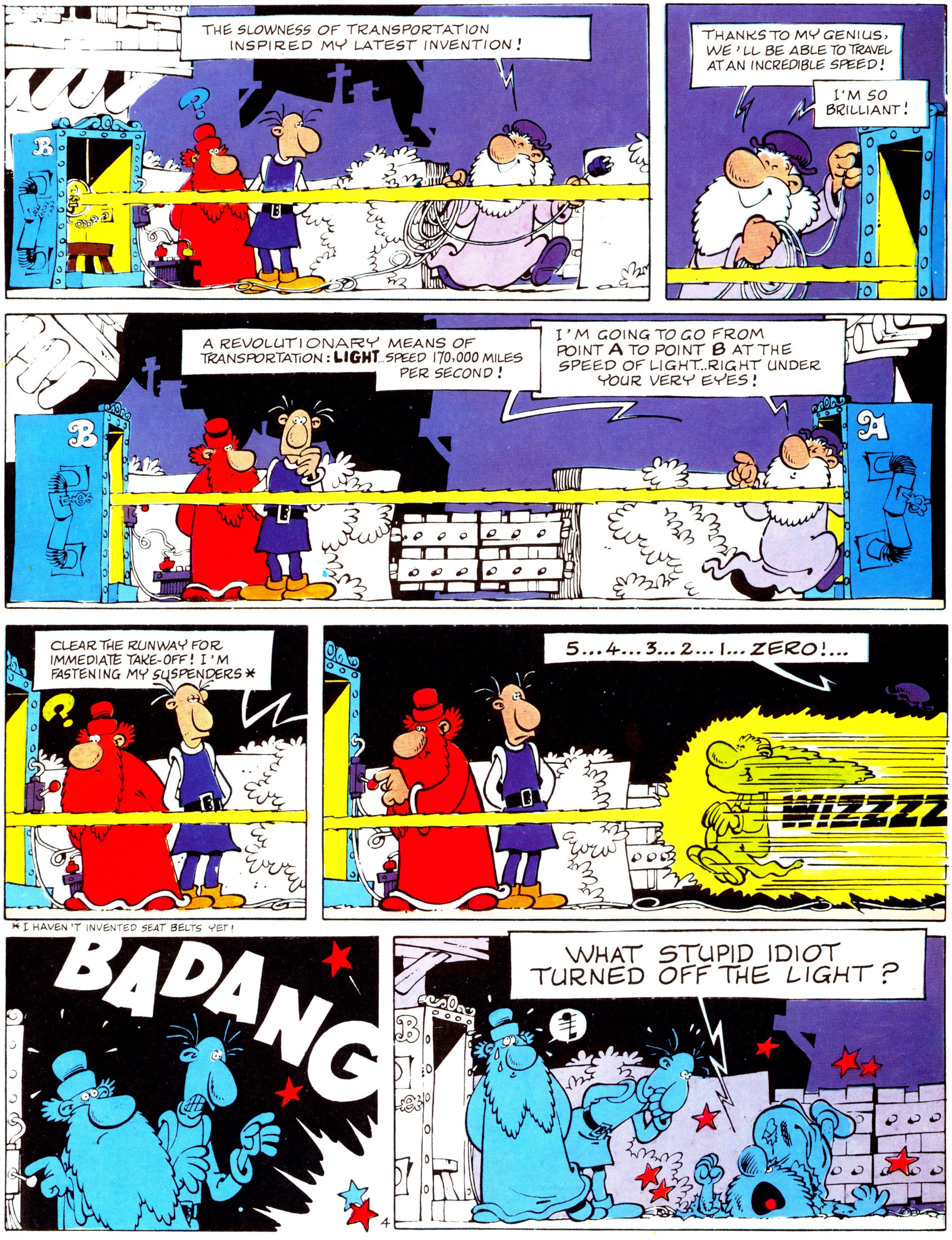

YOU BROUGHT ME TO THIS PASS, WALL-CRAWLER! YOU HAVE EVER CHOSEN TO INTERFERE IN MY DESIGNS! YOU ALONE HAVE EVER THWARTED ME!
SAY, WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO PUT THAT IN A NOTE OF RECOMMENDATION, OCK?
MY SUPER-HERO RESUMÉ HAS BEEN LOOKING A LITTLE THIN LATELY!
UNGHH! HE'S GOTTEN ONE OF HIS BLASTED HYDRAULIC ARMS AROUND MY CHEST! SQUEEZING THE AIR OUT OF MY LUNGS! I-I CAN FEEL MY RIBS STARTING TO CRACK...!
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! THIS IS THE SAME ARM THAT GOT TORN OFF DURING OUR BATTLE AT THE CONSTRUCTION SITE!
I'M BETTING OCK HASN'T COMPLETELY RECOVERED FROM THE PAIN OF THAT SEPARATION YET!
WHAM!
CURSE YOU, WEB-SLINGER! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE--! YEE-ARRGHH!
MY ARM! MY ARM!
THE PAIN'S NOT IN OCK'S METAL ARM, BUT IN HIS SIDE, WHERE THE ARM IS GRAFTED TO HIS FLESH!
HE HURT US, MY PRETTY! SPIDER-MAN HURT US AGAIN!
GEEZ! HE'S TALKING TO HIS ARMS--AS IF THEY UNDERSTOOD HIM!
THAT SINKS IT! OCK'S TOO STRONG TO TAKE BY FORCE--AND EVERY SECOND I DELAY SLIMS MY CHANCES OF ESCAPE!
I'M SPLITTING, DOC! WE'RE BOTH GONNA DROWN IF THE SUB TAKES MUCH MORE WATER! GET OUT NOW--WHILE YOU CAN!
THE PAIN WILL PASS, MY PRETTIES! THEN WE'LL MAKE SPIDER-MAN PAY!
OH, BROTHER!
OCK WAS ONCE ONE OF OUR MOST BRILLIANT ATOMIC SCIENTISTS, UNTIL HE HAD AN ACCIDENT WHILE HANDLING RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPES. IT UNBALANCED HIS MIND! WHAT A WASTE!
BUT I'VE GOT ME TO WORRY ABOUT NOW--AND DROWNING AT THIS STAGE OF MY LIFE WOULD BE AN EVEN BIGGER WASTE!


YOU'RE NOT LEAVING US, SPIDER-MAN! YOU CAN'T HURT US AND JUST RUN AWAY!
OH NO, DOC? WELL...
... JUST WATCH ME!
GLAAAH!
SPLOOSH
THAT DOES IT! OPENING THAT BULKHEAD FLOODED THE BRIDGE! THERE'S NO AIR LEFT IN THE ATOMIC SUB NOW!
CAN'T EVEN SEE DOC OCK, AND THERE'S NO TIME TO SEARCH FOR HIM! I'VE GOT TO FORGET ABOUT HIM... CONCENTRATE ON GETTING OUT OF HERE!
BESIDES, DR. OCTOPUS CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!
SWIMMING FURIOUSLY AGAINST THE INRUSHING CURRENT, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN RACES AGAINST TIME...
...AWARE THAT EVERY SECOND FURTHER DEBITS THE DWINDLING AIR IN HIS LUNGS!
GOT TO KEEP GOING! GOT TO FIND A WAY...


...OUT!


J-JUST A FEW MORE METRES AND I'LL MAKE IT TO THE SURFACE!
LUNGS NEAR BURSTING... FEEL LIKE I'M GOING TO PASS OUT!
BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO DOCTOR OCTOPUS?
THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION CAN BE FOUND BELOW THE RIVER'S SURFACE...
A-AIR POCKET!
M-MUST FILL MY LUNGS WITH PRECIOUS OXYGEN...
...AND ONCE AGAIN ATTEMPT, IN THIS UNDERSEA DARKNESS, TO FIND THE HATCHWAY THROUGH WHICH SPIDER-MAN ESCAPED! AH!
MY EVER-SEARCHING ARMS HAVE DISCOVERED IT! I MUST SWIM THROUGH!
BUT EVEN AS DR. OCTOPUS FEELS SALVATION WITHIN HIS GRASP...
KLANG!
NO! MY DAMAGED, CRIPPLED ARM DRAGGED BEHIND! IT'S CAUGHT IN THE HATCHWAY DOOR!
I'VE GOT TO EXTEND IT FURTHER THAN EVER BEFORE, TRY TO REACH THE SURFACE!
IT IS A MAD, DESPERATE ATTEMPT...
OCTOPUS!
NO USE... ARM ISN'T LONG ENOUGH!
IT'S DRAGGING ME --
--DOWN!
OCK'S GONE! NOT EVEN A RIPPLE TO MARK HIS PASSING!
AND I HAVEN'T THE STRENGTH TO TRY AND SAVE HIM.
FUNNY, HE'S BEEN MY DEADLIEST FOE FOR YEARS-- YET I CAN'T HELP FEELING SORRY IT ENDED THIS WAY!
BUT I'VE GOT WORRIES OF MY OWN -- LIKE EXPLAINING ALL THIS TO THE CREW OF THAT COAST GUARD RESCUE CUTTER BEARING DOWN ON ME...
...AND LIKE GETTING OUT OF THIS WET COSTUME AND INTO A WARM BED BEFORE I CATCH PNEUMONIA!
-FIN-

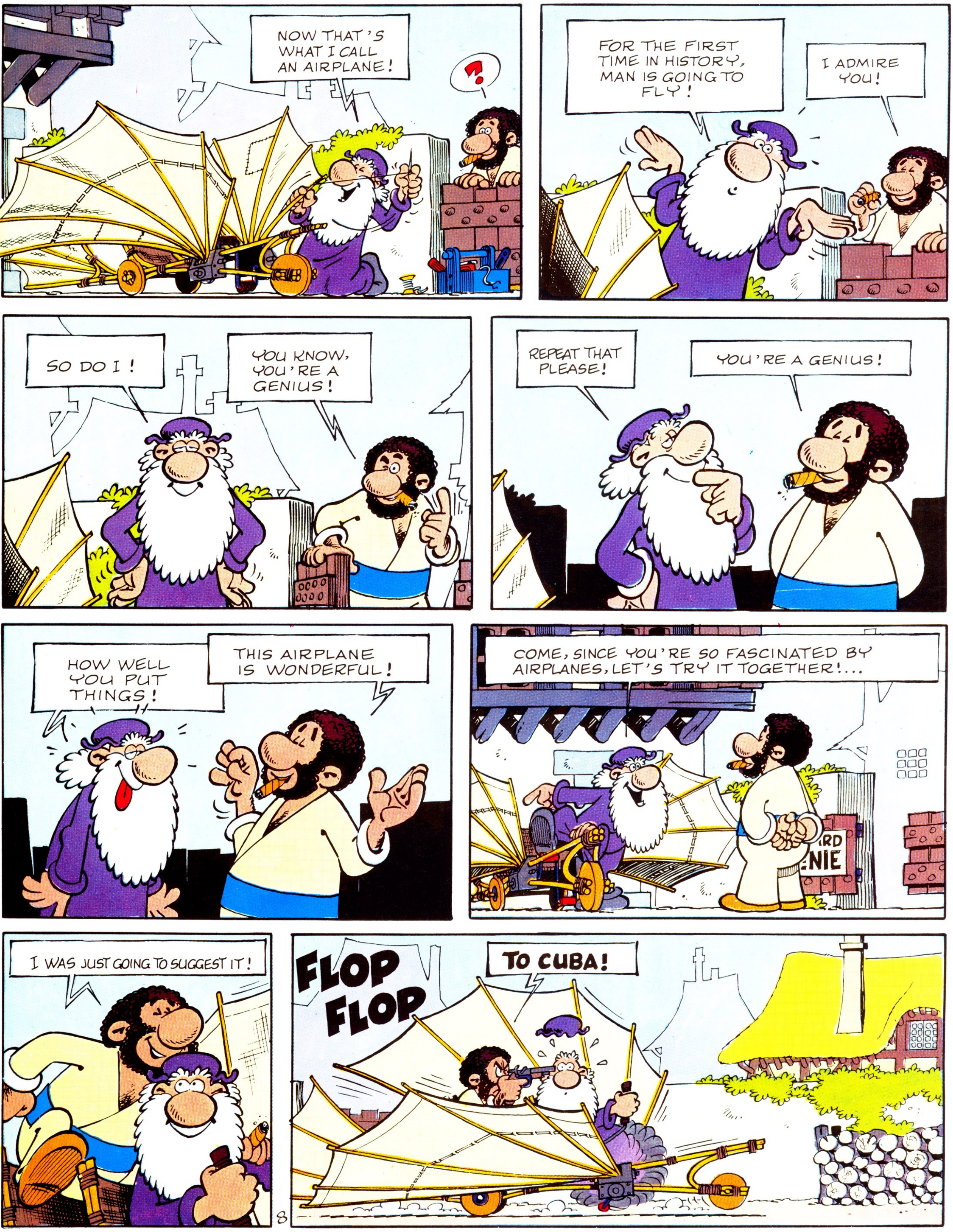
LEONARD


THE SLOWNESS OF TRANSPORTATION INSPIRED MY LATEST INVENTION!
B
THANKS TO MY GENIUS, WE'LL BE ABLE TO TRAVEL AT AN INCREDIBLE SPEED!
I'M SO BRILLIANT!
A REVOLUTIONARY MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION: LIGHT... SPEED 170,000 MILES PER SECOND!
I'M GOING TO GO FROM POINT A TO POINT B AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT... RIGHT UNDER YOUR VERY EYES!
B
A
CLEAR THE RUNWAY FOR IMMEDIATE TAKE-OFF! I'M FASTENING MY SUSPENDERS*
5... 4... 3... 2... 1... ZERO!...
WIZZZZZ
* I HAVEN'T INVENTED SEAT BELTS YET!
BADANG
WHAT STUPID IDIOT TURNED OFF THE LIGHT?
B

DARGAUD

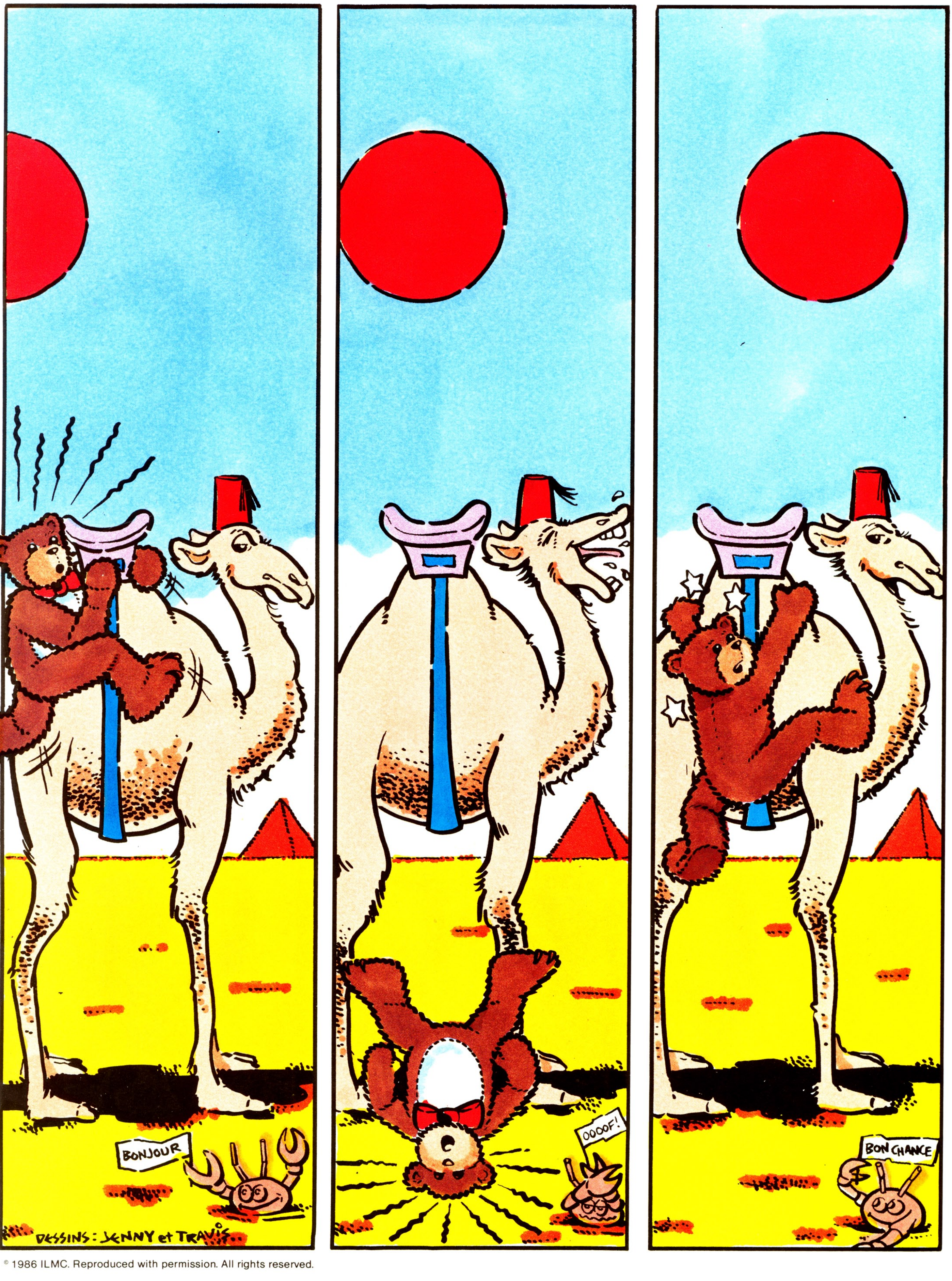
© DARGAUD ÉDITEUR

LEONARD


NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL AN AIRPLANE!
?
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY, MAN IS GOING TO FLY!
I ADMIRE YOU!
SO DO I!
YOU KNOW, YOU'RE A GENIUS!
REPEAT THAT PLEASE!
YOU'RE A GENIUS!
HOW WELL YOU PUT THINGS!
THIS AIRPLANE IS WONDERFUL!
COME, SINCE YOU'RE SO FASCINATED BY AIRPLANES, LET'S TRY IT TOGETHER!...
RD
ENIE
I WAS JUST GOING TO SUGGEST IT!
FLOP FLOP
TO CUBA!

(C) DARGAUD EDITEUR

INTERNATIONAL BEAR


BONJOUR
DESSINS : JENNY et TRAVIS
OOOOF!
BON CHANCE

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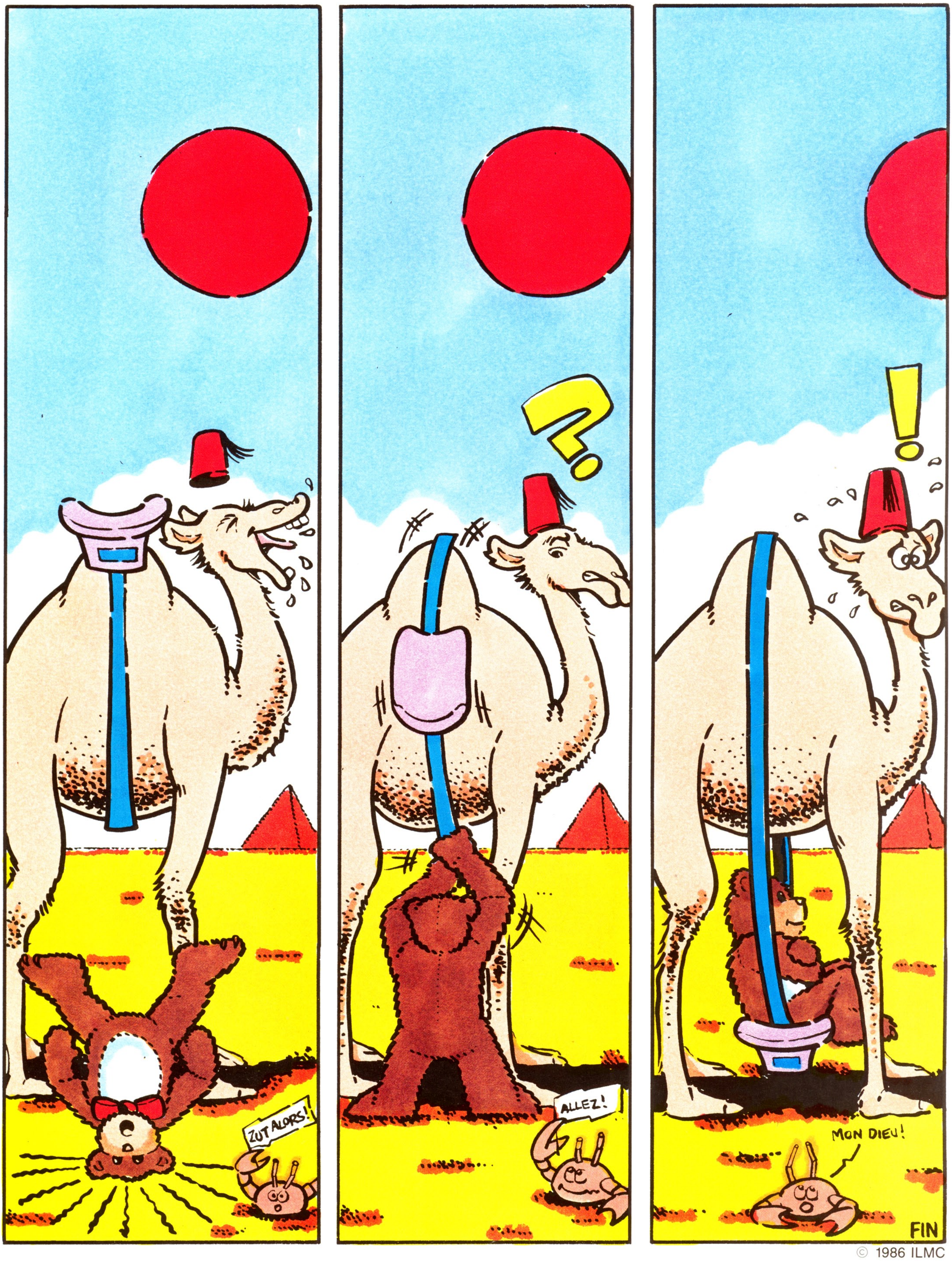
by Jenny & Travis


ZUT ALORS!
?
ALLEZ!
!
MON DIEU!
FIN

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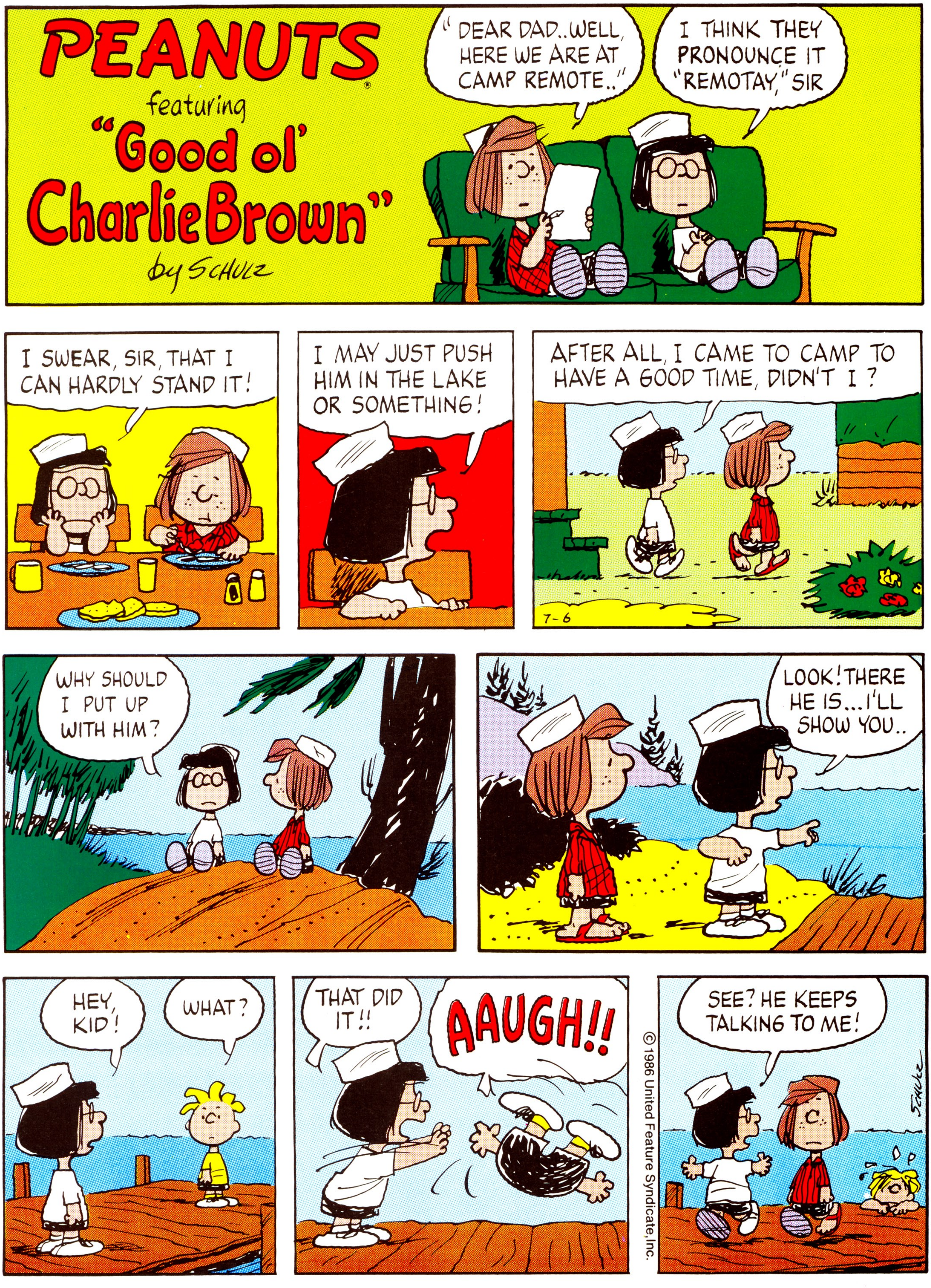
PEANUTS
featuring
"Good ol' Charlie Brown"
by SCHULZ
"DEAR DAD..WELL, HERE WE ARE AT CAMP REMOTE.."
I THINK THEY PRONOUNCE IT "REMOTAY," SIR
I SWEAR, SIR, THAT I CAN HARDLY STAND IT!
I MAY JUST PUSH HIM IN THE LAKE OR SOMETHING!
AFTER ALL, I CAME TO CAMP TO HAVE A GOOD TIME, DIDN'T I?
7-6
WHY SHOULD I PUT UP WITH HIM?
LOOK! THERE HE IS...I'LL SHOW YOU..
HEY, KID!
WHAT?
THAT DID IT!!
AAUGH!!
SCHULZ
SEE? HE KEEPS TALKING TO ME!

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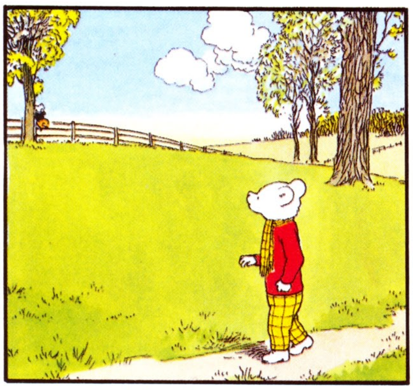
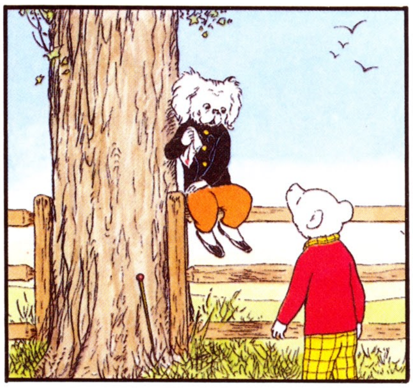
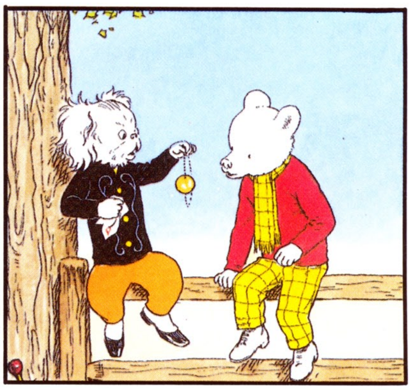
RUPERT



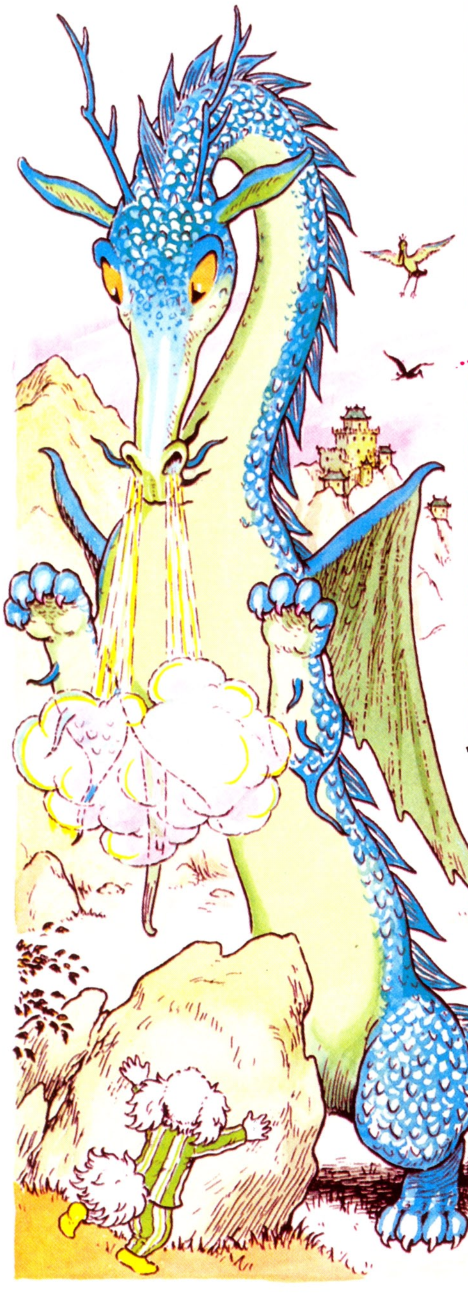
"That's Pong Ping sitting over there.
And crying, too!" says Rupert Bear.

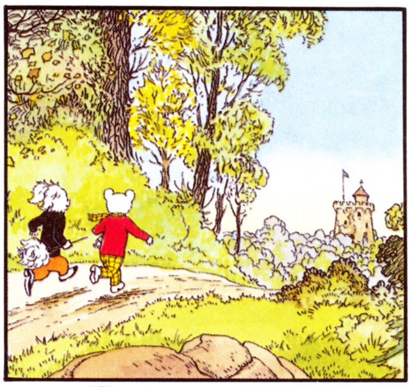


"Why, what's the matter?" Rupert cries.
"I'm homesick," poor Pong Ping replies.

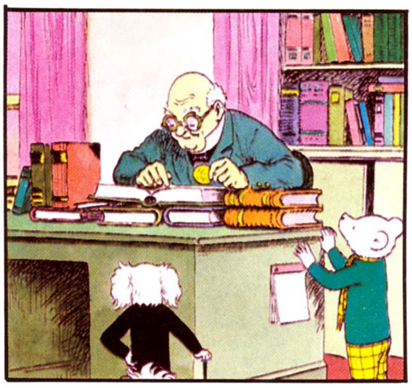


Pong Ping's medallion makes him ache
A journey to his home to take.

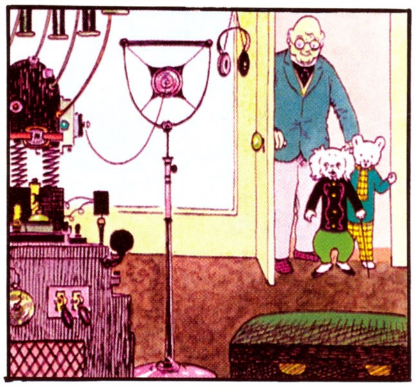




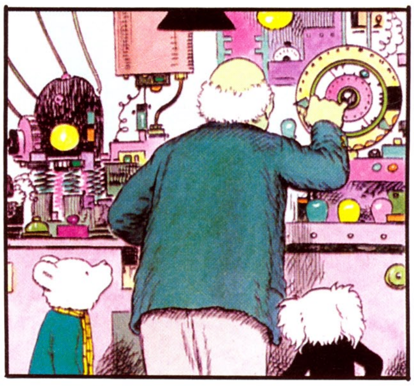
"The old Professor's sure to know
Some way or other you may go!"



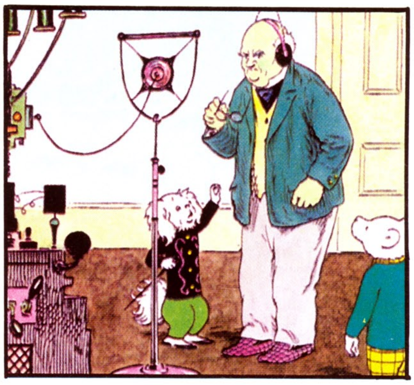
"This medal's from too far away
For me to send you, I must say."



"My radio room is close at hand.
We'll try to speak to that far land."



The old man twirls the knobs around,
And presently they hear a sound



Alas, the words don't mean a thing.
"I'll understand them," cries Pong Ping.

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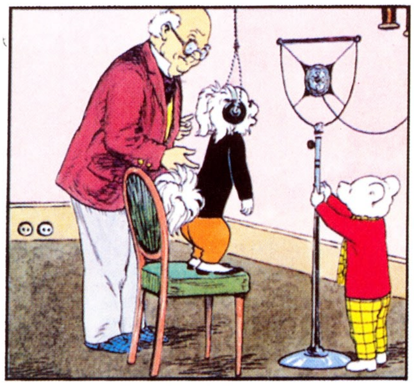
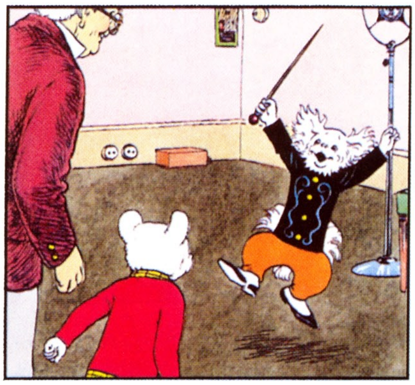
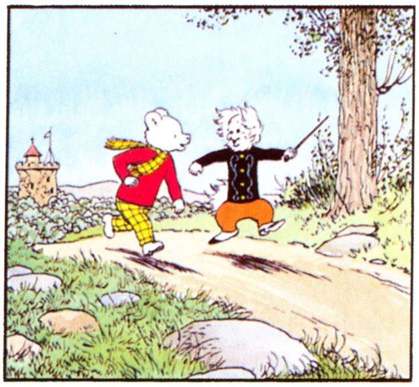
RUPERT



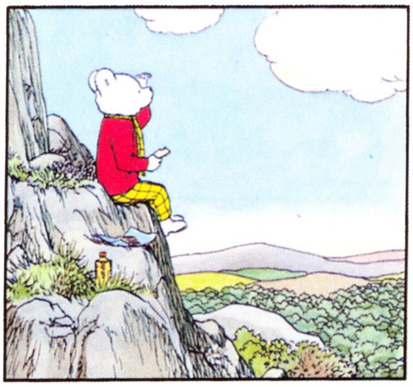
So Pong Ping stands upon a chair
And listens in with special care.



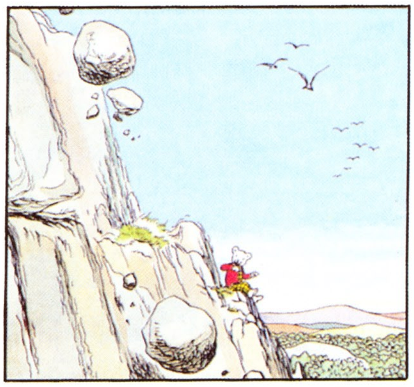
"The Emperor spoke!" he cries with glee,
"And said, 'Please come and stay with me'."



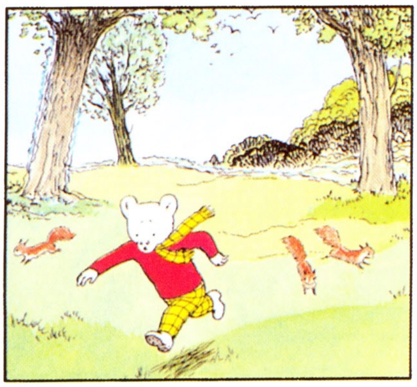
They think the Emperor's sure to send
His fastest 'plane to fetch his friend.



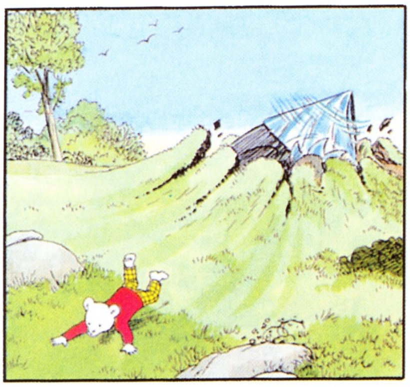
So Rupert watches from a crag
While Pong Ping goes to pack his bag.



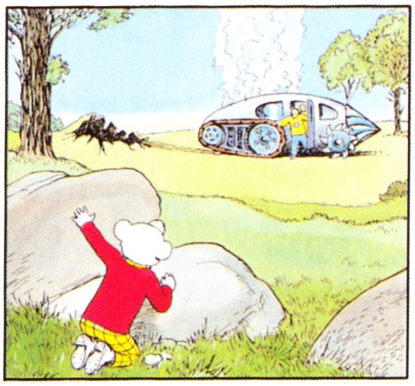
One day while Rupert's looking out,
The hill begins to shake about.



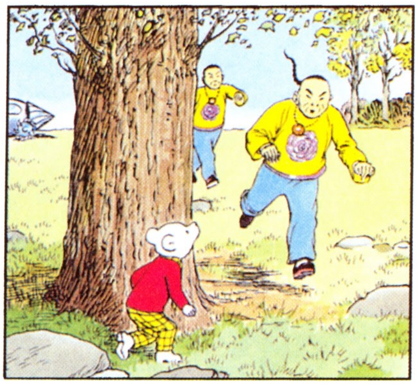
The trees shake too, the squirrels flee,
And Rupert runs, fast as can be.



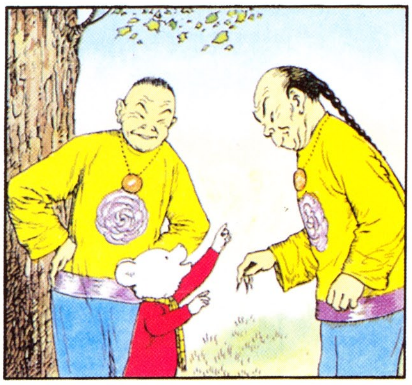
And then there bursts with frightful sound,
A metal monster through the ground.



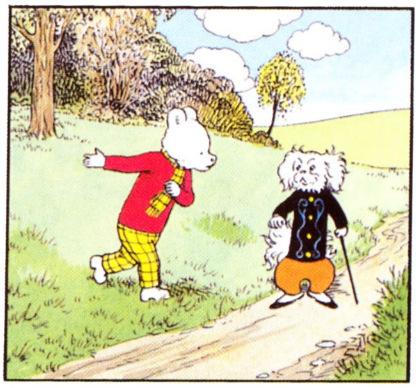
Frightened, poor Rupert runs to hide,
As from the monster two men stride.



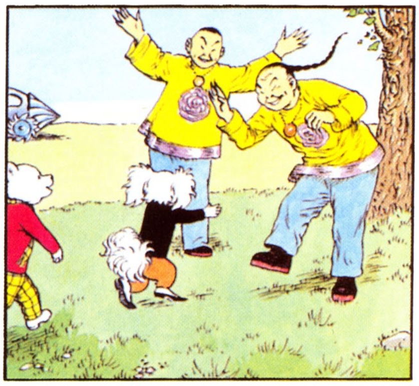
Around their necks hang shiny things;
Medallions just like Pong Ping's.



"You're from the Emperor!" Rupert cries.
"I'll fetch Pong Ping", and off he flies.

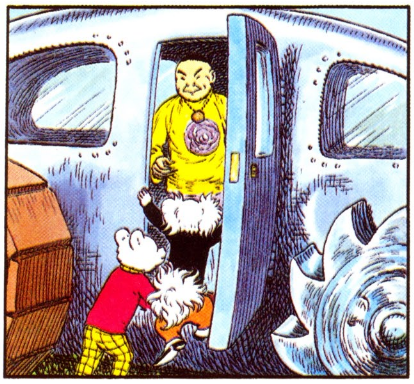


"Your friends," shouts Rupert to his chum,
"By some strange kind of tank have come!"

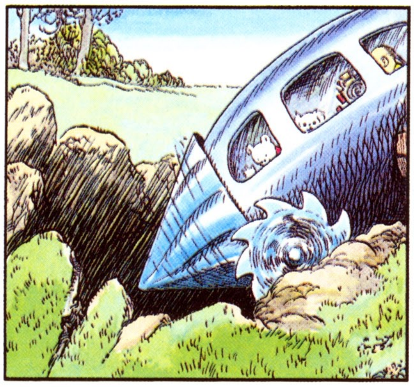


Then off to greet them Pong Ping hies.
"So glad to see you, friends!" he cries.

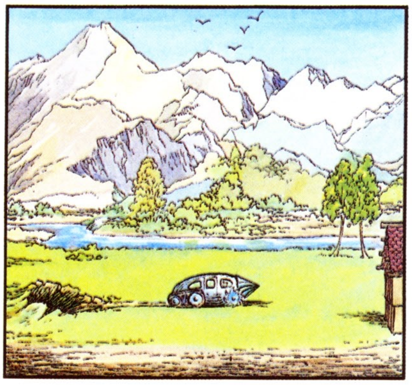
RUPERT



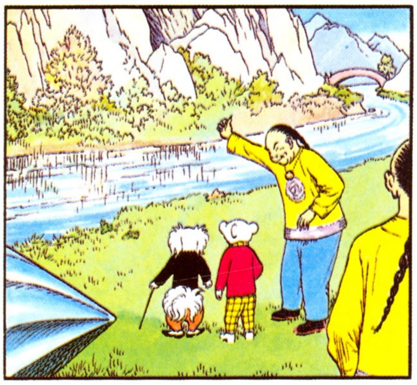
A ride for Rupert is proposed.
They jump in and the door is closed.



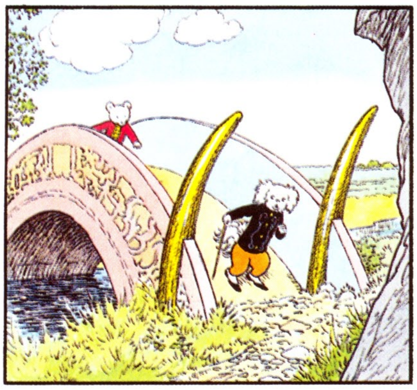
The strange machine with mighty roar,
Descends into the earth once more.



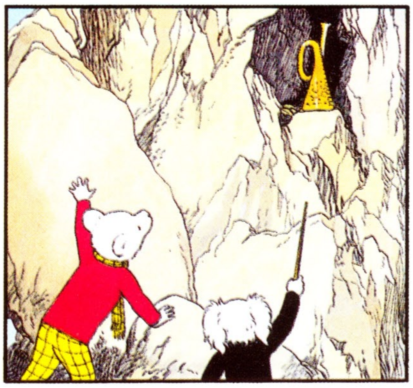
At length they reach a distant land
With mountains very steep and grand.



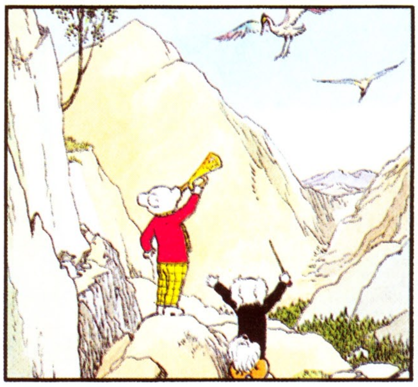
"We'll leave you now," the two men say.
"You cross that bridge to find your way."



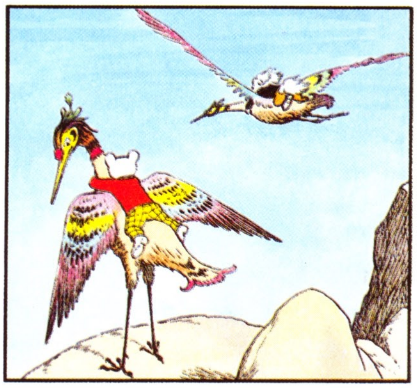
They cross the bridge named by their guide,
And come upon a mountain side.



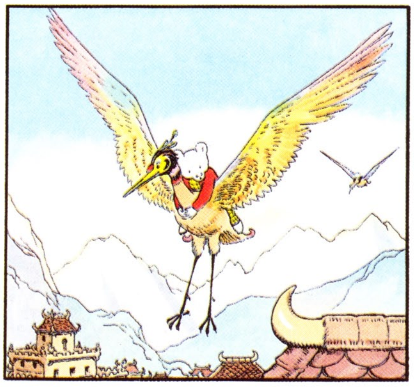
And there they see, as they were told,
A trumpet that is plainly old.



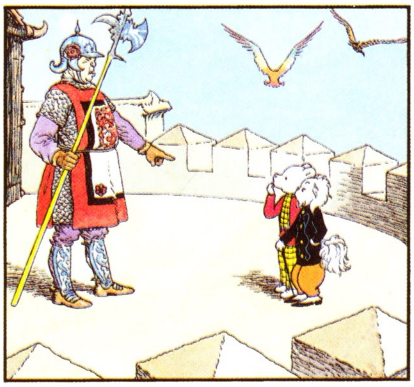
The trumpet's notes sound loud and clear.
And now two splendid birds appear.



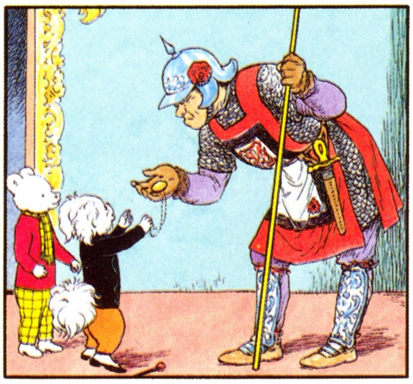
"Come, scramble on our backs," they cry.
They stretch their wings and off they fly.



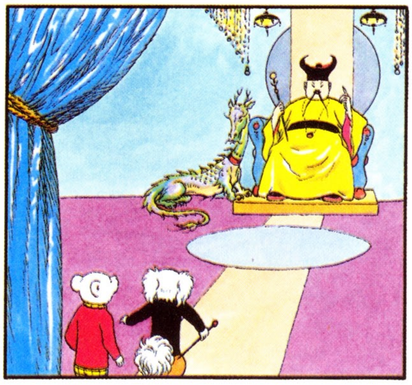
They cross a mighty mountain range
To reach a palace rich and strange.



An armoured soldier halts the pair,
And fixes them with frightening stare.

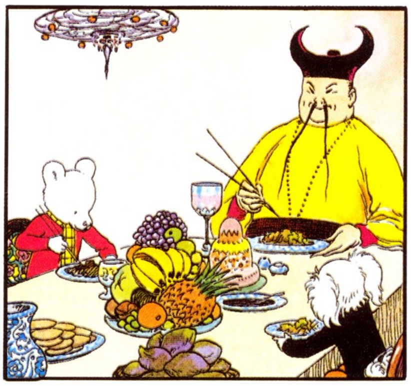


Pong Ping displays his medal rare.
The man at once admits the pair.

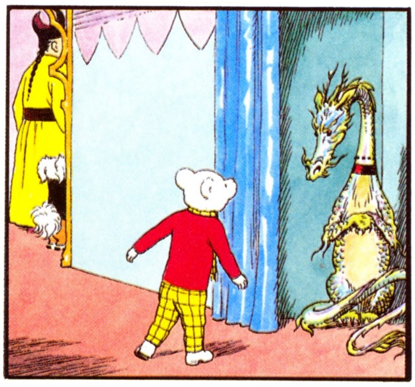


Then to the Emperor's room they're shown,
And find him seated on a throne.

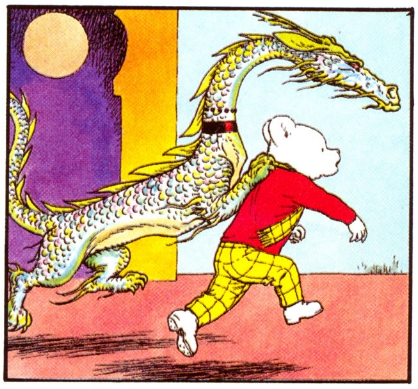
RUPERT



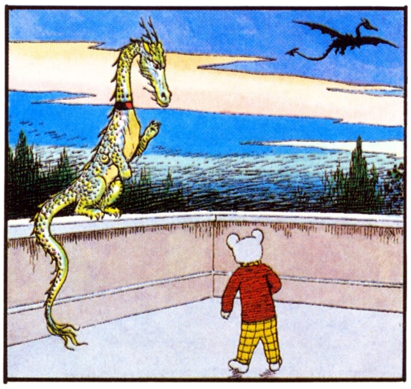
At supper Rupert's in a fix;
He finds he has to use chopsticks.



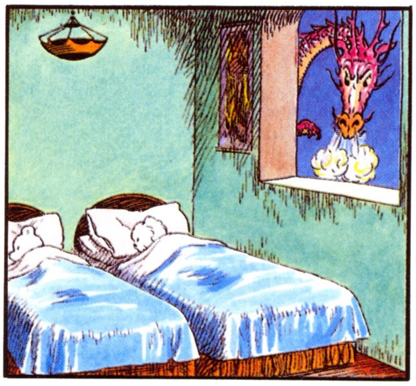
A hissing startles Rupert Bear.
He turns. A dragon's lurking there!



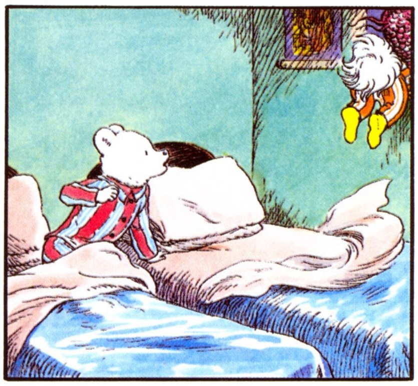
The dragon shouts, "It is a shame!
I've been neglected since you came!"



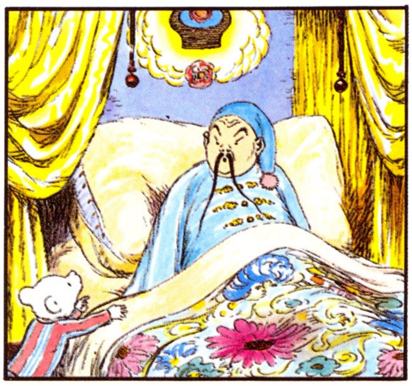
"My dreaded uncle flying there
Will carry off your friend, young bear."



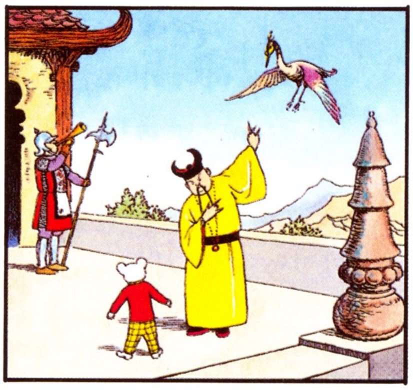
That night when both are fast asleep,
The dragon towards them starts to creep.



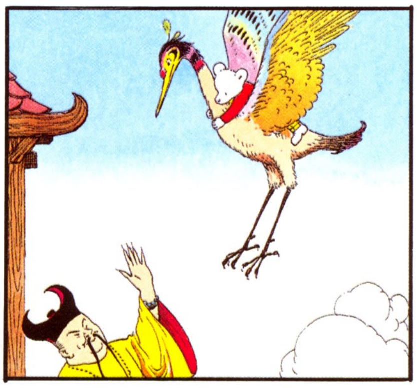
Rupert is wakened by a squeak.
The dragon's got his pal, the Peke.



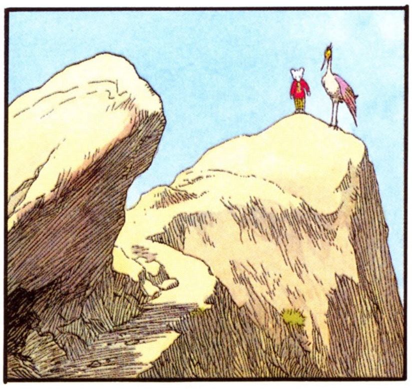
Then to the Emperor Rupert goes
And tells of Pong Ping's dragon foes.



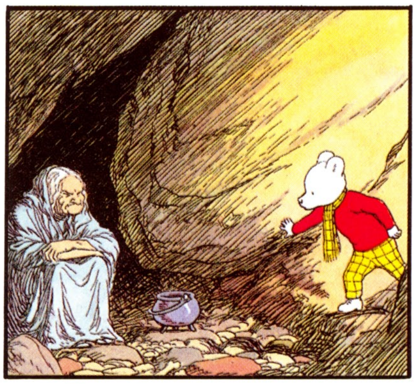
"To you a travel-bird I'll lend
To help you find your little friend."



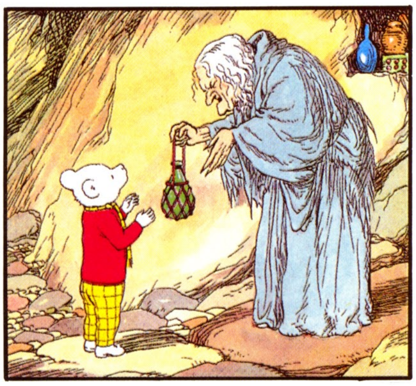
The bird says, "To a cave we'll go.
A wise old woman's there, I know."



"And to her words you must give heed.
Without her help you can't succeed."

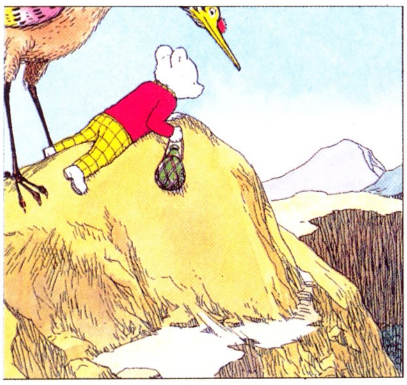


The wise old woman hears his tale
And says, "Your courage must prevail."

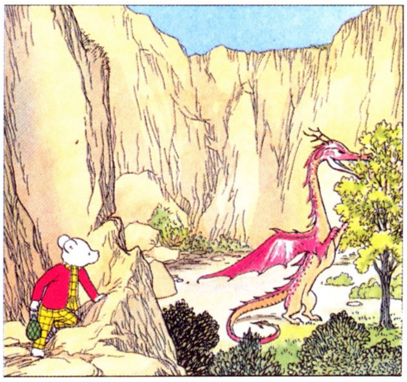


"This drink will make the dragon sleep
For many hours in slumber deep."

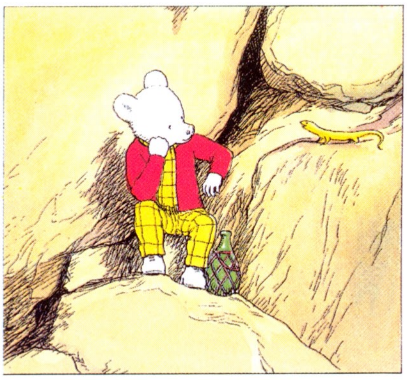
RUPERT



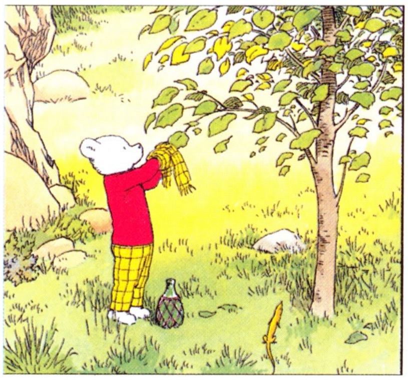
The bird takes Rupert all the way,
And says, 'I'll call here every day."



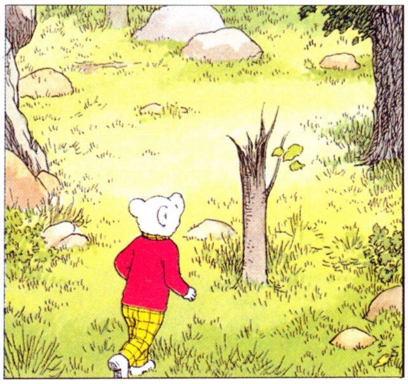
The dragon's eating from a tree,
But no Pong Ping can Rupert see.



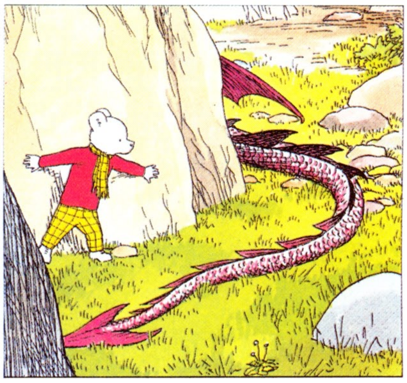
"He never drinks" a lizard cries.
"You'll have to catch him otherwise."



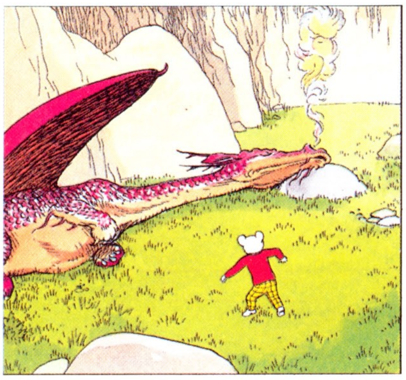
"Because the drinking plan's no use,
I'll paint the dragon's tree with juice."



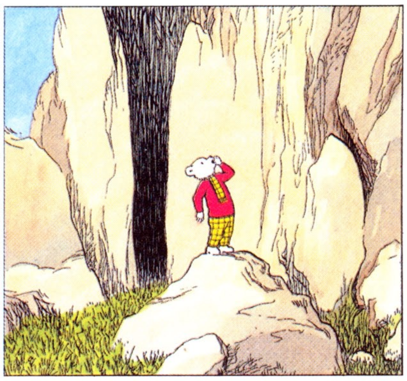
"My trick's worked!" Rupert cries in glee.
"The dragon's eaten all the tree!"



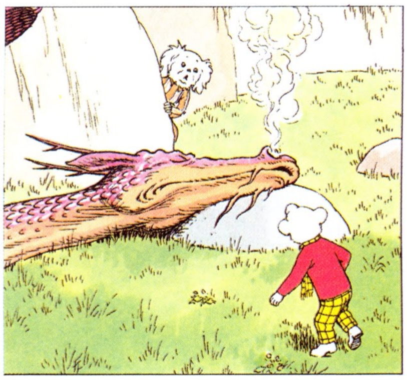
He finds the dragon lying still.
Can he the rescue now fulfil?



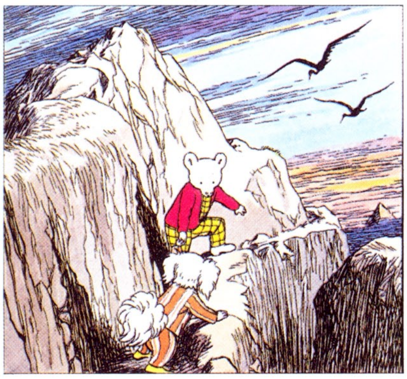
Towards the giant beast he creeps
To make quite sure the dragon sleeps.



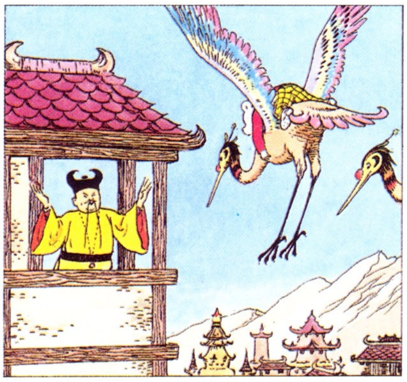
But when in vain he hunts about,
He says, "I'll have to risk a shout."



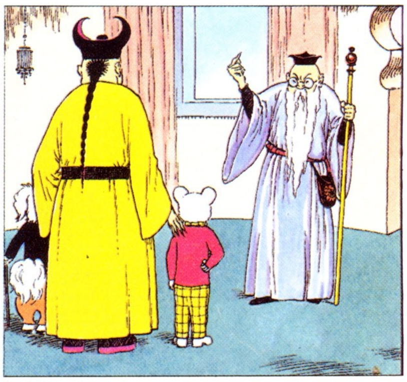
When Rupert turns, his foe still sleeps,
But round a boulder Pong Ping peeps.



He says, to still poor Pong Ping's fright,
"The birds will meet us here tonight."

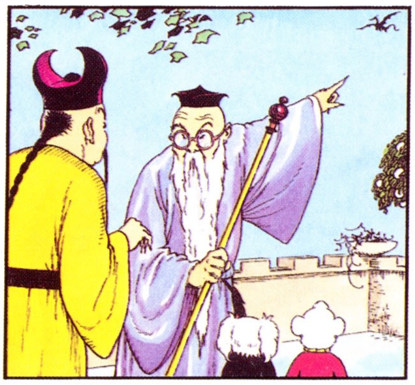


"Well done, brave bear!" the Emperor cries.
"My golden medal is your prize."

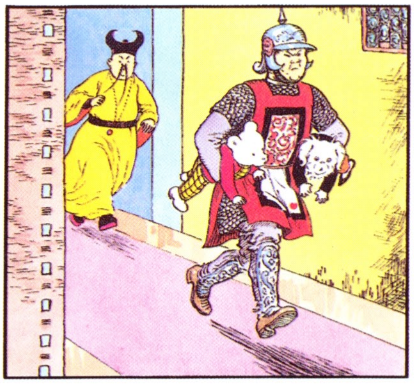


But now a courtier cries with fear,
"Oh, sire, these two must not stay here."

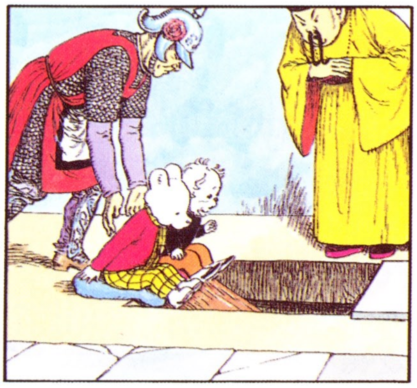
RUPERT



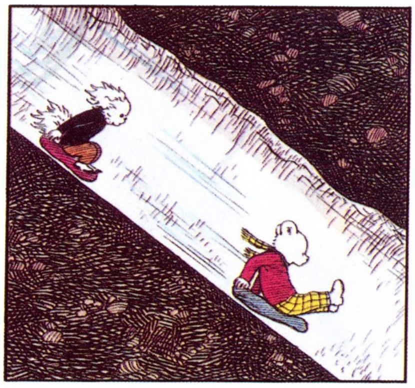
The courtier points towards the sky,
And there they see the dragon fly.



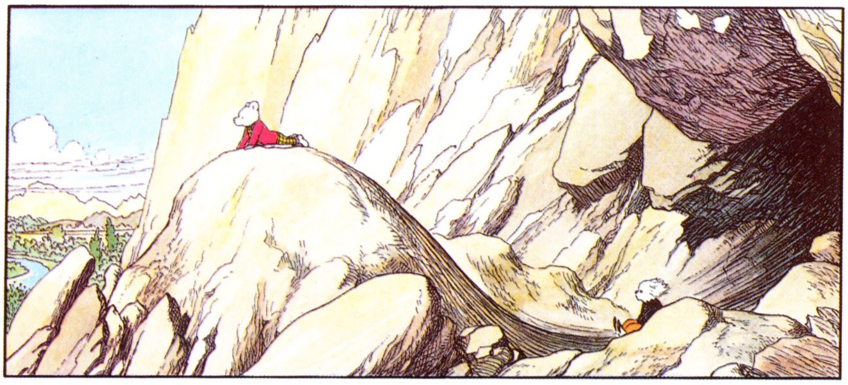
The chums are hurried out of sight
For fear of that fierce dragon's spite.



The Emperor says, "I can't, you see,
Keep you two longer here with me."

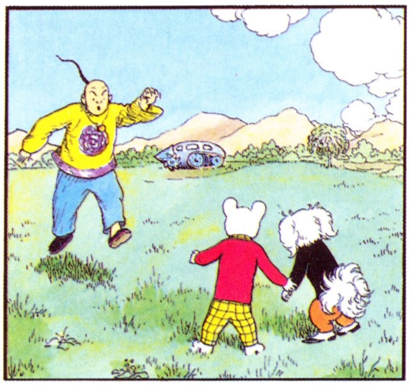


So down the cellar chute they slide;
A steep and dark and bumpy ride.

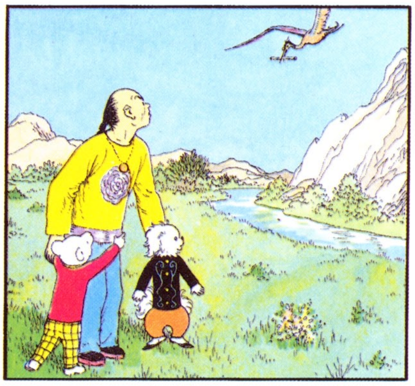


When they are nearly in despair
They shoot into the open air.

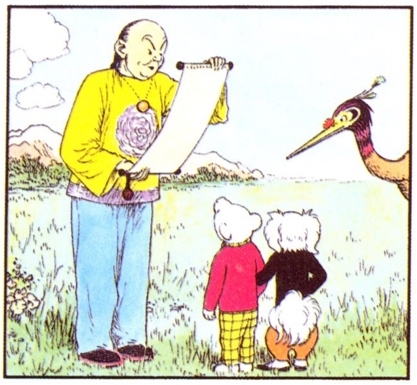
And Rupert gives a happy shout,
"It was from here we started out!"



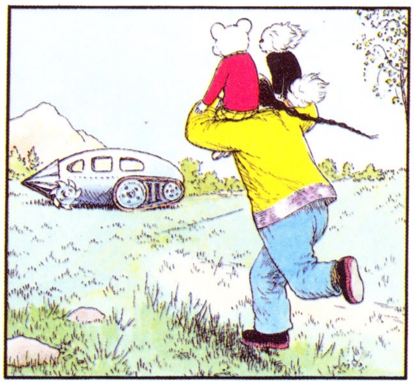
They clamber down towards the plain
And see their driver once again.



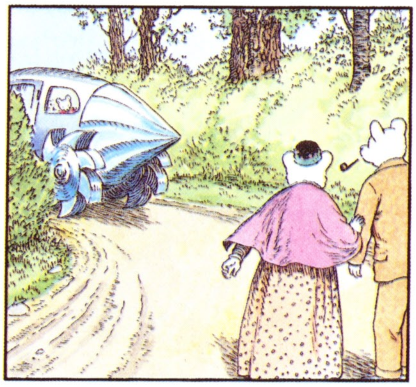
And then a bird towards them flies.
"It brings a message," Rupert cries.



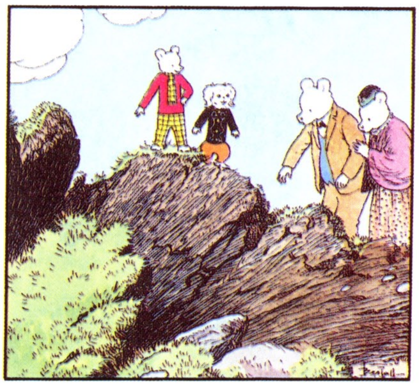
"The Emperor's orders," says the bird.
The driver reads the royal word.



Then in his arms the chums he takes
And for the tank he quickly makes.



Loud rumbling gives the Bears a fright,
And then the tank comes into sight.



"You see this hole?" says Rupert Bear.
"We've been to Pong Ping's land down there."

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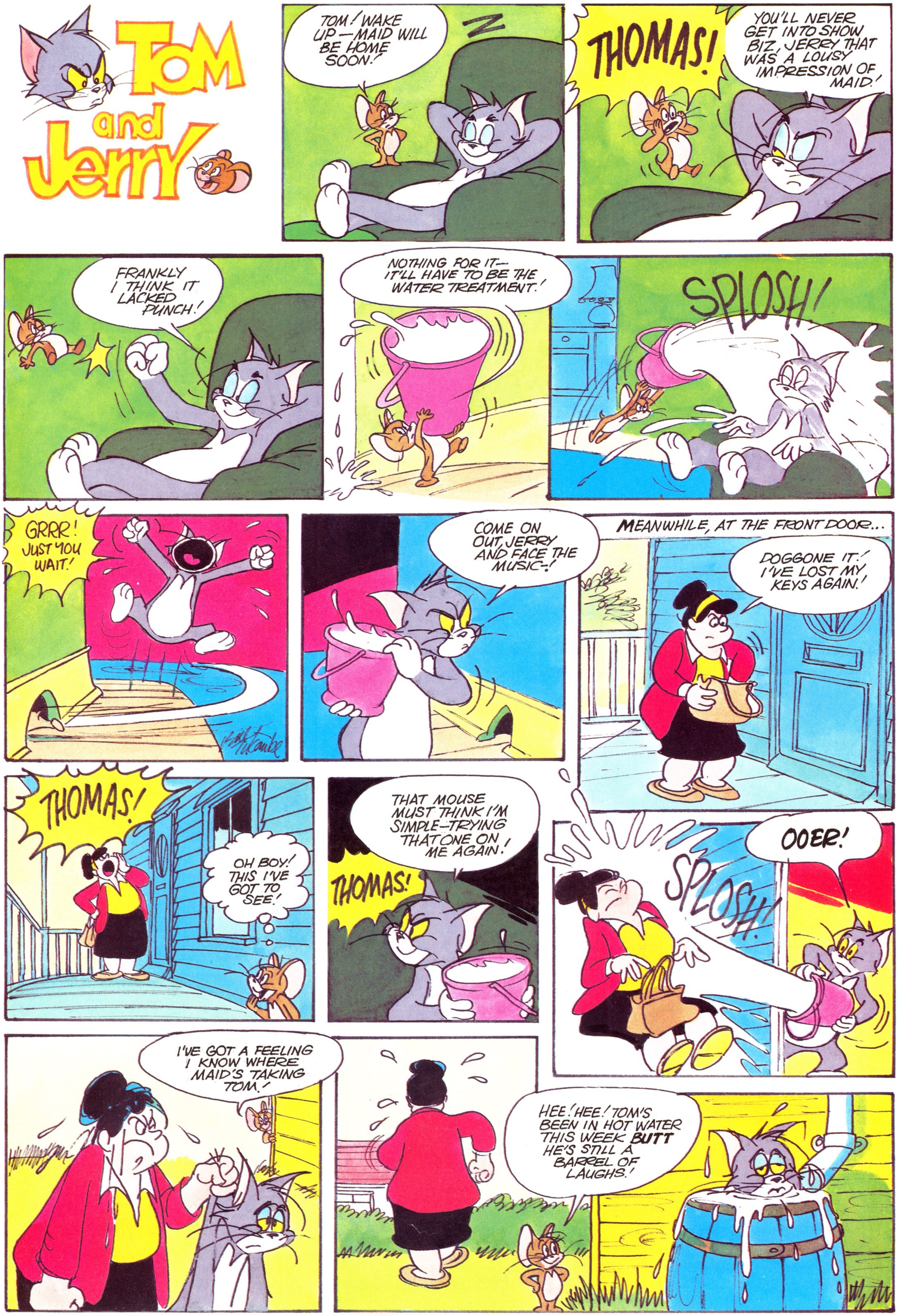
TOM and JERRY
TOM! WAKE UP—MAID WILL BE HOME SOON!
Z
THOMAS!
YOU'LL NEVER GET INTO SHOW BIZ, JERRY THAT WAS A LOUSY IMPRESSION OF MAID!
FRANKLY I THINK IT LACKED PUNCH!
NOTHING FOR IT— IT'LL HAVE TO BE THE WATER TREATMENT!
SPLOSH!
GRRR! JUST YOU WAIT!
COME ON OUT, JERRY AND FACE THE MUSIC—!
MEANWHILE, AT THE FRONT DOOR...
DOGGONE IT! I'VE LOST MY KEYS AGAIN!
THOMAS!
OH BOY! THIS I'VE GOT TO SEE!
THAT MOUSE MUST THINK I'M SIMPLE—TRYING THAT ONE ON ME AGAIN!
THOMAS!
OOER!
SPLOSH!
I'VE GOT A FEELING I KNOW WHERE MAID'S TAKING TOM!
HEE! HEE! TOM'S BEEN IN HOT WATER THIS WEEK BUTT HE'S STILL A BARREL OF LAUGHS!

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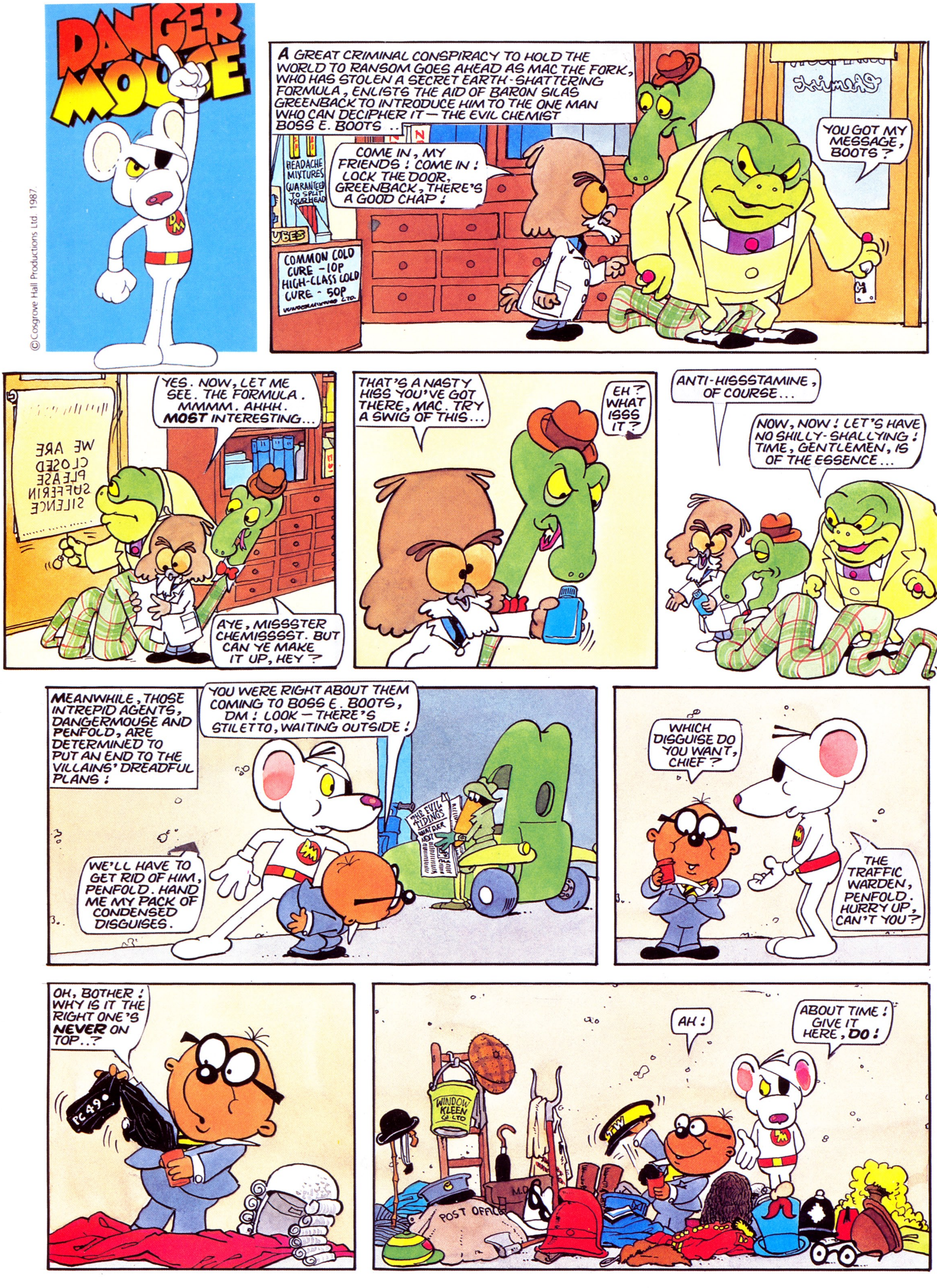
DANGER MOUSE
A GREAT CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY TO HOLD THE WORLD TO RANSOM GOES AHEAD AS MAC THE FORK, WHO HAS STOLEN A SECRET EARTH-SHATTERING FORMULA, ENLISTS THE AID OF BARON SILAS GREENBACK TO INTRODUCE HIM TO THE ONE MAN WHO CAN DECIPHER IT — THE EVIL CHEMIST BOSS E. BOOTS ..
HEADACHE MIXTURES GUARANTEED TO SPLIT YOUR HEAD
COMMON COLD CURE - 10P HIGH-CLASS COLD CURE - 50P
COME IN, MY FRIENDS! COME IN! LOCK THE DOOR, GREENBACK, THERE'S A GOOD CHAP!
YOU GOT MY MESSAGE, BOOTS?
YES. NOW, LET ME SEE. THE FORMULA. MMMM. AHHH. MOST INTERESTING...
AYE, MISSSTER CHEMISSSST. BUT CAN YE MAKE IT UP, HEY?
THAT'S A NASTY HISS YOU'VE GOT THERE, MAC. TRY A SWIG OF THIS...
EH? WHAT ISSS IT?
ANTI-HISSSTAMINE, OF COURSE...
NOW, NOW! LET'S HAVE NO SHILLY-SHALLYING! TIME, GENTLEMEN, IS OF THE ESSENCE...
MEANWHILE, THOSE INTREPID AGENTS, DANGERMOUSE AND PENFOLD, ARE DETERMINED TO PUT AN END TO THE VILLAINS' DREADFUL PLANS!
YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THEM COMING TO BOSS E. BOOTS, DM! LOOK — THERE'S STILETTO, WAITING OUTSIDE!
THE EVIL TIDINGS
WE'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF HIM, PENFOLD. HAND ME MY PACK OF CONDENSED DISGUISES.
WHICH DISGUISE DO YOU WANT, CHIEF?
THE TRAFFIC WARDEN, PENFOLD. HURRY UP, CAN'T YOU?
OH, BOTHER! WHY IS IT THE RIGHT ONE'S NEVER ON TOP..?
PC 490
AH!
ABOUT TIME! GIVE IT HERE, DO!
WINDOW KLEEN CO LTD
POST OFFICE

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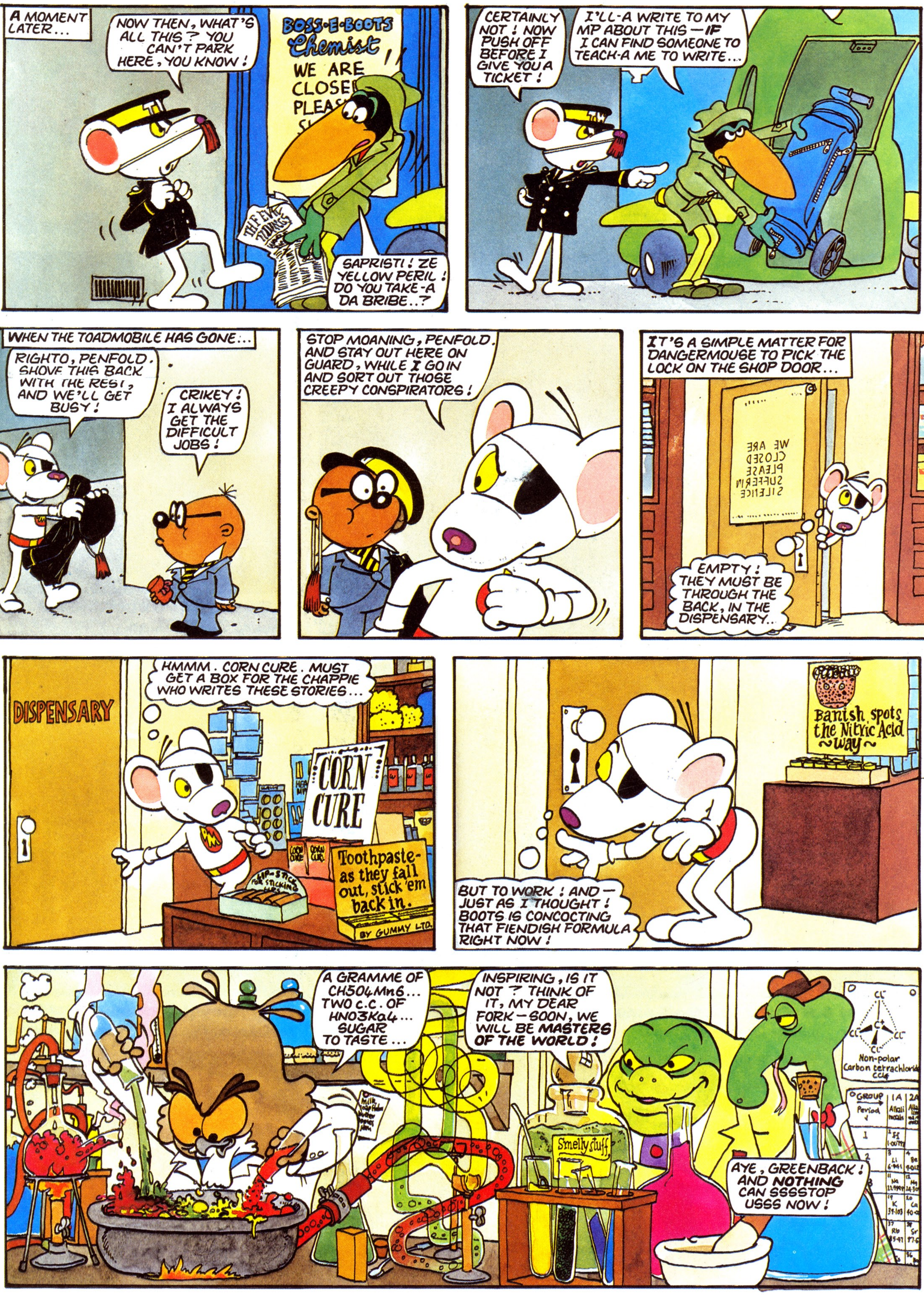

A MOMENT LATER...
NOW THEN, WHAT'S ALL THIS? YOU CAN'T PARK HERE, YOU KNOW!
BOSS-E-BOOTS Chemist
WE ARE CLOSE PLEAS
SAPRISTI! ZE YELLOW PERIL! DO YOU TAKE-A DA BRIBE..?
CERTAINLY NOT! NOW PUSH OFF BEFORE I GIVE YOU A TICKET!
I'LL-A WRITE TO MY MP ABOUT THIS — IF I CAN FIND SOMEONE TO TEACH-A ME TO WRITE...
WHEN THE TOADMOBILE HAS GONE...
RIGHTO, PENFOLD. SHOVE THIS BACK WITH THE REST, AND WE'LL GET BUSY!
CRIKEY! I ALWAYS GET THE DIFFICULT JOBS!
STOP MOANING, PENFOLD. AND STAY OUT HERE ON GUARD, WHILE I GO IN AND SORT OUT THOSE CREEPY CONSPIRATORS!
IT'S A SIMPLE MATTER FOR DANGERMOUSE TO PICK THE LOCK ON THE SHOP DOOR...
WE ARE CLOSED PLEASE SUFFERIN SILENCE
EMPTY! THEY MUST BE THROUGH THE BACK, IN THE DISPENSARY...
HMMM. CORN CURE. MUST GET A BOX FOR THE CHAPPIE WHO WRITES THESE STORIES...
DISPENSARY
CORN CURE
LIP-STICK FOR STICKING LIPS
Toothpaste- as they fall out, stick 'em back in.
BY GUMMY LTD.
Banish spots the Nitric Acid way
BUT TO WORK! AND — JUST AS I THOUGHT! BOOTS IS CONCOCTING THAT FIENDISH FORMULA RIGHT NOW!
A GRAMME OF CH504Mn6... TWO c.c. OF HNO3Ka4... SUGAR TO TASTE...
INSPIRING, IS IT NOT? THINK OF IT, MY DEAR FORK — SOON, WE WILL BE MASTERS OF THE WORLD!
Smelly stuff
Non-polar Carbon tetrachloride CCl4
AYE, GREENBACK! AND NOTHING CAN SSSSTOP USSS NOW!

© Cosgrove Hall Productions Ltd.

By courtesy of Look-In Magazine

Script by Angus P Allan
Illustration by Arthur Ranson

Who Do You LOVE?

Everyone has a favourite cartoon or comic character and Superstars are not exceptions. So with pencil and paper in hand we asked some of them for their particular cartoon great, purely for the cause of Cartoon Aid you understand! The results were quite surprising...

● **Rupert & McCartney**... *Has Paul found a new song-writing partner for the 1990's?*

● **Tom Cruise's choice...** *The Amazing* **Spider-Man**

● **Whitney Houston** *is fond of The Dark Knight Detective* - **The Batman**

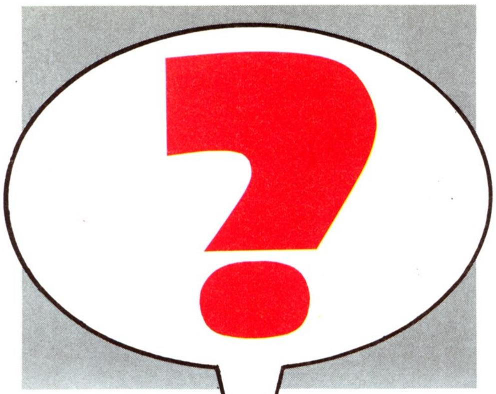
CARTOON AID

cartoon AID

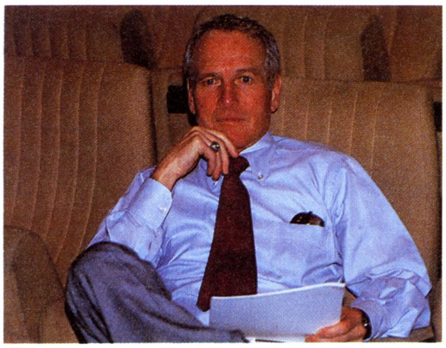
● **Paul Young** *just loves* **Scoobie Doo's** *Snacks!*

● **Larry Hagman** *goes for The Incredible* **Hulk**

● **Madonna** *gets into the groove with* **Minnie Mouse**



● **Phil Collins** *can't get enough of* **Tom & Jerry**



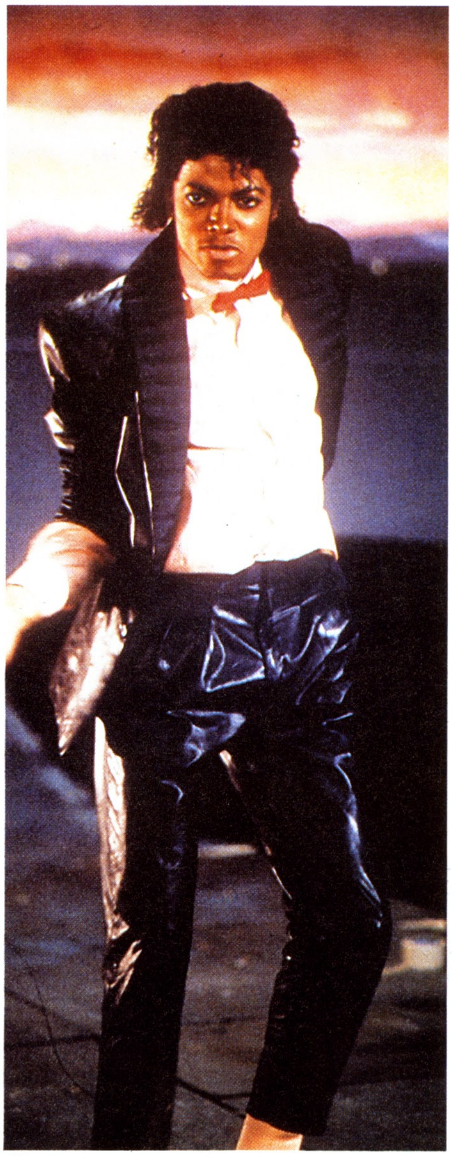
● **Paul Newman,** *a real* **Top Cat!**

● **Sting** *rocks on with The* **Flintstones**

● **David Byrne** *naturally chooses a Talking* **Max Headroom**

● *Good Old* **Charlie Brown's** – *a friend of* **Elton John**

● **Bruce Springsteen** *loves* **Captain America** *& that* **Panther** *who is* **Pink!**

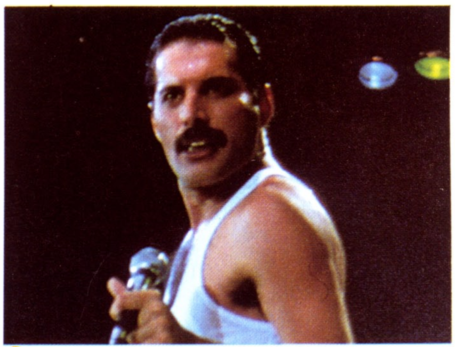


● **Michael Jackson** *makes sure he visits his pal* **Mickey Mouse** *at least once a week!*

CARTOON
AID

cartoon
AID

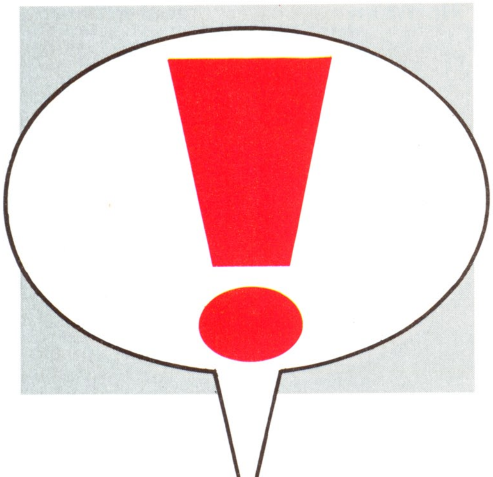
● **Kate Bush** *prefers to eat her marmalade sandwiches with cuddly* **Paddington**

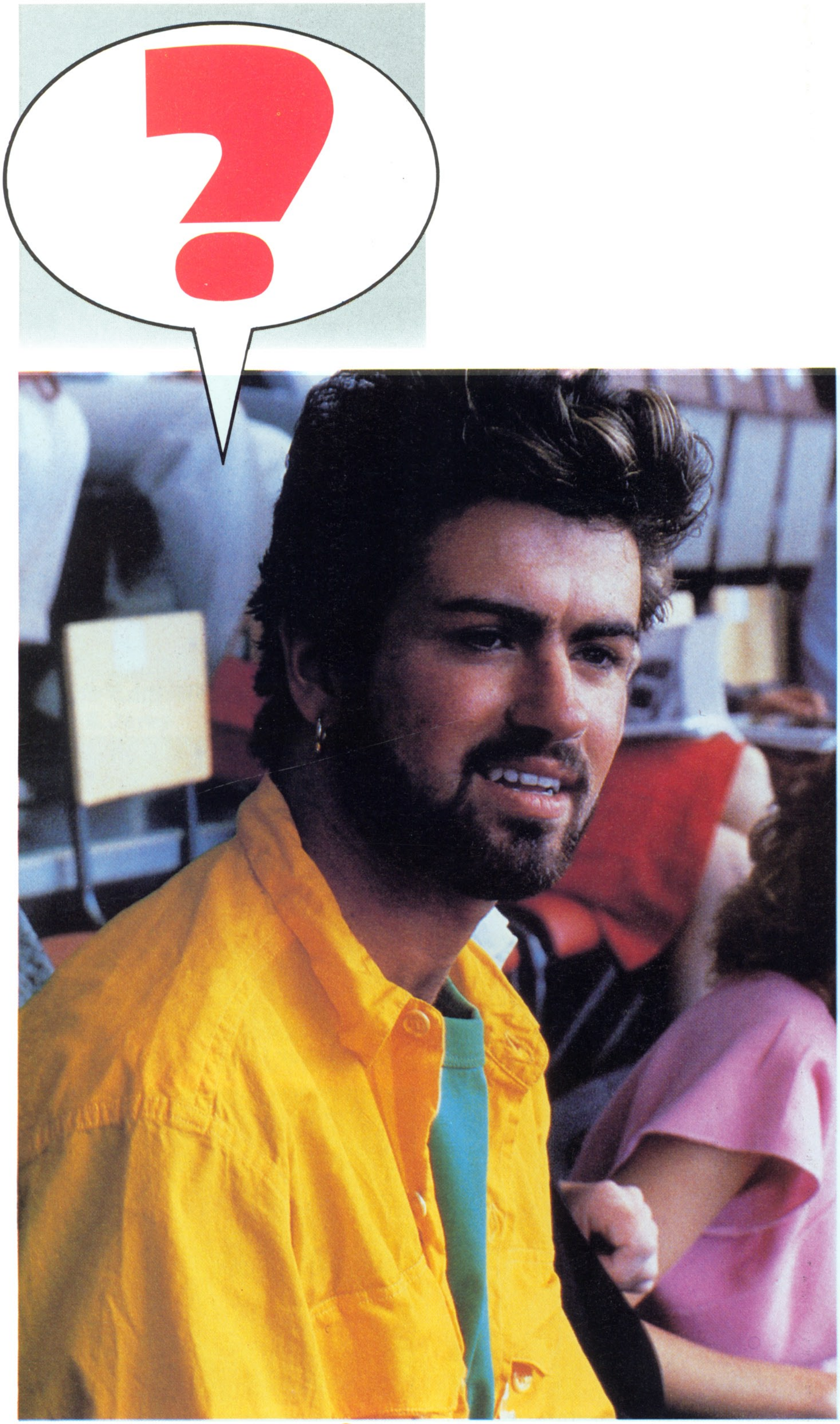


● **Freddie (Flash Gordon) Mercury,** *Saviour of the Universe?*

● **Inspector (Bob Geldof) Gadget**

● **Joan Collins,** *a modern* **Betty Boop?**

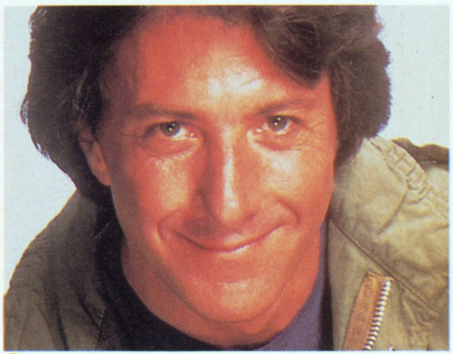




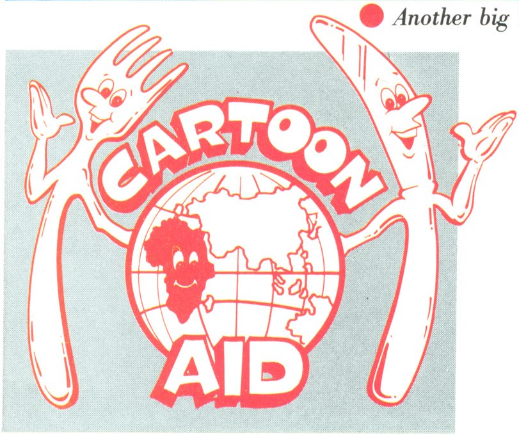
Another big **Peanuts** fan... **George Michael**

"Superman" Simon Le Bon chooses **Asterix Le Gaul**

Cool cat **Annie Lennox,** a big **Garfield** fan



It's **Popeye** & **Kermit** for **Dustin Hoffman**



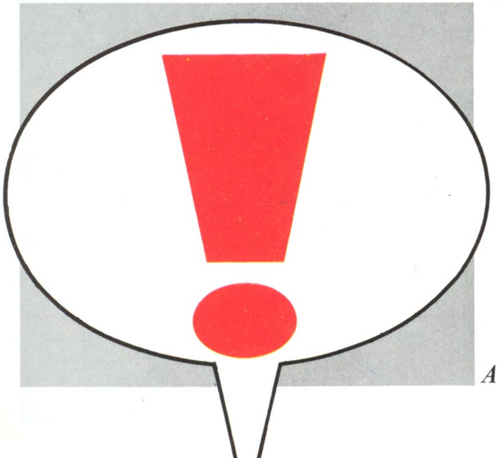
cartoon AID

● *Smarter than the average film star!* **Robert Redford's** *choice,* **Yogi Bear**

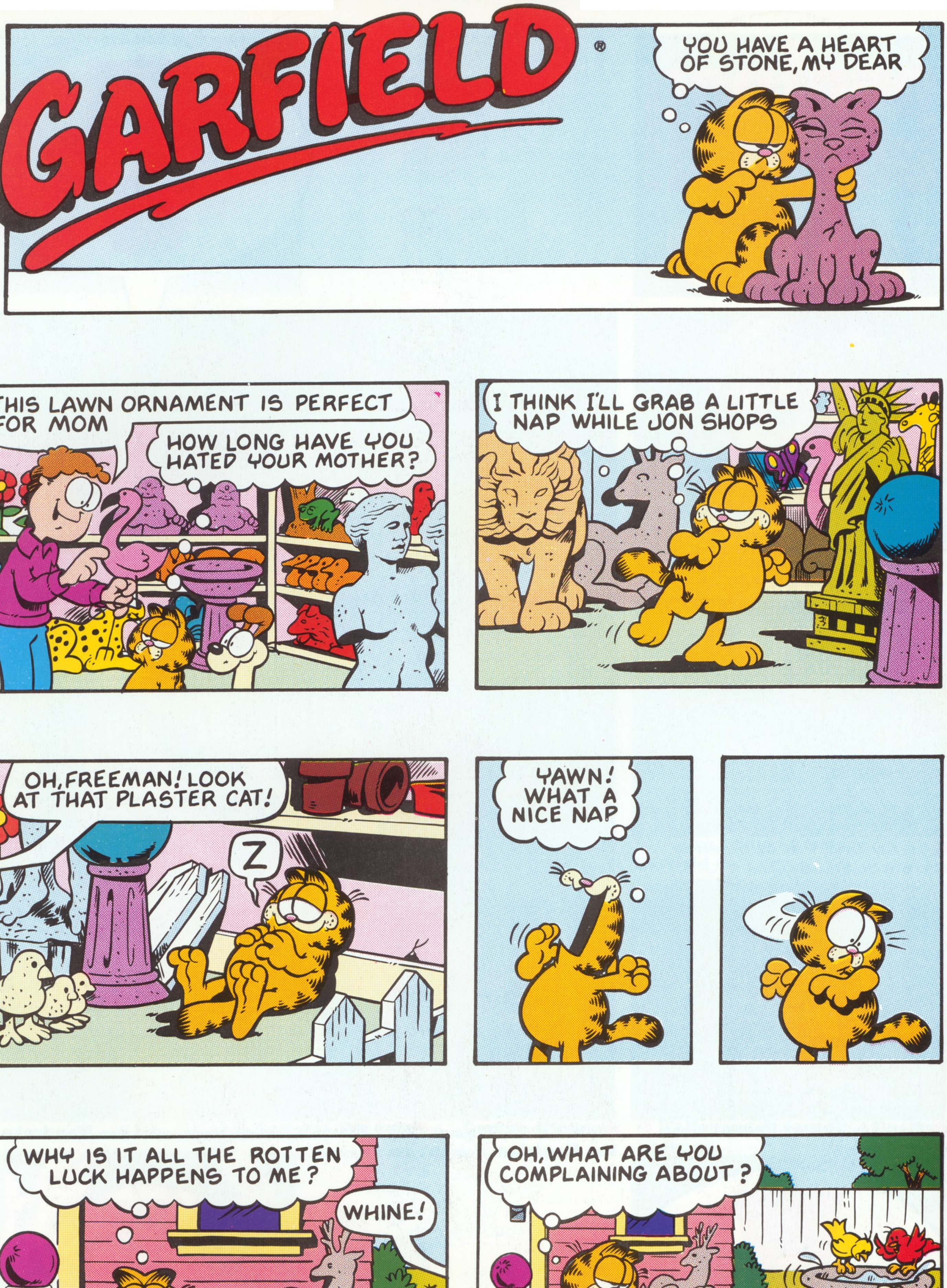
● *Trick or Treat?* **Prince** *is sweet on* **Casper** *the Friendly Ghost*

● *Meanwhile* **Robert Palmer** *prefers a* **Tin-Tin** *book*

● *The Master of Disguise.* **David Bowie's** *favourite is none other than* **Mandrake the Magician.** *Now isn't that a surprise!*



All pictures courtesy of **Rex Features Ltd** *&* **Alpha,** *London*


GARFIELD®
YOU HAVE A HEART OF STONE, MY DEAR
THIS LAWN ORNAMENT IS PERFECT FOR MOM
HOW LONG HAVE YOU HATED YOUR MOTHER?
I THINK I'LL GRAB A LITTLE NAP WHILE JON SHOPS
OH, FREEMAN! LOOK AT THAT PLASTER CAT!
Z
YAWN! WHAT A NICE NAP
WHY IS IT ALL THE ROTTEN LUCK HAPPENS TO ME?
WHINE!
OH, WHAT ARE YOU COMPLAINING ABOUT?
6-29
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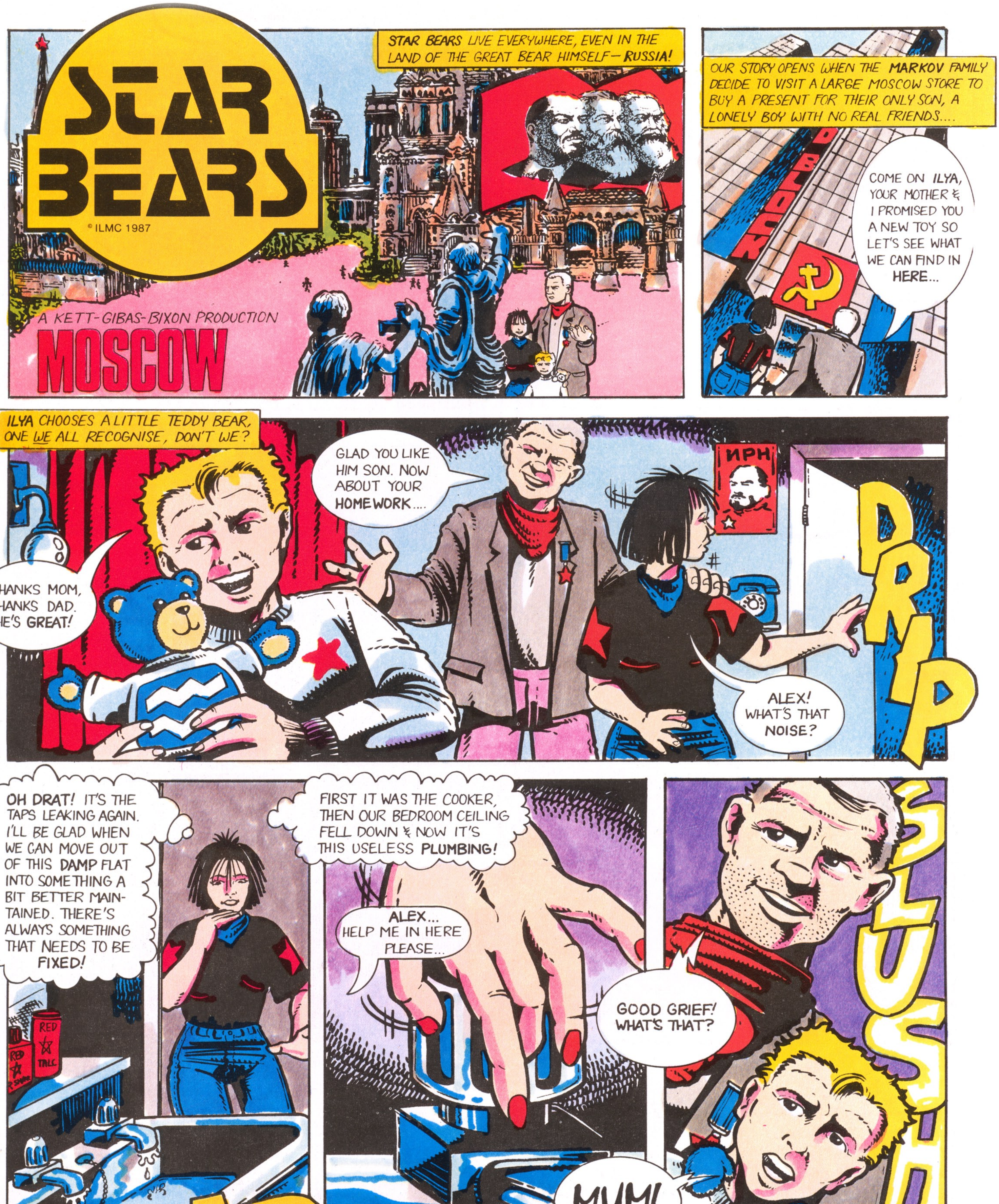
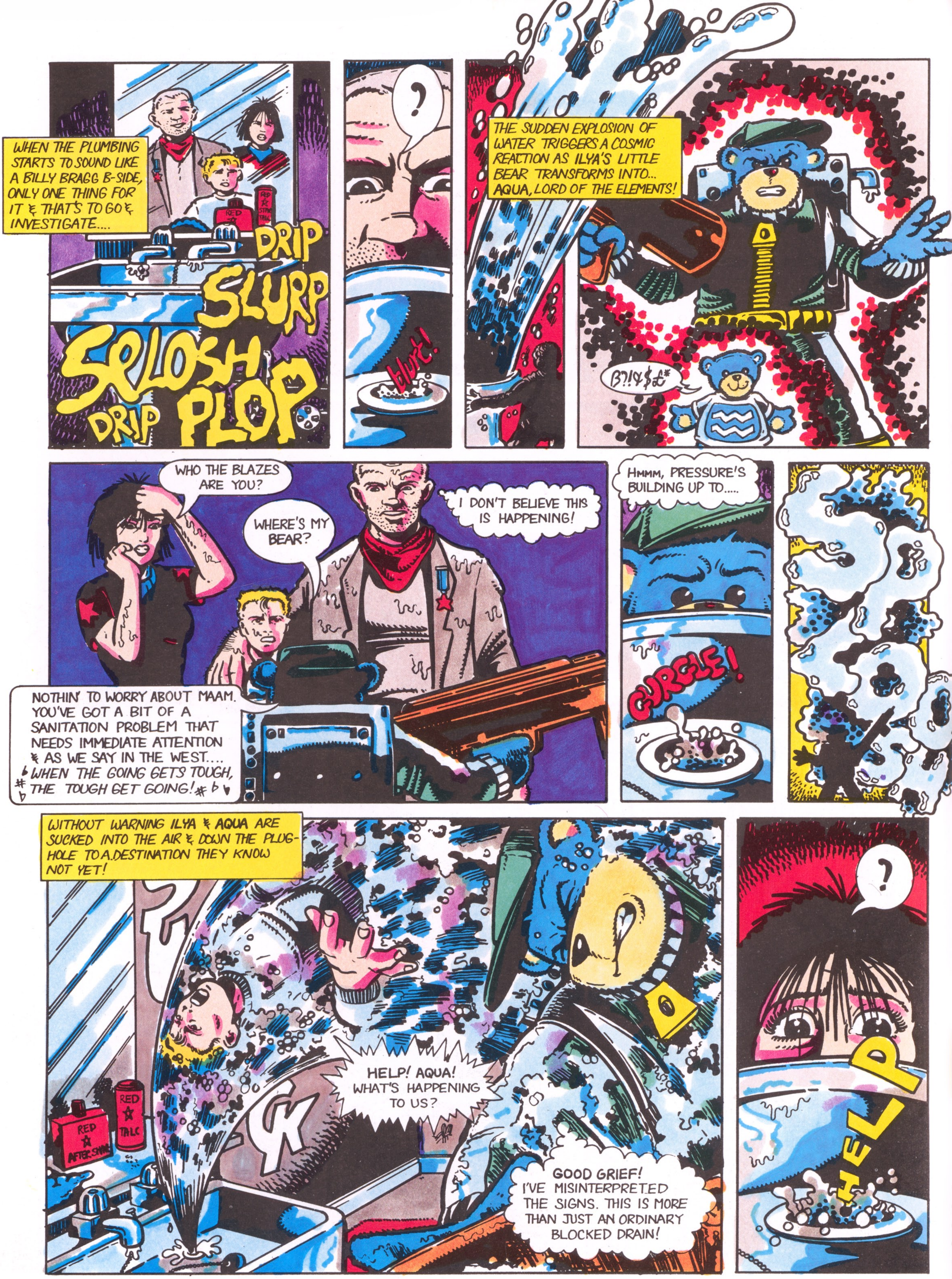
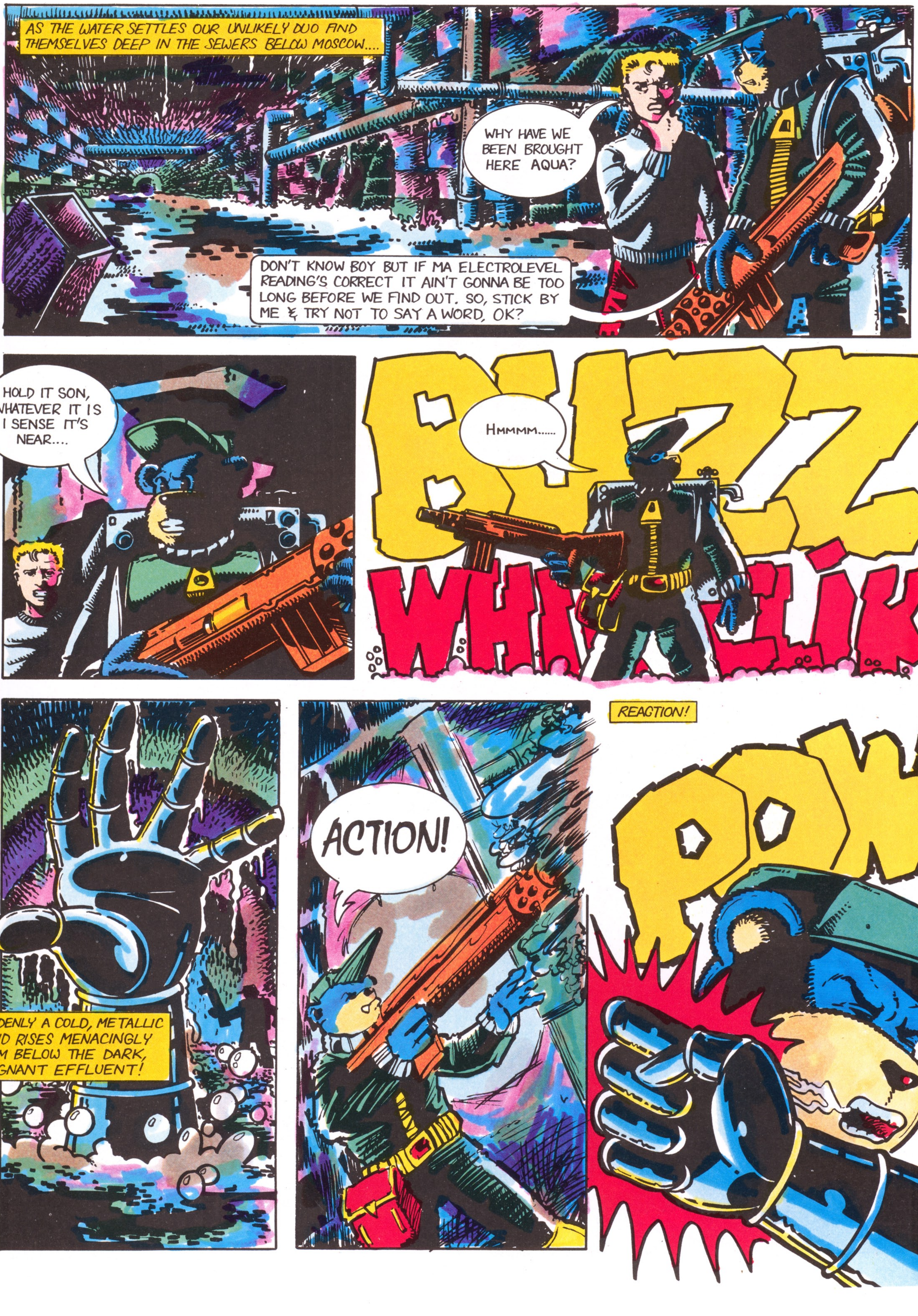
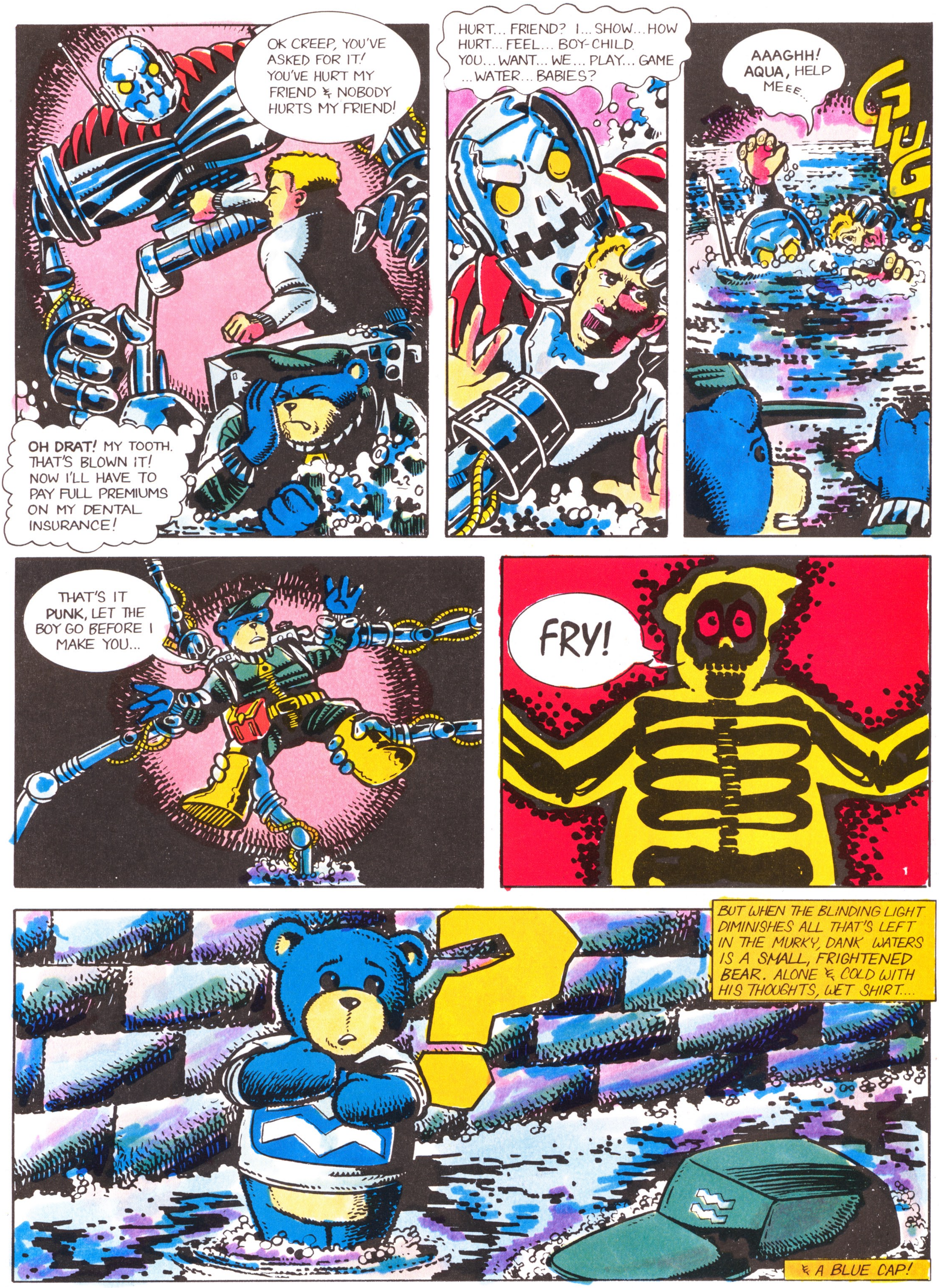
JIM DAVIS

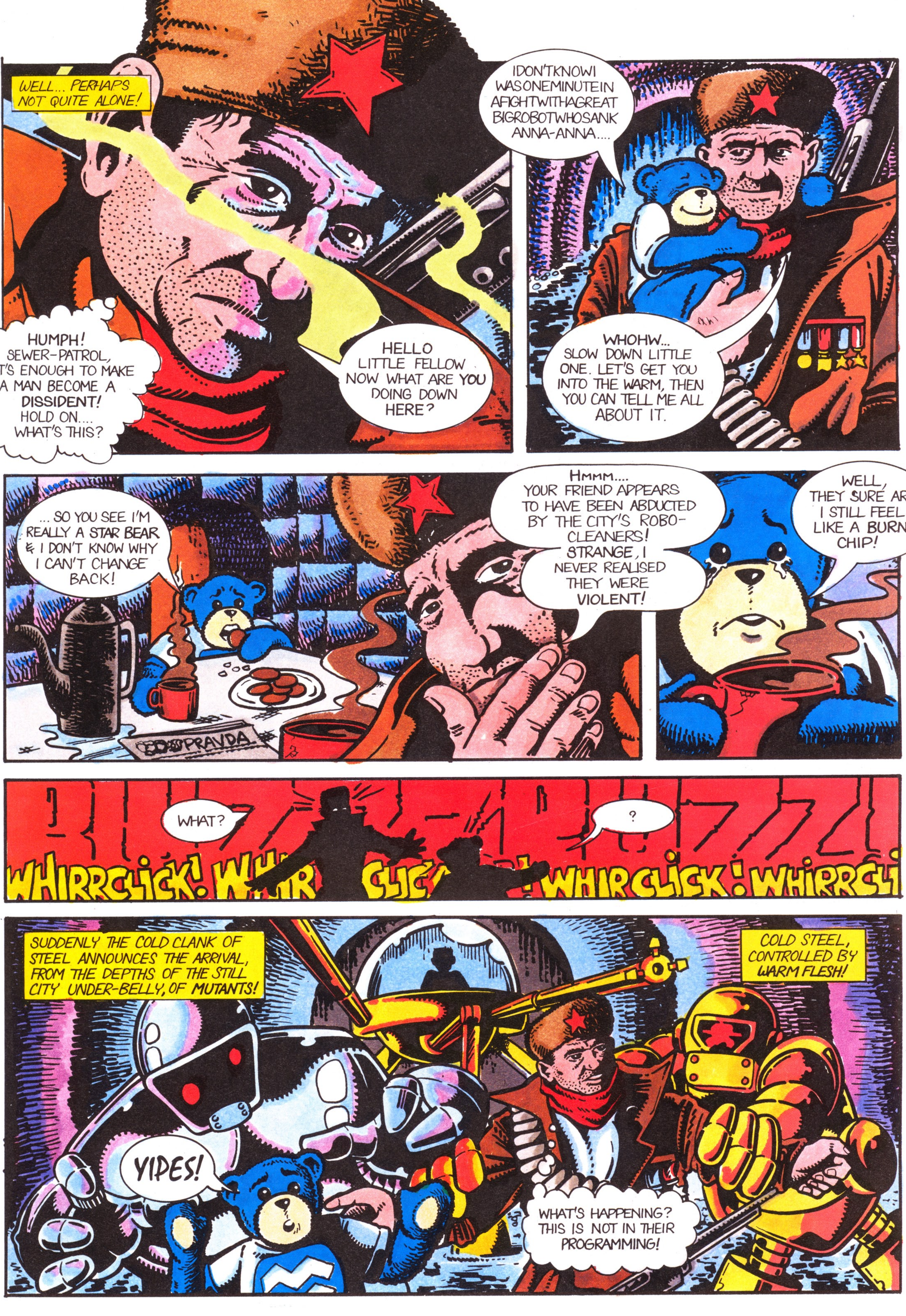

STAR BEARS
© ILMC 1987
A KETT-GIBAS-BIXON PRODUCTION
MOSCOW
STAR BEARS LIVE EVERYWHERE, EVEN IN THE LAND OF THE GREAT BEAR HIMSELF — RUSSIA!
OUR STORY OPENS WHEN THE MARKOV FAMILY DECIDE TO VISIT A LARGE MOSCOW STORE TO BUY A PRESENT FOR THEIR ONLY SON, A LONELY BOY WITH NO REAL FRIENDS....
COME ON ILYA, YOUR MOTHER & I PROMISED YOU A NEW TOY SO LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND IN HERE...
ILYA CHOOSES A LITTLE TEDDY BEAR, ONE WE ALL RECOGNISE, DON'T WE?
GLAD YOU LIKE HIM SON. NOW ABOUT YOUR HOMEWORK....
THANKS MOM, THANKS DAD. HE'S GREAT!
ИРН
ALEX! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
DRIP
OH DRAT! IT'S THE TAPS LEAKING AGAIN. I'LL BE GLAD WHEN WE CAN MOVE OUT OF THIS DAMP FLAT INTO SOMETHING A BIT BETTER MAINTAINED. THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING THAT NEEDS TO BE FIXED!
RED TALC
FIRST IT WAS THE COOKER, THEN OUR BEDROOM CEILING FELL DOWN & NOW IT'S THIS USELESS PLUMBING!
ALEX... HELP ME IN HERE PLEASE...
GOOD GRIEF! WHAT'S THAT?
SLUSH!
MUM!
YIPES!
DRIP DRIP

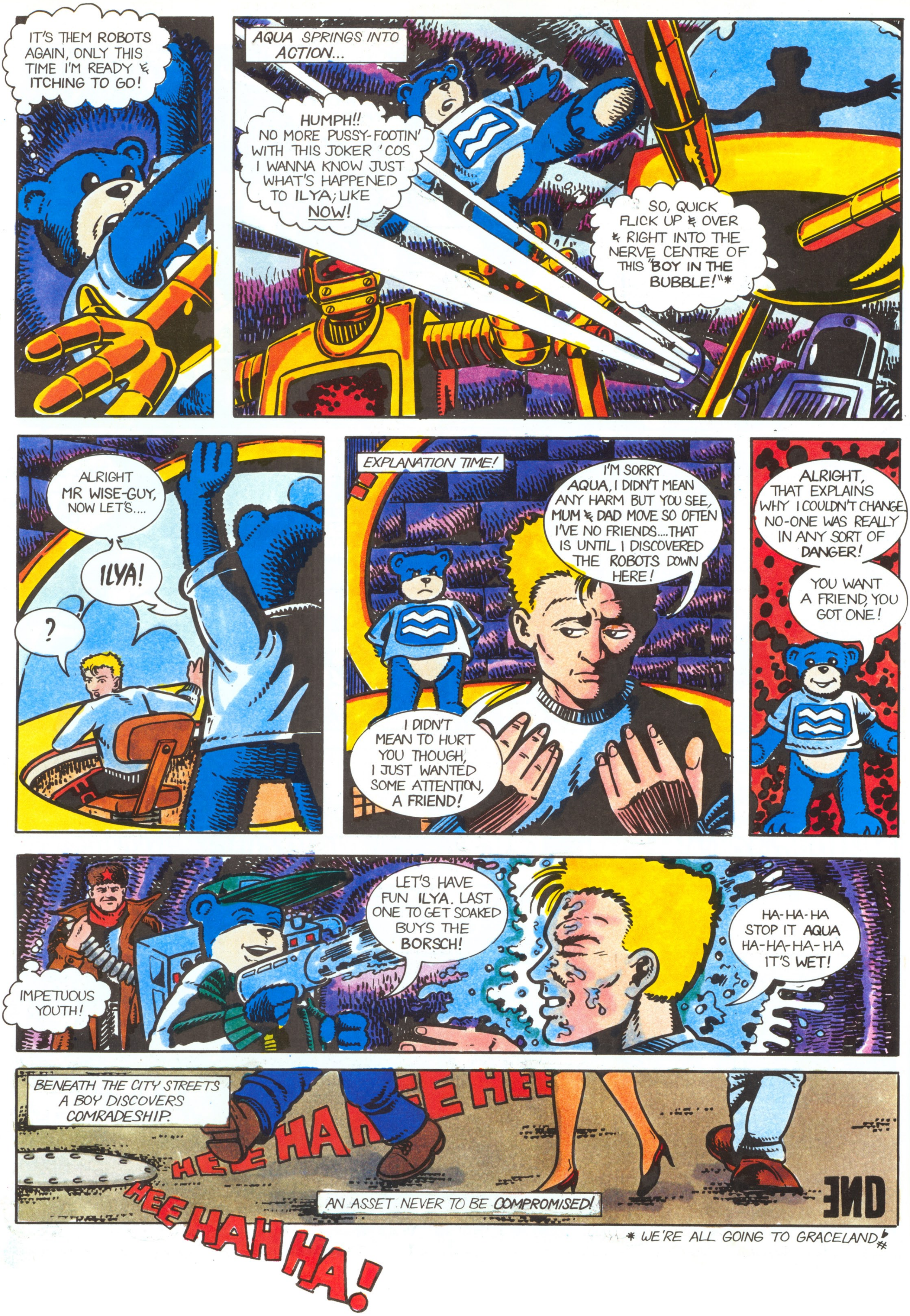

WHEN THE PLUMBING STARTS TO SOUND LIKE A BILLY BRAGG B-SIDE, ONLY ONE THING FOR IT & THAT'S TO GO & INVESTIGATE....
RED STAR TALC
RED
DRIP
SLURP
SCLOSH
DRIP
PLOP
?
blurt!
THE SUDDEN EXPLOSION OF WATER TRIGGERS A COSMIC REACTION AS ILYA'S LITTLE BEAR TRANSFORMS INTO... AQUA, LORD OF THE ELEMENTS!
B?!&$£*
WHO THE BLAZES ARE YOU?
WHERE'S MY BEAR?
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING!
NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT MAAM. YOU'VE GOT A BIT OF A SANITATION PROBLEM THAT NEEDS IMMEDIATE ATTENTION & AS WE SAY IN THE WEST.... WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH, THE TOUGH GET GOING!
HMMM, PRESSURE'S BUILDING UP TO.....
GURGLE!
WITHOUT WARNING ILYA & AQUA ARE SUCKED INTO THE AIR & DOWN THE PLUG-HOLE TO A DESTINATION THEY KNOW NOT YET!
RED STAR AFTER SHAVE
RED STAR TALC
HELP! AQUA! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US?
GOOD GRIEF! I'VE MISINTERPRETED THE SIGNS. THIS IS MORE THAN JUST AN ORDINARY BLOCKED DRAIN!
?
HELP

* IS THIS THE MAGIC WORD THAT TURNS BEARS INTO MEGA-HEROES?


AS THE WATER SETTLES OUR UNLIKELY DUO FIND THEMSELVES DEEP IN THE SEWERS BELOW MOSCOW....
WHY HAVE WE BEEN BROUGHT HERE AQUA?
DON'T KNOW BOY BUT IF MA ELECTROLEVEL READING'S CORRECT IT AIN'T GONNA BE TOO LONG BEFORE WE FIND OUT. SO, STICK BY ME & TRY NOT TO SAY A WORD, OK?
HOLD IT SON, WHATEVER IT IS I SENSE IT'S NEAR....
BUZZ
HMMMM......
WH CLIK
SUDDENLY A COLD, METALLIC HAND RISES MENACINGLY FROM BELOW THE DARK, STAGNANT EFFLUENT!
ACTION!
REACTION!
POW


OK CREEP, YOU'VE ASKED FOR IT! YOU'VE HURT MY FRIEND & NOBODY HURTS MY FRIEND!
OH DRAT! MY TOOTH. THAT'S BLOWN IT! NOW I'LL HAVE TO PAY FULL PREMIUMS ON MY DENTAL INSURANCE!
HURT... FRIEND? I... SHOW... HOW HURT... FEEL... BOY-CHILD. YOU... WANT... WE... PLAY... GAME ...WATER... BABIES?
AAAGHH! AQUA, HELP MEeee...
GLUG!
THAT'S IT PUNK, LET THE BOY GO BEFORE I MAKE YOU...
FRY!
BUT WHEN THE BLINDING LIGHT DIMINISHES ALL THAT'S LEFT IN THE MURKY, DANK WATERS IS A SMALL, FRIGHTENED BEAR. ALONE & COLD WITH HIS THOUGHTS, WET SHIRT...
& A BLUE CAP!

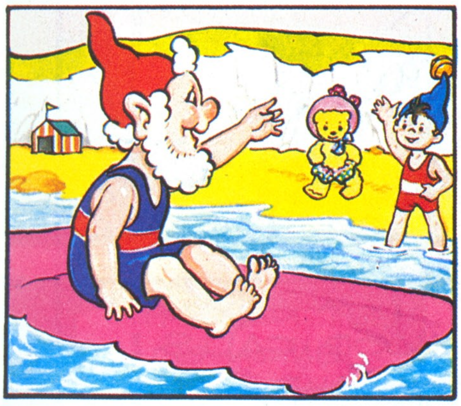

WELL... PERHAPS NOT QUITE ALONE!
HUMPH! SEWER-PATROL, IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A MAN BECOME A **DISSIDENT!** HOLD ON.... WHAT'S THIS?
HELLO LITTLE FELLOW NOW WHAT ARE **YOU** DOING DOWN HERE?
IDON'TKNOWI WASONEMINUTEIN AFIGHTWITHAGREAT BIGROBOTWHOSANK ANNA-ANNA....
WHOHW... SLOW DOWN LITTLE ONE. LET'S GET YOU INTO THE WARM, THEN YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT.
... SO YOU SEE I'M REALLY A **STAR BEAR** & I DON'T KNOW WHY I CAN'T CHANGE BACK!
PRAVDA
Hmmm.... YOUR FRIEND APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN ABDUCTED BY THE CITY'S ROBO-CLEANERS! **STRANGE**, I NEVER REALISED THEY WERE **VIOLENT!**
WELL, THEY SURE ARE. I STILL FEEL LIKE A BURNT CHIP!
WHAT?
?
WHIRRCLICK! WHIRRCLICK! WHIRCLICK! WHIRRCLI
SUDDENLY THE COLD CLANK OF STEEL ANNOUNCES THE ARRIVAL, FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE STILL CITY UNDER-BELLY, OF **MUTANTS!**
COLD STEEL, CONTROLLED BY **WARM FLESH!**
YIPES!
WHAT'S HAPPENING? THIS IS NOT IN THEIR PROGRAMMING!


IT'S THEM ROBOTS AGAIN, ONLY THIS TIME I'M READY & ITCHING TO GO!
AQUA SPRINGS INTO ACTION...
HUMPH!! NO MORE PUSSY-FOOTIN' WITH THIS JOKER 'COS I WANNA KNOW JUST WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ILYA; LIKE NOW!
SO, QUICK FLICK UP & OVER & RIGHT INTO THE NERVE CENTRE OF THIS "BOY IN THE BUBBLE!"*
ALRIGHT MR WISE-GUY, NOW LET'S....
ILYA!
?
EXPLANATION TIME!
I'M SORRY AQUA, I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM BUT YOU SEE, MUM & DAD MOVE SO OFTEN I'VE NO FRIENDS....THAT IS UNTIL I DISCOVERED THE ROBOTS DOWN HERE!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU THOUGH, I JUST WANTED SOME ATTENTION, A FRIEND!
ALRIGHT, THAT EXPLAINS WHY I COULDN'T CHANGE. NO-ONE WAS REALLY IN ANY SORT OF DANGER!
YOU WANT A FRIEND, YOU GOT ONE!
IMPETUOUS YOUTH!
LET'S HAVE FUN ILYA. LAST ONE TO GET SOAKED BUYS THE BORSCH!
HA-HA-HA STOP IT AQUA HA-HA-HA-HA IT'S WET!
BENEATH THE CITY STREETS A BOY DISCOVERS COMRADESHIP.
HEE HEE HEE HA HA
AN ASSET NEVER TO BE COMPROMISED!
END
HEE HAH HA!

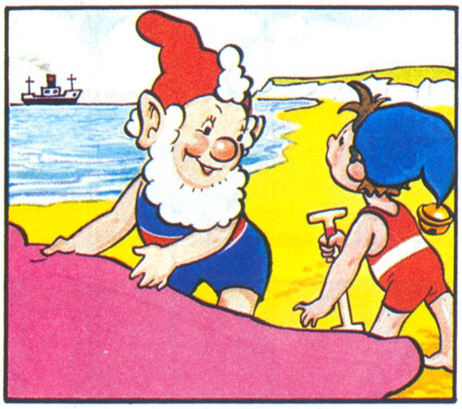
* WE'RE ALL GOING TO GRACELAND!

NODDY

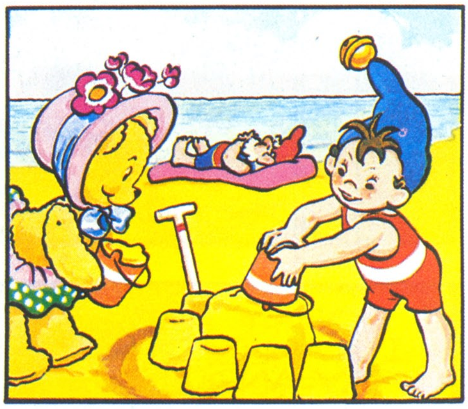
BIG-EARS IS RESCUED



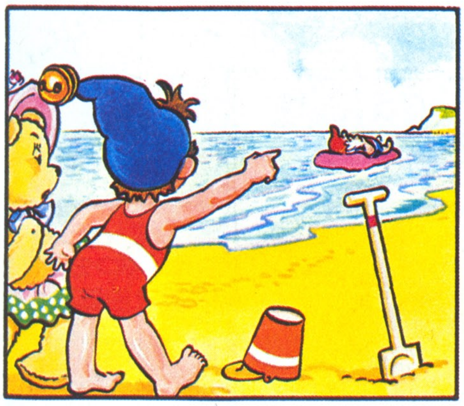
1. Noddy and Big-Ears had taken a nice rubber bed to the sea.



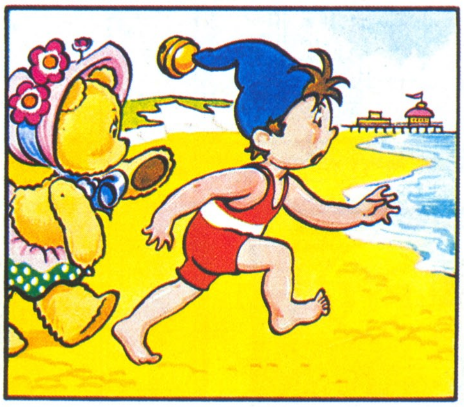
2. "I think I will take a nap!" he said to Noddy one morning.



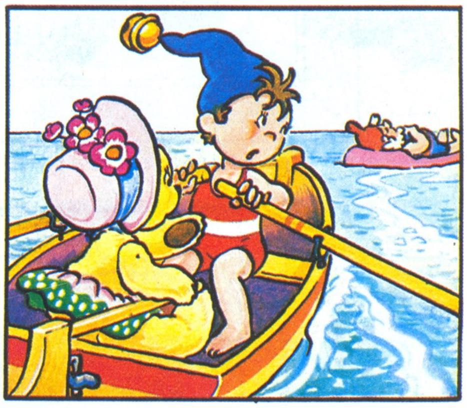
3. While Noddy and Tessie built a castle, Big-Ears snoozed.



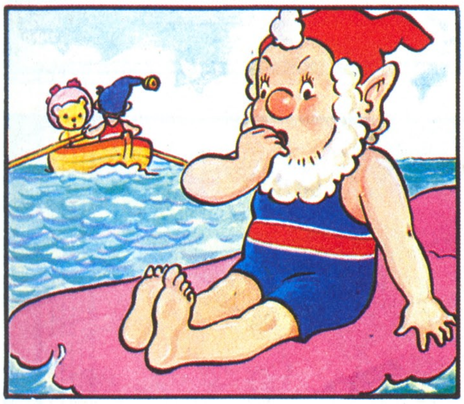
4. Hey, Big-Ears, wake up—your bed has drifted away on the sea!



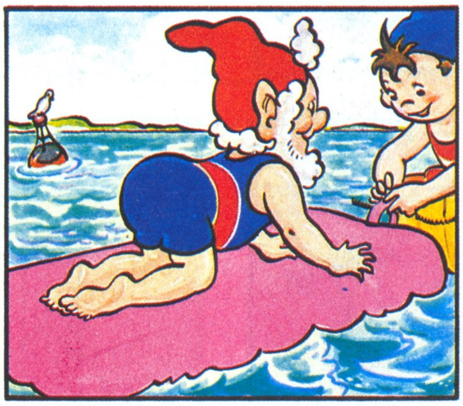
5. Noddy and Tessie were very upset. They ran to the boats.



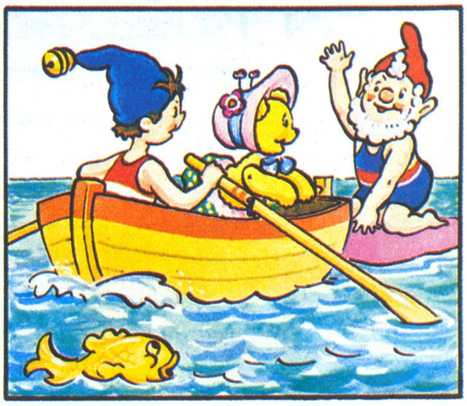
6. They jumped into one, and rowed hard. "Wake up, Big-Ears!"



7. They soon caught up with the bed. Big-Ears was frightened!



8. How glad he was when the boat arrived! Dear Noddy and Tessie.



9. They gave him a tow back to shore—he was safe at last!

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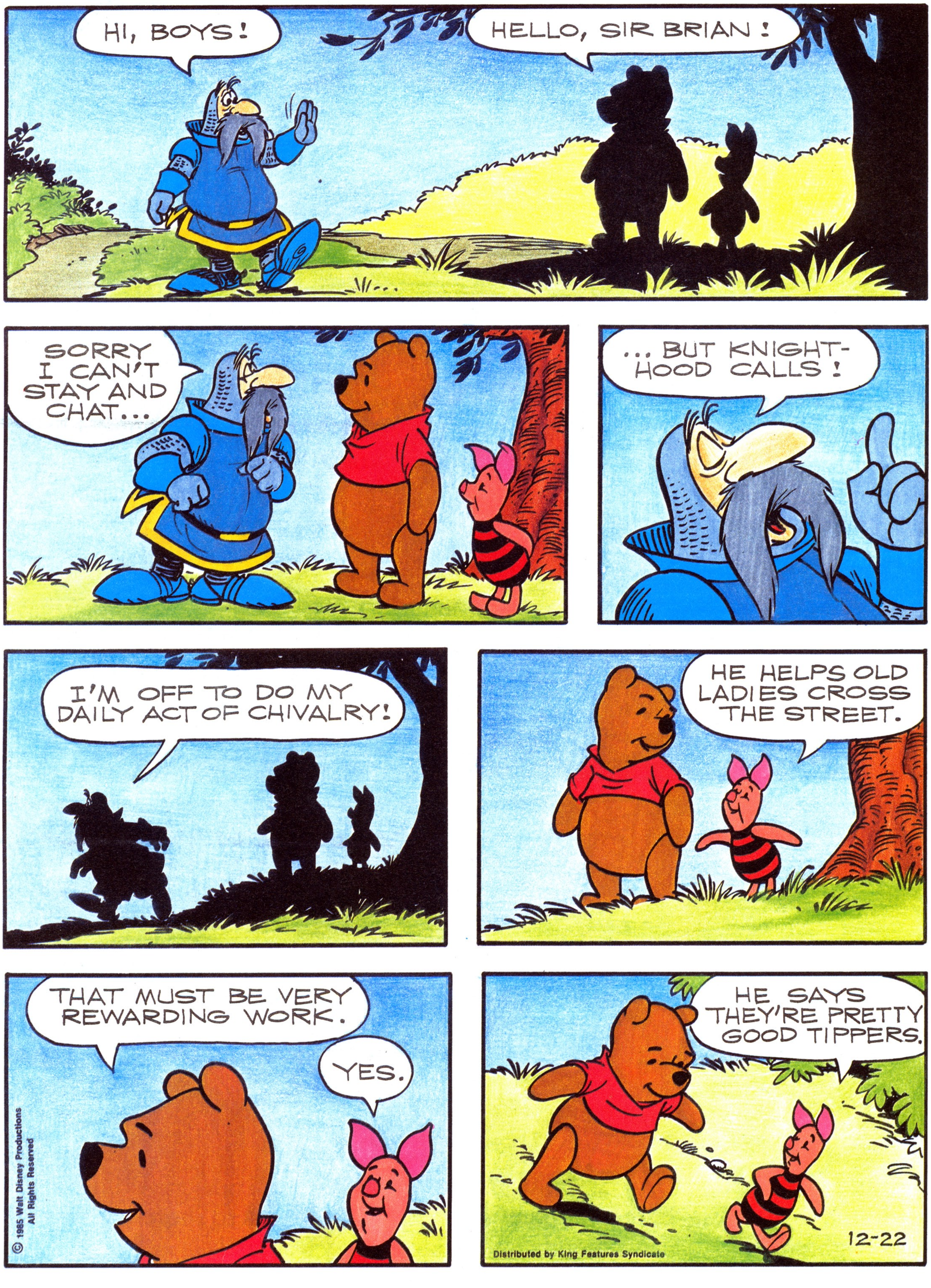
Walt Disney's Winnie the Pooh®


HI, BOYS!
HELLO, SIR BRIAN!
SORRY I CAN'T STAY AND CHAT...
... BUT KNIGHTHOOD CALLS!
I'M OFF TO DO MY DAILY ACT OF CHIVALRY!
HE HELPS OLD LADIES CROSS THE STREET.
THAT MUST BE VERY REWARDING WORK.
YES.
HE SAYS THEY'RE PRETTY GOOD TIPPERS.
12-22

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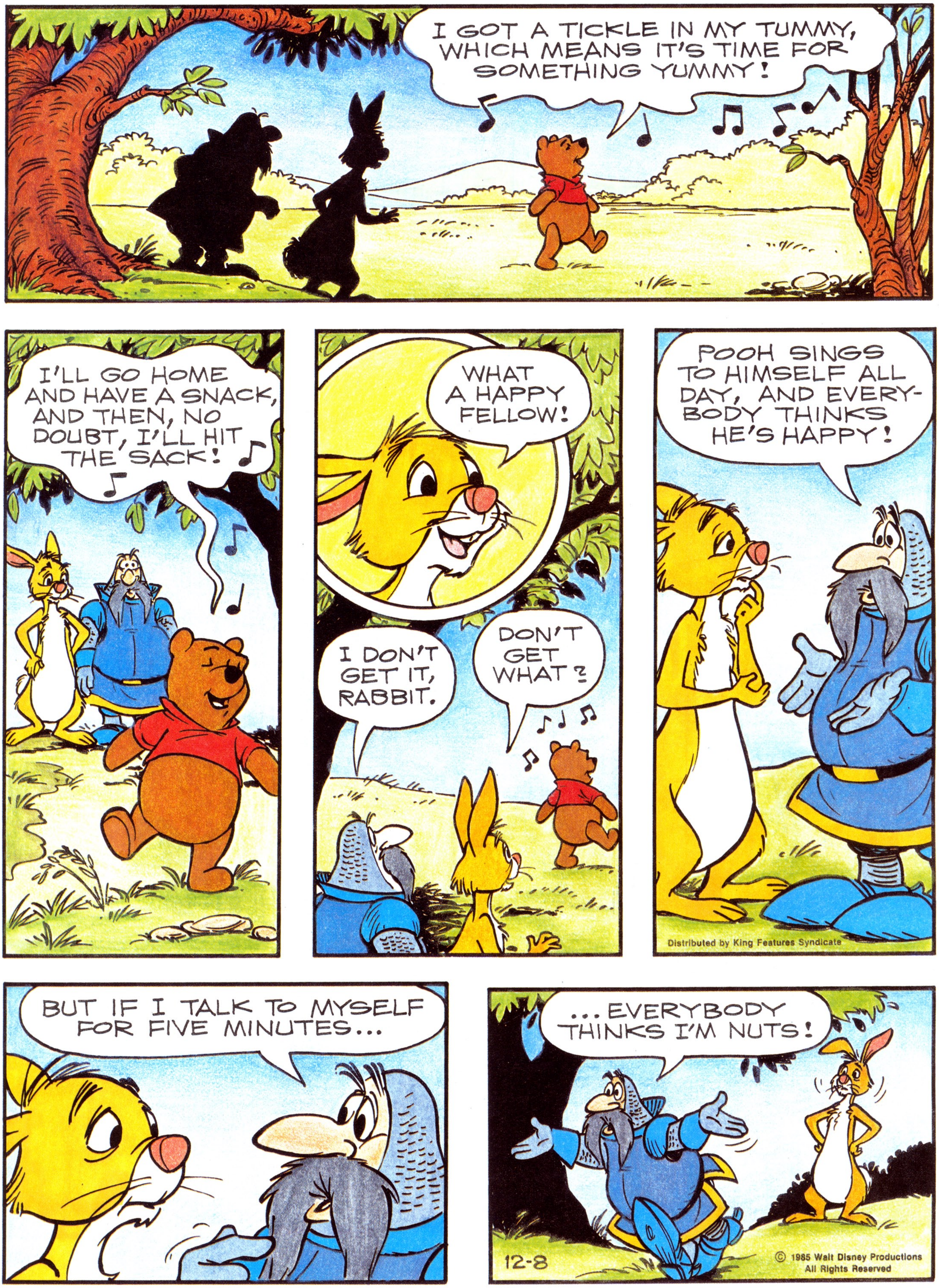
Walt Disney's Winnie the Pooh ®


I GOT A TICKLE IN MY TUMMY, WHICH MEANS IT'S TIME FOR SOMETHING YUMMY!
I'LL GO HOME AND HAVE A SNACK, AND THEN, NO DOUBT, I'LL HIT THE SACK!
WHAT A HAPPY FELLOW!
I DON'T GET IT, RABBIT.
DON'T GET WHAT?
POOH SINGS TO HIMSELF ALL DAY, AND EVERYBODY THINKS HE'S HAPPY!
Distributed by King Features Syndicate
BUT IF I TALK TO MYSELF FOR FIVE MINUTES...
...EVERYBODY THINKS I'M NUTS!
12-8
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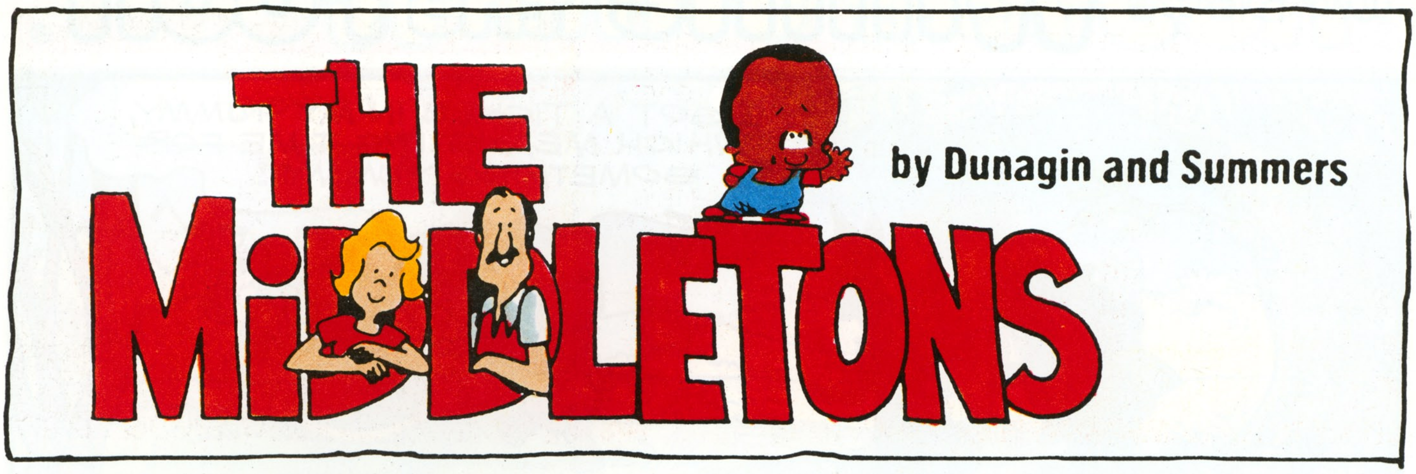
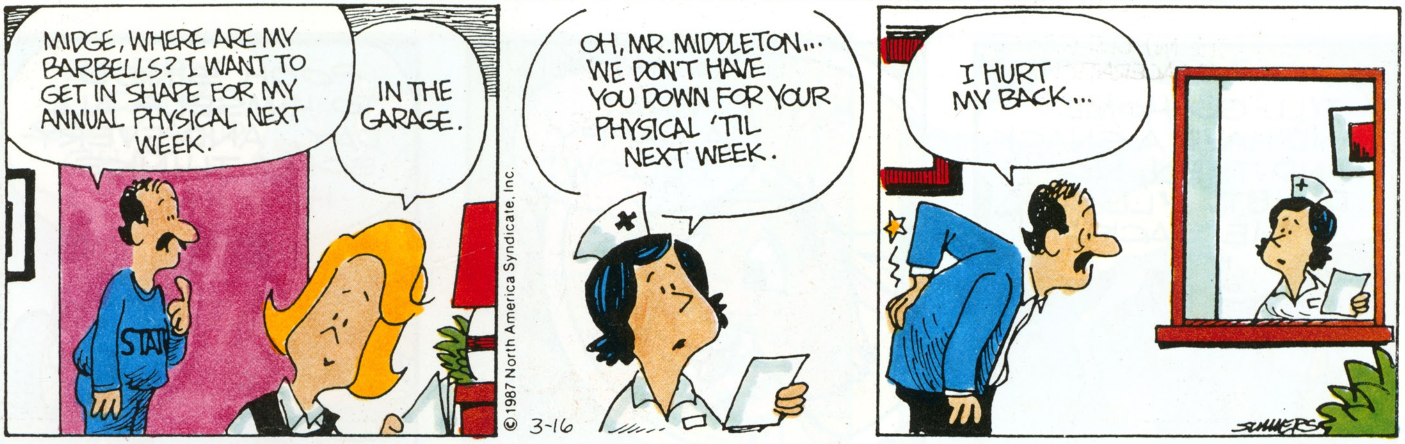
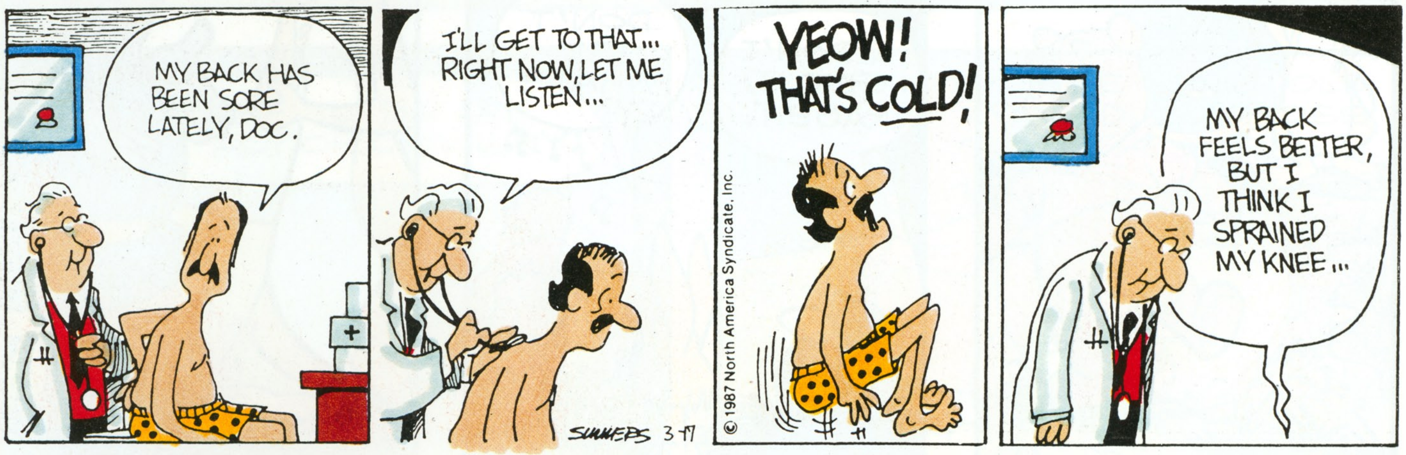
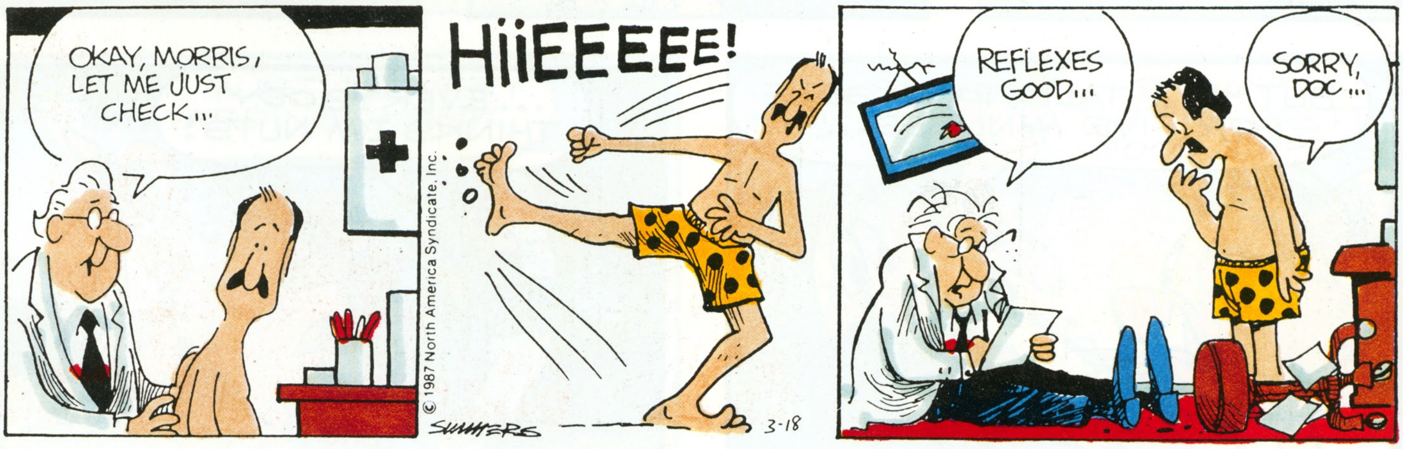
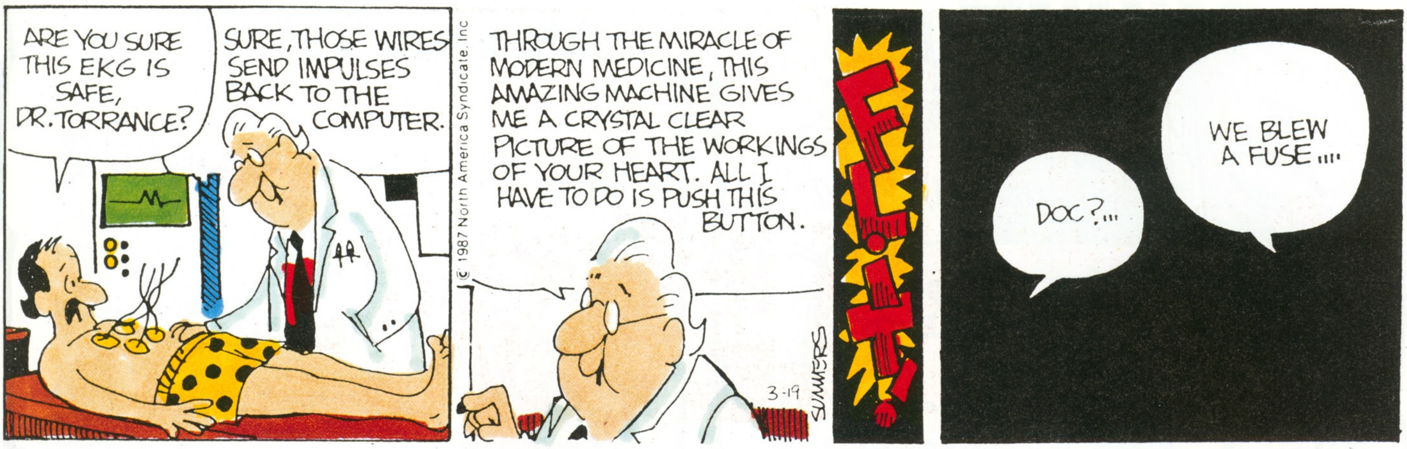
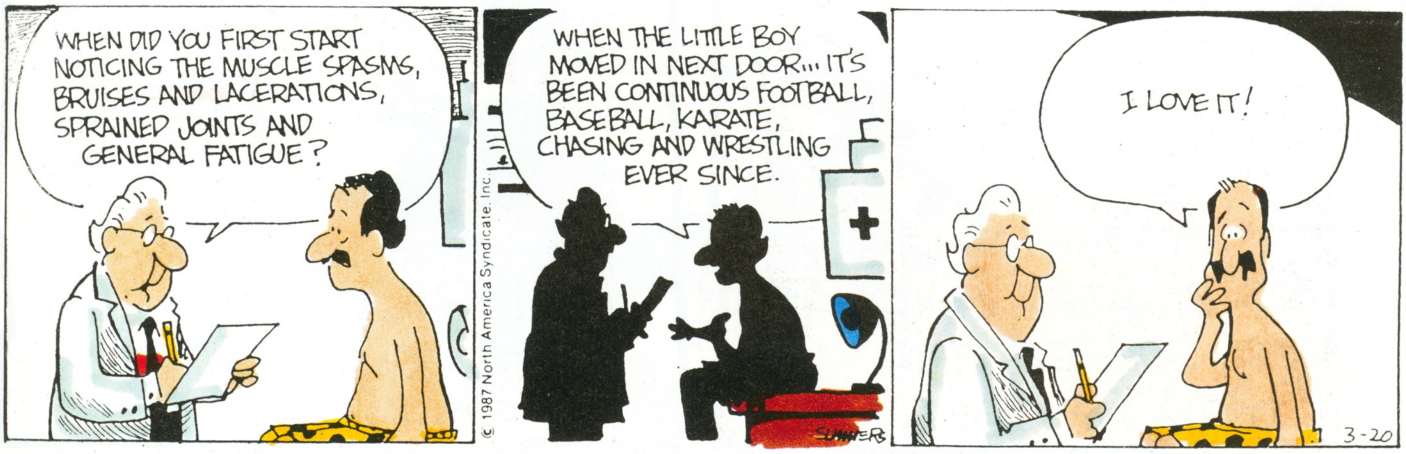

THE MIDDLETONS
by Dunagin and Summers

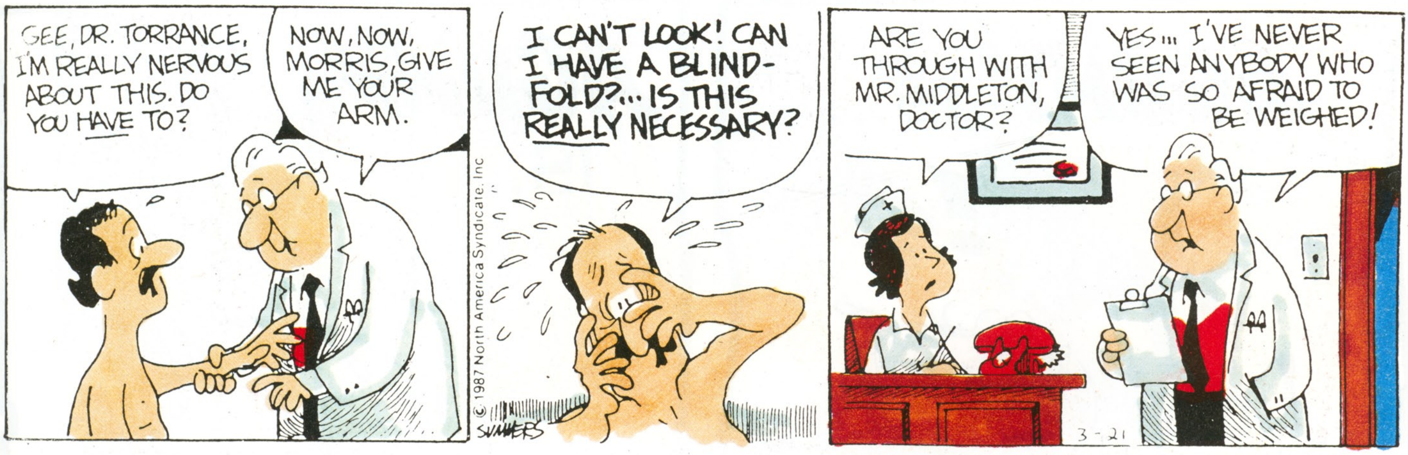

MIDGE, WHERE ARE MY BARBELLS? I WANT TO GET IN SHAPE FOR MY ANNUAL PHYSICAL NEXT WEEK.
IN THE GARAGE.
STA
© 1987 North America Syndicate, Inc.
3-16
OH, MR. MIDDLETON... WE DON'T HAVE YOU DOWN FOR YOUR PHYSICAL 'TIL NEXT WEEK.
I HURT MY BACK...
SUMMERS

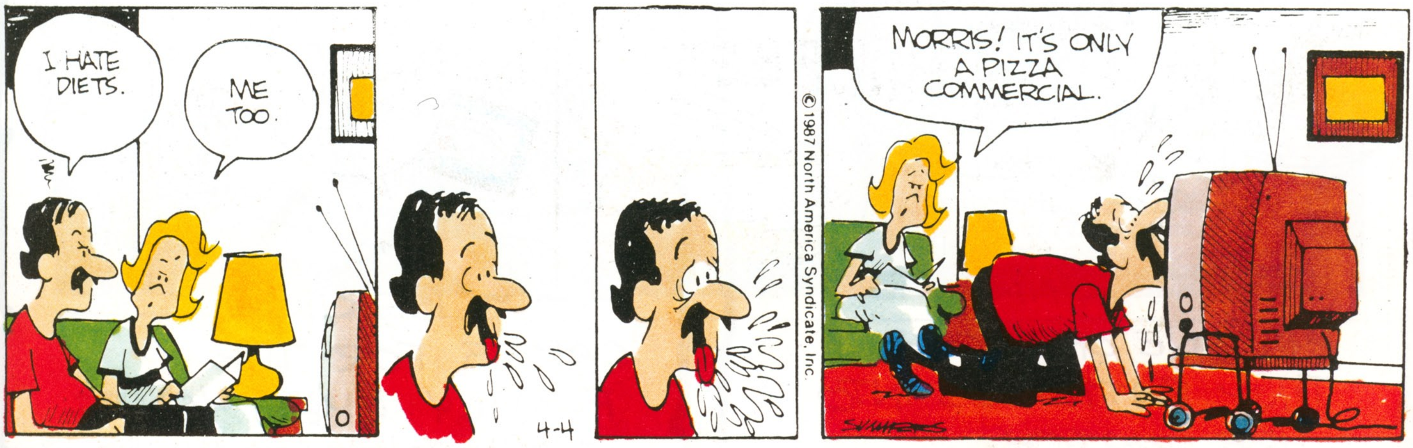

MY BACK HAS BEEN SORE LATELY, DOC.
I'LL GET TO THAT... RIGHT NOW, LET ME LISTEN...
SUMMERS 3-17
© 1987 North America Syndicate, Inc.
YEOW! THAT'S COLD!
MY BACK FEELS BETTER, BUT I THINK I SPRAINED MY KNEE...


OKAY, MORRIS, LET ME JUST CHECK...
© 1987 North America Syndicate, Inc.
HiiEEEEEE!
SUMMERS
3-18
REFLEXES GOOD...
SORRY, DOC...


ARE YOU SURE THIS EKG IS SAFE, DR. TORRANCE?
SURE, THOSE WIRES SEND IMPULSES BACK TO THE COMPUTER.
© 1987 North America Syndicate, Inc
THROUGH THE MIRACLE OF MODERN MEDICINE, THIS AMAZING MACHINE GIVES ME A CRYSTAL CLEAR PICTURE OF THE WORKINGS OF YOUR HEART. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PUSH THIS BUTTON.
3-19
SUMMERS
FLiT!
DOC?...
WE BLEW A FUSE....


WHEN DID YOU FIRST START NOTICING THE MUSCLE SPASMS, BRUISES AND LACERATIONS, SPRAINED JOINTS AND GENERAL FATIGUE?
© 1987 North America Syndicate, Inc
WHEN THE LITTLE BOY MOVED IN NEXT DOOR... IT'S BEEN CONTINUOUS FOOTBALL, BASEBALL, KARATE, CHASING AND WRESTLING EVER SINCE.
SUMMERS
I LOVE IT!
3-20


GEE, DR. TORRANCE, I'M REALLY NERVOUS ABOUT THIS. DO YOU HAVE TO?
NOW, NOW, MORRIS, GIVE ME YOUR ARM.
© 1987 North America Syndicate, Inc
I CAN'T LOOK! CAN I HAVE A BLINDFOLD?... IS THIS REALLY NECESSARY?
SUMMERS
ARE YOU THROUGH WITH MR. MIDDLETON, DOCTOR?
YES... I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYBODY WHO WAS SO AFRAID TO BE WEIGHED!
3-21


I HATE DIETS.
ME TOO.
4-4
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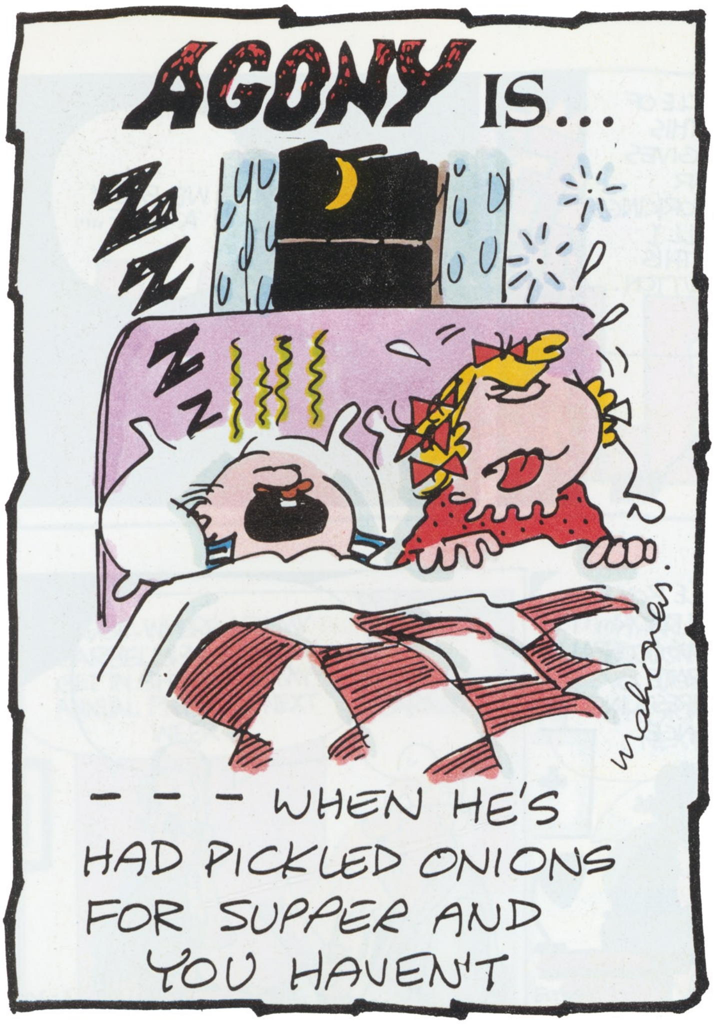
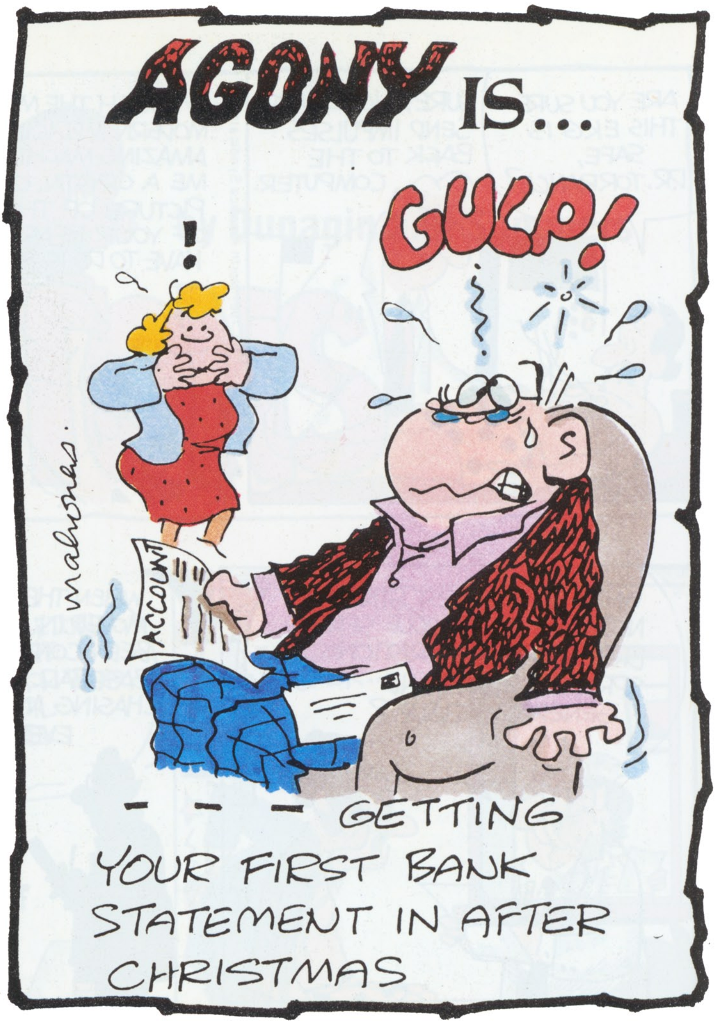
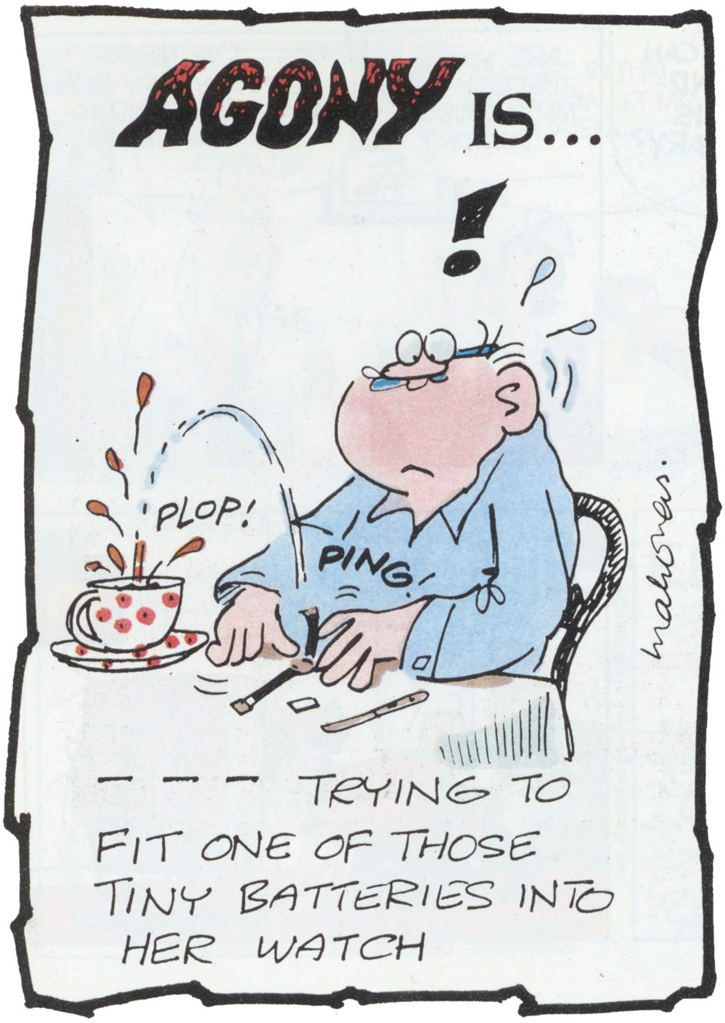
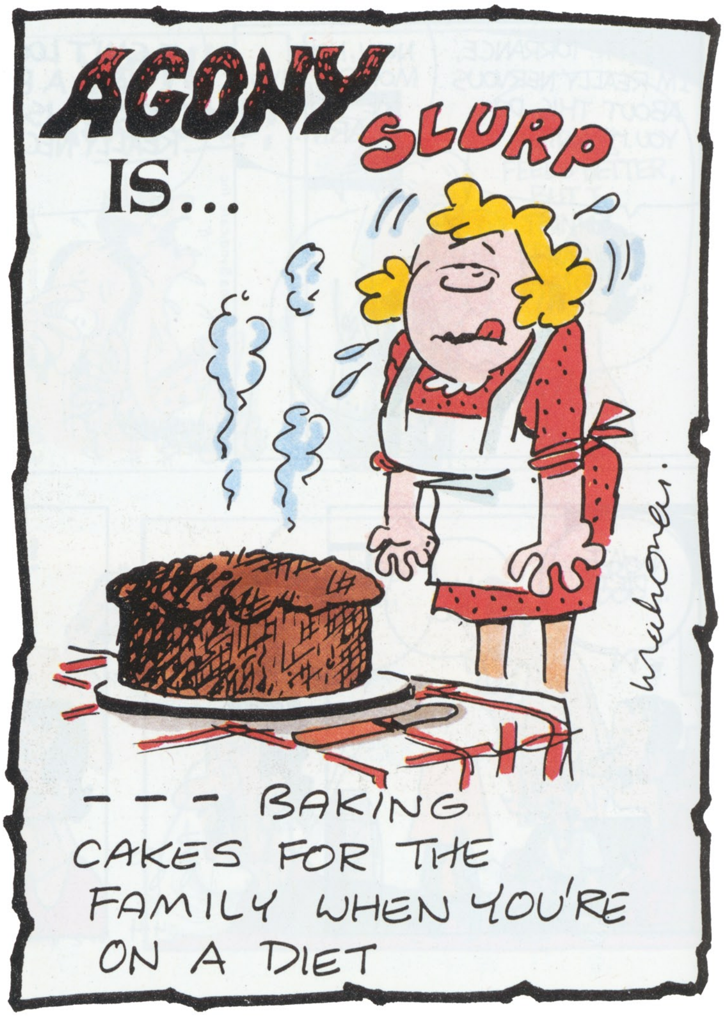
MORRIS! IT'S ONLY A PIZZA COMMERCIAL.
SUMMERS


AGONY IS...
Z Z Z
--- WHEN HE'S HAD PICKLED ONIONS FOR SUPPER AND YOU HAVEN'T


AGONY IS...
GULP!
!
ACCOUNT
--- GETTING YOUR FIRST BANK STATEMENT IN AFTER CHRISTMAS


AGONY IS...
!
PLOP!
PING
--- TRYING TO FIT ONE OF THOSE TINY BATTERIES INTO HER WATCH


AGONY IS...
SLURP
--- BAKING CAKES FOR THE FAMILY WHEN YOU'RE ON A DIET

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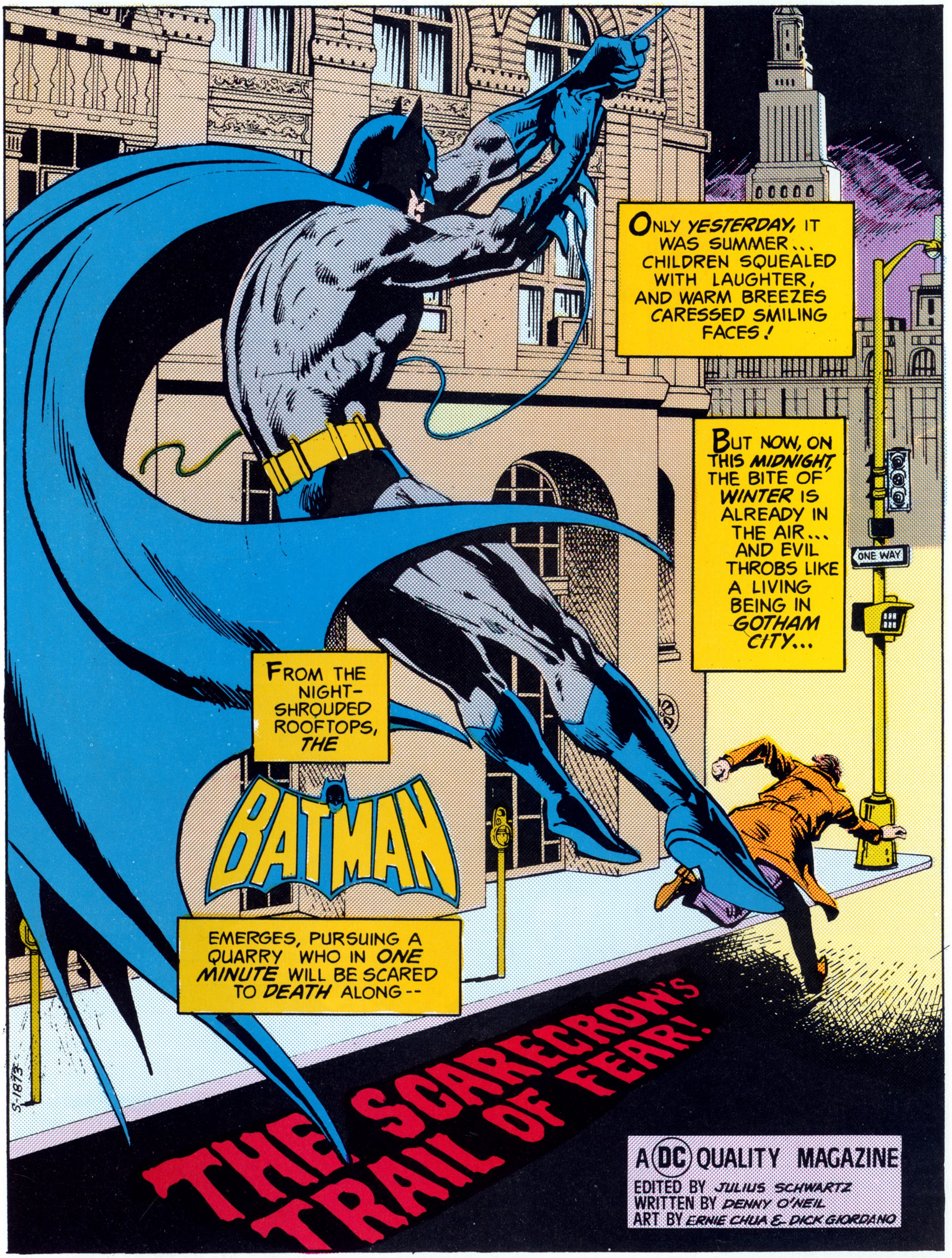
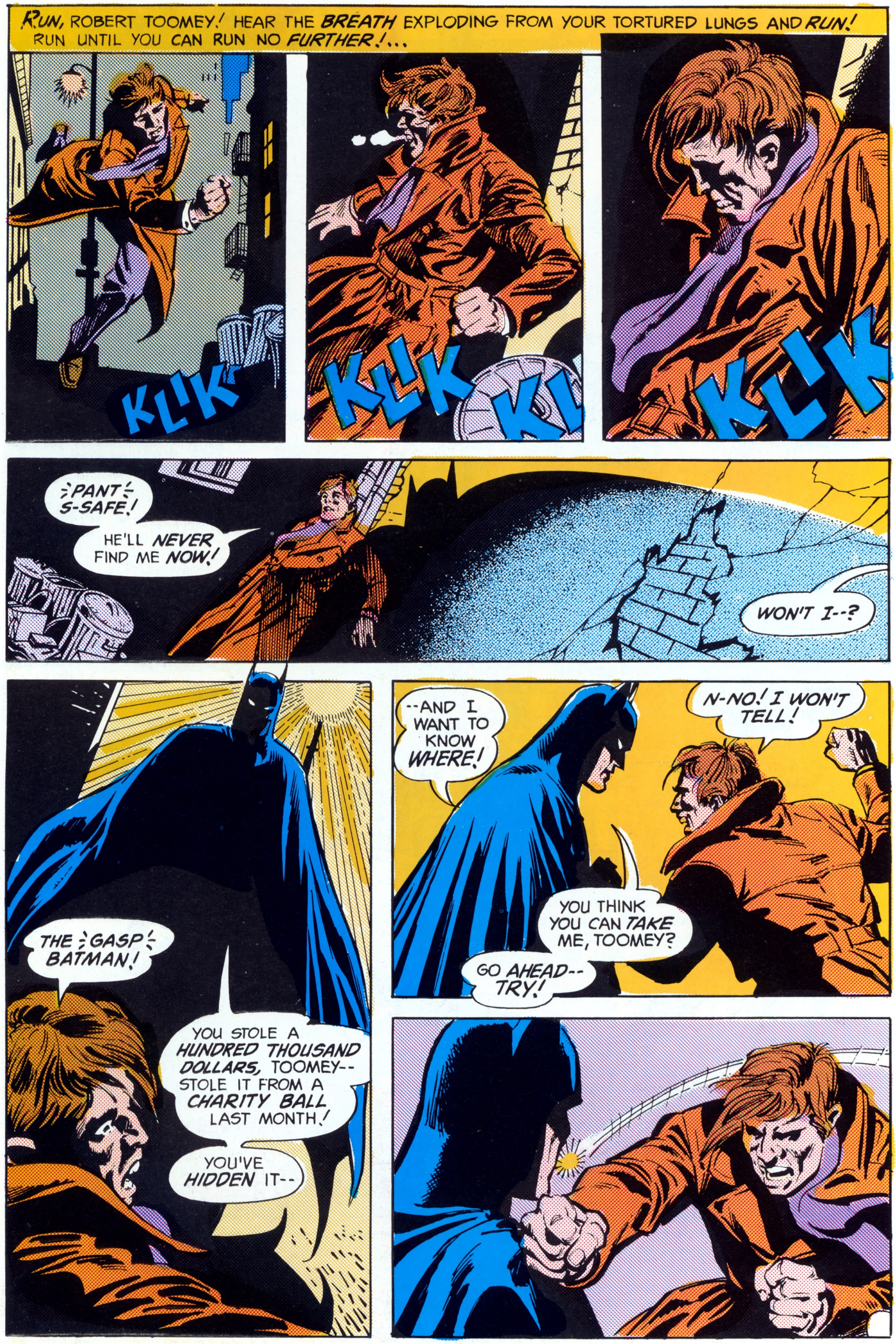
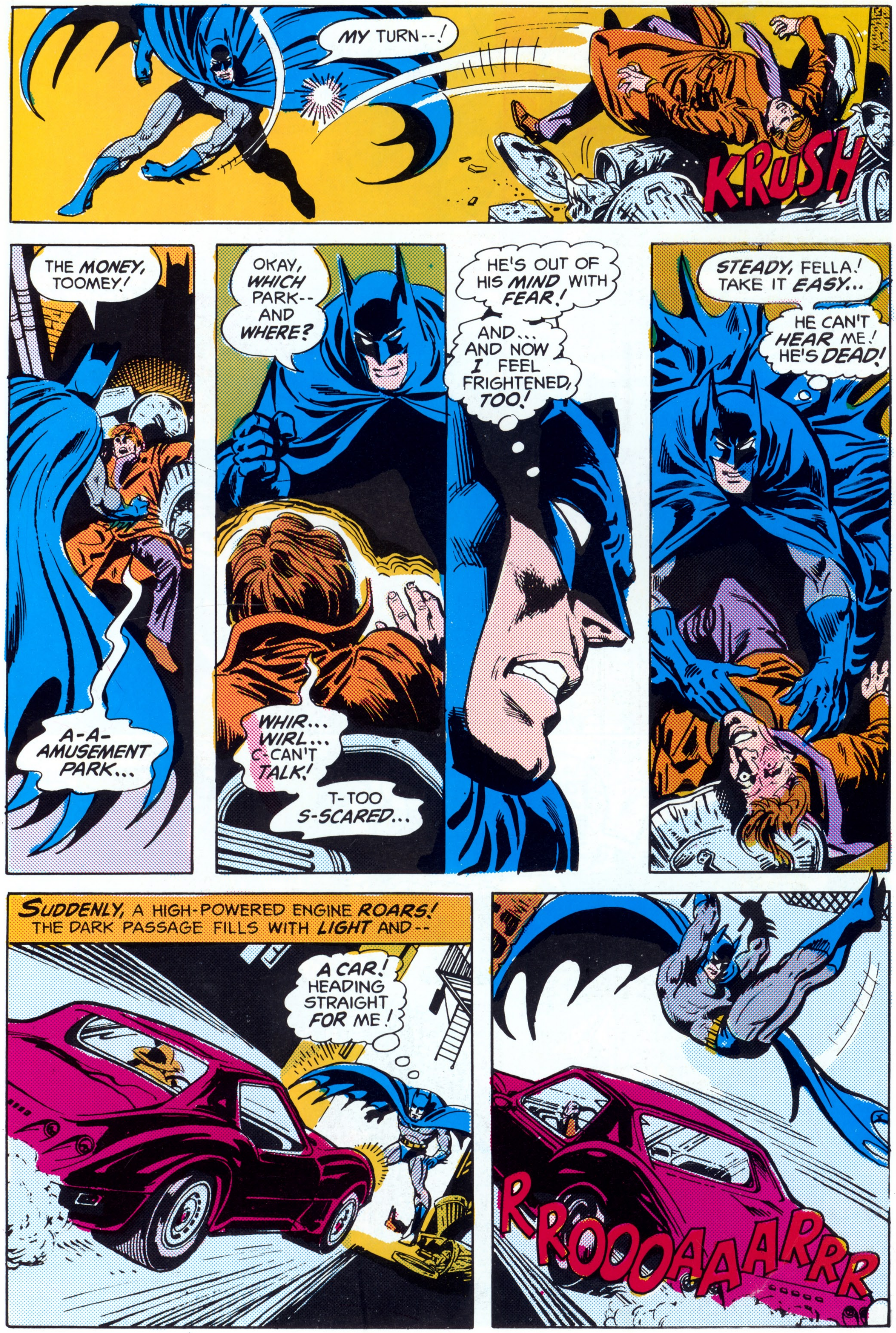
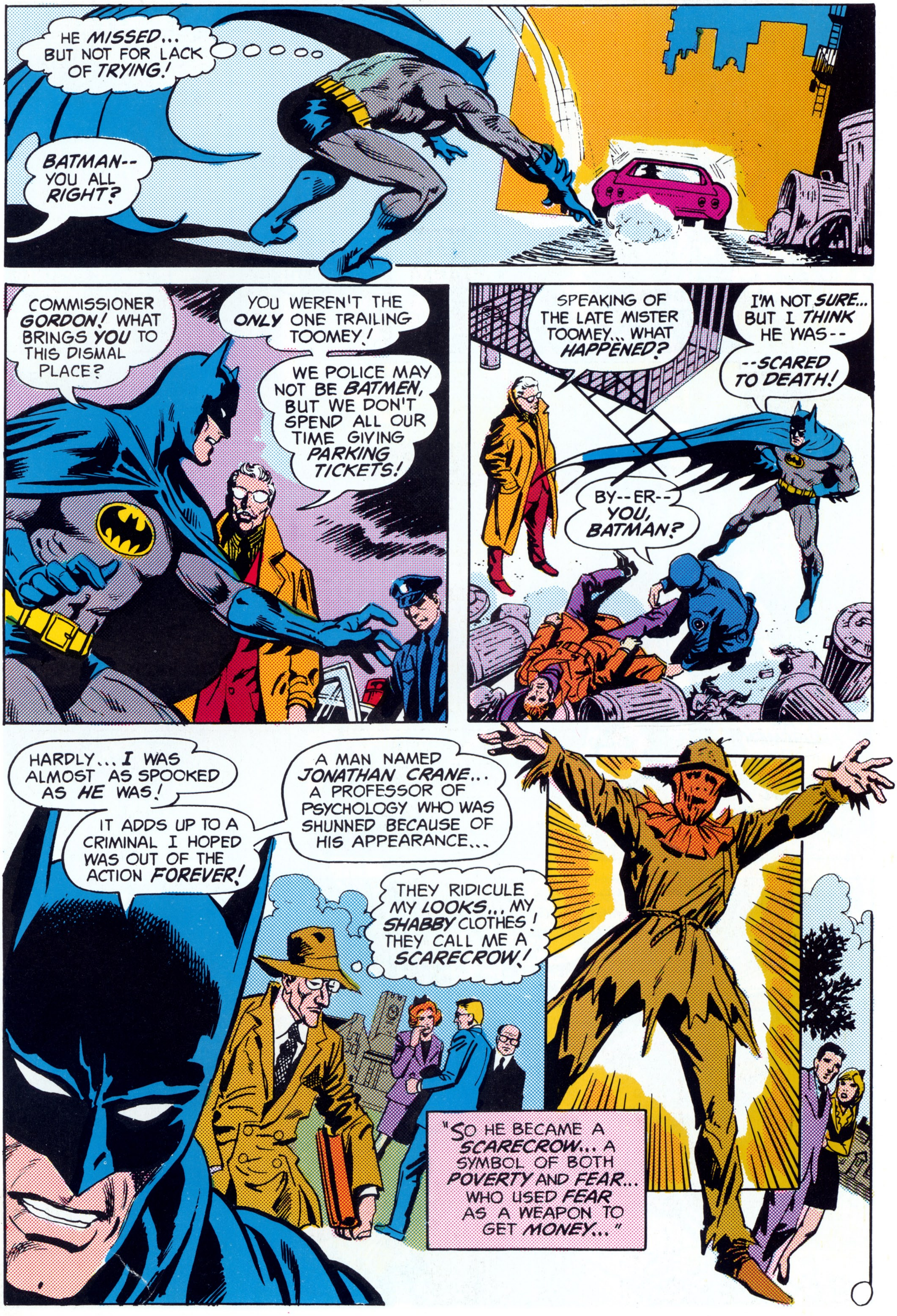
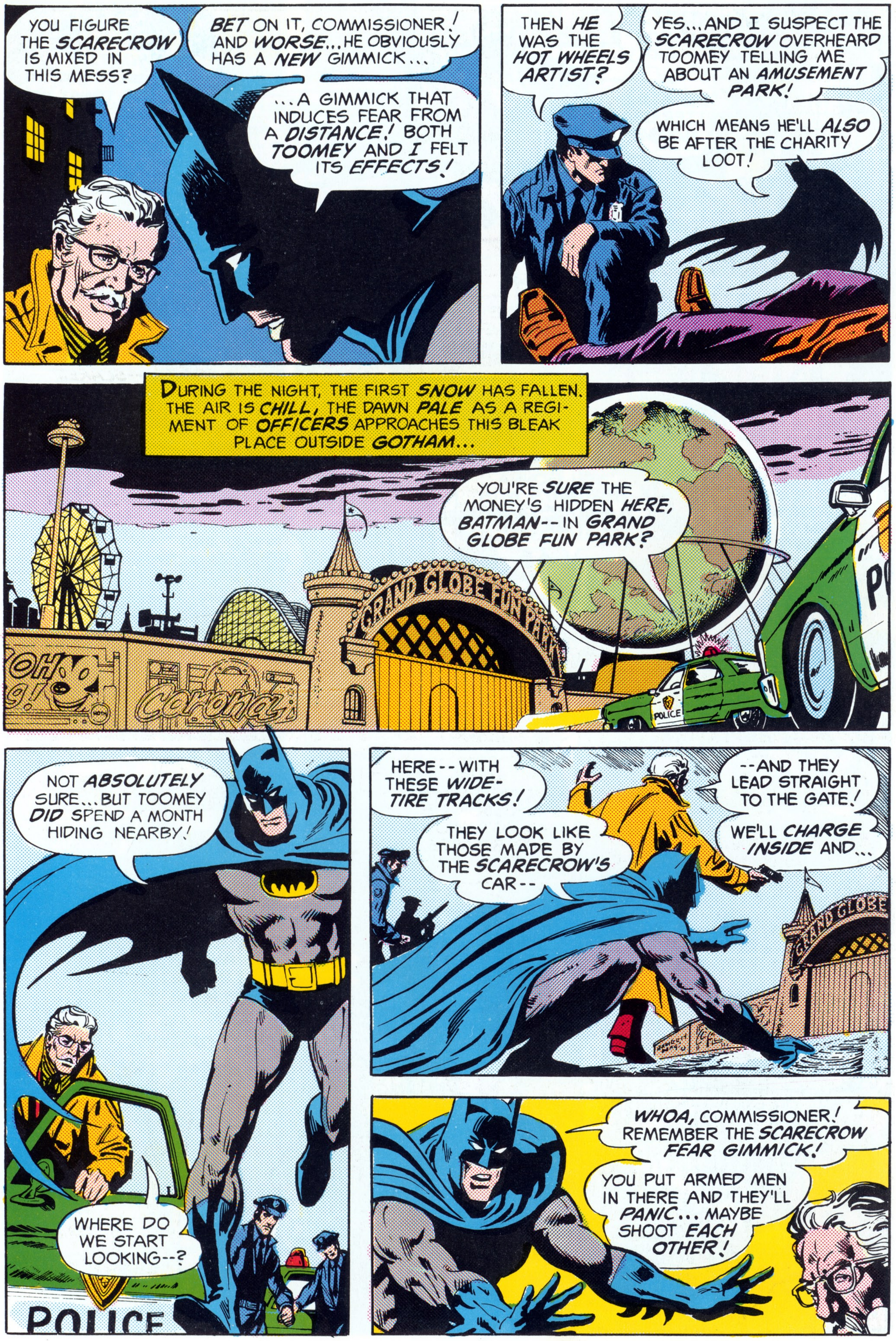
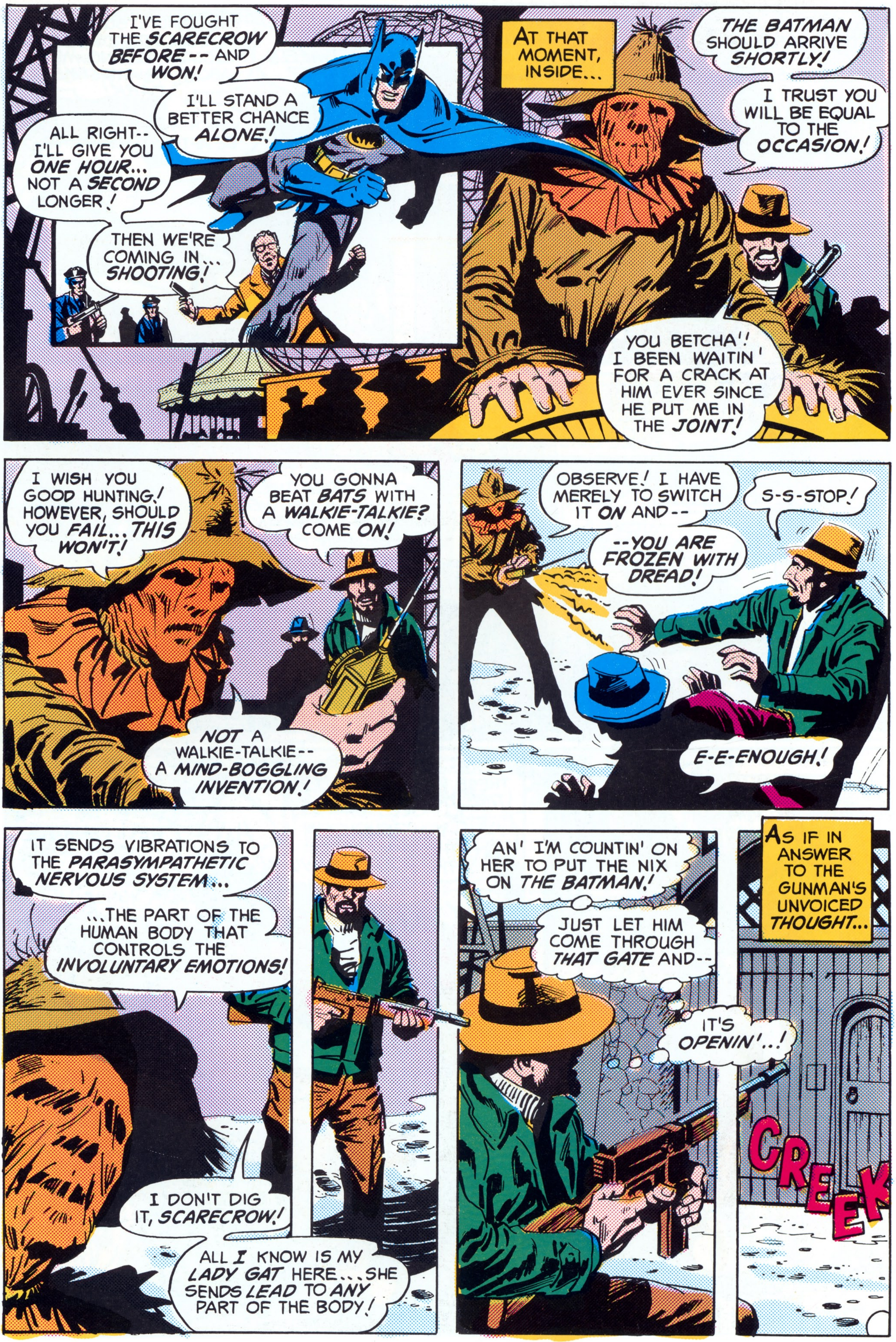

ONLY YESTERDAY, IT WAS SUMMER... CHILDREN SQUEALED WITH LAUGHTER, AND WARM BREEZES CARESSED SMILING FACES!
BUT NOW, ON THIS MIDNIGHT, THE BITE OF WINTER IS ALREADY IN THE AIR... AND EVIL THROBS LIKE A LIVING BEING IN GOTHAM CITY...
ONE WAY
FROM THE NIGHT-SHROUDED ROOFTOPS, THE
BATMAN
EMERGES, PURSUING A QUARRY WHO IN ONE MINUTE WILL BE SCARED TO DEATH ALONG--
THE SCARECROW'S TRAIL OF FEAR!
S-1873
A DC QUALITY MAGAZINE
EDITED BY JULIUS SCHWARTZ
WRITTEN BY DENNY O'NEIL
ART BY ERNIE CHUA & DICK GIORDANO

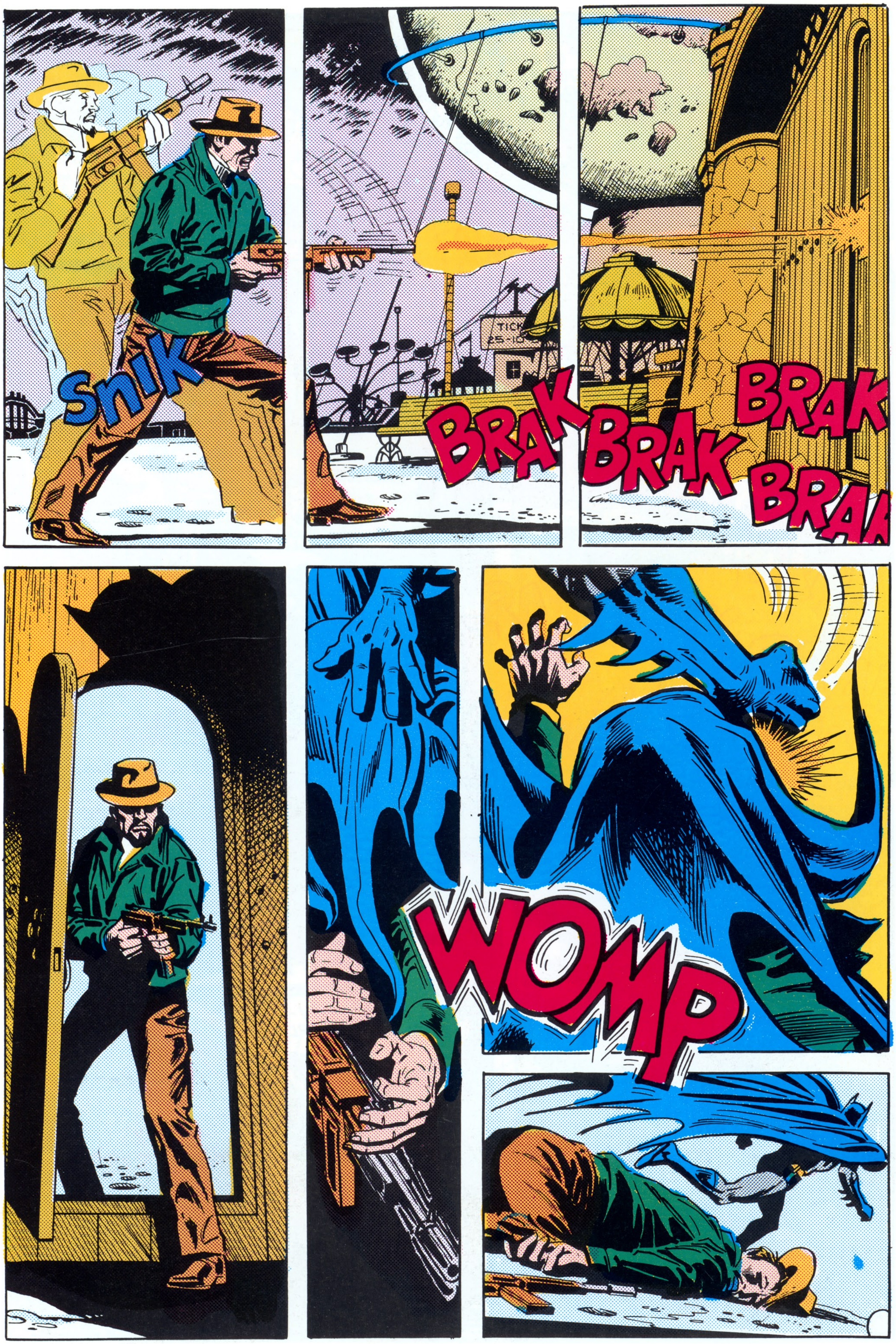

RUN, ROBERT TOOMEY! HEAR THE BREATH EXPLODING FROM YOUR TORTURED LUNGS AND RUN! RUN UNTIL YOU CAN RUN NO FURTHER!...
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
PANT S-SAFE!
HE'LL NEVER FIND ME NOW!
WON'T I--?
THE GASP BATMAN!
YOU STOLE A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, TOOMEY-- STOLE IT FROM A CHARITY BALL LAST MONTH!
YOU'VE HIDDEN IT--
--AND I WANT TO KNOW WHERE!
N-NO! I WON'T TELL!
YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE ME, TOOMEY?
GO AHEAD-- TRY!

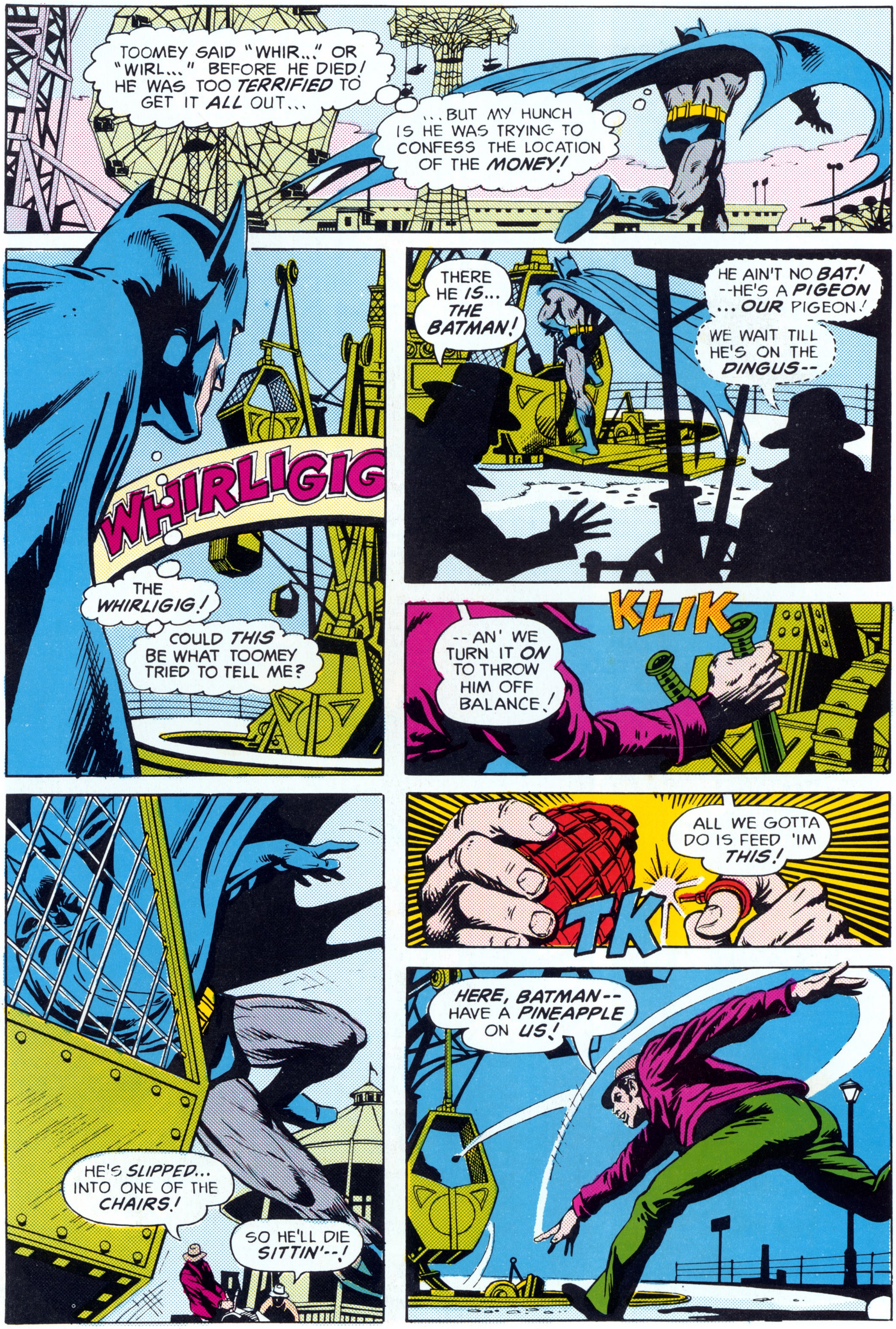

MY TURN--!
KRUSH
THE MONEY, TOOMEY!
A-A-AMUSEMENT PARK...
OKAY, WHICH PARK--AND WHERE?
WHIR... WIRL... C-CAN'T TALK!
T-TOO S-SCARED...
HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND WITH FEAR!
AND... AND NOW I FEEL FRIGHTENED, TOO!
STEADY, FELLA! TAKE IT EASY...
HE CAN'T HEAR ME! HE'S DEAD!
SUDDENLY, A HIGH-POWERED ENGINE ROARS! THE DARK PASSAGE FILLS WITH LIGHT AND--
A CAR! HEADING STRAIGHT FOR ME!
RROOOOAAARRR

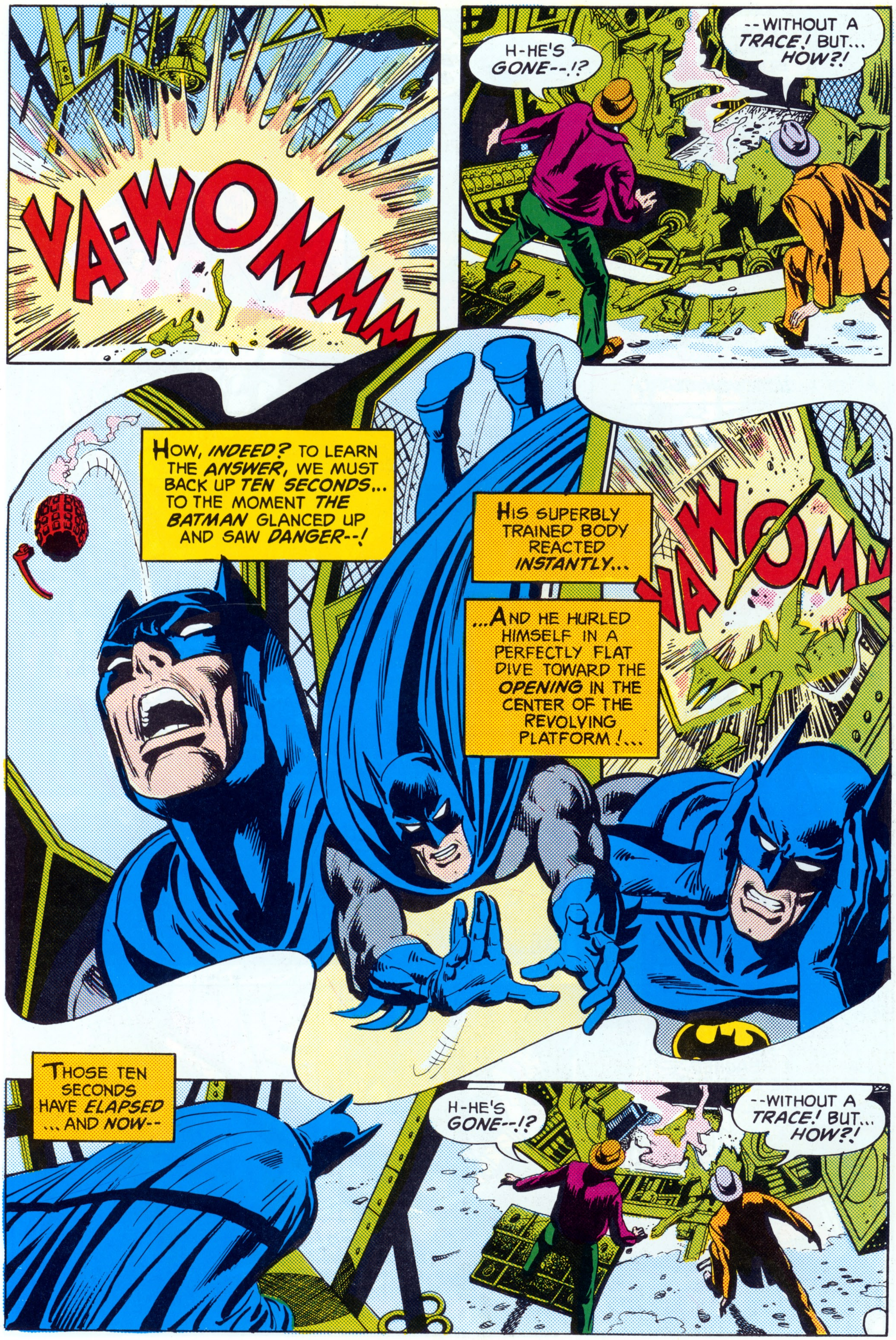

HE *MISSED*... BUT NOT FOR LACK OF *TRYING*!
BATMAN-- YOU ALL *RIGHT*?
COMMISSIONER *GORDON*! WHAT BRINGS *YOU* TO THIS DISMAL PLACE?
YOU WEREN'T THE *ONLY* ONE TRAILING TOOMEY!
WE POLICE MAY NOT BE *BATMEN*, BUT WE DON'T SPEND ALL OUR TIME GIVING *PARKING TICKETS*!
SPEAKING OF THE LATE MISTER TOOMEY... WHAT *HAPPENED*?
I'M NOT *SURE*... BUT I *THINK* HE WAS--
--*SCARED TO DEATH*!
BY--ER-- *YOU, BATMAN*?
HARDLY... *I* WAS ALMOST AS SPOOKED AS *HE* WAS!
IT ADDS UP TO A CRIMINAL I HOPED WAS OUT OF THE ACTION *FOREVER*!
A MAN NAMED *JONATHAN CRANE*... A PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY WHO WAS SHUNNED BECAUSE OF HIS APPEARANCE...
THEY RIDICULE MY *LOOKS*... MY *SHABBY* CLOTHES! THEY CALL ME A *SCARECROW*!
"SO HE BECAME A *SCARECROW*... A SYMBOL OF BOTH *POVERTY* AND *FEAR*... WHO USED *FEAR* AS A WEAPON TO GET *MONEY*..."

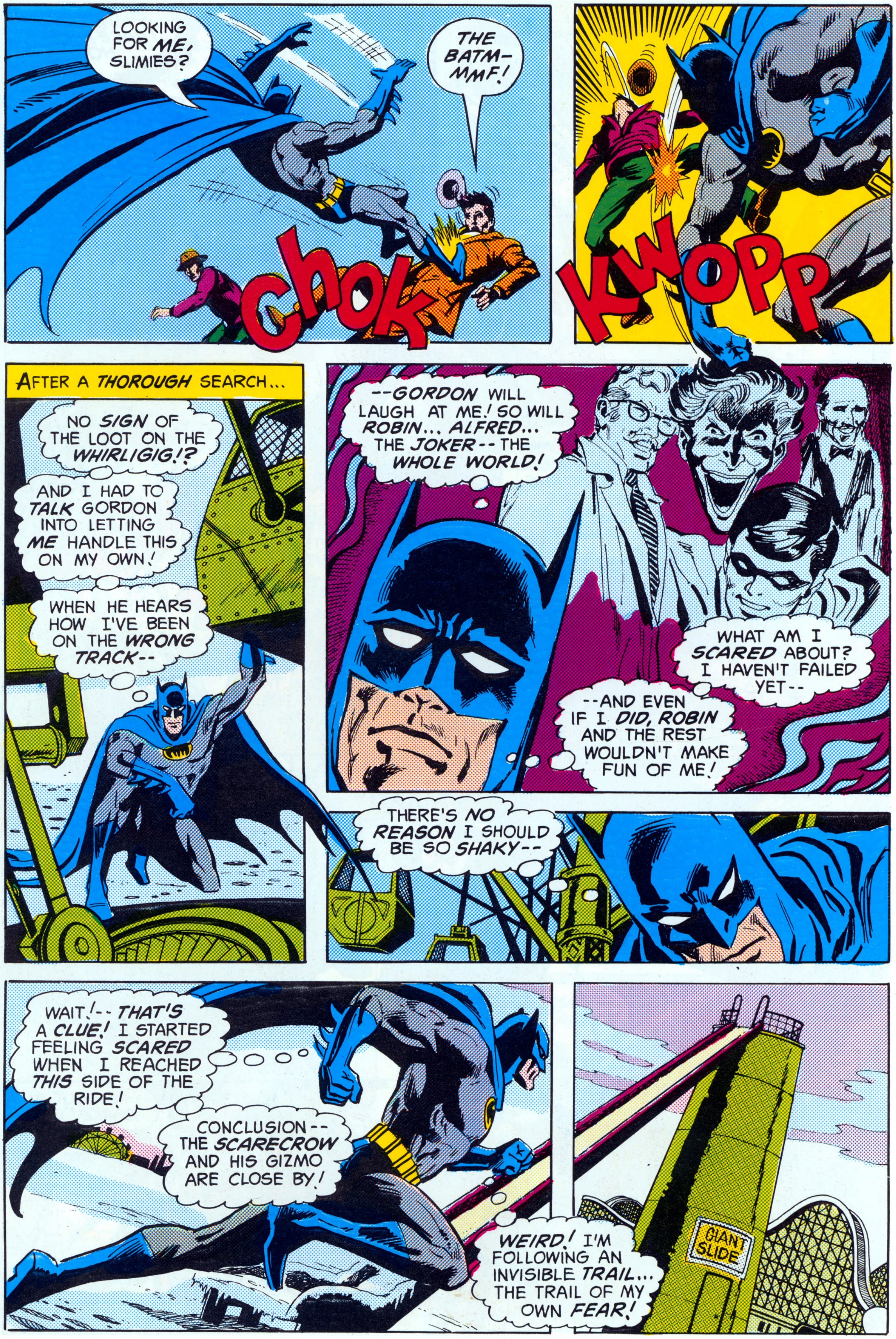

YOU FIGURE THE *SCARECROW* IS MIXED IN THIS MESS?
BET ON IT, COMMISSIONER! AND *WORSE*... HE OBVIOUSLY HAS A *NEW* GIMMICK...
...A GIMMICK THAT INDUCES FEAR FROM A *DISTANCE!* BOTH *TOOMEY* AND *I* FELT ITS *EFFECTS!*
THEN *HE* WAS THE *HOT WHEELS ARTIST?*
YES... AND I SUSPECT THE *SCARECROW* OVERHEARD TOOMEY TELLING ME ABOUT AN *AMUSEMENT PARK!*
WHICH MEANS HE'LL *ALSO* BE AFTER THE CHARITY LOOT!
DURING THE NIGHT, THE FIRST *SNOW* HAS FALLEN. THE AIR IS *CHILL*, THE DAWN *PALE* AS A REGIMENT OF *OFFICERS* APPROACHES THIS BLEAK PLACE OUTSIDE *GOTHAM*...
YOU'RE *SURE* THE MONEY'S HIDDEN *HERE, BATMAN*-- IN *GRAND GLOBE FUN PARK?*
GRAND GLOBE FUN PARK
Corona
POLICE
NOT *ABSOLUTELY* SURE... BUT TOOMEY *DID* SPEND A MONTH HIDING NEARBY!
WHERE DO WE START LOOKING--?
POLICE
HERE-- WITH THESE *WIDE-TIRE TRACKS!*
THEY LOOK LIKE THOSE MADE BY THE *SCARECROW'S* CAR--
--AND THEY LEAD STRAIGHT TO THE GATE!
WE'LL *CHARGE INSIDE* AND...
GRAND GLOBE
WHOA, COMMISSIONER! REMEMBER THE *SCARECROW FEAR GIMMICK!*
YOU PUT ARMED MEN IN THERE AND THEY'LL *PANIC*... MAYBE SHOOT *EACH OTHER!*

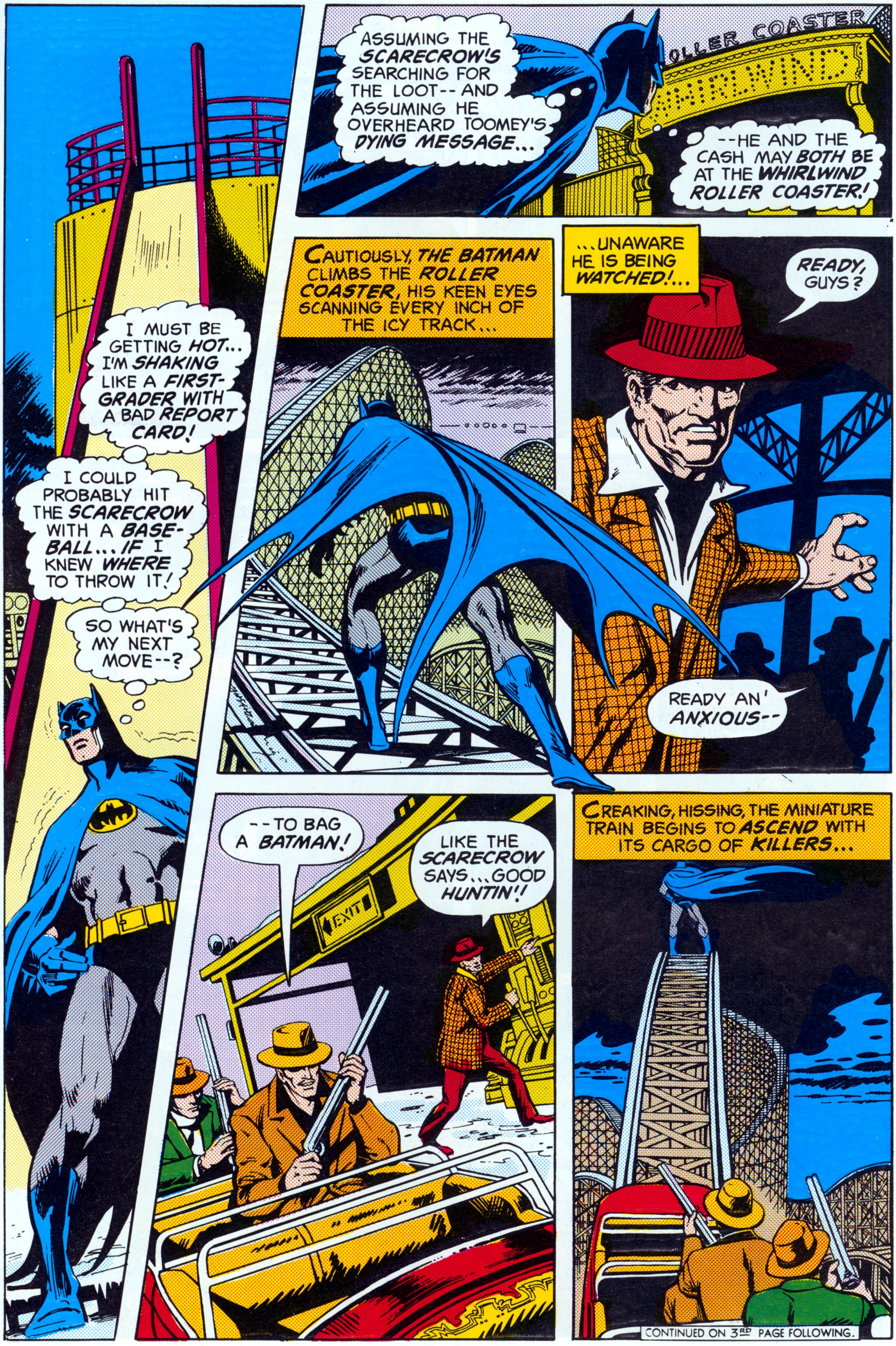

I'VE FOUGHT THE SCARECROW BEFORE-- AND WON!
I'LL STAND A BETTER CHANCE ALONE!
ALL RIGHT-- I'LL GIVE YOU ONE HOUR... NOT A SECOND LONGER!
THEN WE'RE COMING IN... SHOOTING!
AT THAT MOMENT, INSIDE...
THE BATMAN SHOULD ARRIVE SHORTLY!
I TRUST YOU WILL BE EQUAL TO THE OCCASION!
YOU BETCHA'! I BEEN WAITIN' FOR A CRACK AT HIM EVER SINCE HE PUT ME IN THE JOINT!
I WISH YOU GOOD HUNTING! HOWEVER, SHOULD YOU FAIL... THIS WON'T!
YOU GONNA BEAT BATS WITH A WALKIE-TALKIE? COME ON!
NOT A WALKIE-TALKIE-- A MIND-BOGGLING INVENTION!
OBSERVE! I HAVE MERELY TO SWITCH IT ON AND--
--YOU ARE FROZEN WITH DREAD!
S-S-STOP!
E-E-ENOUGH!
IT SENDS VIBRATIONS TO THE PARASYMPATHETIC NERVOUS SYSTEM...
...THE PART OF THE HUMAN BODY THAT CONTROLS THE INVOLUNTARY EMOTIONS!
I DON'T DIG IT, SCARECROW!
ALL I KNOW IS MY LADY GAT HERE... SHE SENDS LEAD TO ANY PART OF THE BODY!
AN' I'M COUNTIN' ON HER TO PUT THE NIX ON THE BATMAN!
JUST LET HIM COME THROUGH THAT GATE AND--
IT'S OPENIN'...!
AS IF IN ANSWER TO THE GUNMAN'S UNVOICED THOUGHT...
CREEK


SNIK
BRAK
BRAK
BRAK
BRAK
TICK
25-10
WOMP

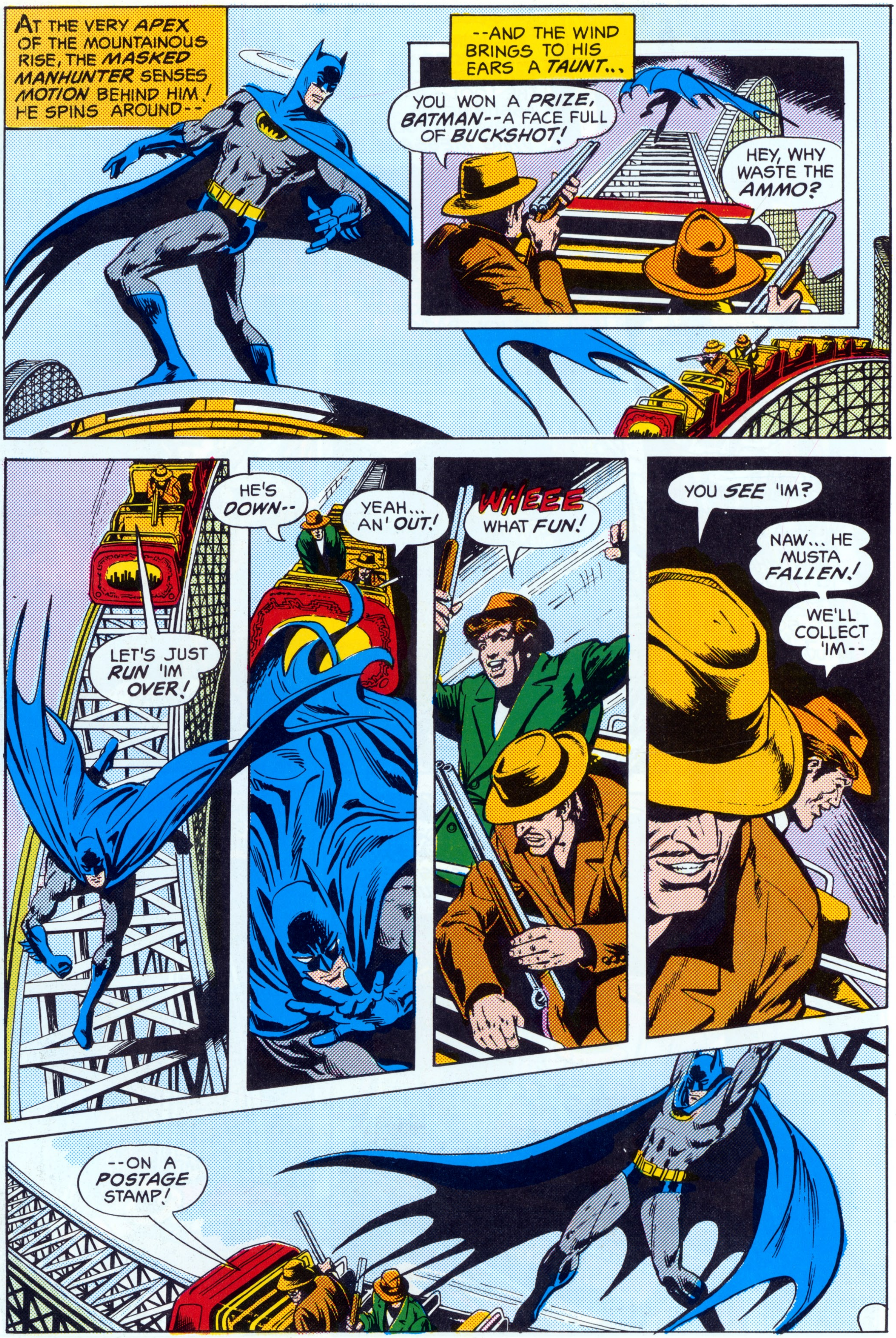

TOOMEY SAID "WHIR..." OR "WIRL..." BEFORE HE DIED! HE WAS TOO *TERRIFIED* TO GET IT *ALL* OUT...
...BUT MY HUNCH IS HE WAS TRYING TO CONFESS THE LOCATION OF THE *MONEY*!
WHIRLIGIG
THE *WHIRLIGIG*!
COULD *THIS* BE WHAT TOOMEY TRIED TO TELL ME?
THERE HE *IS*... *THE BATMAN*!
HE AIN'T NO *BAT*! --HE'S A *PIGEON* ...*OUR* PIGEON!
WE WAIT TILL HE'S ON THE *DINGUS*--
KLIK
--AN' WE TURN IT *ON* TO THROW HIM OFF BALANCE!
HE'S *SLIPPED*... INTO ONE OF THE *CHAIRS*!
SO HE'LL DIE *SITTIN'*--!
ALL WE GOTTA DO IS FEED 'IM *THIS*!
TK
HERE, BATMAN-- HAVE A *PINEAPPLE* ON *US*!

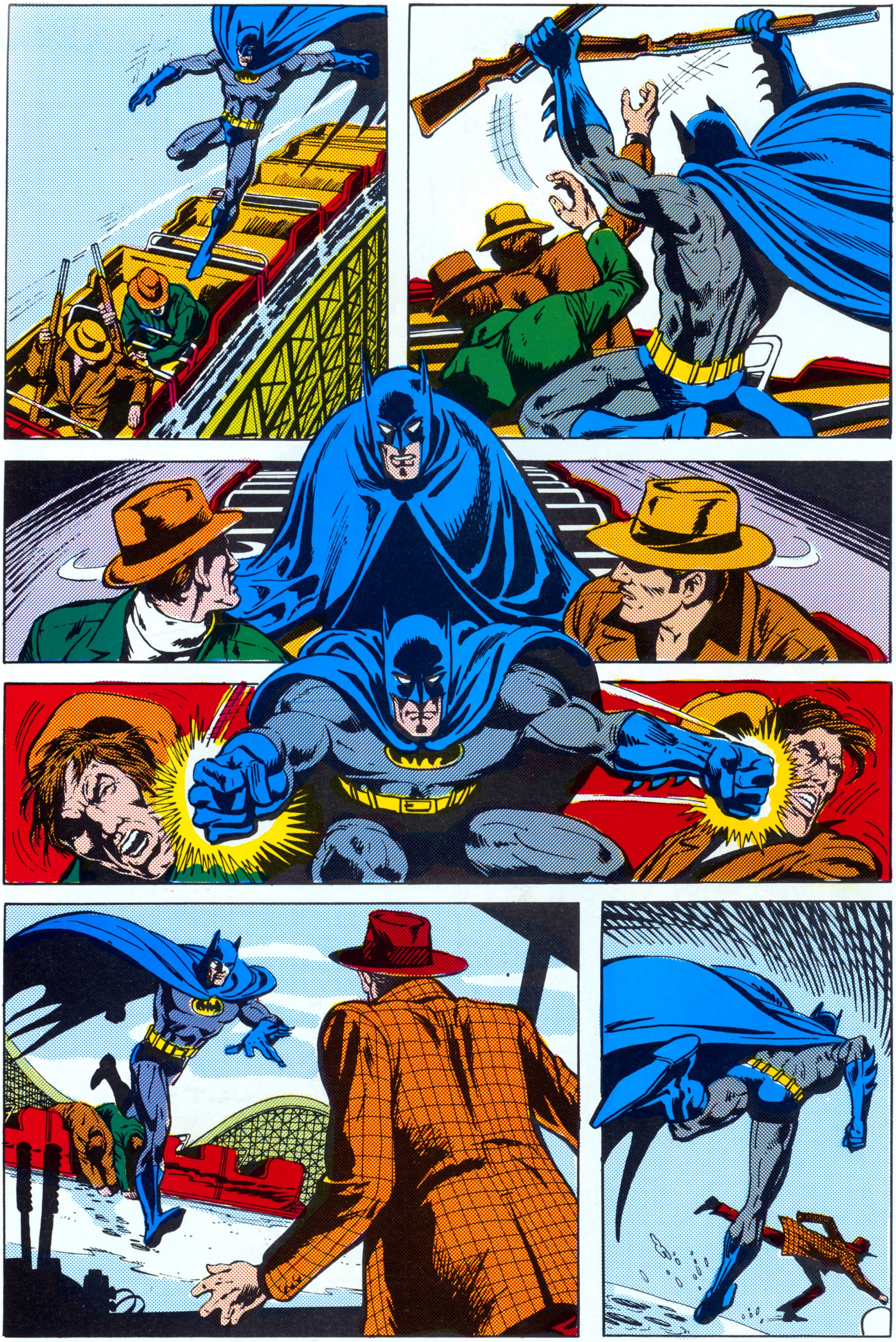

VA-WOMMM
H-HE'S GONE--!?
--WITHOUT A TRACE! BUT... HOW?!
HOW, INDEED? TO LEARN THE ANSWER, WE MUST BACK UP TEN SECONDS... TO THE MOMENT THE BATMAN GLANCED UP AND SAW DANGER--!
HIS SUPERBLY TRAINED BODY REACTED INSTANTLY...
...AND HE HURLED HIMSELF IN A PERFECTLY FLAT DIVE TOWARD THE OPENING IN THE CENTER OF THE REVOLVING PLATFORM!...
VA-WOMM
THOSE TEN SECONDS HAVE ELAPSED ...AND NOW--
H-HE'S GONE--!?
--WITHOUT A TRACE! BUT... HOW?!

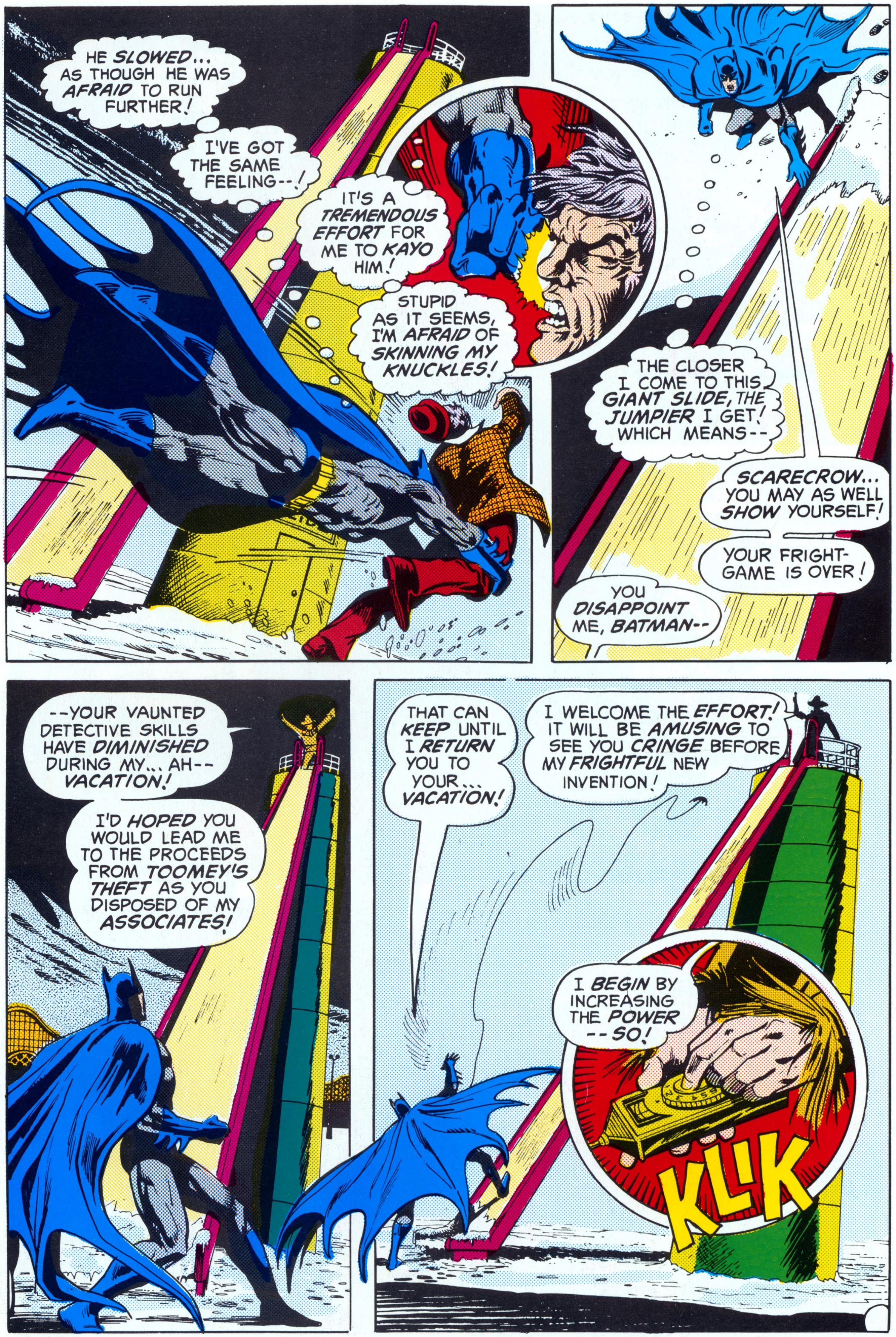

LOOKING FOR *ME*, SLIMIES?
THE BATM— MMF!
CHOK
KWOPP
AFTER A *THOROUGH* SEARCH...
NO *SIGN* OF THE LOOT ON THE *WHIRLIGIG!?*
AND I HAD TO *TALK* GORDON INTO LETTING *ME* HANDLE THIS ON MY OWN!
WHEN HE HEARS HOW I'VE BEEN ON THE *WRONG TRACK*--
--*GORDON* WILL LAUGH AT ME! SO WILL *ROBIN*... *ALFRED*... THE *JOKER*-- THE *WHOLE WORLD!*
WHAT AM I *SCARED* ABOUT? I HAVEN'T FAILED YET--
--AND EVEN IF I *DID*, *ROBIN* AND THE REST WOULDN'T MAKE FUN OF ME!
THERE'S *NO REASON* I SHOULD BE SO *SHAKY*--
WAIT!-- *THAT'S* A *CLUE!* I STARTED FEELING *SCARED* WHEN I REACHED *THIS* SIDE OF THE RIDE!
CONCLUSION-- THE *SCARECROW* AND HIS GIZMO ARE CLOSE BY!
GIANT SLIDE
WEIRD! I'M FOLLOWING AN INVISIBLE *TRAIL*... THE TRAIL OF MY OWN *FEAR!*

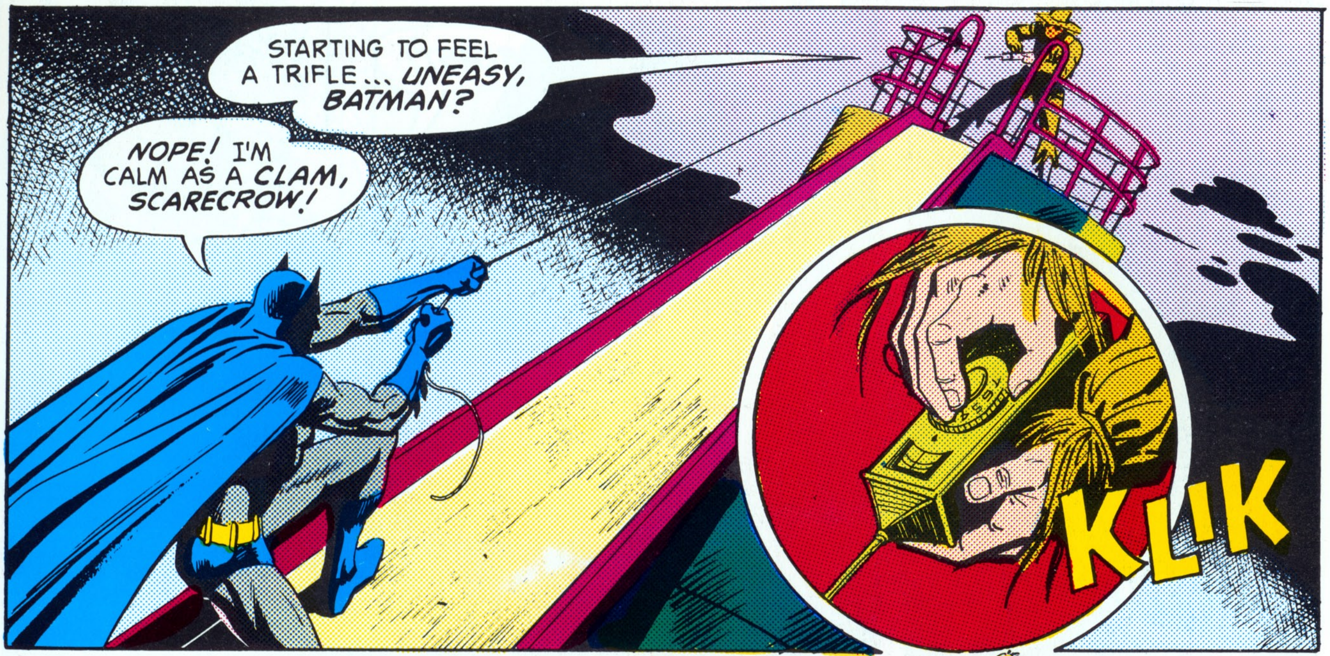

ASSUMING THE SCARECROW'S SEARCHING FOR THE LOOT-- AND ASSUMING HE OVERHEARD TOOMEY'S DYING MESSAGE...
ROLLER COASTER
WHIRLWIND
--HE AND THE CASH MAY BOTH BE AT THE WHIRLWIND ROLLER COASTER!
I MUST BE GETTING HOT... I'M SHAKING LIKE A FIRST-GRADER WITH A BAD REPORT CARD!
I COULD PROBABLY HIT THE SCARECROW WITH A BASE-BALL... IF I KNEW WHERE TO THROW IT!
SO WHAT'S MY NEXT MOVE--?
CAUTIOUSLY, THE BATMAN CLIMBS THE ROLLER COASTER, HIS KEEN EYES SCANNING EVERY INCH OF THE ICY TRACK...
...UNAWARE HE IS BEING WATCHED!...
READY, GUYS?
READY AN' ANXIOUS--
--TO BAG A BATMAN!
LIKE THE SCARECROW SAYS...GOOD HUNTIN'!
EXIT
CREAKING, HISSING, THE MINIATURE TRAIN BEGINS TO ASCEND WITH ITS CARGO OF KILLERS...

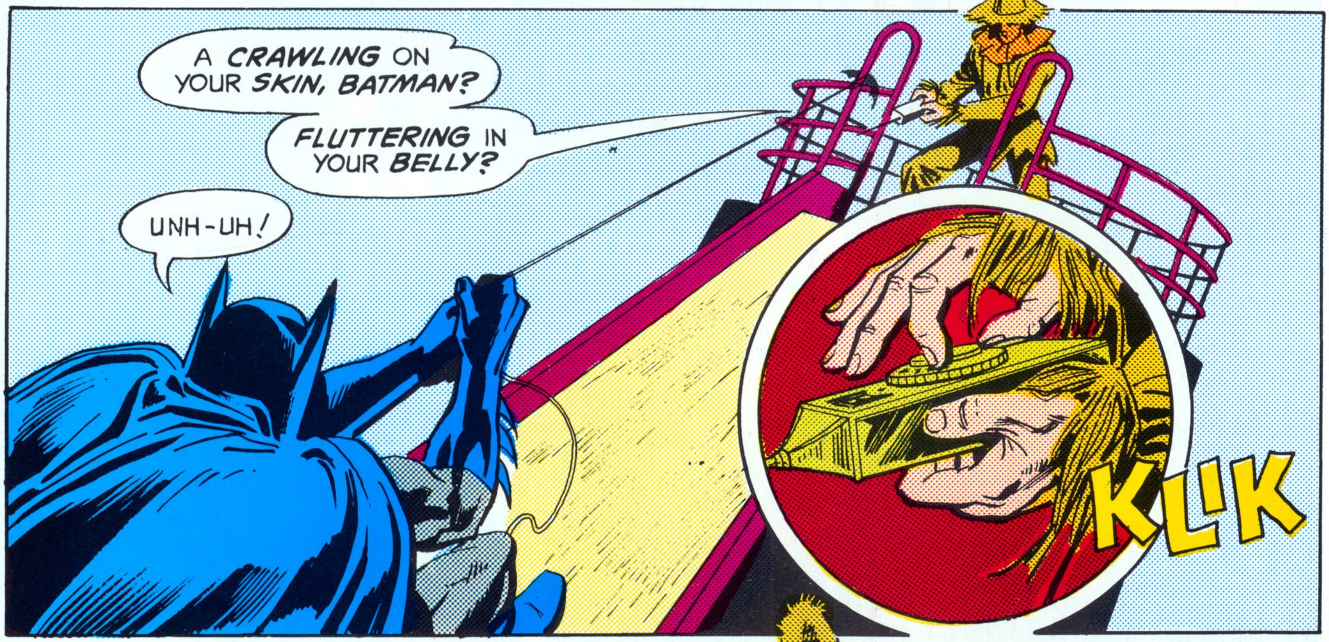
CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING.

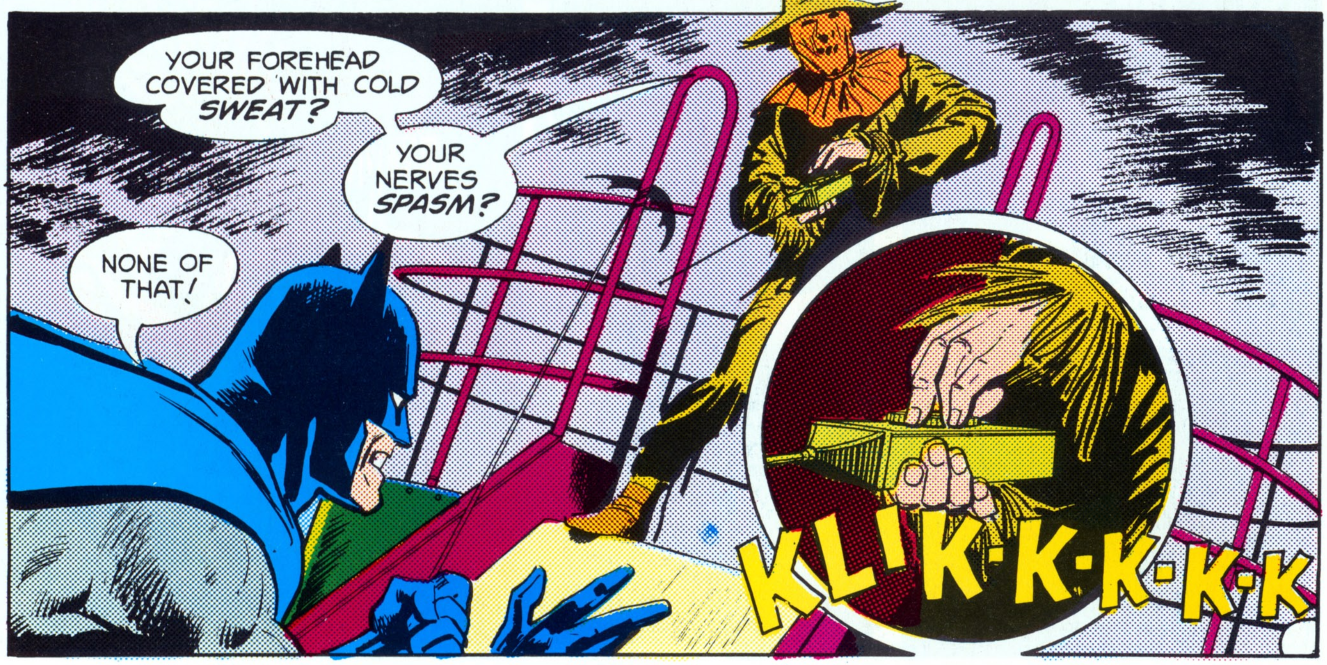

AT THE VERY APEX OF THE MOUNTAINOUS RISE, THE MASKED MANHUNTER SENSES MOTION BEHIND HIM! HE SPINS AROUND--
--AND THE WIND BRINGS TO HIS EARS A TAUNT...
YOU WON A PRIZE, BATMAN--A FACE FULL OF BUCKSHOT!
HEY, WHY WASTE THE AMMO?
LET'S JUST RUN 'IM OVER!
HE'S DOWN--
YEAH... AN' OUT!
WHEEE WHAT FUN!
YOU SEE 'IM?
NAW... HE MUSTA FALLEN!
WE'LL COLLECT 'IM--
--ON A POSTAGE STAMP!

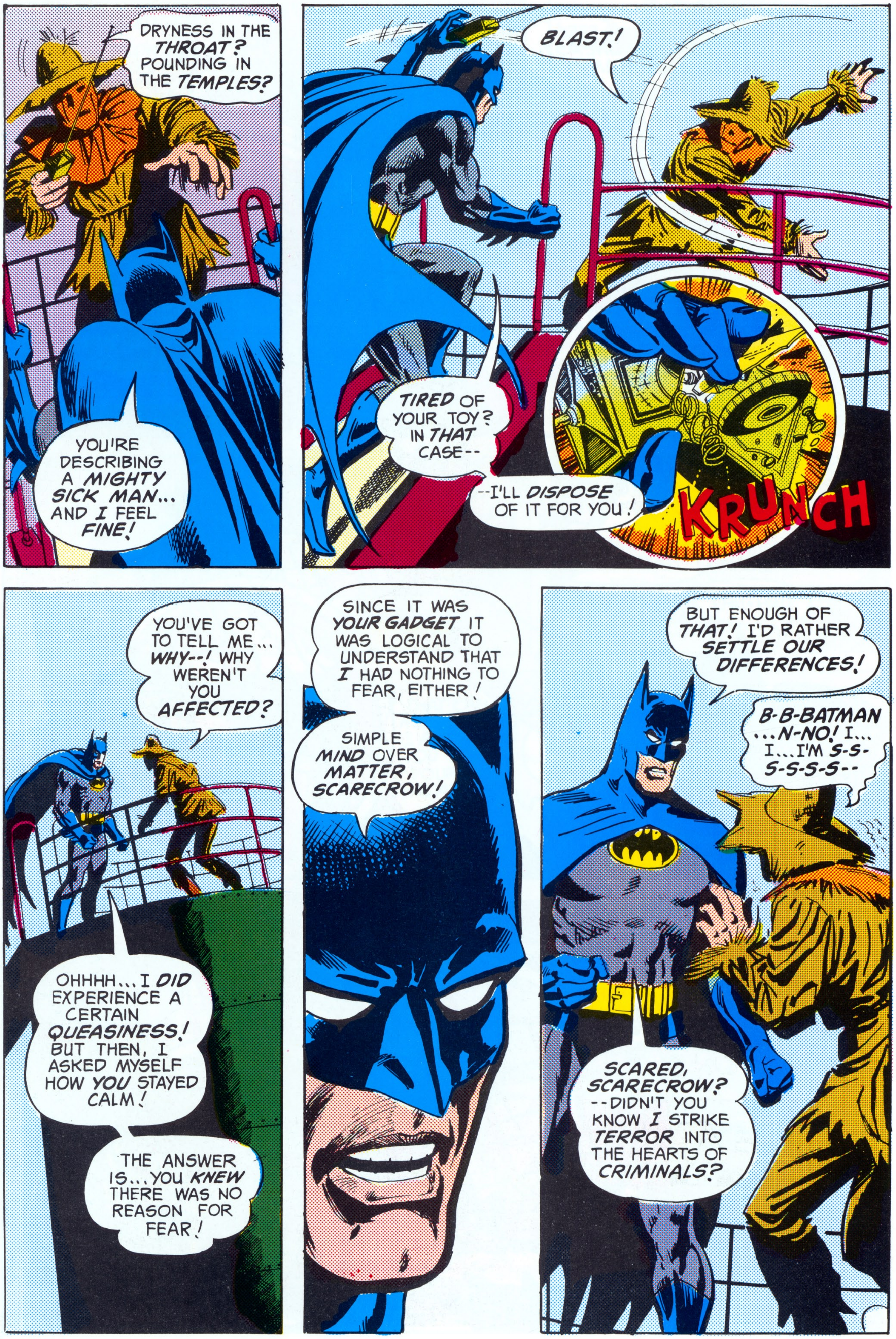


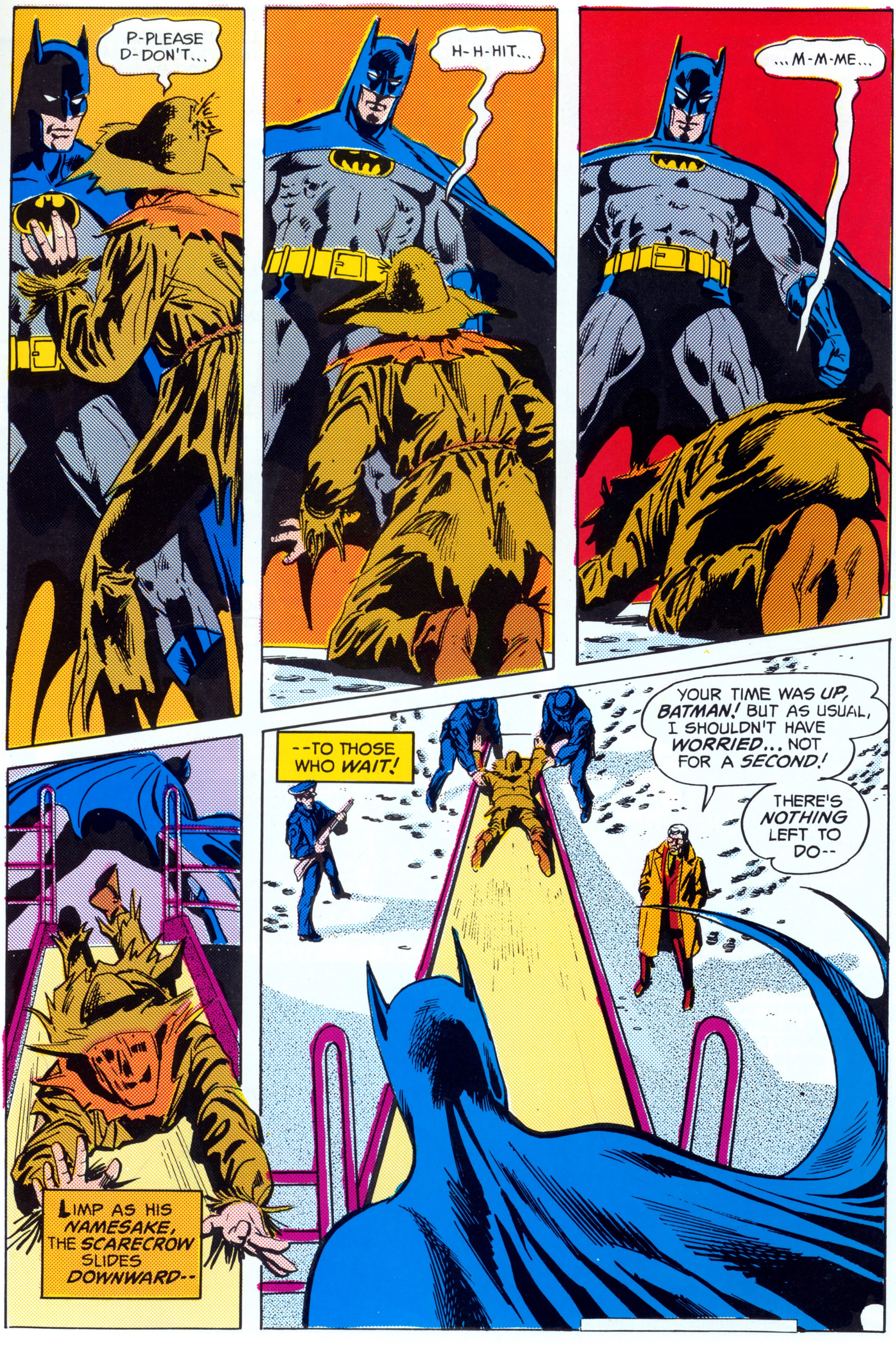

HE SLOWED... AS THOUGH HE WAS AFRAID TO RUN FURTHER!
I'VE GOT THE SAME FEELING--!
IT'S A TREMENDOUS EFFORT FOR ME TO KAYO HIM!
STUPID AS IT SEEMS, I'M AFRAID OF SKINNING MY KNUCKLES!
THE CLOSER I COME TO THIS GIANT SLIDE, THE JUMPIER I GET! WHICH MEANS--
SCARECROW... YOU MAY AS WELL SHOW YOURSELF!
YOUR FRIGHT-GAME IS OVER!
YOU DISAPPOINT ME, BATMAN--
--YOUR VAUNTED DETECTIVE SKILLS HAVE DIMINISHED DURING MY... AH--VACATION!
I'D HOPED YOU WOULD LEAD ME TO THE PROCEEDS FROM TOOMEY'S THEFT AS YOU DISPOSED OF MY ASSOCIATES!
THAT CAN KEEP UNTIL I RETURN YOU TO YOUR... VACATION!
I WELCOME THE EFFORT! IT WILL BE AMUSING TO SEE YOU CRINGE BEFORE MY FRIGHTFUL NEW INVENTION!
I BEGIN BY INCREASING THE POWER--SO!
KLIK

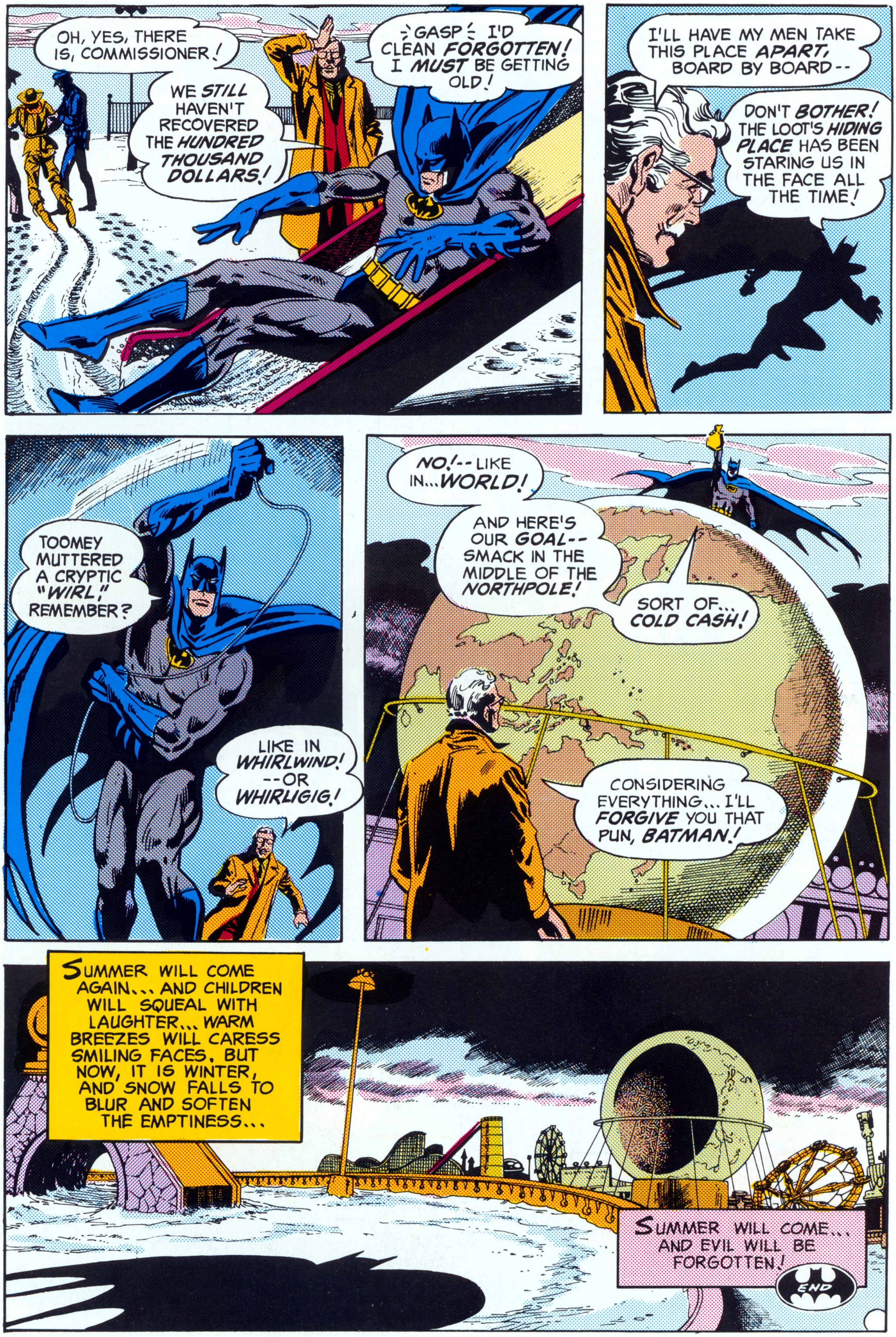

STARTING TO FEEL A TRIFLE... *UNEASY, BATMAN?*
NOPE! I'M CALM AS A *CLAM, SCARECROW!*
KLIK

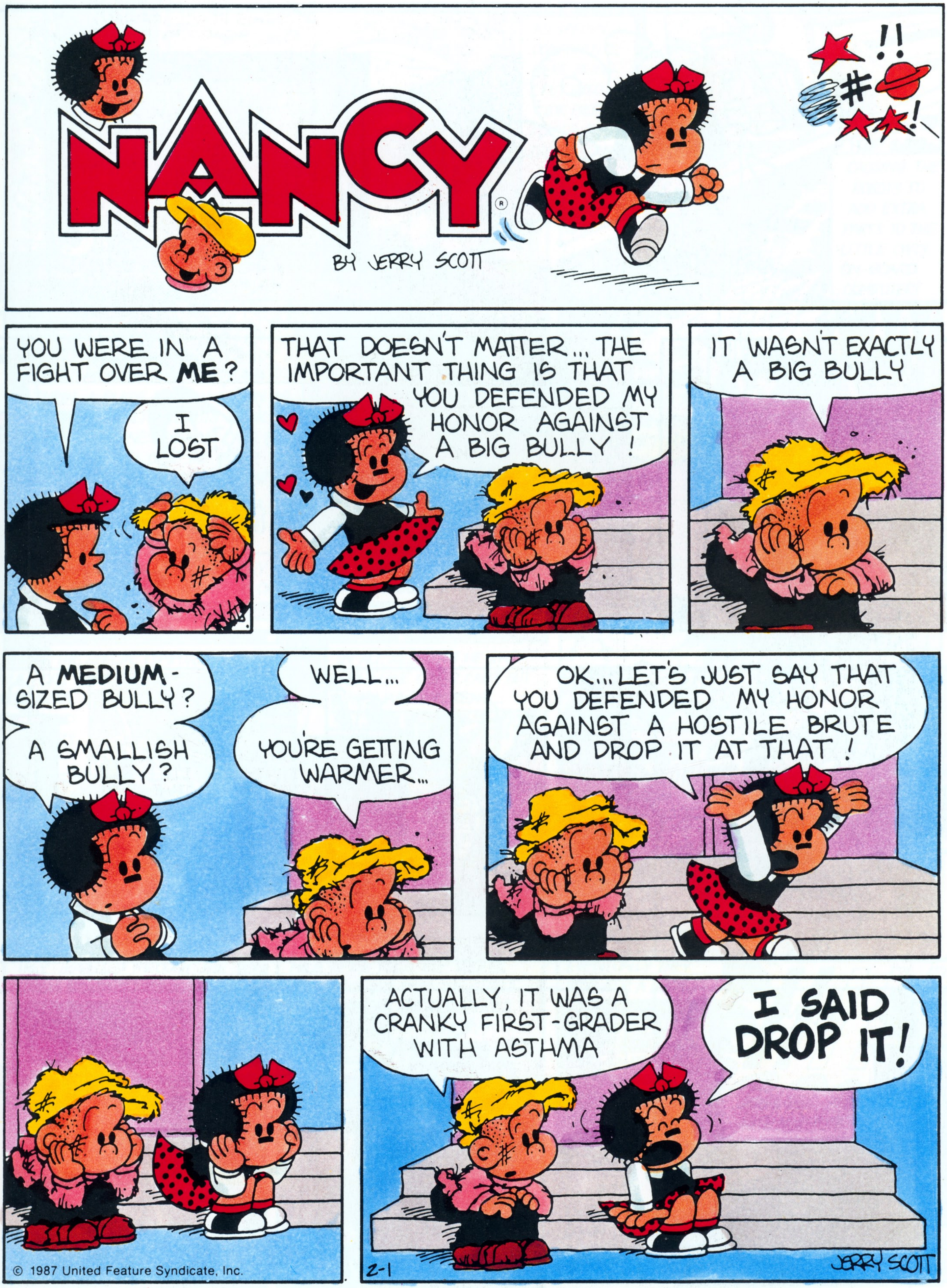

A *CRAWLING* ON YOUR *SKIN, BATMAN?*
FLUTTERING IN YOUR *BELLY?*
UNH-UH!
KLIK


YOUR FOREHEAD COVERED WITH COLD *SWEAT?*
YOUR NERVES *SPASM?*
NONE OF THAT!
KLIK-K-K-K-K


DRYNESS IN THE *THROAT?* POUNDING IN THE *TEMPLES?*
YOU'RE DESCRIBING A *MIGHTY SICK MAN*... AND *I* FEEL *FINE!*
BLAST!
TIRED OF YOUR TOY? IN *THAT* CASE--
--I'LL *DISPOSE* OF IT FOR YOU!
KRUNCH
YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME... *WHY--!* WHY WEREN'T YOU *AFFECTED?*
OHHHH... I *DID* EXPERIENCE A CERTAIN *QUEASINESS!* BUT THEN, I ASKED MYSELF HOW *YOU* STAYED CALM!
THE ANSWER IS... YOU *KNEW* THERE WAS NO REASON FOR FEAR!
SINCE IT WAS *YOUR GADGET* IT WAS LOGICAL TO UNDERSTAND THAT *I* HAD NOTHING TO FEAR, EITHER!
SIMPLE *MIND* OVER *MATTER, SCARECROW!*
BUT ENOUGH OF *THAT!* I'D RATHER *SETTLE OUR DIFFERENCES!*
B-B-BATMAN ...N-NO! I... I...I'M *S-S-S-S-S-S--*
SCARED, SCARECROW? --DIDN'T YOU KNOW *I* STRIKE *TERROR* INTO THE HEARTS OF *CRIMINALS?*


P-PLEASE D-DON'T...
H-H-HIT...
...M-M-ME...
LIMP AS HIS *NAMESAKE*, THE *SCARECROW* SLIDES *DOWNWARD*--
--TO THOSE WHO *WAIT!*
YOUR TIME WAS *UP*, *BATMAN!* BUT AS USUAL, I SHOULDN'T HAVE *WORRIED*... NOT FOR A *SECOND!*
THERE'S *NOTHING* LEFT TO DO--


OH, YES, THERE IS, COMMISSIONER!
WE STILL HAVEN'T RECOVERED THE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!
GASP I'D CLEAN FORGOTTEN! I MUST BE GETTING OLD!
I'LL HAVE MY MEN TAKE THIS PLACE APART, BOARD BY BOARD--
DON'T BOTHER! THE LOOT'S HIDING PLACE HAS BEEN STARING US IN THE FACE ALL THE TIME!
TOOMEY MUTTERED A CRYPTIC "WIRL," REMEMBER?
LIKE IN WHIRLWIND! --OR WHIRLIGIG!
NO!--LIKE IN...WORLD!
AND HERE'S OUR GOAL--SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NORTHPOLE!
SORT OF... COLD CASH!
CONSIDERING EVERYTHING... I'LL FORGIVE YOU THAT PUN, BATMAN!
SUMMER WILL COME AGAIN... AND CHILDREN WILL SQUEAL WITH LAUGHTER... WARM BREEZES WILL CARESS SMILING FACES. BUT NOW, IT IS WINTER, AND SNOW FALLS TO BLUR AND SOFTEN THE EMPTINESS...
SUMMER WILL COME... AND EVIL WILL BE FORGOTTEN!
END


NANCY®
BY JERRY SCOTT
!!
#
!
YOU WERE IN A FIGHT OVER **ME**?
I LOST
THAT DOESN'T MATTER... THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT YOU DEFENDED MY HONOR AGAINST A BIG BULLY!
IT WASN'T EXACTLY A BIG BULLY
A **MEDIUM**-SIZED BULLY?
A SMALLISH BULLY?
WELL...
YOU'RE GETTING WARMER...
OK... LET'S JUST SAY THAT YOU DEFENDED MY HONOR AGAINST A HOSTILE BRUTE AND DROP IT AT THAT!
ACTUALLY, IT WAS A CRANKY FIRST-GRADER WITH ASTHMA
I SAID DROP IT!
2-1
JERRY SCOTT

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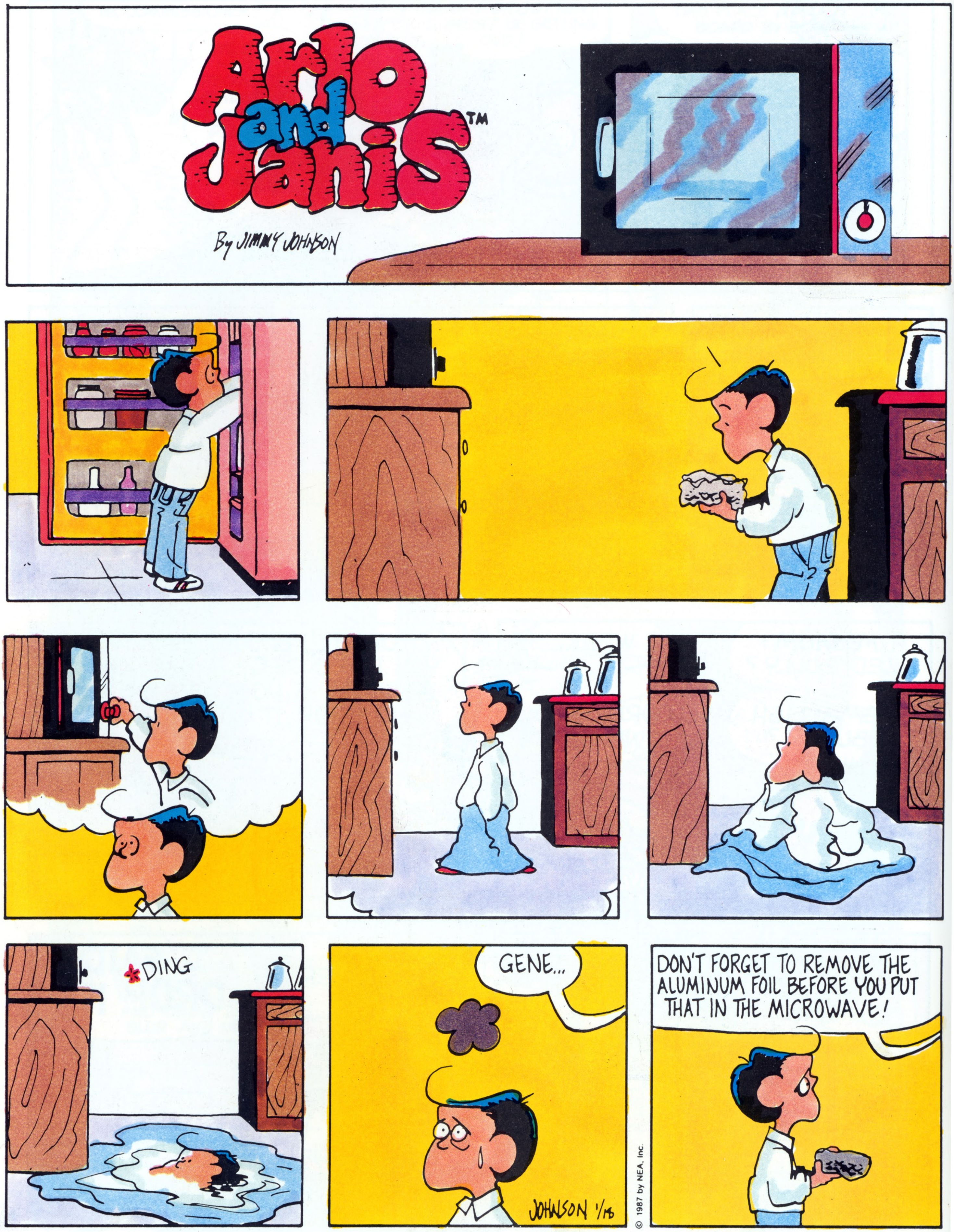
Arlo and Janis™
By JIMMY JOHNSON
*DING
GENE...
DON'T FORGET TO REMOVE THE ALUMINUM FOIL BEFORE YOU PUT THAT IN THE MICROWAVE!
JOHNSON 1/18

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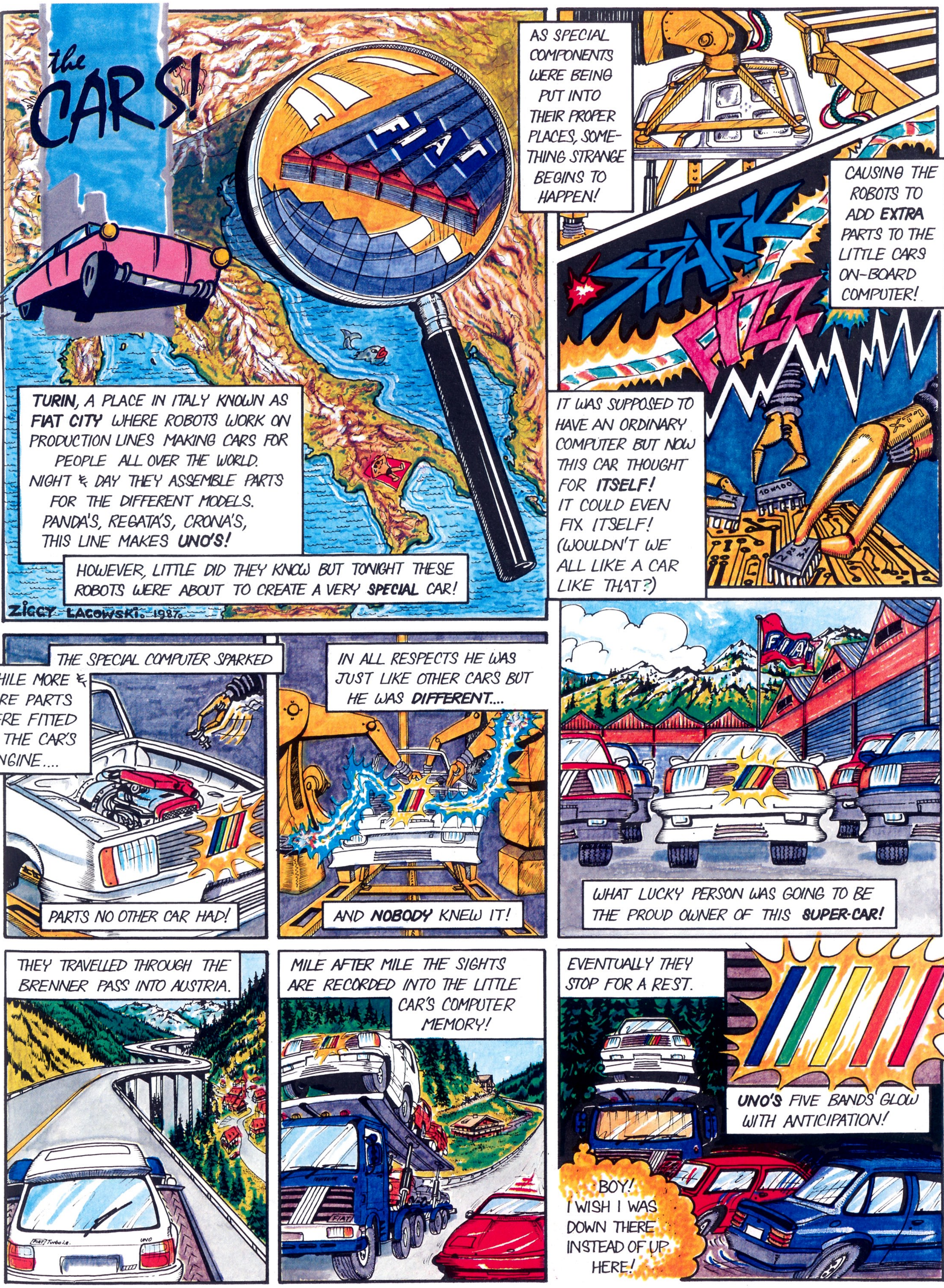
the CARS!
TURIN, A PLACE IN ITALY KNOWN AS FIAT CITY WHERE ROBOTS WORK ON PRODUCTION LINES MAKING CARS FOR PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD. NIGHT & DAY THEY ASSEMBLE PARTS FOR THE DIFFERENT MODELS. PANDA'S, REGATA'S, CRONA'S, THIS LINE MAKES UNO'S!
HOWEVER, LITTLE DID THEY KNOW BUT TONIGHT THESE ROBOTS WERE ABOUT TO CREATE A VERY SPECIAL CAR!
ZIGGY LACOWSKI. 1987.
AS SPECIAL COMPONENTS WERE BEING PUT INTO THEIR PROPER PLACES, SOMETHING STRANGE BEGINS TO HAPPEN!
SPARK
FIZZ
CAUSING THE ROBOTS TO ADD EXTRA PARTS TO THE LITTLE CARS ON-BOARD COMPUTER!
IT WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE AN ORDINARY COMPUTER BUT NOW THIS CAR THOUGHT FOR ITSELF! IT COULD EVEN FIX ITSELF! (WOULDN'T WE ALL LIKE A CAR LIKE THAT?)
THE SPECIAL COMPUTER SPARKED
WHILE MORE & MORE PARTS WERE FITTED TO THE CAR'S ENGINE....
PARTS NO OTHER CAR HAD!
IN ALL RESPECTS HE WAS JUST LIKE OTHER CARS BUT HE WAS DIFFERENT....
AND NOBODY KNEW IT!
FIAT
WHAT LUCKY PERSON WAS GOING TO BE THE PROUD OWNER OF THIS SUPER-CAR!
THEY TRAVELLED THROUGH THE BRENNER PASS INTO AUSTRIA.
MILE AFTER MILE THE SIGHTS ARE RECORDED INTO THE LITTLE CAR'S COMPUTER MEMORY!
EVENTUALLY THEY STOP FOR A REST.
UNO'S FIVE BANDS GLOW WITH ANTICIPATION!
BOY! I WISH I WAS DOWN THERE INSTEAD OF UP HERE!

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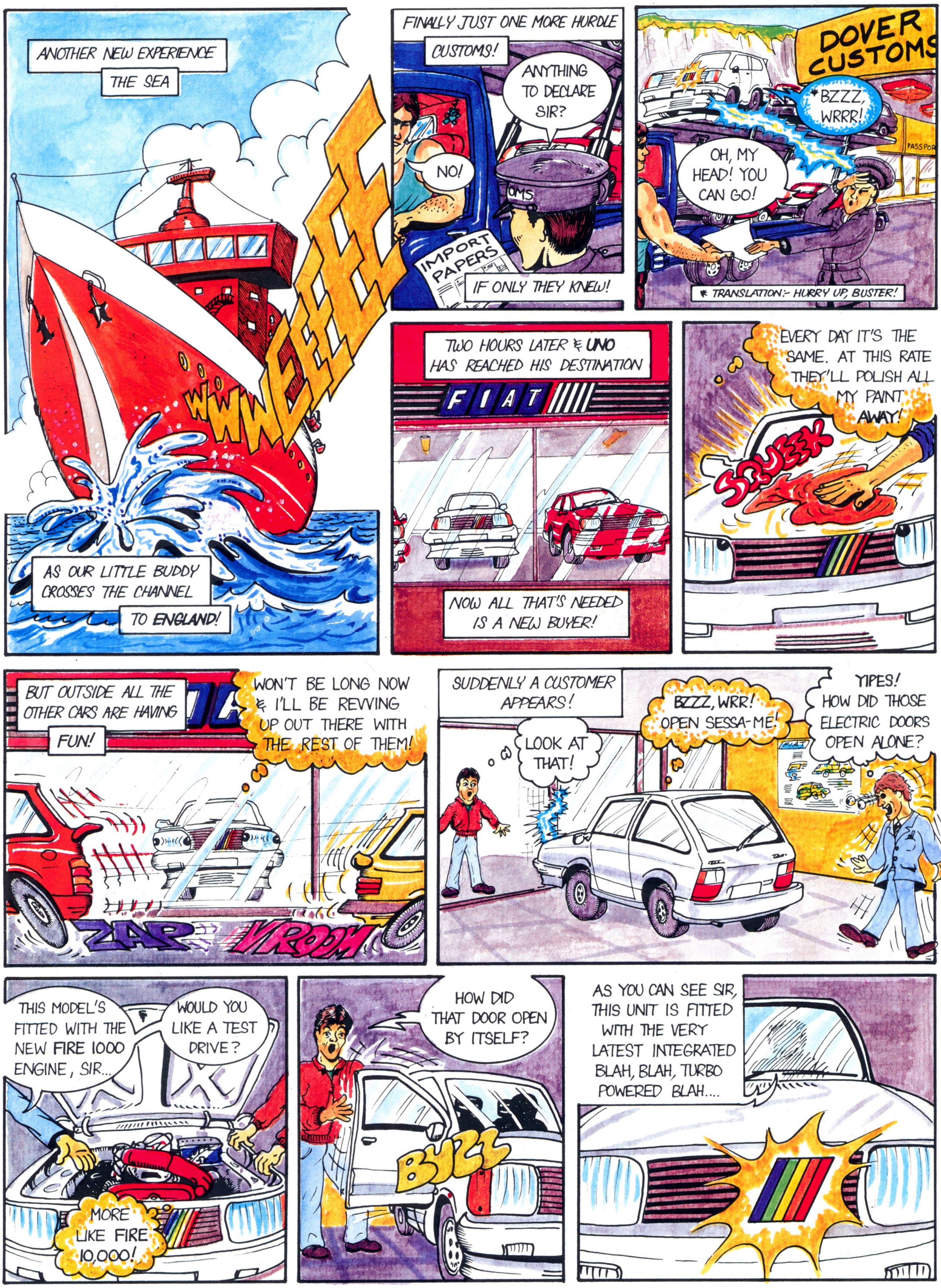
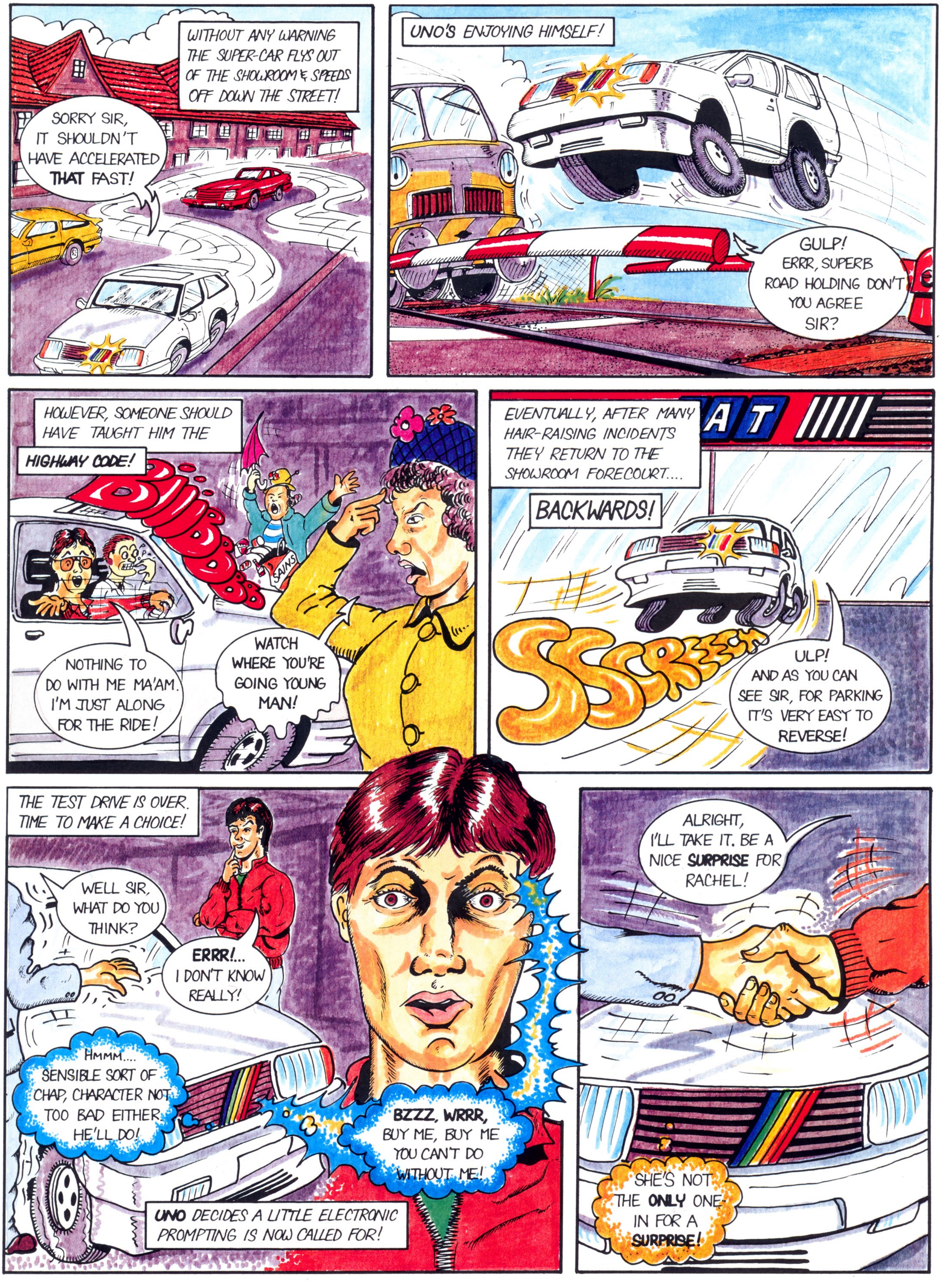
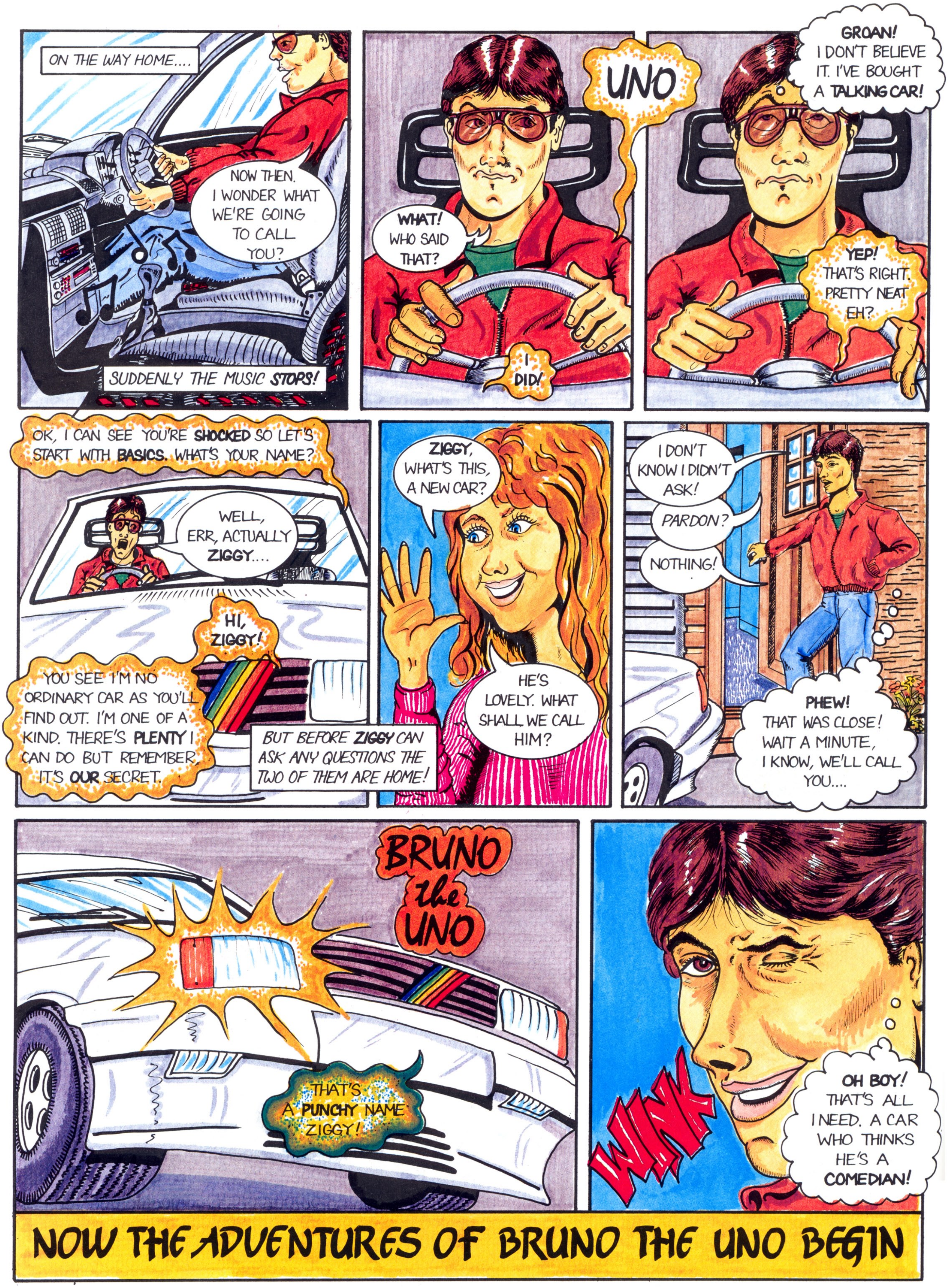
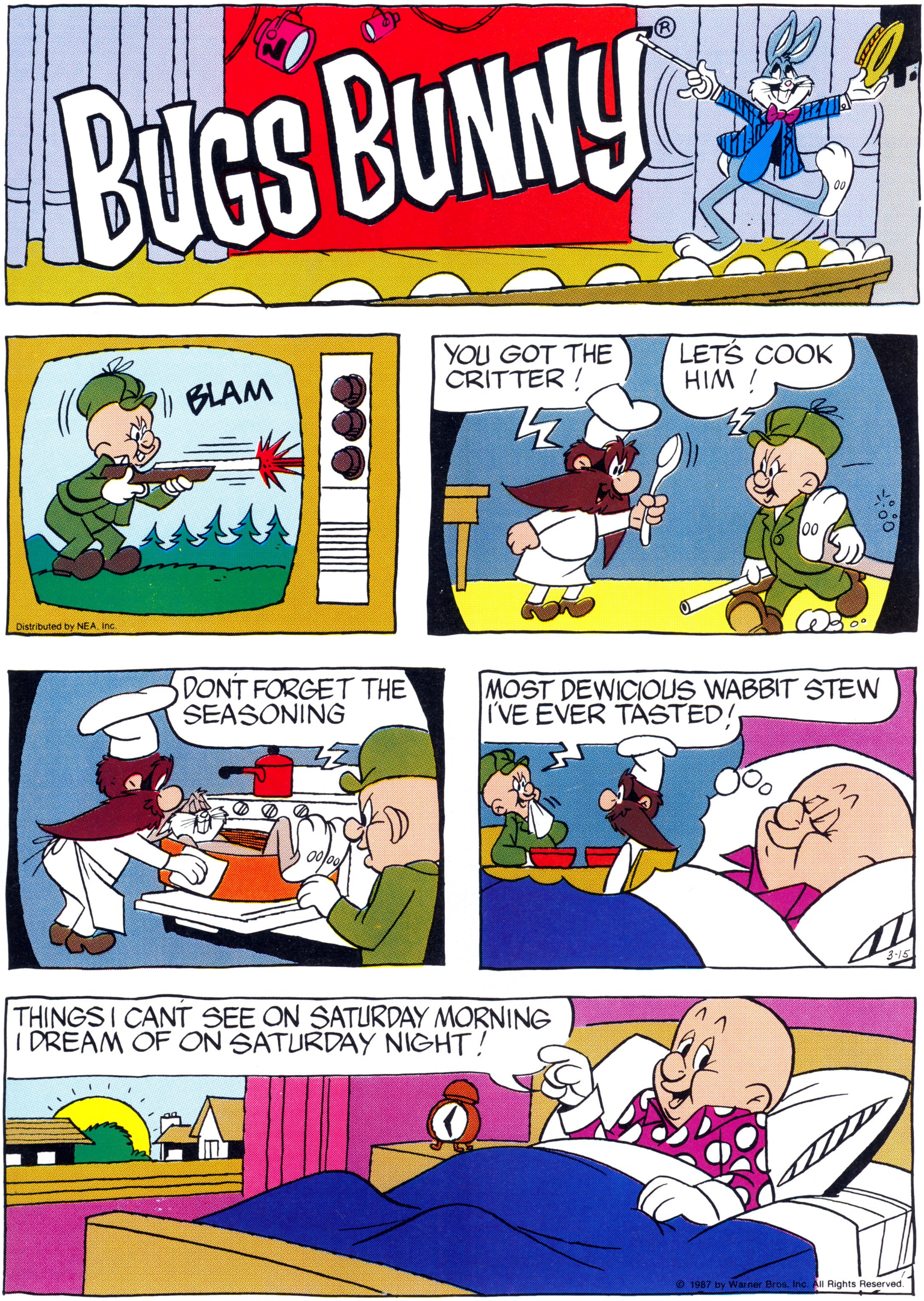

ANOTHER NEW EXPERIENCE
THE SEA
WWWEEEEEE
AS OUR LITTLE BUDDY CROSSES THE CHANNEL
TO ENGLAND!
FINALLY JUST ONE MORE HURDLE
CUSTOMS!
ANYTHING TO DECLARE SIR?
NO!
OMS
IMPORT PAPERS
IF ONLY THEY KNEW!
DOVER CUSTOMS
*BZZZ, WRRR!
OH, MY HEAD! YOU CAN GO!
PASSPOR
* TRANSLATION:- HURRY UP, BUSTER!
TWO HOURS LATER & UNO HAS REACHED HIS DESTINATION
FIAT
NOW ALL THAT'S NEEDED IS A NEW BUYER!
EVERY DAY IT'S THE SAME. AT THIS RATE THEY'LL POLISH ALL MY PAINT AWAY!
SQUEEK
BUT OUTSIDE ALL THE OTHER CARS ARE HAVING
FUN!
WON'T BE LONG NOW & I'LL BE REVVING UP OUT THERE WITH THE REST OF THEM!
ZAP
VROOM
SUDDENLY A CUSTOMER APPEARS!
LOOK AT THAT!
BZZZ, WRR! OPEN SESSA-ME!
YIPES! HOW DID THOSE ELECTRIC DOORS OPEN ALONE?
FIAT
THIS MODEL'S FITTED WITH THE NEW FIRE 1000 ENGINE, SIR...
WOULD YOU LIKE A TEST DRIVE?
MORE LIKE FIRE 10,000!
HOW DID THAT DOOR OPEN BY ITSELF?
BUZZ
AS YOU CAN SEE SIR, THIS UNIT IS FITTED WITH THE VERY LATEST INTEGRATED BLAH, BLAH, TURBO POWERED BLAH....


WITHOUT ANY WARNING THE SUPER-CAR FLYS OUT OF THE SHOWROOM & SPEEDS OFF DOWN THE STREET!
SORRY SIR, IT SHOULDN'T HAVE ACCELERATED **THAT** FAST!
UNO'S ENJOYING HIMSELF!
GULP! ERRR, SUPERB ROAD HOLDING DON'T YOU AGREE SIR?
HOWEVER, SOMEONE SHOULD HAVE TAUGHT HIM THE
HIGHWAY CODE!
NOTHING TO DO WITH ME MA'AM. I'M JUST ALONG FOR THE RIDE!
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING YOUNG MAN!
EVENTUALLY, AFTER MANY HAIR-RAISING INCIDENTS THEY RETURN TO THE SHOWROOM FORECOURT....
BACKWARDS!
SSSCREECH
ULP! AND AS YOU CAN SEE SIR, FOR PARKING IT'S VERY EASY TO REVERSE!
THE TEST DRIVE IS OVER. TIME TO MAKE A CHOICE!
WELL SIR, WHAT DO YOU THINK?
ERRR!... I DON'T KNOW REALLY!
HMMM.... SENSIBLE SORT OF CHAP, CHARACTER NOT TOO BAD EITHER HE'LL DO!
BZZZ, WRRR, BUY ME, BUY ME YOU CAN'T DO WITHOUT ME!
UNO DECIDES A LITTLE ELECTRONIC PROMPTING IS NOW CALLED FOR!
ALRIGHT, I'LL TAKE IT. BE A NICE **SURPRISE** FOR RACHEL!
SHE'S NOT THE **ONLY** ONE IN FOR A **SURPRISE!**


ON THE WAY HOME....
NOW THEN. I WONDER WHAT WE'RE GOING TO CALL YOU?
SUDDENLY THE MUSIC STOPS!
UNO
WHAT! WHO SAID THAT?
I DID!
GROAN! I DON'T BELIEVE IT. I'VE BOUGHT A TALKING CAR!
YEP! THAT'S RIGHT. PRETTY NEAT EH?
OK, I CAN SEE YOU'RE SHOCKED SO LET'S START WITH BASICS. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
WELL, ERR, ACTUALLY ZIGGY....
HI, ZIGGY!
YOU SEE I'M NO ORDINARY CAR AS YOU'LL FIND OUT. I'M ONE OF A KIND. THERE'S PLENTY I CAN DO BUT REMEMBER, IT'S OUR SECRET.
BUT BEFORE ZIGGY CAN ASK ANY QUESTIONS THE TWO OF THEM ARE HOME!
ZIGGY, WHAT'S THIS, A NEW CAR?
HE'S LOVELY. WHAT SHALL WE CALL HIM?
I DON'T KNOW I DIDN'T ASK!
PARDON?
NOTHING!
PHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! WAIT A MINUTE, I KNOW, WE'LL CALL YOU....
BRUNO the UNO
THAT'S A PUNCHY NAME ZIGGY!
WINK
OH BOY! THAT'S ALL I NEED. A CAR WHO THINKS HE'S A COMEDIAN!
NOW THE ADVENTURES OF BRUNO THE UNO BEGIN


BUGS BUNNY®
BLAM
YOU GOT THE CRITTER!
LET'S COOK HIM!
DON'T FORGET THE SEASONING
MOST DEWICIOUS WABBIT STEW I'VE EVER TASTED!
3-15
THINGS I CAN'T SEE ON SATURDAY MORNING I DREAM OF ON SATURDAY NIGHT!

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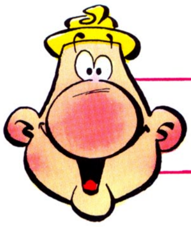
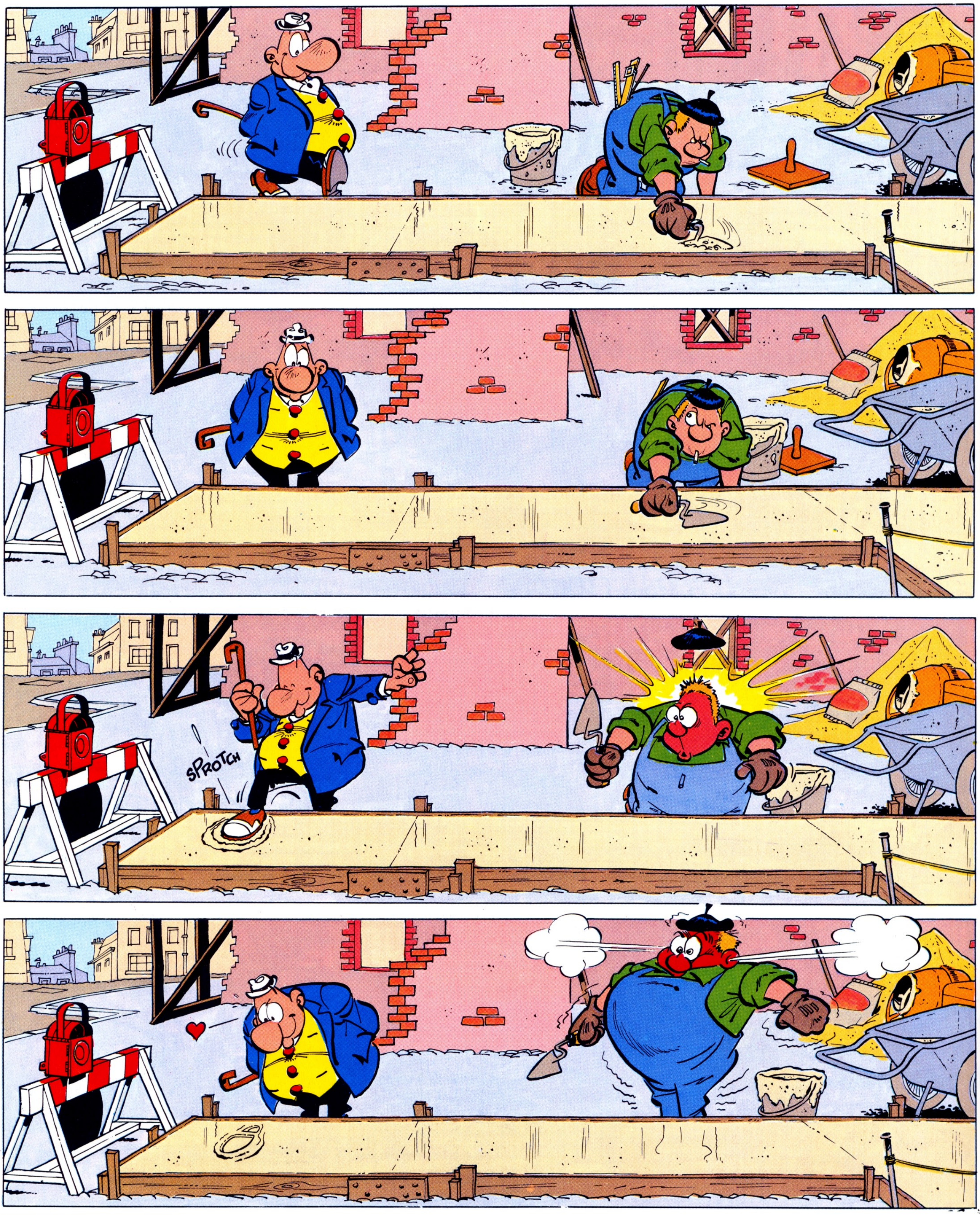


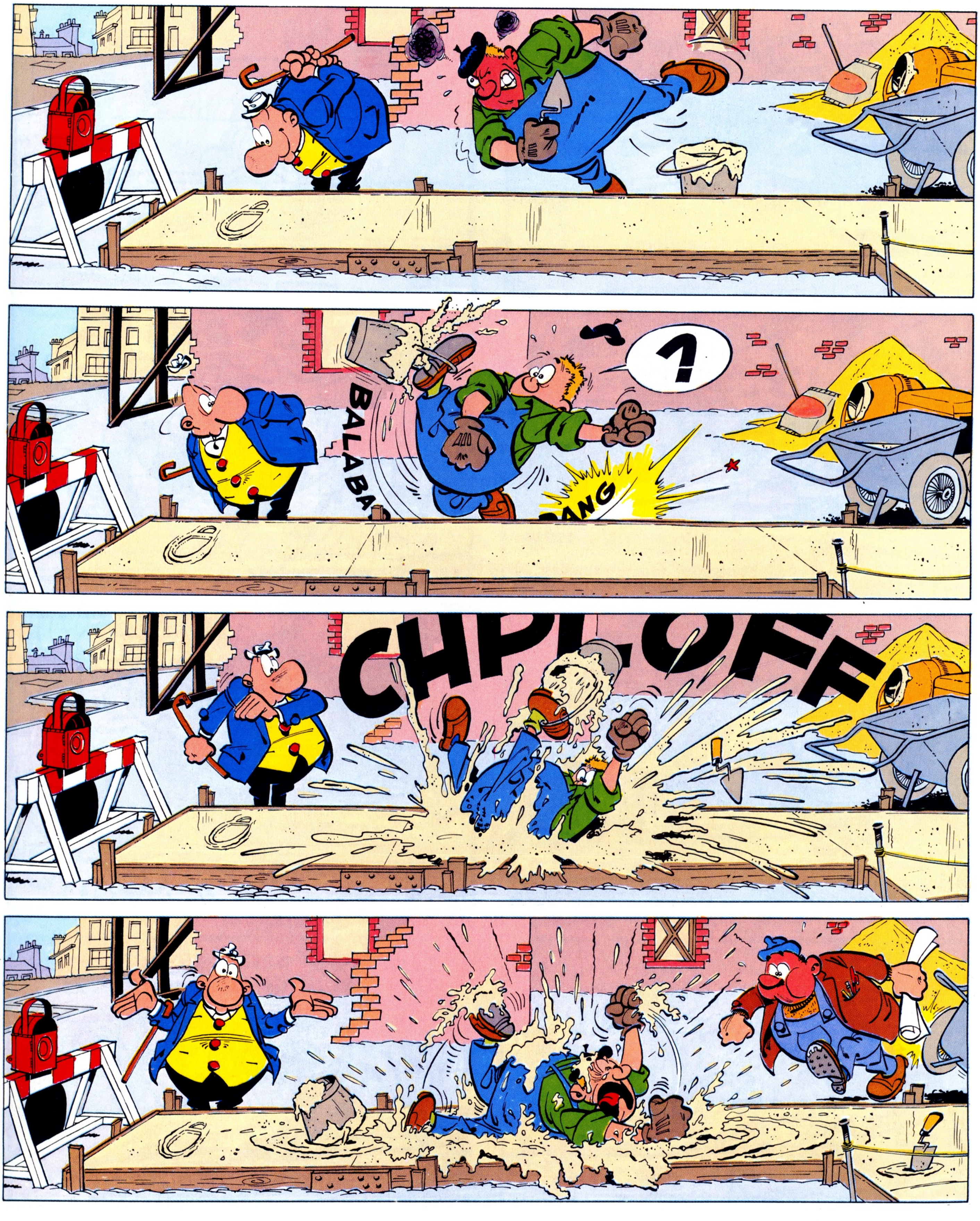
CEMENTING FRIENDSHIPS



DARGAUD Story and Illustrations: GREG

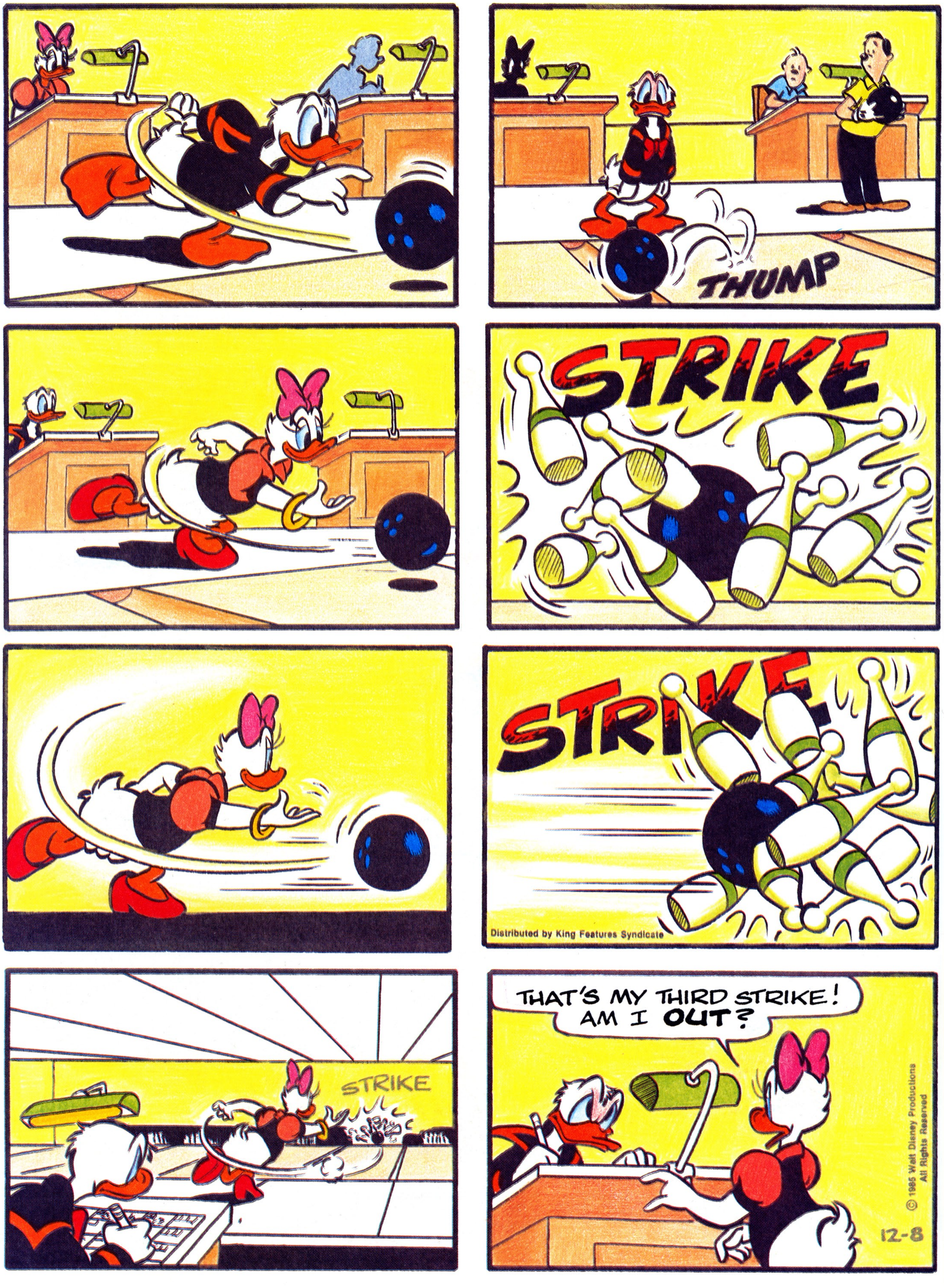
ACHILLE TALON

GREG


BALABA
?
BANG
CHPLOFF

© DARGAUD ÉDITEUR

Walt Disney's DONALD DUCK®


THUMP
STRIKE
STRIKE
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STRIKE
THAT'S MY THIRD STRIKE! AM I **OUT**?
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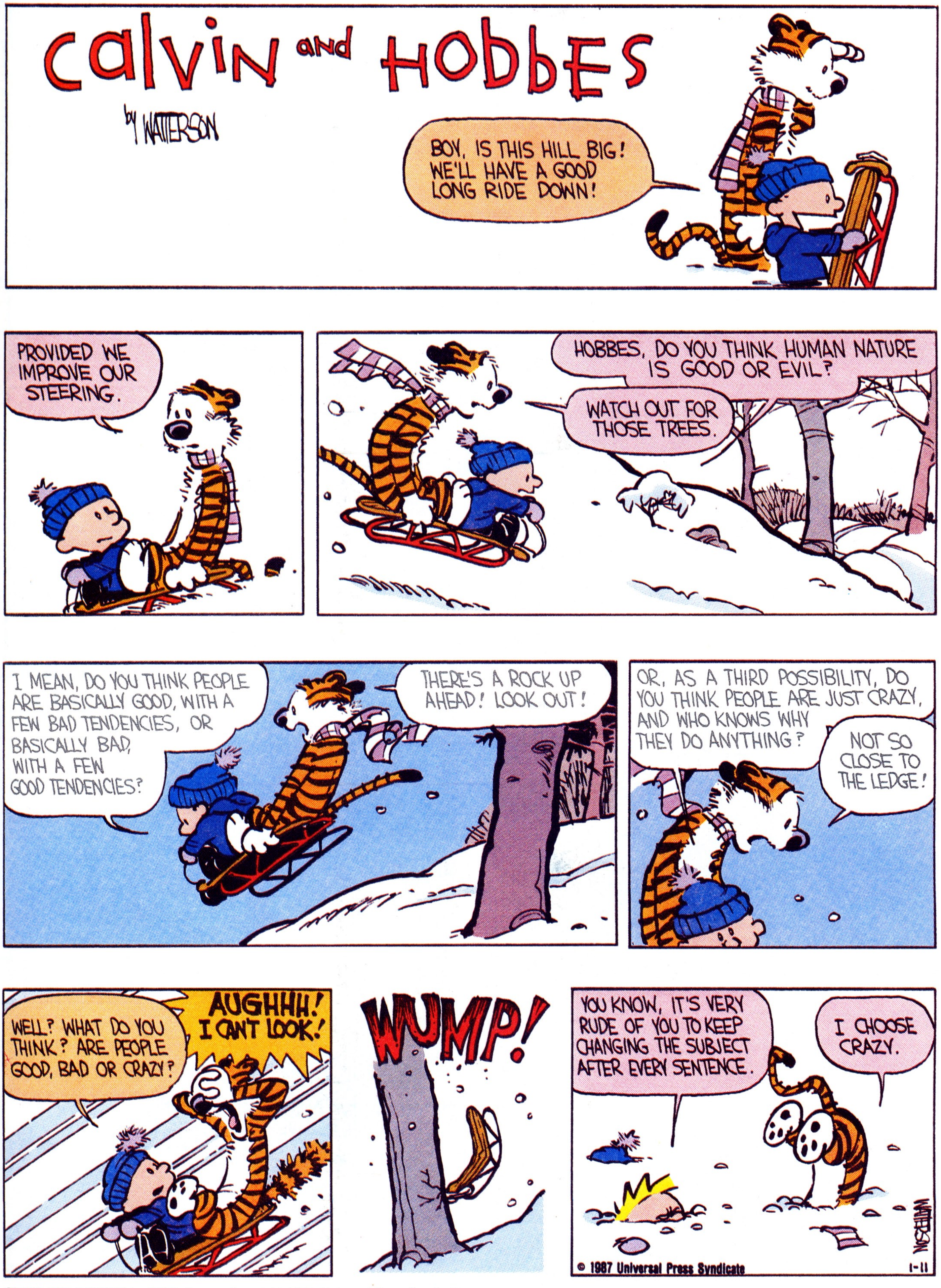
12-8


Calvin and HOBBES
by WATTERSON
BOY, IS THIS HILL BIG! WE'LL HAVE A GOOD LONG RIDE DOWN!
PROVIDED WE IMPROVE OUR STEERING.
HOBBES, DO YOU THINK HUMAN NATURE IS GOOD OR EVIL?
WATCH OUT FOR THOSE TREES.
I MEAN, DO YOU THINK PEOPLE ARE BASICALLY GOOD, WITH A FEW BAD TENDENCIES, OR BASICALLY BAD, WITH A FEW GOOD TENDENCIES?
THERE'S A ROCK UP AHEAD! LOOK OUT!
OR, AS A THIRD POSSIBILITY, DO YOU THINK PEOPLE ARE JUST CRAZY, AND WHO KNOWS WHY THEY DO ANYTHING?
NOT SO CLOSE TO THE LEDGE!
WELL? WHAT DO YOU THINK? ARE PEOPLE GOOD, BAD OR CRAZY?
AUGHHH! I CAN'T LOOK!
WUMP!
YOU KNOW, IT'S VERY RUDE OF YOU TO KEEP CHANGING THE SUBJECT AFTER EVERY SENTENCE.
I CHOOSE CRAZY.
WATTERSON
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1-11

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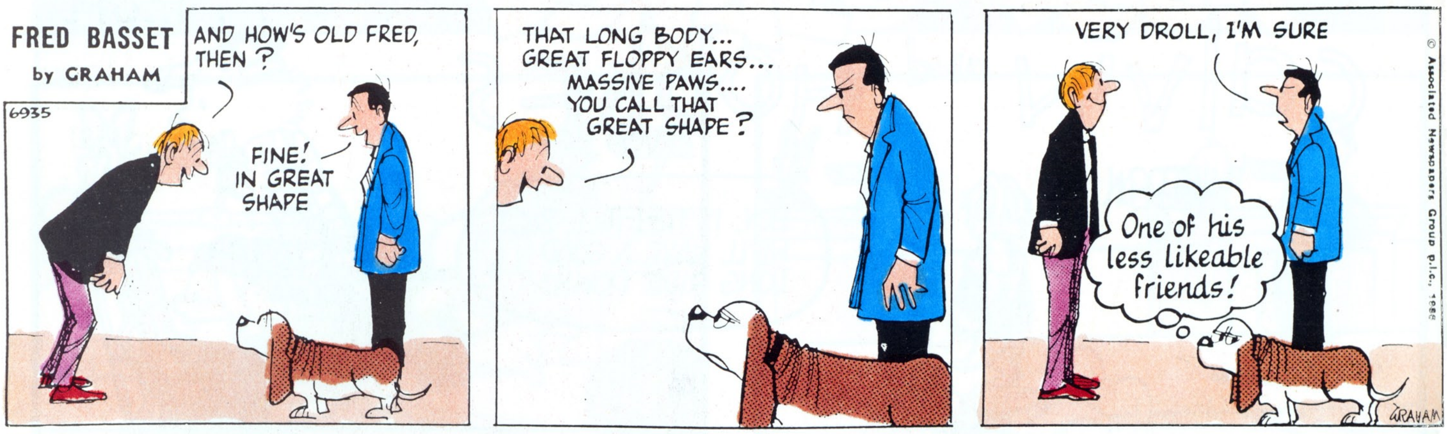
FRED BASSET
by GRAHAM
6935
AND HOW'S OLD FRED, THEN ?
FINE! IN GREAT SHAPE
THAT LONG BODY... GREAT FLOPPY EARS... MASSIVE PAWS.... YOU CALL THAT GREAT SHAPE ?
VERY DROLL, I'M SURE
One of his less likeable friends!
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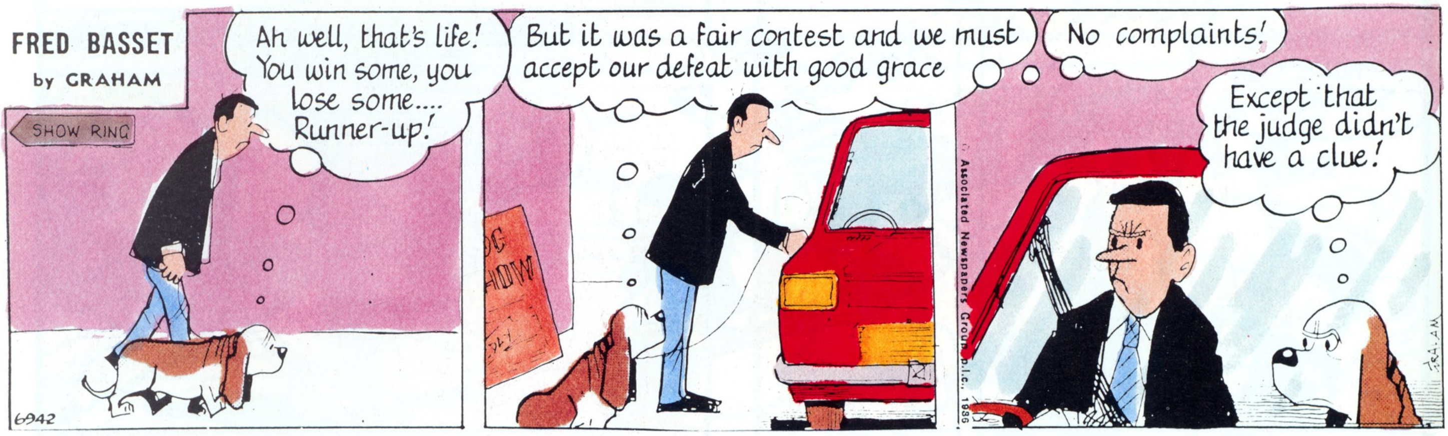
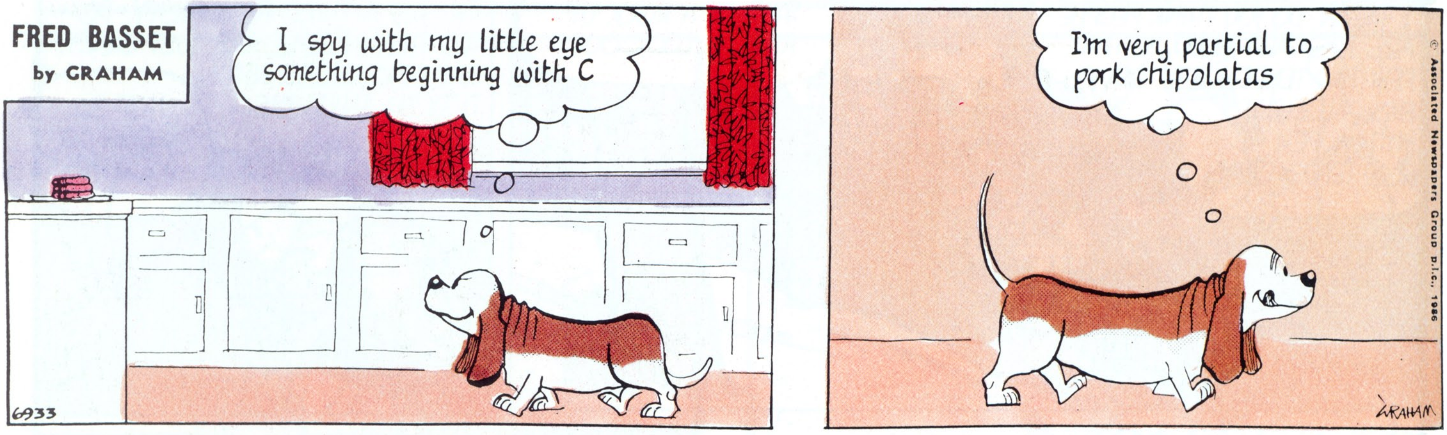
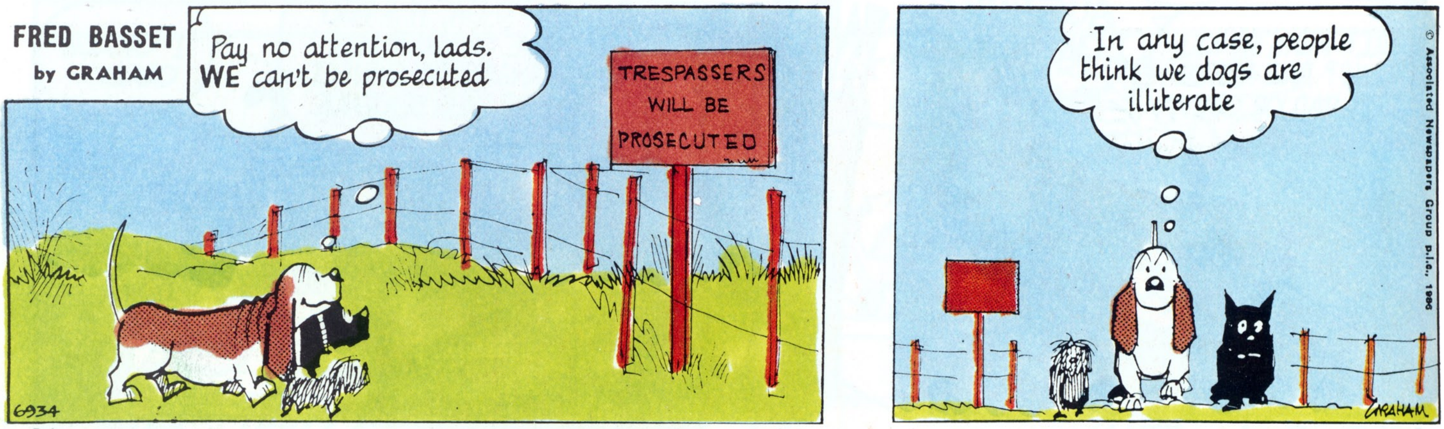
GRAHAM


FRED BASSET
by GRAHAM
SHOW RING
Ah well, that's life! You win some, you lose some.... Runner-up!
6942
But it was a fair contest and we must accept our defeat with good grace
© Associated Newspapers Group p.l.c. 1986
No complaints!
Except that the judge didn't have a clue!


FRED BASSET
by GRAHAM
I spy with my little eye something beginning with C
6933
I'm very partial to pork chipolatas
© Associated Newspapers Group p.l.c. 1986
GRAHAM


FRED BASSET
by GRAHAM
Pay no attention, lads. WE can't be prosecuted
TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED
6934
In any case, people think we dogs are illiterate
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GRAHAM

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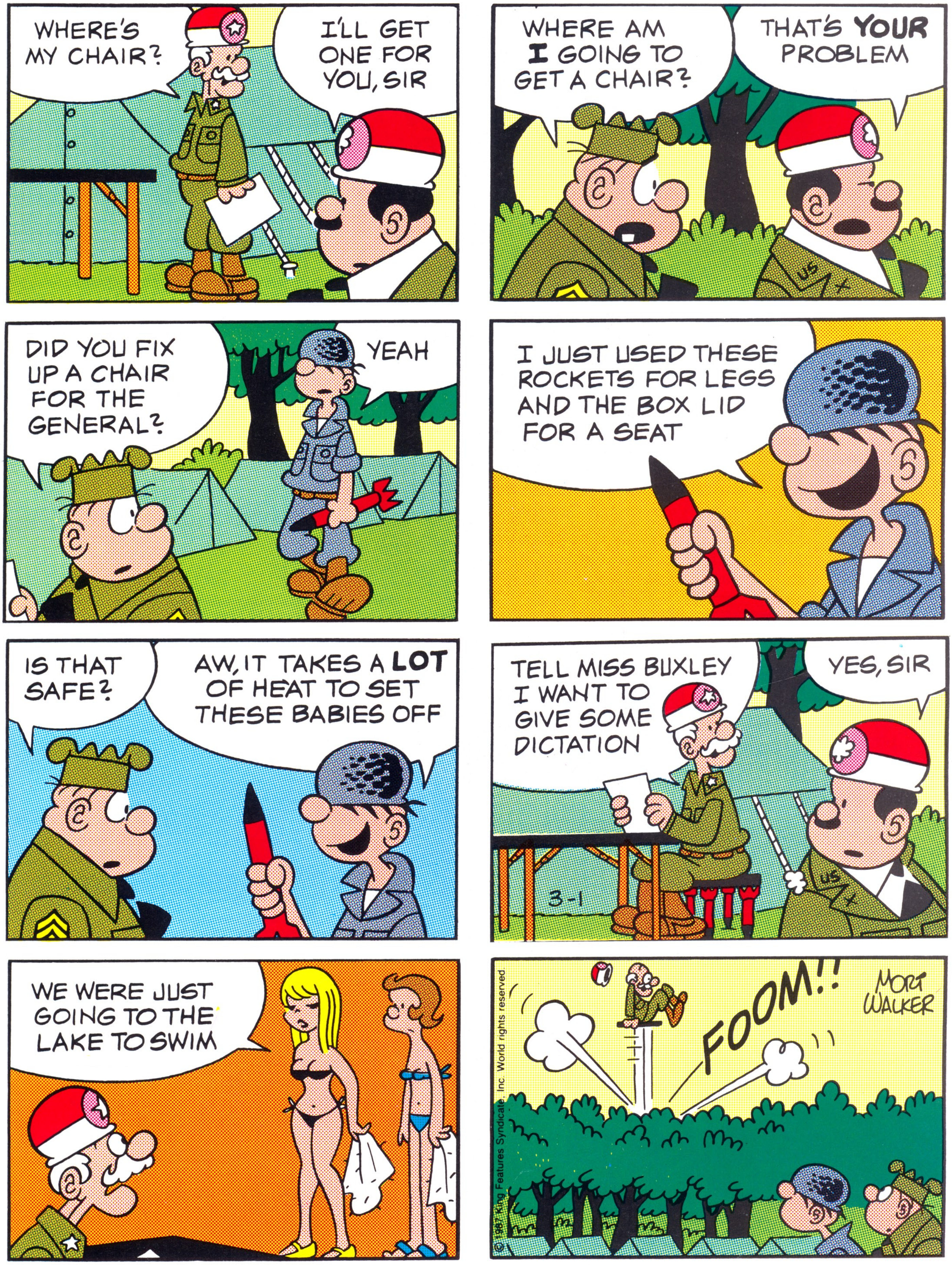
beetle bailey®

by mort walker


WHERE'S MY CHAIR?
I'LL GET ONE FOR YOU, SIR
WHERE AM **I** GOING TO GET A CHAIR?
THAT'S **YOUR** PROBLEM
DID YOU FIX UP A CHAIR FOR THE GENERAL?
YEAH
I JUST USED THESE ROCKETS FOR LEGS AND THE BOX LID FOR A SEAT
IS THAT SAFE?
AW, IT TAKES A **LOT** OF HEAT TO SET THESE BABIES OFF
TELL MISS BUXLEY I WANT TO GIVE SOME DICTATION
YES, SIR
3-1
WE WERE JUST GOING TO THE LAKE TO SWIM
FOOM!!
MORT WALKER

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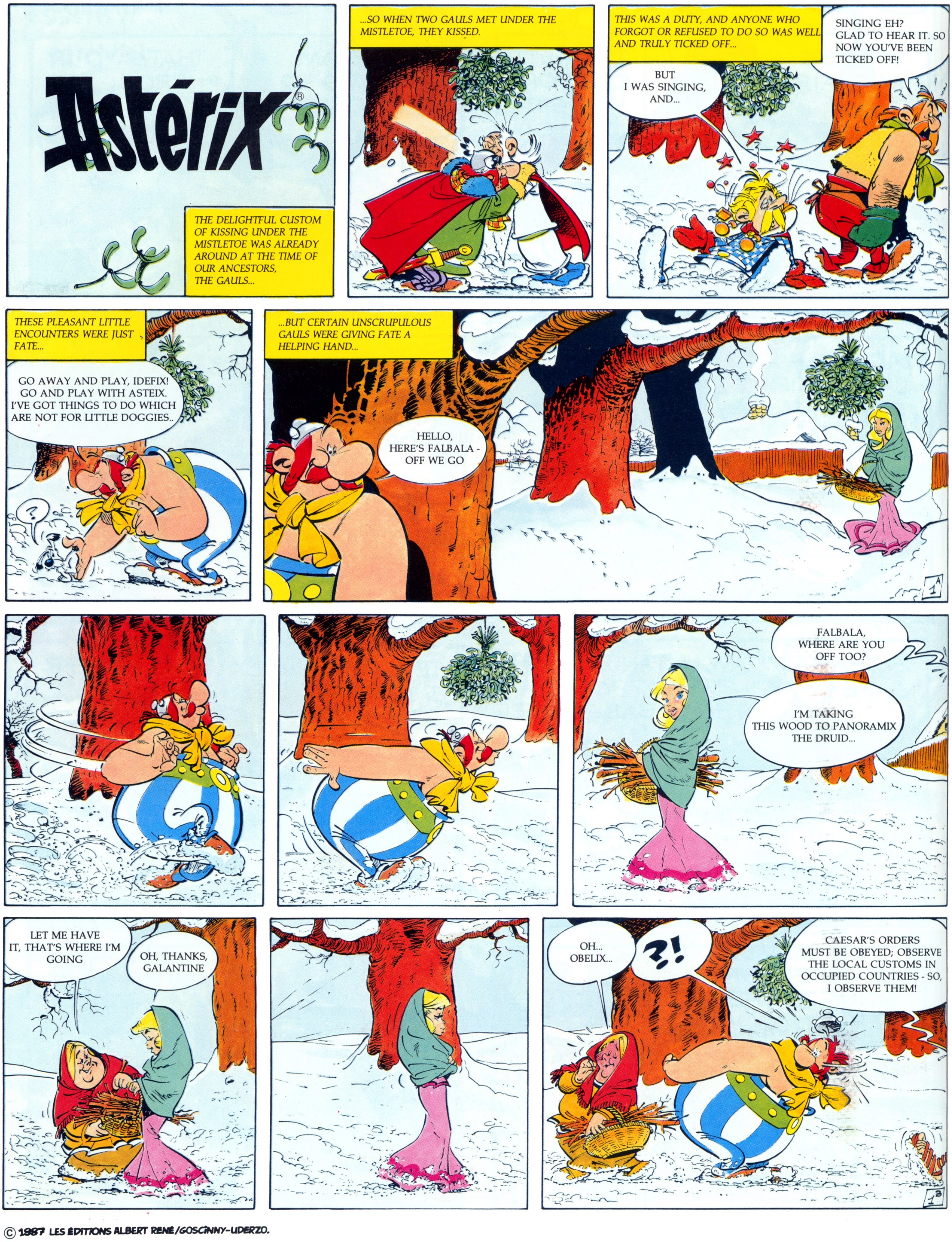
KISSING UNDER THE


Astérix®
THE DELIGHTFUL CUSTOM OF KISSING UNDER THE MISTLETOE WAS ALREADY AROUND AT THE TIME OF OUR ANCESTORS, THE GAULS...
...SO WHEN TWO GAULS MET UNDER THE MISTLETOE, THEY KISSED.
THIS WAS A DUTY, AND ANYONE WHO FORGOT OR REFUSED TO DO SO WAS WELL AND TRULY TICKED OFF...
BUT I WAS SINGING, AND...
SINGING EH? GLAD TO HEAR IT. SO NOW YOU'VE BEEN TICKED OFF!
THESE PLEASANT LITTLE ENCOUNTERS WERE JUST FATE...
GO AWAY AND PLAY, IDEFIX! GO AND PLAY WITH ASTEIX. I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO WHICH ARE NOT FOR LITTLE DOGGIES..
?
...BUT CERTAIN UNSCRUPULOUS GAULS WERE GIVING FATE A HELPING HAND...
HELLO, HERE'S FALBALA - OFF WE GO
1A
FALBALA, WHERE ARE YOU OFF TOO?
I'M TAKING THIS WOOD TO PANORAMIX THE DRUID...
LET ME HAVE IT, THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING
OH, THANKS, GALANTINE
OH... OBELIX...
?!
CAESAR'S ORDERS MUST BE OBEYED; OBSERVE THE LOCAL CUSTOMS IN OCCUPIED COUNTRIES - SO, I OBSERVE THEM!
1B

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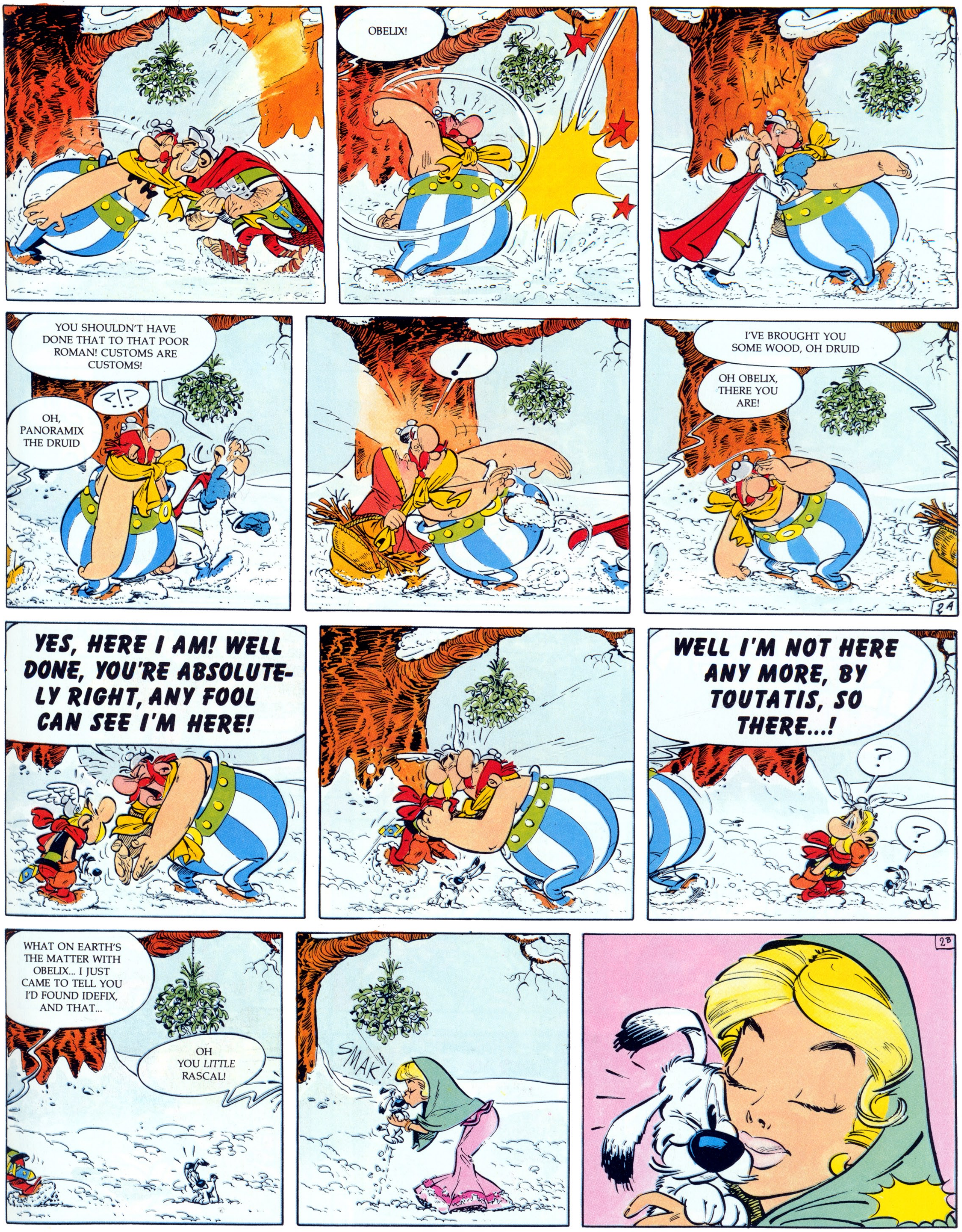
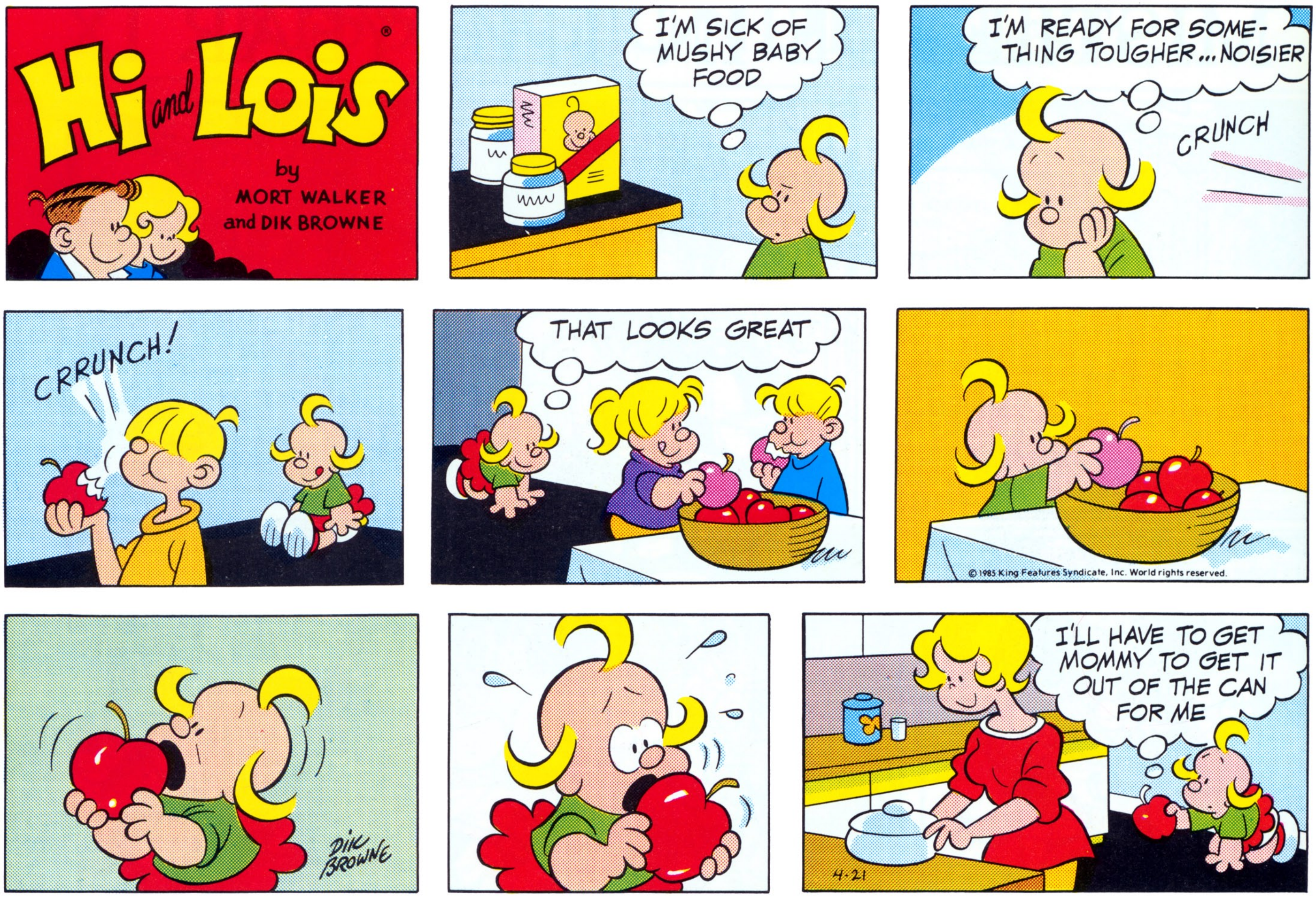
MISTLETOE IN THE YEAR IX


OBELIX!
SMAK!
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT TO THAT POOR ROMAN! CUSTOMS ARE CUSTOMS!
?!?
OH, PANORAMIX THE DRUID
!
I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME WOOD, OH DRUID
OH OBELIX, THERE YOU ARE!
2A
YES, HERE I AM! WELL DONE, YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, ANY FOOL CAN SEE I'M HERE!
WELL I'M NOT HERE ANY MORE, BY TOUTATIS, SO THERE...!
?
?
WHAT ON EARTH'S THE MATTER WITH OBELIX... I JUST CAME TO TELL YOU I'D FOUND IDEFIX, AND THAT...
OH YOU *LITTLE* RASCAL!
SMAK!
2B


Hi and Lois®
by
MORT WALKER
and DIK BROWNE
I'M SICK OF MUSHY BABY FOOD
I'M READY FOR SOMETHING TOUGHER...NOISIER
CRUNCH
CRRUNCH!
THAT LOOKS GREAT
DIK BROWNE
I'LL HAVE TO GET MOMMY TO GET IT OUT OF THE CAN FOR ME
4-21

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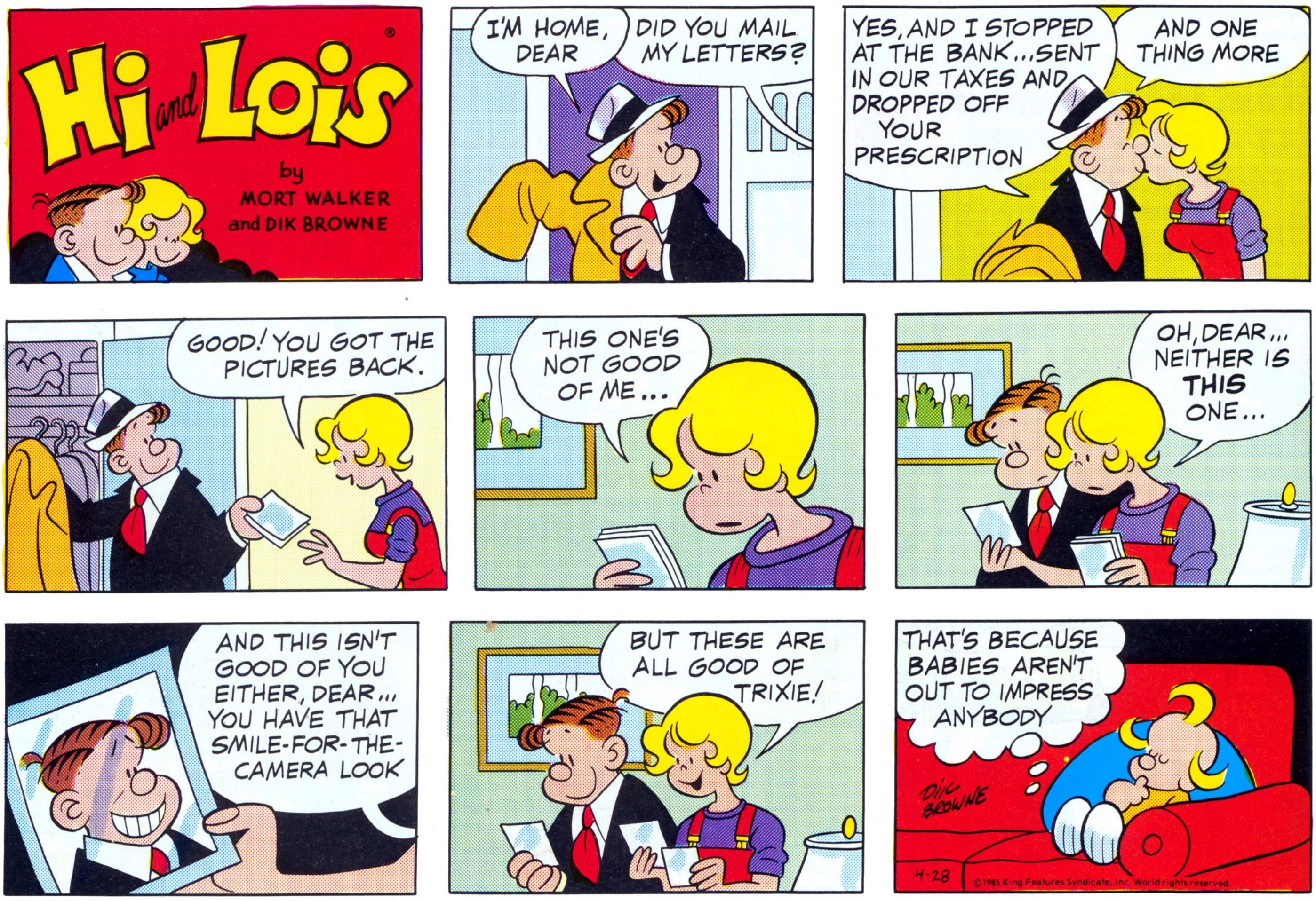
Hi and Lois®
by
MORT WALKER
and DIK BROWNE
I'M HOME, DEAR
DID YOU MAIL MY LETTERS?
YES, AND I STOPPED AT THE BANK...SENT IN OUR TAXES AND DROPPED OFF YOUR PRESCRIPTION
AND ONE THING MORE
GOOD! YOU GOT THE PICTURES BACK.
THIS ONE'S NOT GOOD OF ME...
OH, DEAR... NEITHER IS THIS ONE...
AND THIS ISN'T GOOD OF YOU EITHER, DEAR... YOU HAVE THAT SMILE-FOR-THE-CAMERA LOOK
BUT THESE ARE ALL GOOD OF TRIXIE!
THAT'S BECAUSE BABIES AREN'T OUT TO IMPRESS ANYBODY
DIK BROWNE
4-28

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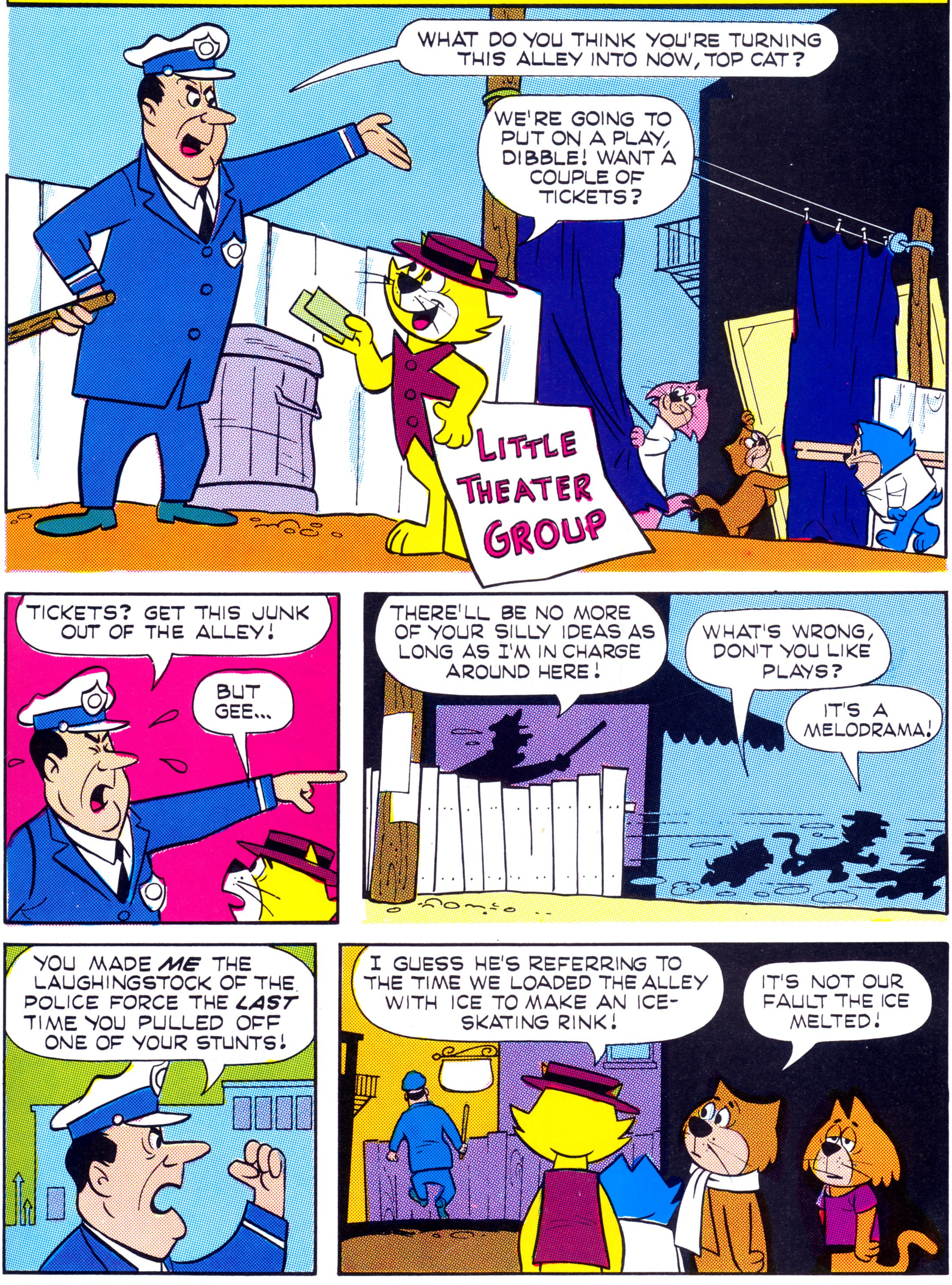
Hanna-Barbera

TOP CAT

ON WITH THE SHOW


WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TURNING THIS ALLEY INTO NOW, TOP CAT?
WE'RE GOING TO PUT ON A PLAY, DIBBLE! WANT A COUPLE OF TICKETS?
LITTLE THEATER GROUP
TICKETS? GET THIS JUNK OUT OF THE ALLEY!
BUT GEE...
THERE'LL BE NO MORE OF YOUR SILLY IDEAS AS LONG AS I'M IN CHARGE AROUND HERE!
WHAT'S WRONG, DON'T YOU LIKE PLAYS?
IT'S A MELODRAMA!
YOU MADE *ME* THE LAUGHINGSTOCK OF THE POLICE FORCE THE *LAST* TIME YOU PULLED OFF ONE OF YOUR STUNTS!
I GUESS HE'S REFERRING TO THE TIME WE LOADED THE ALLEY WITH ICE TO MAKE AN ICE-SKATING RINK!
IT'S NOT OUR FAULT THE ICE MELTED!

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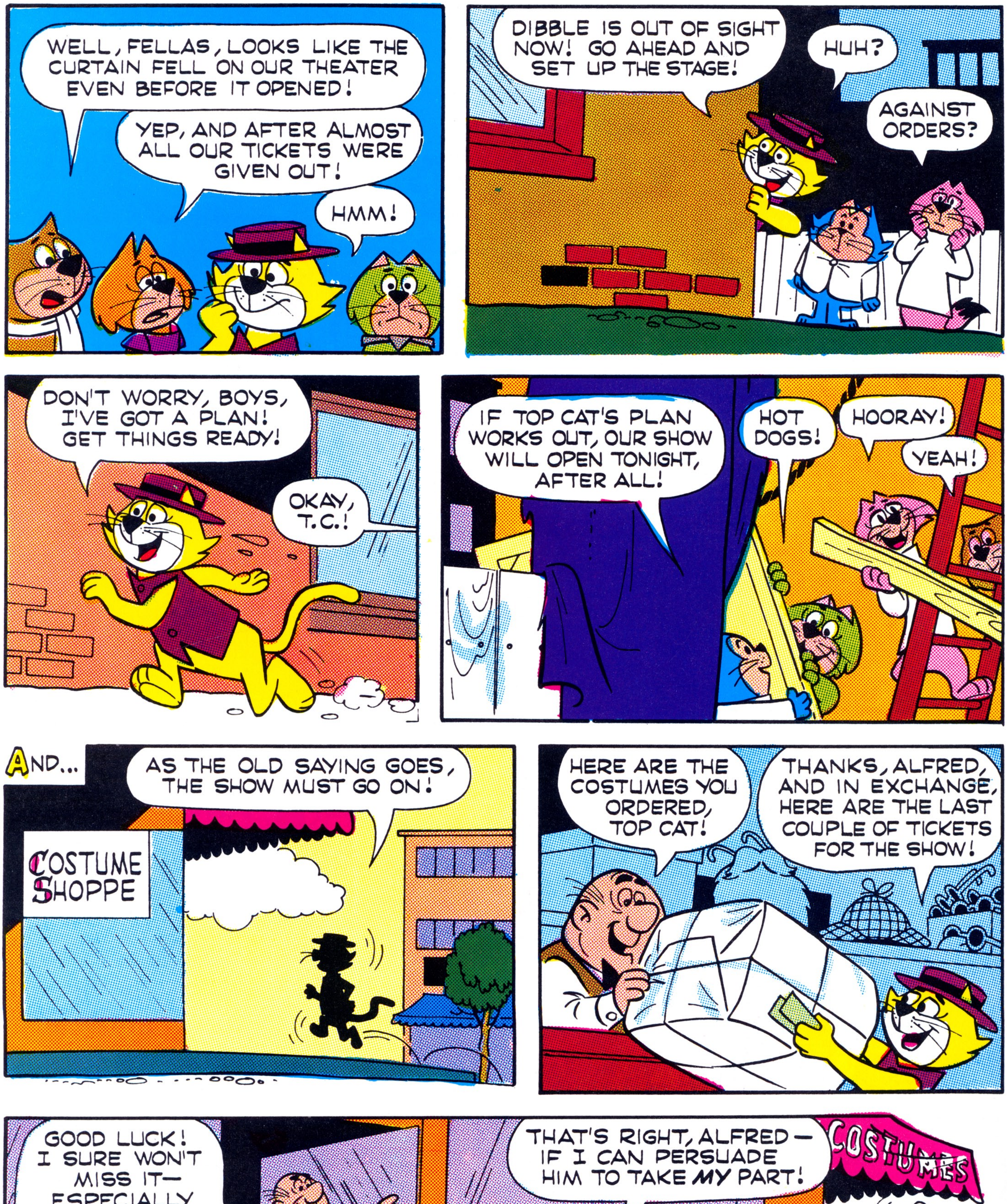
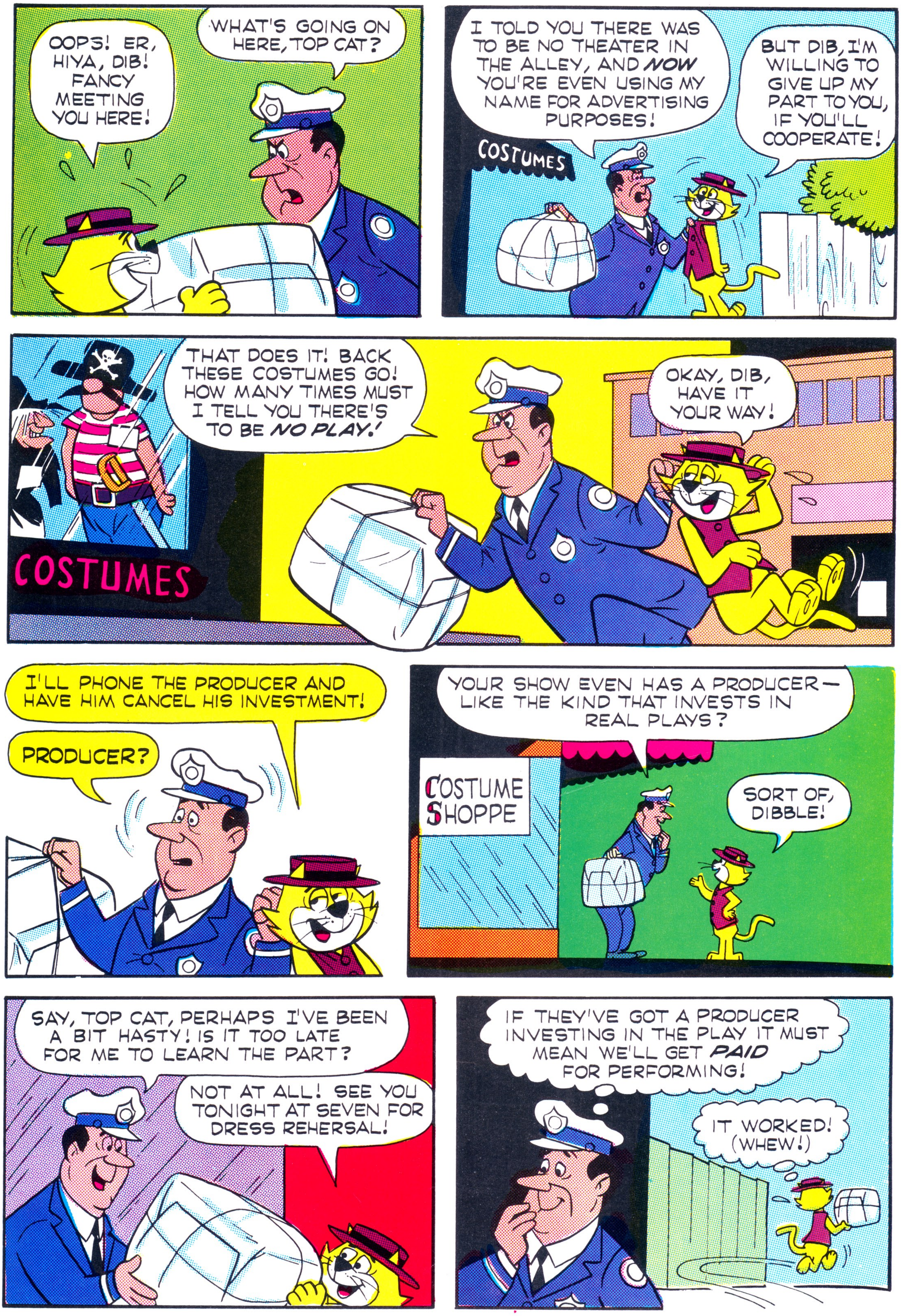
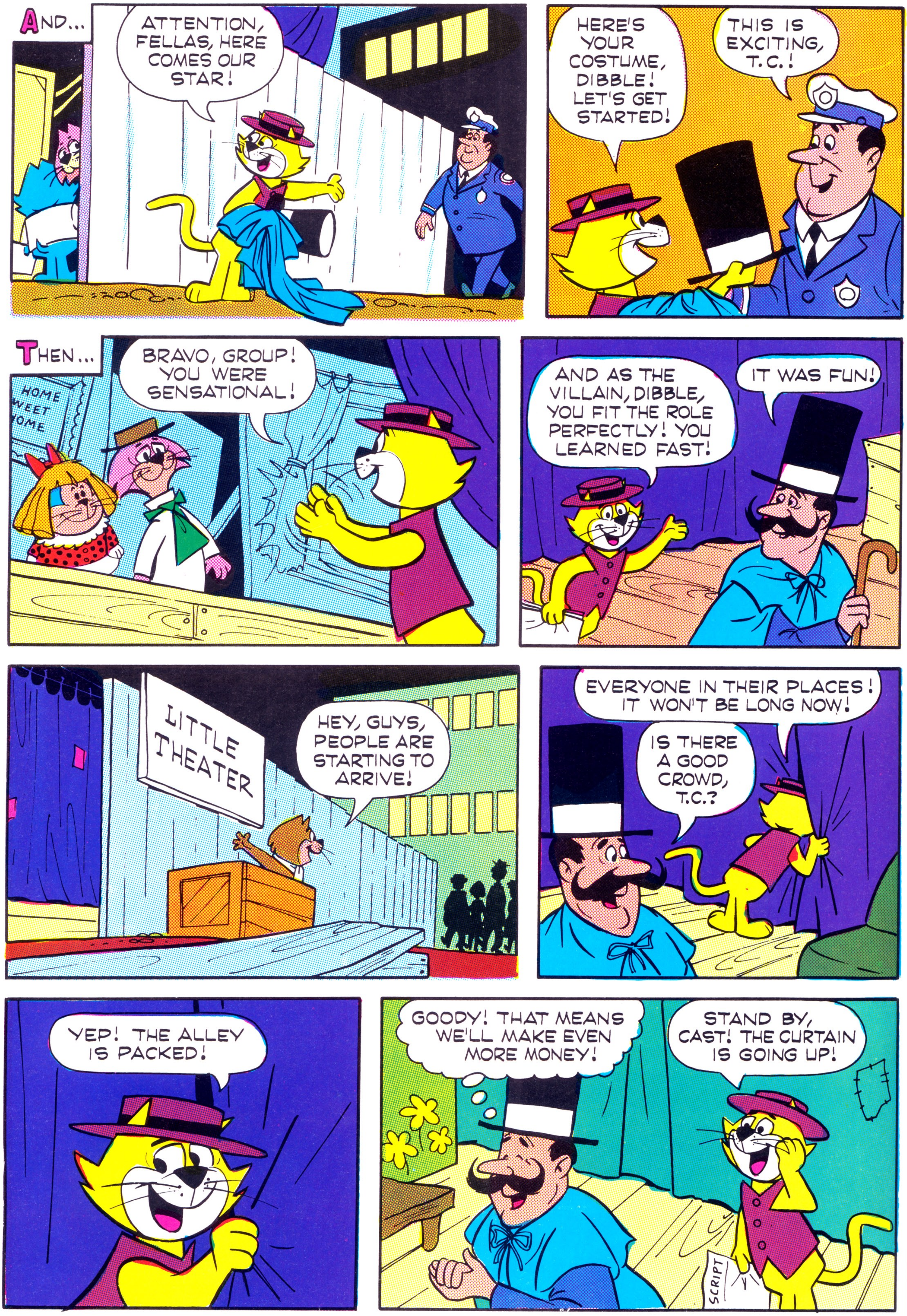
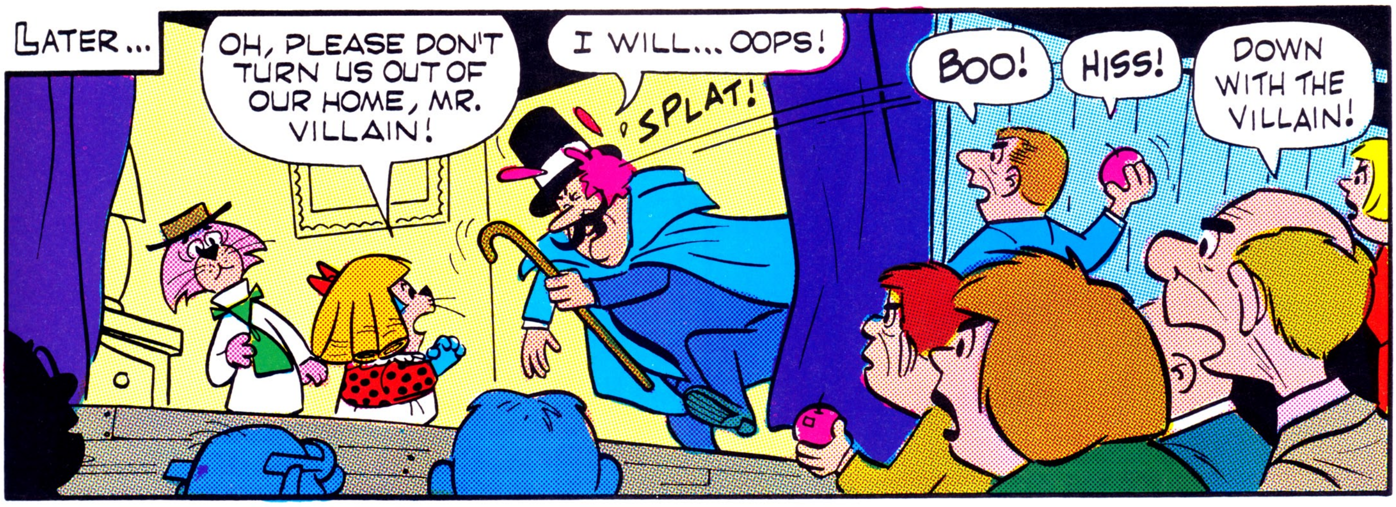
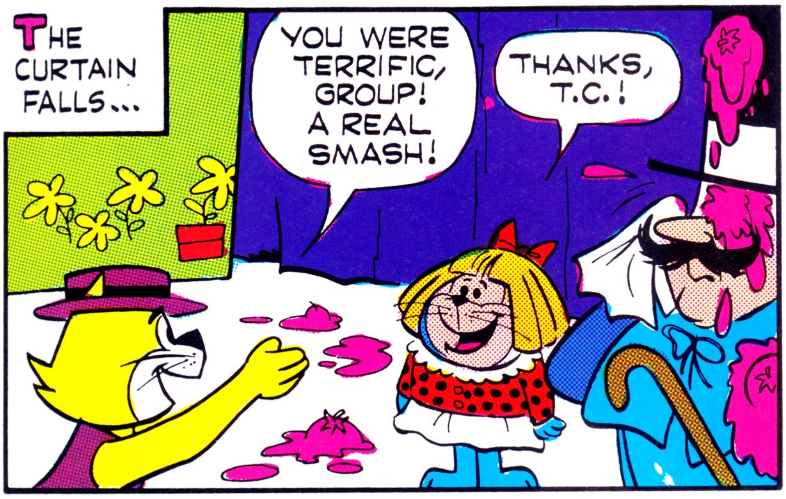
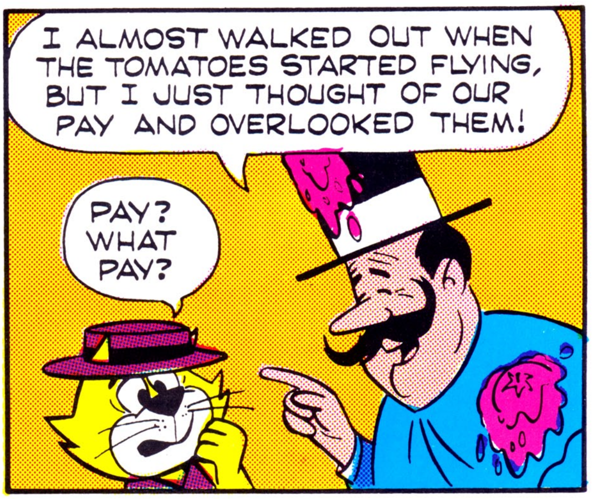

WELL, FELLAS, LOOKS LIKE THE CURTAIN FELL ON OUR THEATER EVEN BEFORE IT OPENED!
YEP, AND AFTER ALMOST ALL OUR TICKETS WERE GIVEN OUT!
HMM!
DIBBLE IS OUT OF SIGHT NOW! GO AHEAD AND SET UP THE STAGE!
HUH?
AGAINST ORDERS?
DON'T WORRY, BOYS, I'VE GOT A PLAN! GET THINGS READY!
OKAY, T.C.!
IF TOP CAT'S PLAN WORKS OUT, OUR SHOW WILL OPEN TONIGHT, AFTER ALL!
HOT DOGS!
HOORAY!
YEAH!
AND...
AS THE OLD SAYING GOES, THE SHOW MUST GO ON!
COSTUME SHOPPE
HERE ARE THE COSTUMES YOU ORDERED, TOP CAT!
THANKS, ALFRED, AND IN EXCHANGE, HERE ARE THE LAST COUPLE OF TICKETS FOR THE SHOW!
GOOD LUCK! I SURE WON'T MISS IT— ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU SAY *OFFICER DIBBLE* WILL BE IN IT!
THAT'S RIGHT, ALFRED— IF I CAN PERSUADE HIM TO TAKE *MY* PART!
COSTUMES
HUH?
COSTUMES

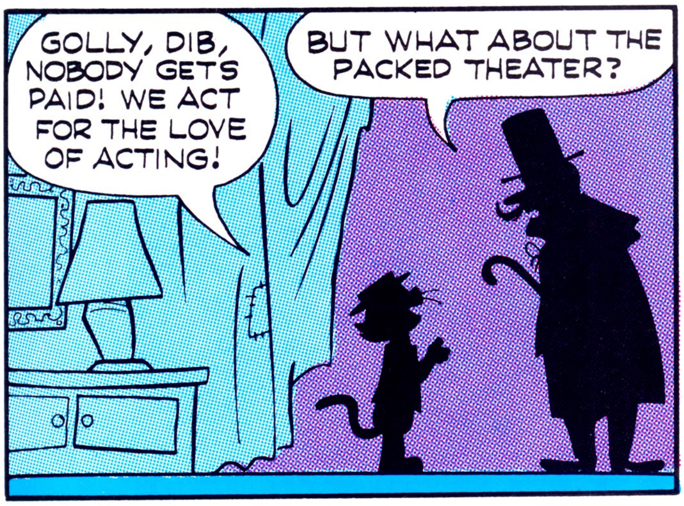

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, TOP CAT?
OOPS! ER, HIYA, DIB! FANCY MEETING YOU HERE!
I TOLD YOU THERE WAS TO BE NO THEATER IN THE ALLEY, AND *NOW* YOU'RE EVEN USING MY NAME FOR ADVERTISING PURPOSES!
BUT DIB, I'M WILLING TO GIVE UP MY PART TO YOU, IF YOU'LL COOPERATE!
COSTUMES
THAT DOES IT! BACK THESE COSTUMES GO! HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU THERE'S TO BE *NO PLAY!*
OKAY, DIB, HAVE IT YOUR WAY!
COSTUMES
I'LL PHONE THE PRODUCER AND HAVE HIM CANCEL HIS INVESTMENT!
PRODUCER?
YOUR SHOW EVEN HAS A PRODUCER— LIKE THE KIND THAT INVESTS IN REAL PLAYS?
COSTUME SHOPPE
SORT OF, DIBBLE!
SAY, TOP CAT, PERHAPS I'VE BEEN A BIT HASTY! IS IT TOO LATE FOR ME TO LEARN THE PART?
NOT AT ALL! SEE YOU TONIGHT AT SEVEN FOR DRESS REHERSAL!
IF THEY'VE GOT A PRODUCER INVESTING IN THE PLAY IT MUST MEAN WE'LL GET *PAID* FOR PERFORMING!
IT WORKED! (WHEW!)

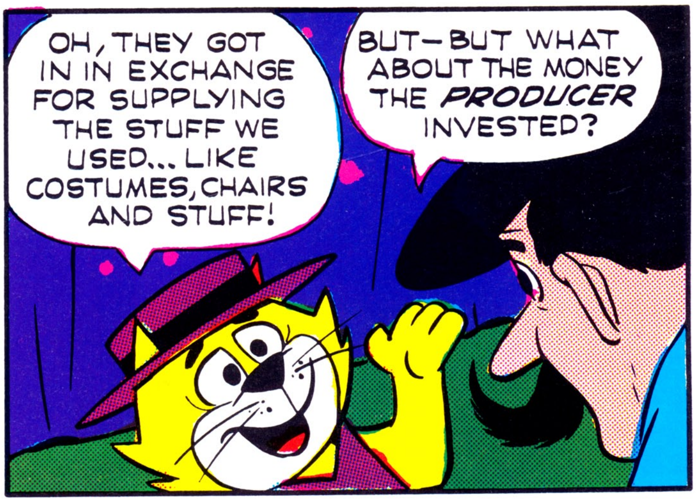

AND...
ATTENTION, FELLAS, HERE COMES OUR STAR!
HERE'S YOUR COSTUME, DIBBLE! LET'S GET STARTED!
THIS IS EXCITING, T.C.!
THEN...
HOME WEET OME
BRAVO, GROUP! YOU WERE SENSATIONAL!
AND AS THE VILLAIN, DIBBLE, YOU FIT THE ROLE PERFECTLY! YOU LEARNED FAST!
IT WAS FUN!
LITTLE THEATER
HEY, GUYS, PEOPLE ARE STARTING TO ARRIVE!
EVERYONE IN THEIR PLACES! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!
IS THERE A GOOD CROWD, T.C.?
YEP! THE ALLEY IS PACKED!
GOODY! THAT MEANS WE'LL MAKE EVEN MORE MONEY!
STAND BY, CAST! THE CURTAIN IS GOING UP!
SCRIPT

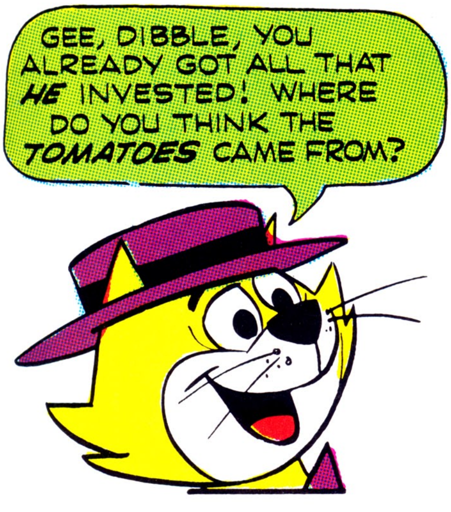

LATER...
OH, PLEASE DON'T TURN US OUT OF OUR HOME, MR. VILLAIN!
I WILL... OOPS!
SPLAT!
BOO!
HISS!
DOWN WITH THE VILLAIN!

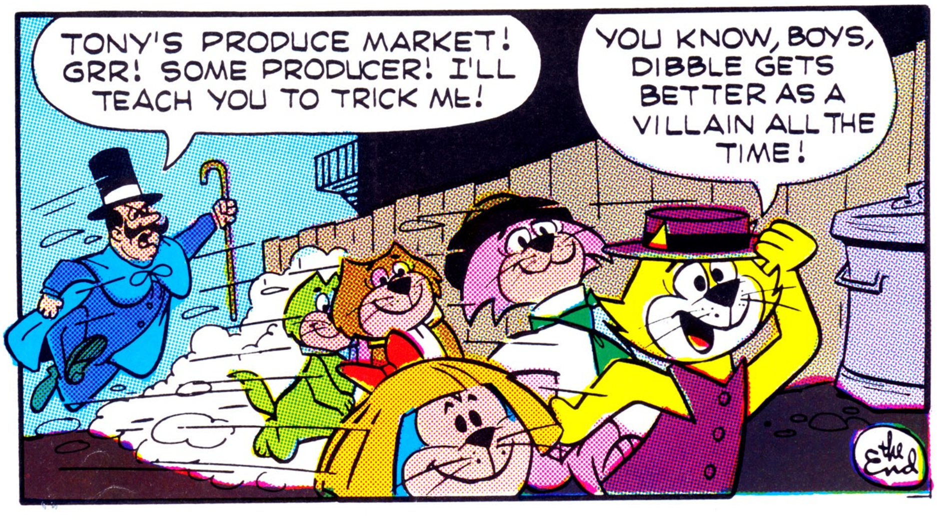

THE CURTAIN FALLS...
YOU WERE TERRIFIC, GROUP! A REAL SMASH!
THANKS, T.C.!

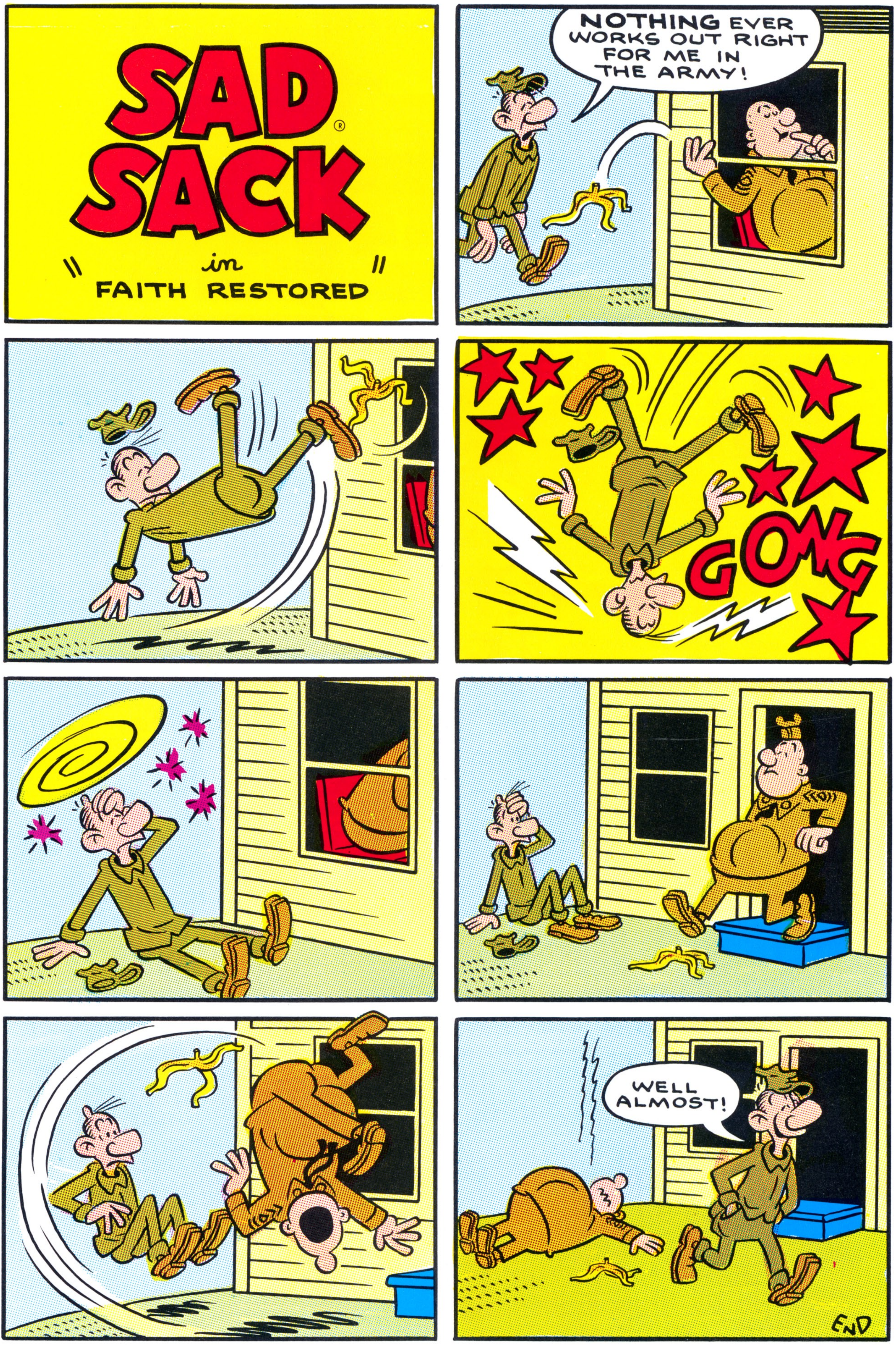

I ALMOST WALKED OUT WHEN THE TOMATOES STARTED FLYING, BUT I JUST THOUGHT OF OUR PAY AND OVERLOOKED THEM!
PAY? WHAT PAY?


GOLLY, DIB, NOBODY GETS PAID! WE ACT FOR THE LOVE OF ACTING!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE PACKED THEATER?


OH, THEY GOT IN IN EXCHANGE FOR SUPPLYING THE STUFF WE USED... LIKE COSTUMES, CHAIRS AND STUFF!
BUT—BUT WHAT ABOUT THE MONEY THE *PRODUCER* INVESTED?


GEE, DIBBLE, YOU ALREADY GOT ALL THAT *HE* INVESTED! WHERE DO YOU THINK THE *TOMATOES* CAME FROM?


TONY'S PRODUCE MARKET! GRR! SOME PRODUCER! I'LL TEACH YOU TO TRICK ME!
YOU KNOW, BOYS, DIBBLE GETS BETTER AS A VILLAIN ALL THE TIME!
the End


SAD SACK®
"in
FAITH RESTORED"
NOTHING EVER WORKS OUT RIGHT FOR ME IN THE ARMY!
GONG
WELL ALMOST!
END

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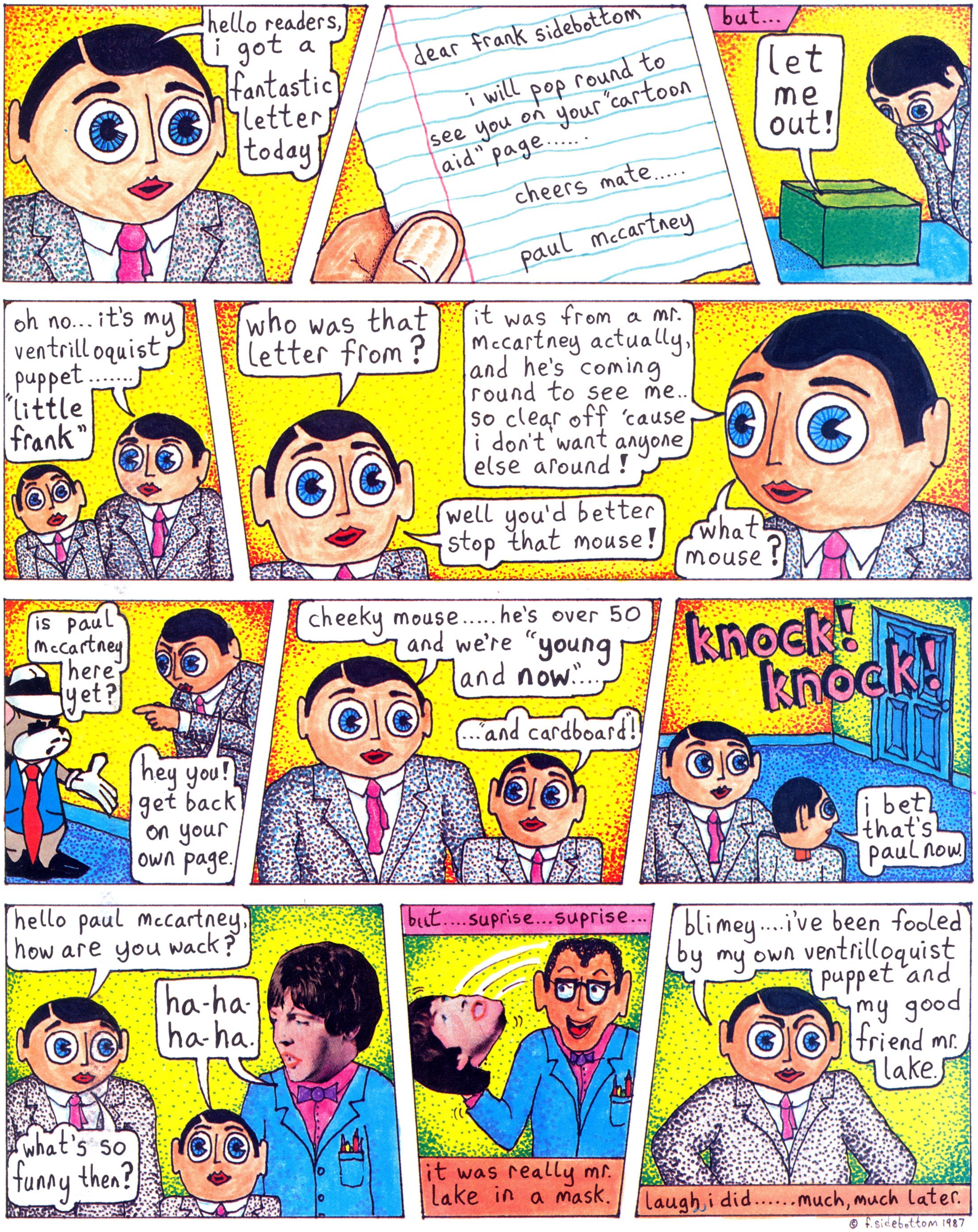
frank sidebottom's fantastic page


hello readers, i got a fantastic letter today
dear frank sidebottom
i will pop round to see you on your "cartoon aid" page......
cheers mate.....
paul mccartney
but...
let me out!
oh no... it's my ventrilloquist puppet....... "little frank"
who was that letter from?
it was from a mr. mccartney actually, and he's coming round to see me.. so clear off 'cause i don't want anyone else around!
well you'd better stop that mouse!
what mouse?
is paul mccartney here yet?
hey you! get back on your own page.
cheeky mouse..... he's over 50 and we're "young and now"....
..."and cardboard!"
knock! knock!
i bet that's paul now.
hello paul mccartney, how are you wack?
ha-ha-ha-ha.
what's so funny then?
but....suprise...suprise...
it was really mr. lake in a mask.
blimey....i've been fooled by my own ventrilloquist puppet and my good friend mr. lake.
laugh, i did......much, much later.

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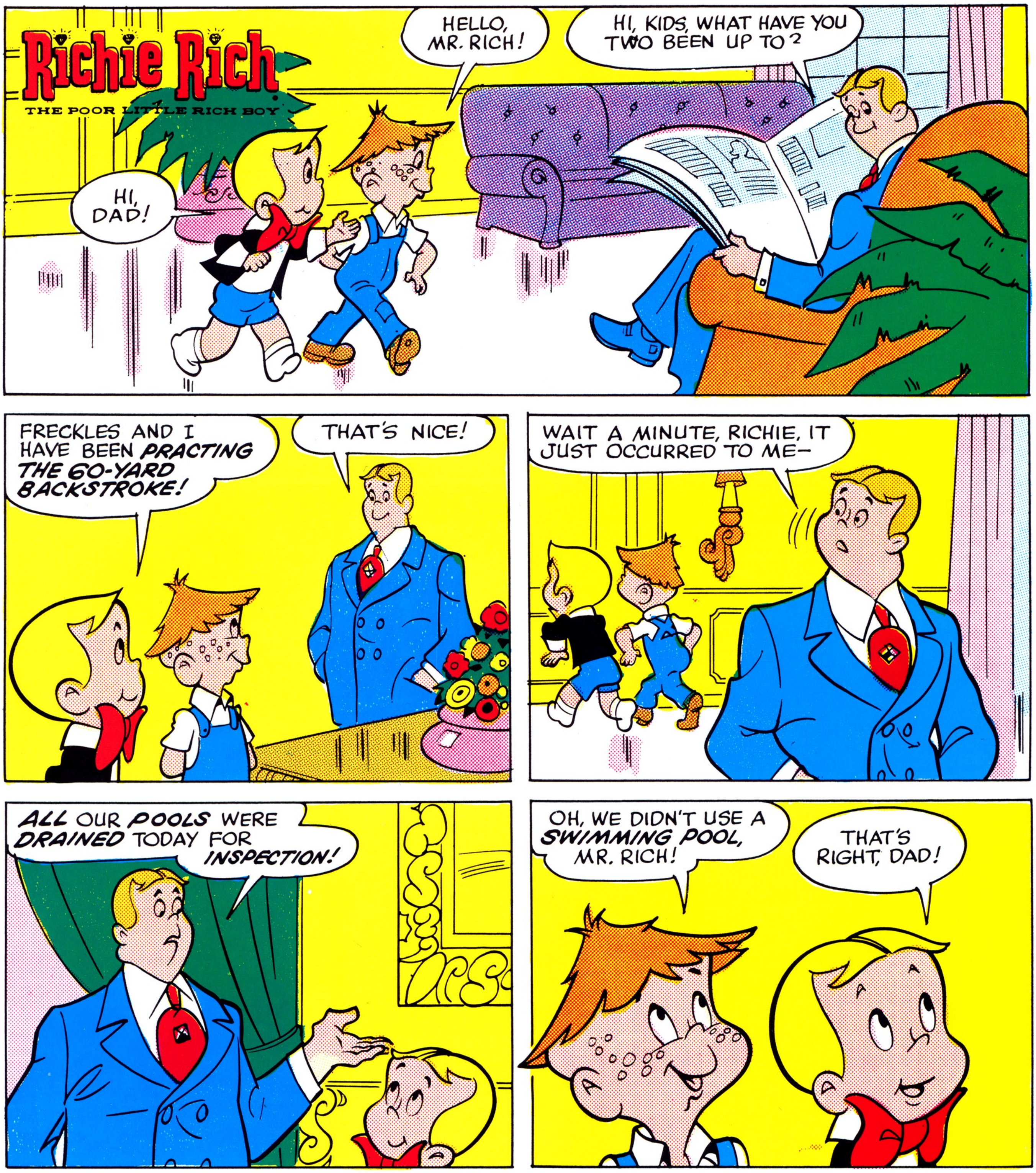
Richie Rich
THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY
HI, DAD!
HELLO, MR. RICH!
HI, KIDS, WHAT HAVE YOU TWO BEEN UP TO?
FRECKLES AND I HAVE BEEN PRACTING THE 60-YARD BACKSTROKE!
THAT'S NICE!
WAIT A MINUTE, RICHIE, IT JUST OCCURRED TO ME–
ALL OUR POOLS WERE DRAINED TODAY FOR INSPECTION!
OH, WE DIDN'T USE A SWIMMING POOL, MR. RICH!
THAT'S RIGHT, DAD!
WE USED A BATHTUB!
THE END

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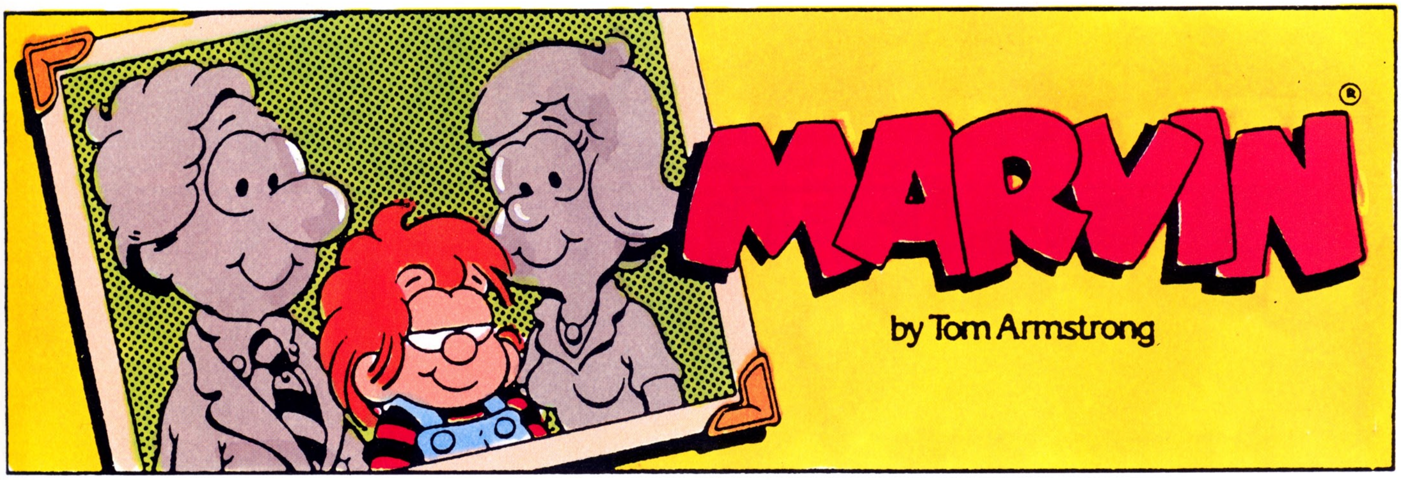
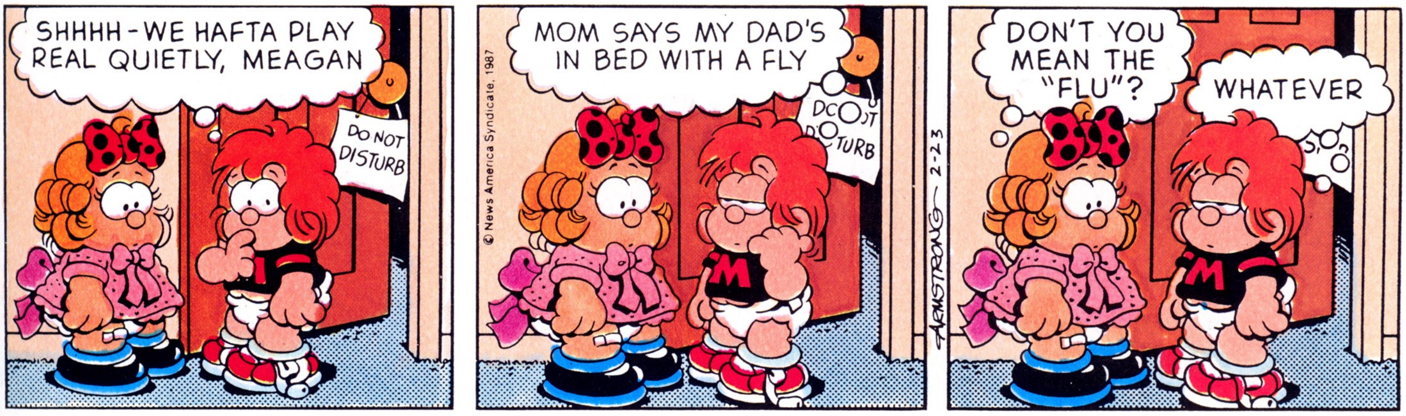
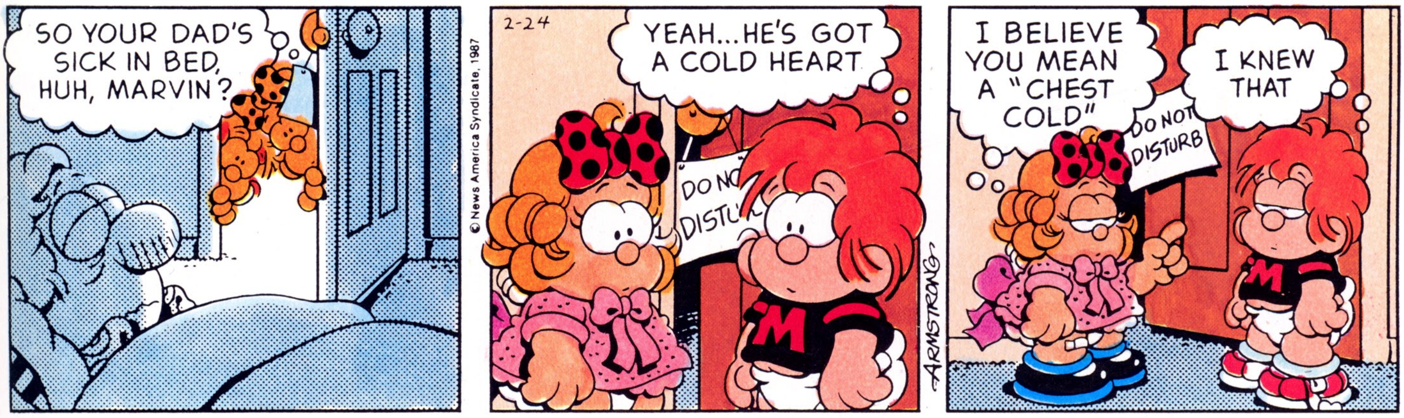
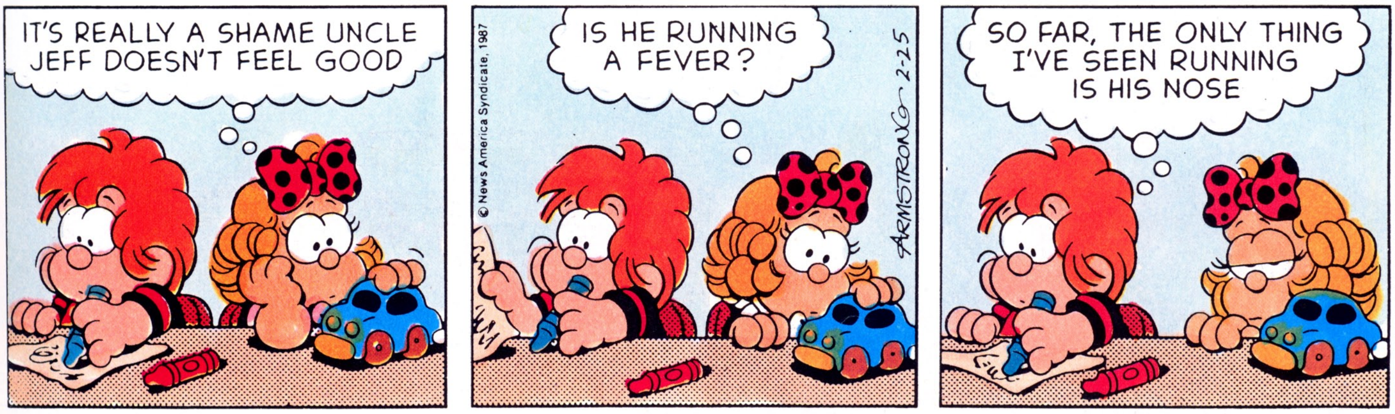

MARVIN®
by Tom Armstrong

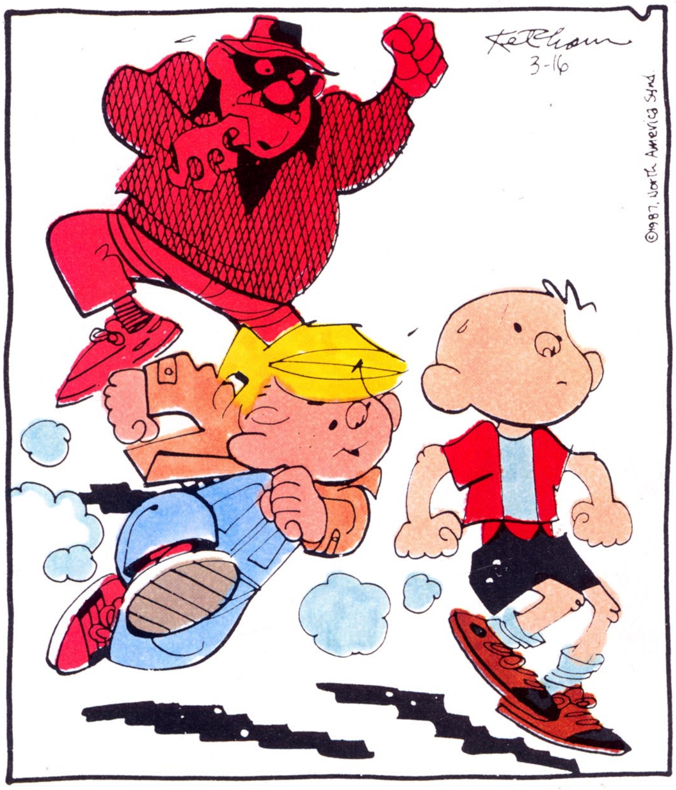

SHHHH - WE HAFTA PLAY REAL QUIETLY, MEAGAN
DO NOT DISTURB
MOM SAYS MY DAD'S IN BED WITH A FLY
© News America Syndicate, 1987
2-23
ARMSTRONG
DON'T YOU MEAN THE "FLU"?
WHATEVER


SO YOUR DAD'S SICK IN BED, HUH, MARVIN?
© News America Syndicate, 1987
2-24
YEAH... HE'S GOT A COLD HEART
ARMSTRONG
I BELIEVE YOU MEAN A "CHEST COLD"
DO NOT DISTURB
I KNEW THAT


IT'S REALLY A SHAME UNCLE JEFF DOESN'T FEEL GOOD
© News America Syndicate, 1987
IS HE RUNNING A FEVER?
2-25
ARMSTRONG
SO FAR, THE ONLY THING I'VE SEEN RUNNING IS HIS NOSE

Just Dennis

by Hank Ketcham


Ketcham
3-16
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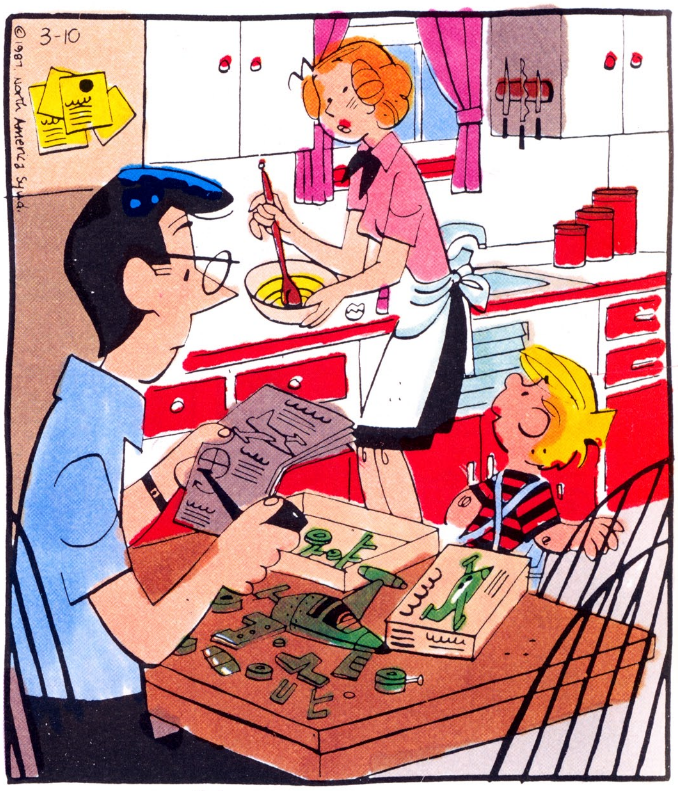
"THIS IS WHEN FEET REALLY COME IN HANDY!"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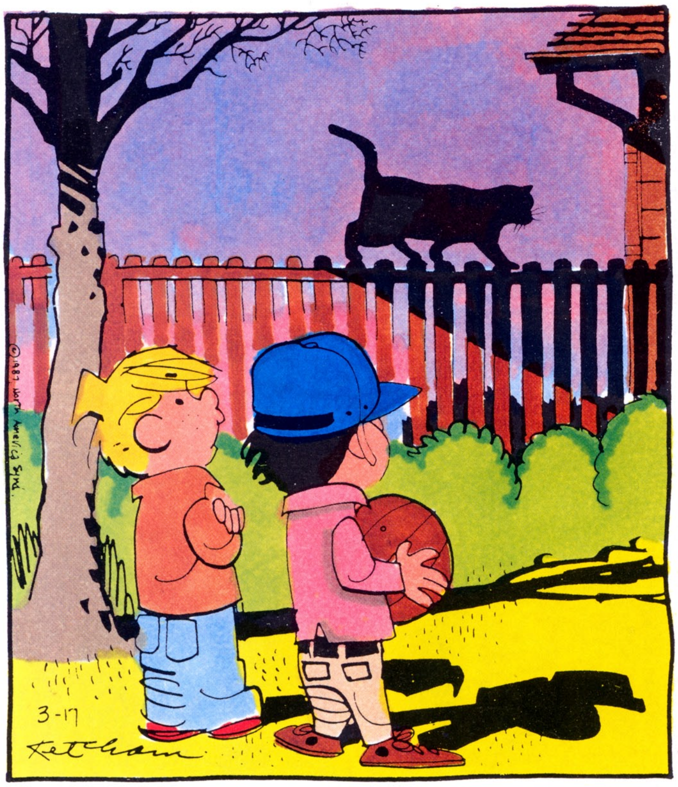
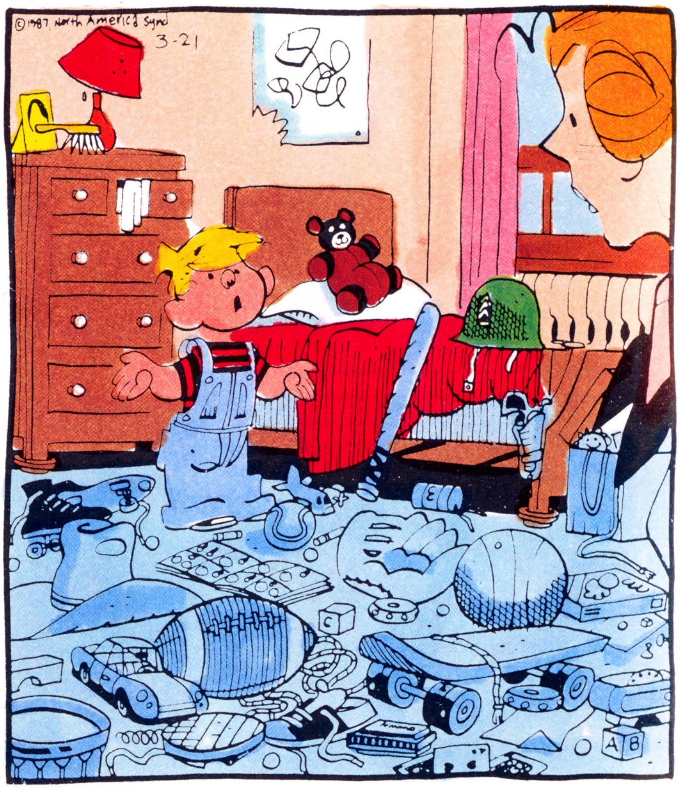
"I'M GONNA WATCH TV, MOM. WOULD YOU HELP DAD WITH MY PLANE?"


3-17
Ketcham

"HE GOES ALL AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD WITHOUT EVER TOUCHIN' THE GROUND."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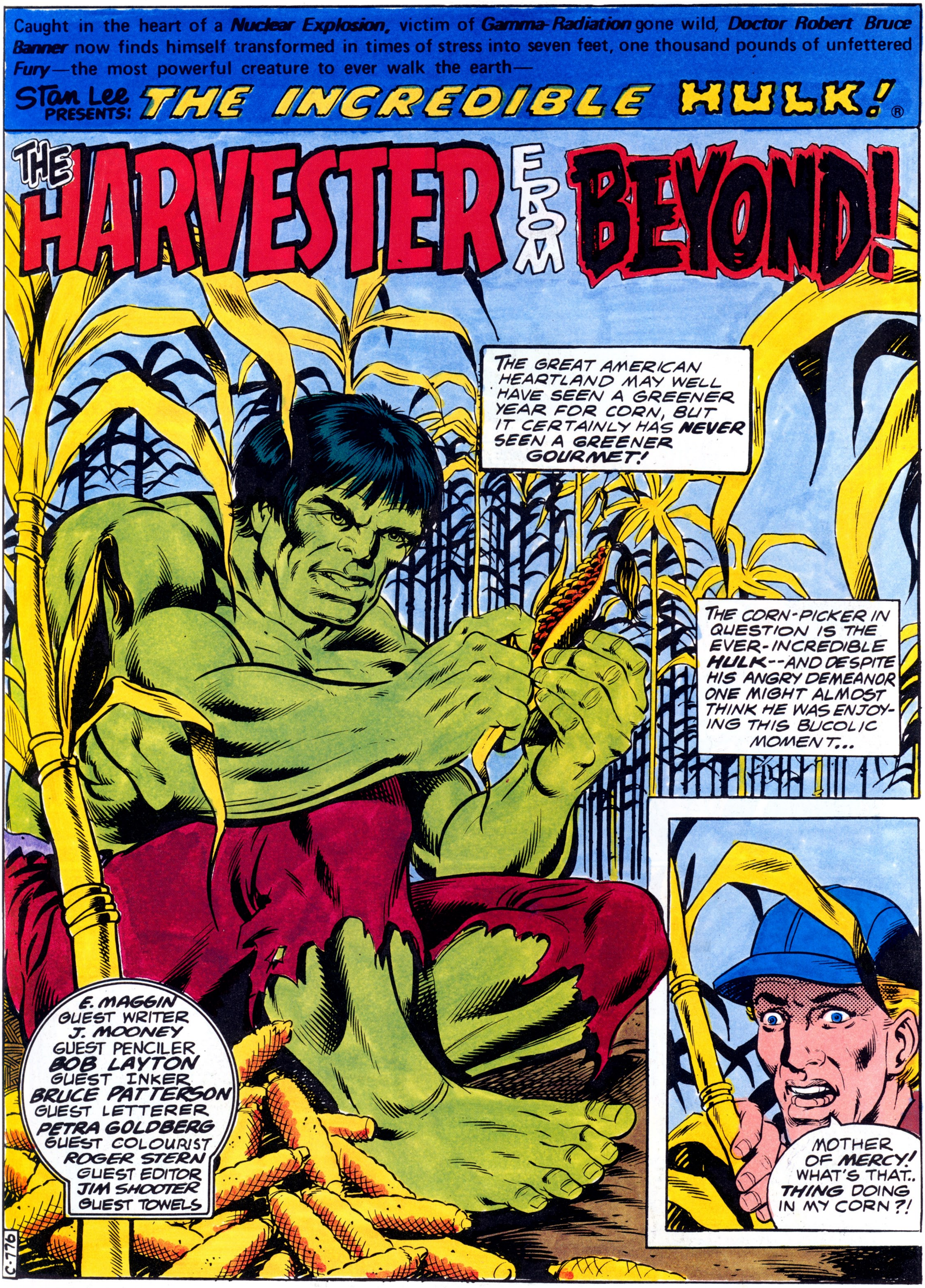
3-21

"COULDN'T I JUST MOVE STUFF AROUND INSTEAD OF PICKING IT UP?"


Caught in the heart of a *Nuclear Explosion,* victim of *Gamma-Radiation* gone wild, *Doctor Robert Bruce Banner* now finds himself transformed in times of stress into seven feet, one thousand pounds of unfettered *Fury*—the most powerful creature to ever walk the earth—
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK! ®
THE HARVESTER FROM BEYOND!
THE GREAT AMERICAN HEARTLAND MAY WELL HAVE SEEN A GREENER YEAR FOR CORN, BUT IT CERTAINLY HAS **NEVER** SEEN A **GREENER GOURMET!**
THE CORN-PICKER IN QUESTION IS THE EVER-INCREDIBLE **HULK**--AND DESPITE HIS ANGRY DEMEANOR ONE MIGHT ALMOST THINK HE WAS ENJOYING THIS BUCOLIC MOMENT...
MOTHER OF **MERCY!** WHAT'S THAT.. **THING** DOING IN MY CORN?!
E. MAGGIN GUEST WRITER **J. MOONEY** GUEST PENCILER **BOB LAYTON** GUEST INKER **BRUCE PATTERSON** GUEST LETTERER **PETRA GOLDBERG** GUEST COLOURIST **ROGER STERN** GUEST EDITOR **JIM SHOOTER** GUEST TOWELS
C-776

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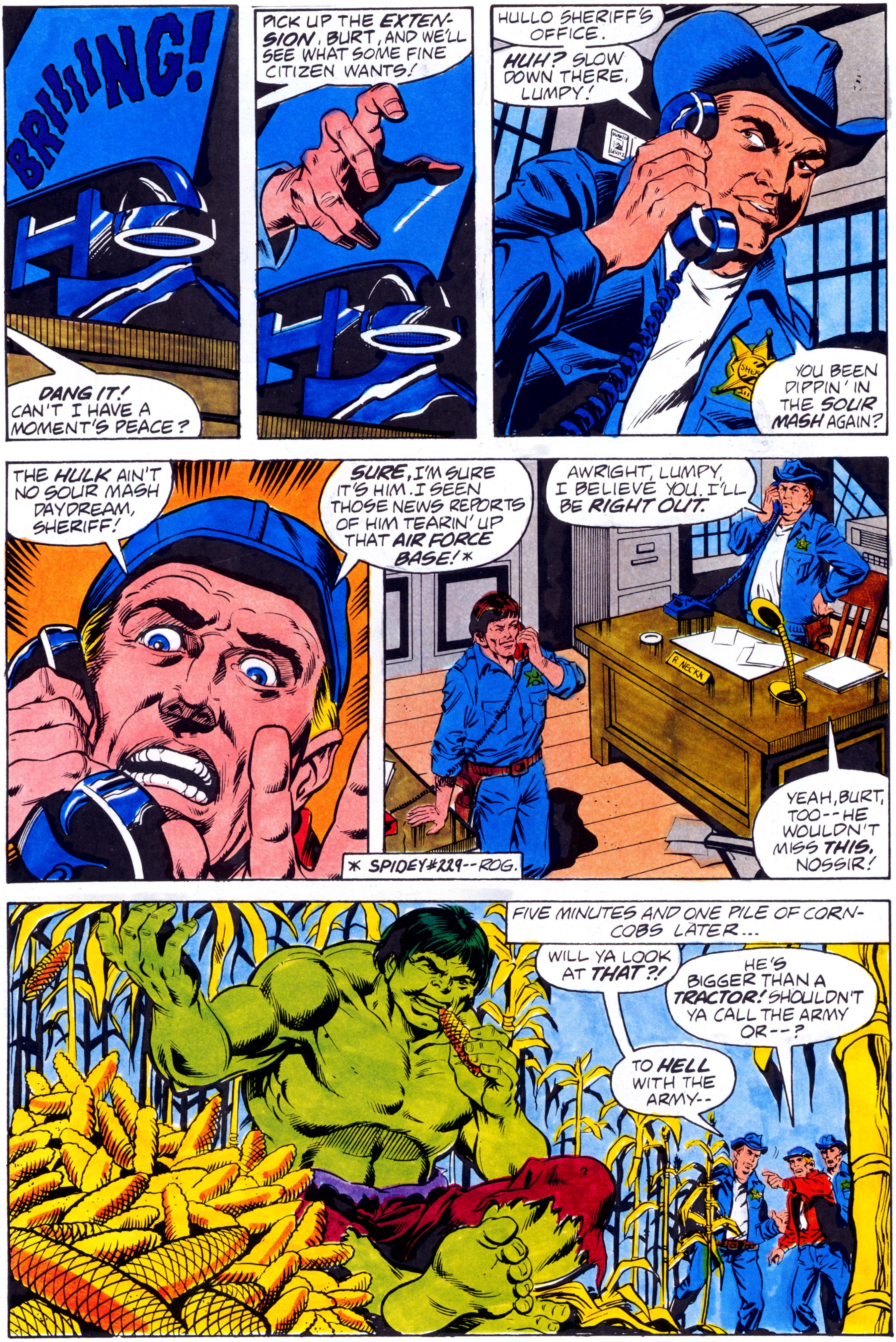
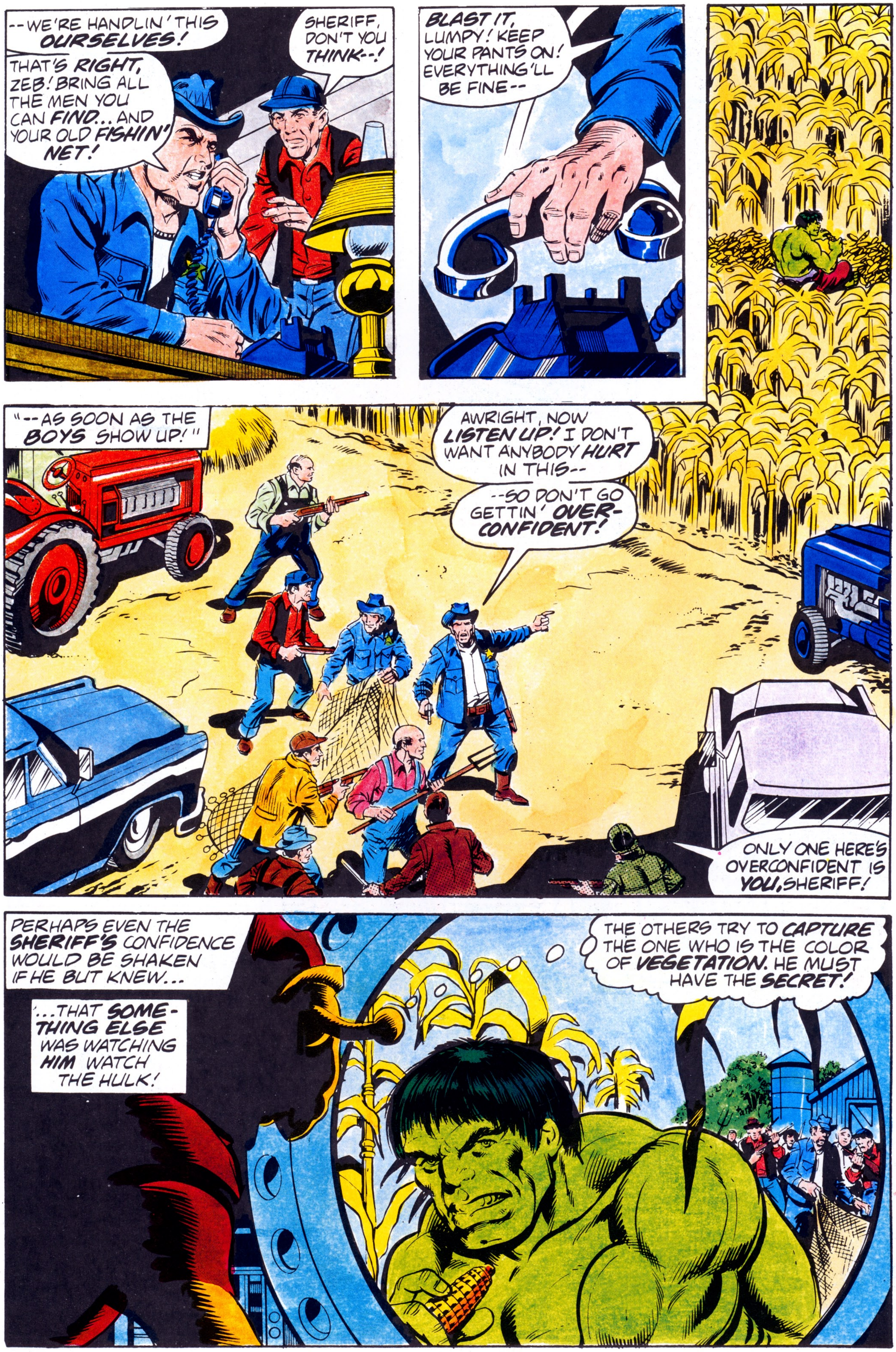
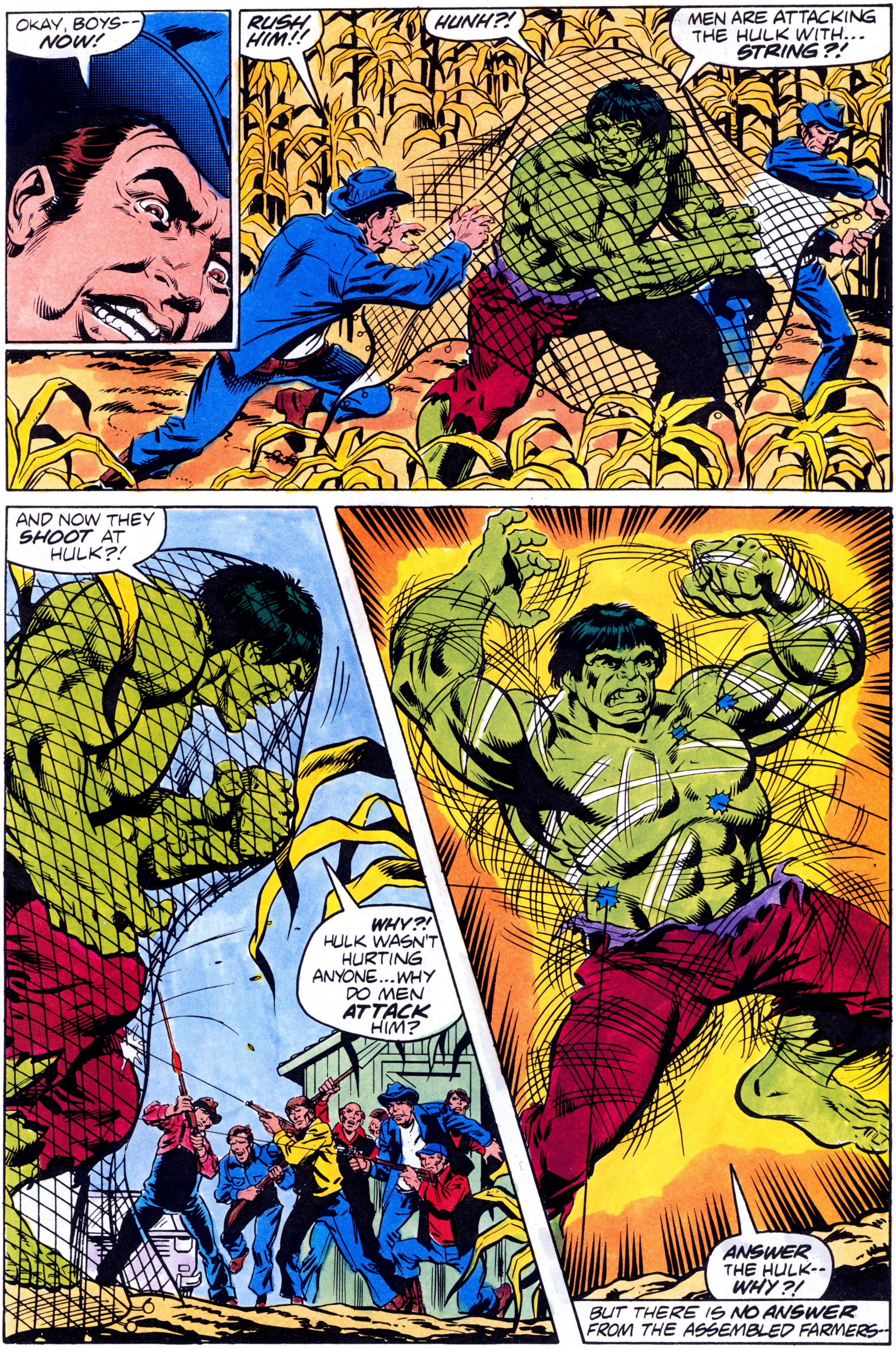
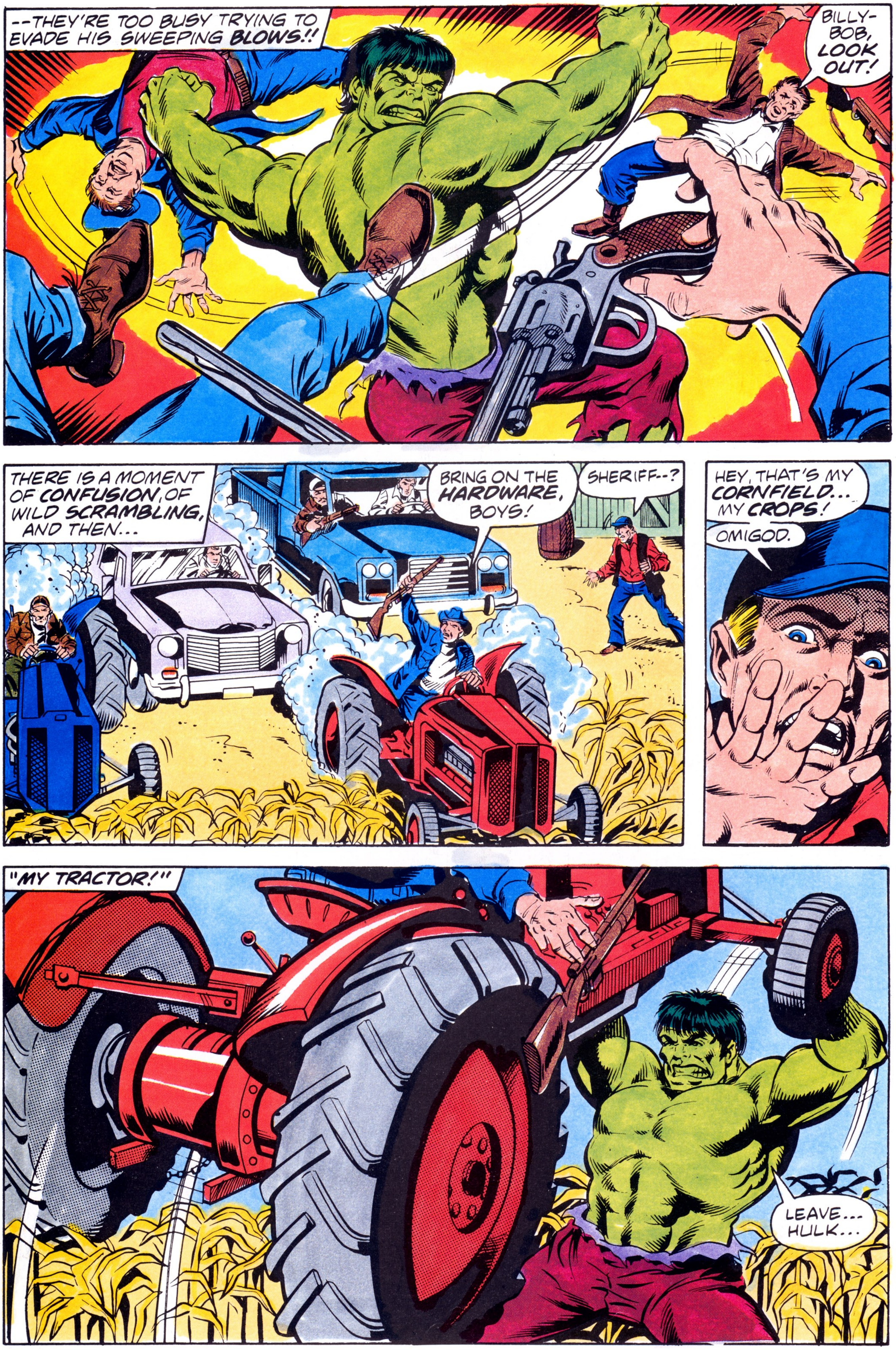
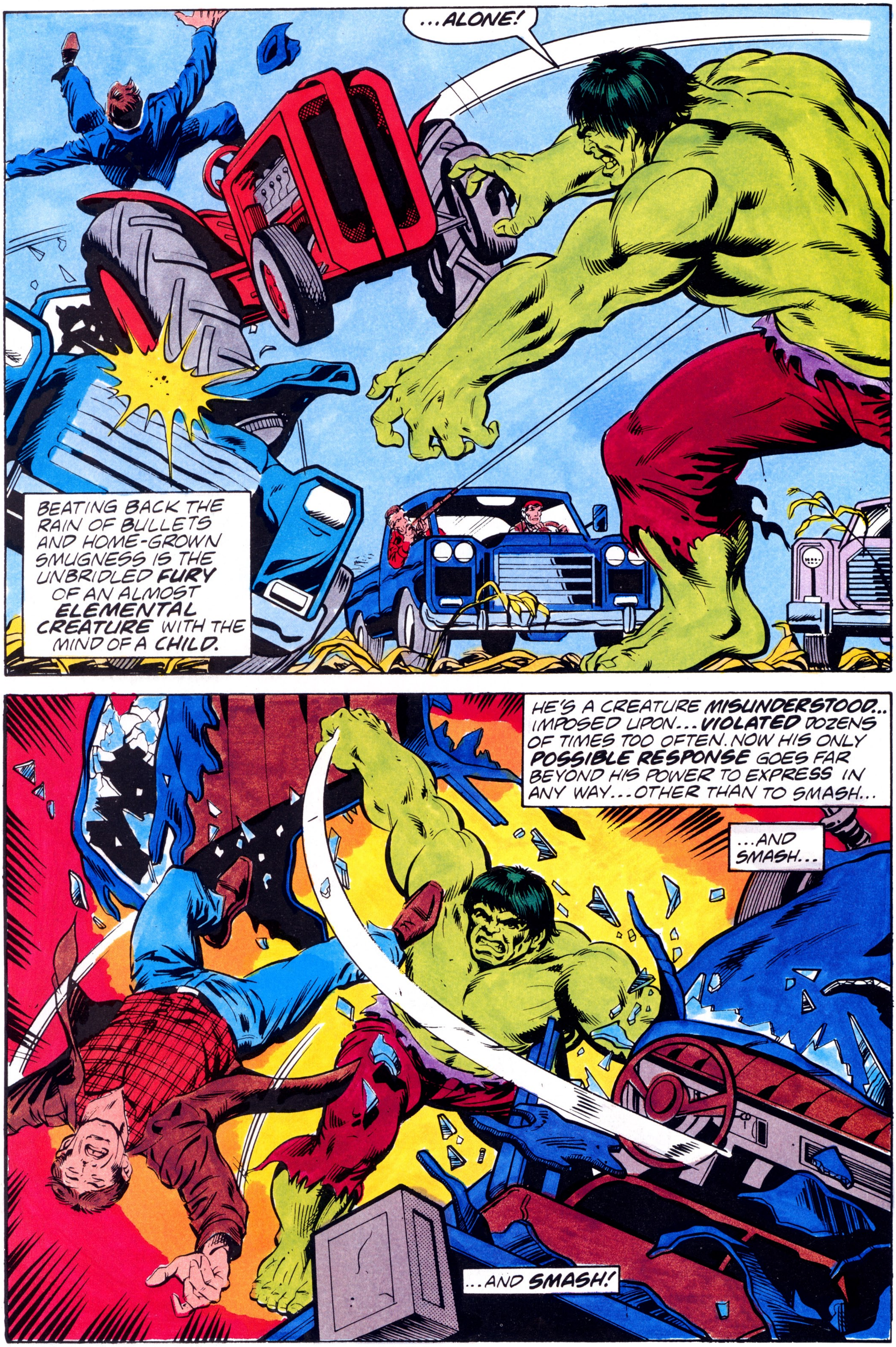
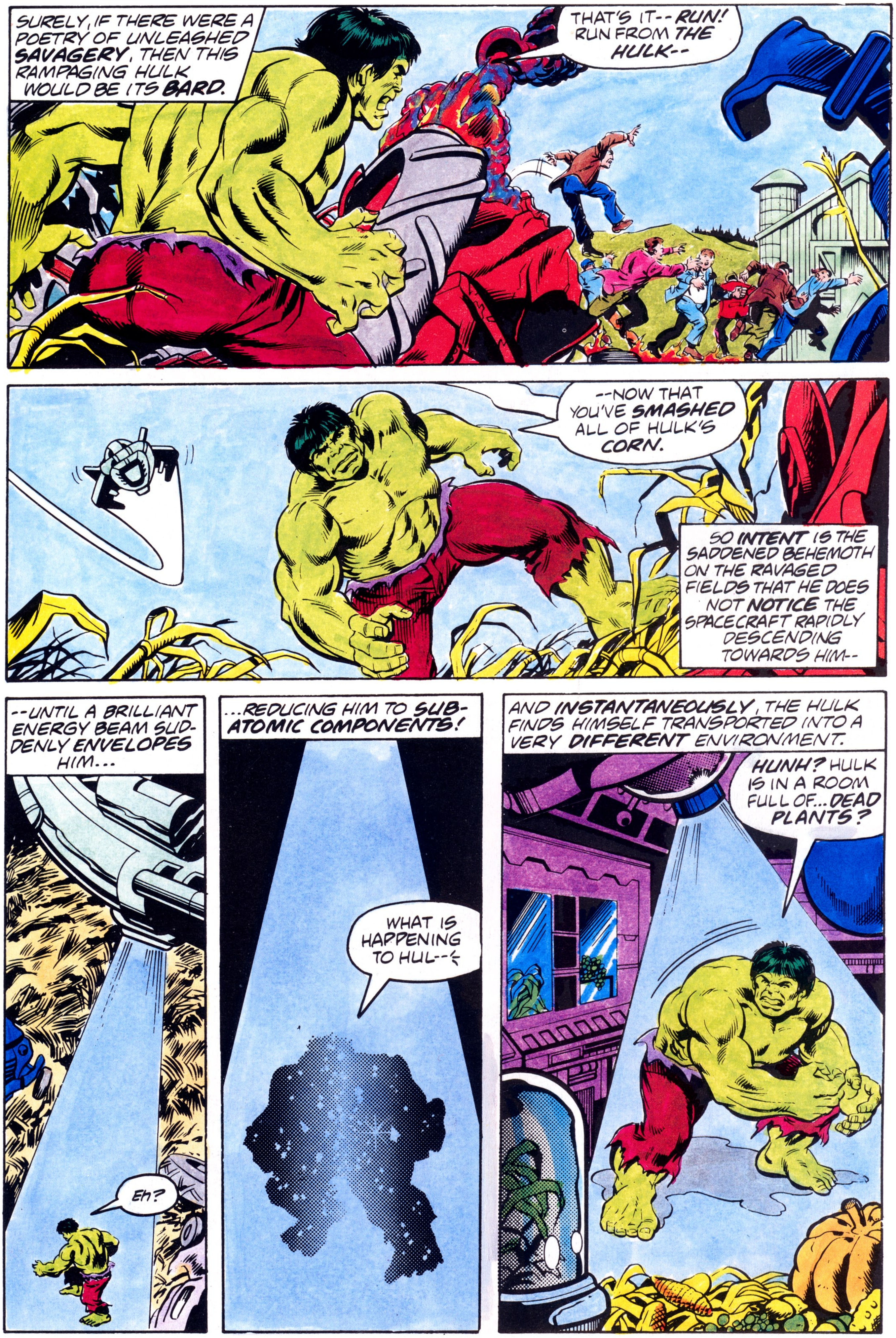

BRIIIING!
DANG IT! CAN'T I HAVE A MOMENT'S PEACE?
PICK UP THE EXTENSION, BURT, AND WE'LL SEE WHAT SOME FINE CITIZEN WANTS!
HULLO SHERIFF'S OFFICE.
HUH? SLOW DOWN THERE, LUMPY!
YOU BEEN DIPPIN' IN THE SOUR MASH AGAIN?
THE HULK AIN'T NO SOUR MASH DAYDREAM, SHERIFF!
SURE, I'M SURE IT'S HIM. I SEEN THOSE NEWS REPORTS OF HIM TEARIN' UP THAT AIR FORCE BASE!*
AWRIGHT, LUMPY, I BELIEVE YOU. I'LL BE RIGHT OUT.
R. NECKK
YEAH, BURT, TOO--HE WOULDN'T MISS THIS, NOSSIR!
* SPIDEY #229--ROG.
FIVE MINUTES AND ONE PILE OF CORNCOBS LATER...
WILL YA LOOK AT THAT?!
HE'S BIGGER THAN A TRACTOR! SHOULDN'T YA CALL THE ARMY OR--?
TO HELL WITH THE ARMY--

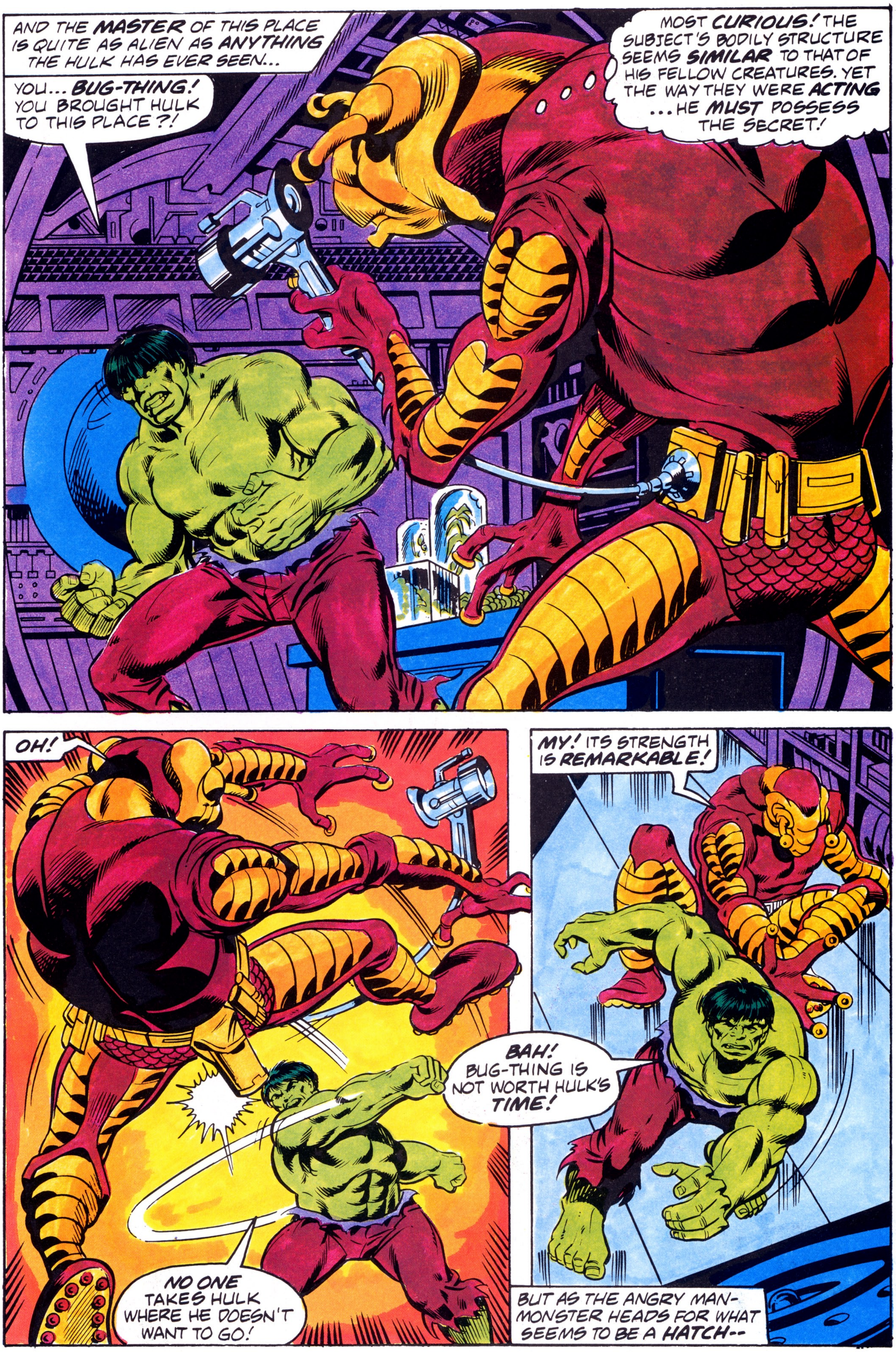

--WE'RE HANDLIN' THIS OURSELVES!
THAT'S RIGHT, ZEB! BRING ALL THE MEN YOU CAN FIND... AND YOUR OLD FISHIN' NET!
SHERIFF, DON'T YOU THINK--!
BLAST IT, LUMPY! KEEP YOUR PANTS ON! EVERYTHING'LL BE FINE--
"--AS SOON AS THE BOYS SHOW UP!"
AWRIGHT, NOW LISTEN UP! I DON'T WANT ANYBODY HURT IN THIS--
--SO DON'T GO GETTIN' OVERCONFIDENT!
ONLY ONE HERE'S OVERCONFIDENT IS YOU, SHERIFF!
PERHAPS EVEN THE SHERIFF'S CONFIDENCE WOULD BE SHAKEN IF HE BUT KNEW...
"...THAT SOMETHING ELSE WAS WATCHING HIM WATCH THE HULK!
THE OTHERS TRY TO CAPTURE THE ONE WHO IS THE COLOR OF VEGETATION. HE MUST HAVE THE SECRET!

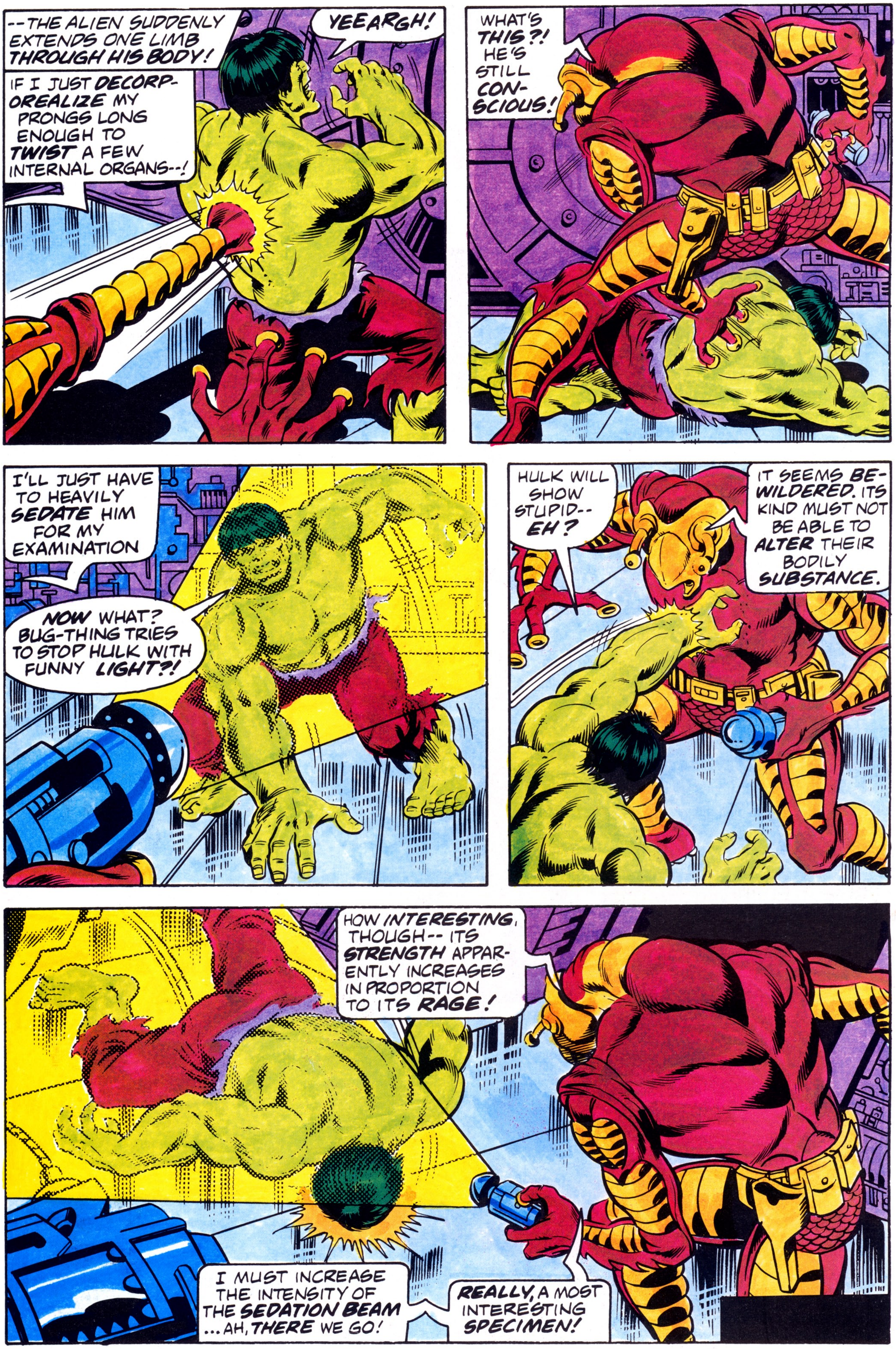

OKAY, BOYS-- NOW!
RUSH HIM!!
HUNH?!
MEN ARE ATTACKING THE HULK WITH... STRING?!
AND NOW THEY SHOOT AT HULK?!
WHY?! HULK WASN'T HURTING ANYONE...WHY DO MEN ATTACK HIM?
ANSWER THE HULK-- WHY?!
BUT THERE IS NO ANSWER FROM THE ASSEMBLED FARMERS--

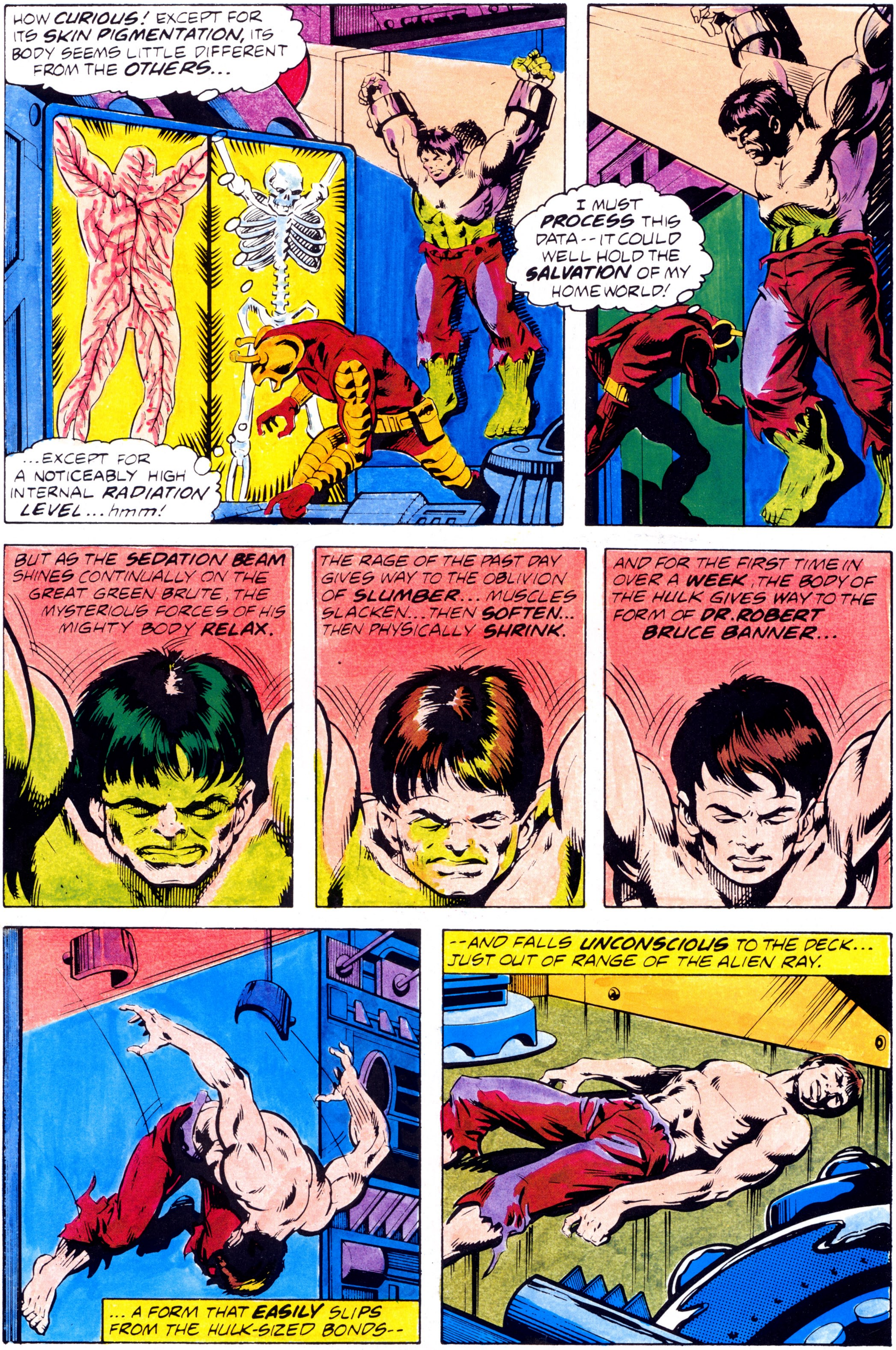

--THEY'RE TOO BUSY TRYING TO EVADE HIS SWEEPING **BLOWS**!!
BILLY-BOB, **LOOK OUT!**
THERE IS A MOMENT OF **CONFUSION**, OF WILD **SCRAMBLING**, AND THEN...
BRING ON THE **HARDWARE**, BOYS!
SHERIFF--?
HEY, THAT'S MY **CORNFIELD**... MY **CROPS**!
OMIGOD.
"**MY TRACTOR!**"
LEAVE... HULK...

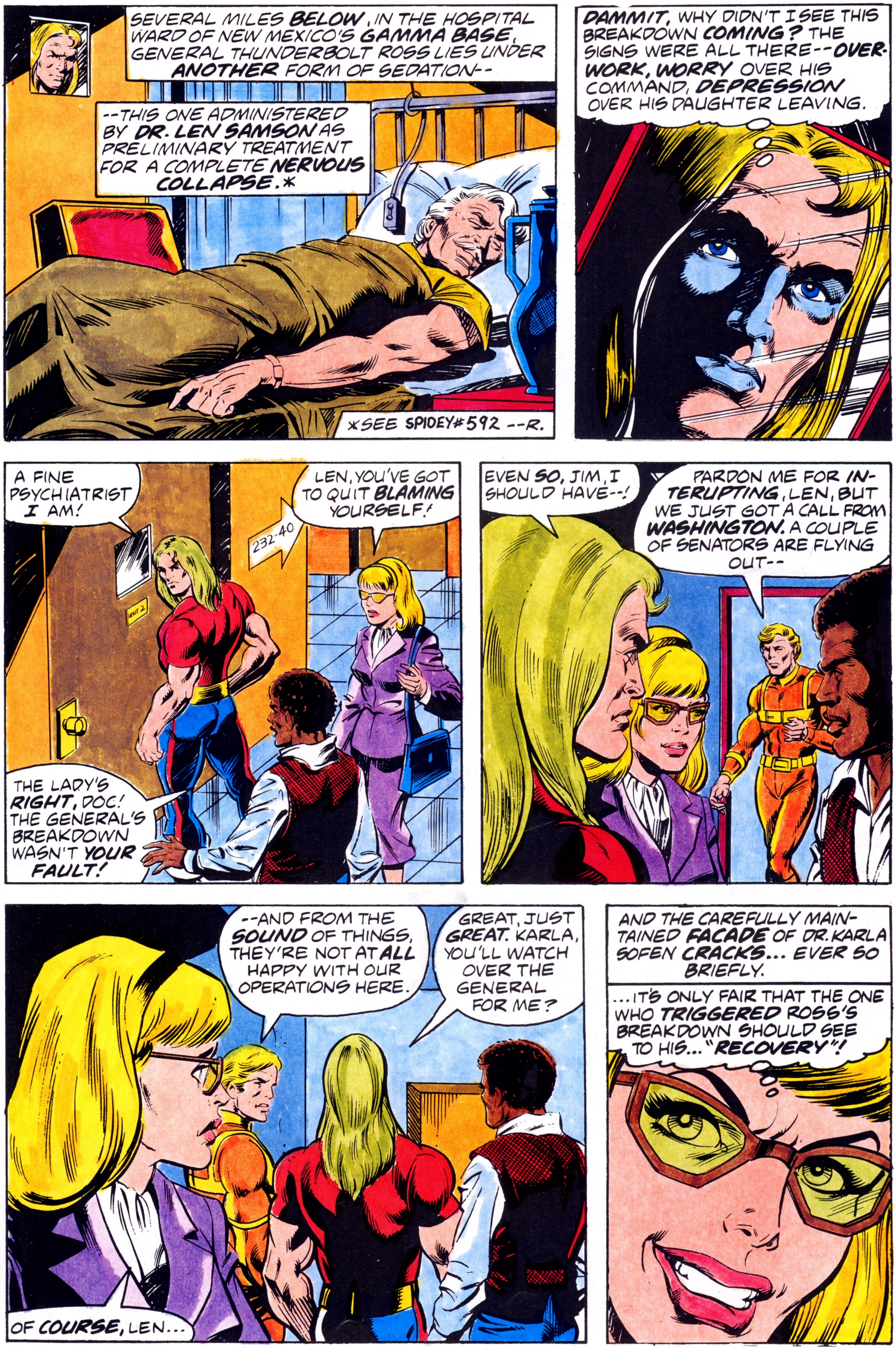

...ALONE!
BEATING BACK THE RAIN OF BULLETS AND HOME-GROWN SMUGNESS IS THE UNBRIDLED FURY OF AN ALMOST ELEMENTAL CREATURE WITH THE MIND OF A CHILD.
HE'S A CREATURE MISUNDERSTOOD... IMPOSED UPON... VIOLATED DOZENS OF TIMES TOO OFTEN. NOW HIS ONLY POSSIBLE RESPONSE GOES FAR BEYOND HIS POWER TO EXPRESS IN ANY WAY... OTHER THAN TO SMASH...
...AND SMASH...
...AND SMASH!

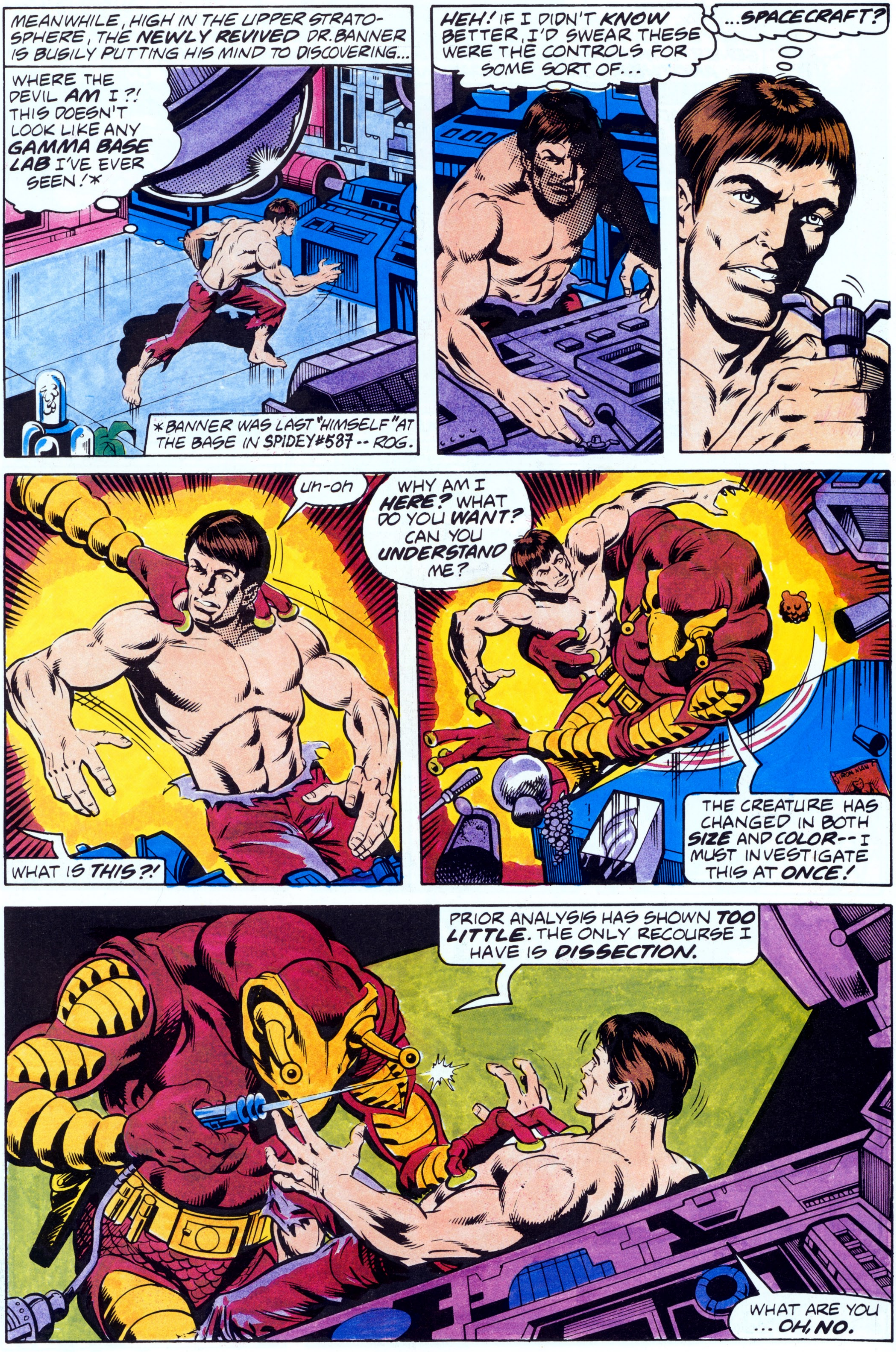

SURELY, IF THERE WERE A POETRY OF UNLEASHED **SAVAGERY**, THEN THIS RAMPAGING HULK WOULD BE ITS **BARD**.
THAT'S IT-- **RUN!** RUN FROM **THE HULK**--
--NOW THAT YOU'VE **SMASHED** ALL OF HULK'S **CORN**.
SO **INTENT** IS THE SADDENED BEHEMOTH ON THE **RAVAGED FIELDS** THAT HE DOES NOT **NOTICE** THE SPACECRAFT RAPIDLY DESCENDING TOWARDS HIM--
--UNTIL A BRILLIANT ENERGY BEAM SUDDENLY **ENVELOPES** HIM...
Eh?
...REDUCING HIM TO **SUB-ATOMIC COMPONENTS**!
WHAT IS HAPPENING TO HUL--!
AND **INSTANTANEOUSLY**, THE HULK FINDS HIMSELF TRANSPORTED INTO A VERY **DIFFERENT** ENVIRONMENT.
HUNH? HULK IS IN A ROOM FULL OF... **DEAD PLANTS?**

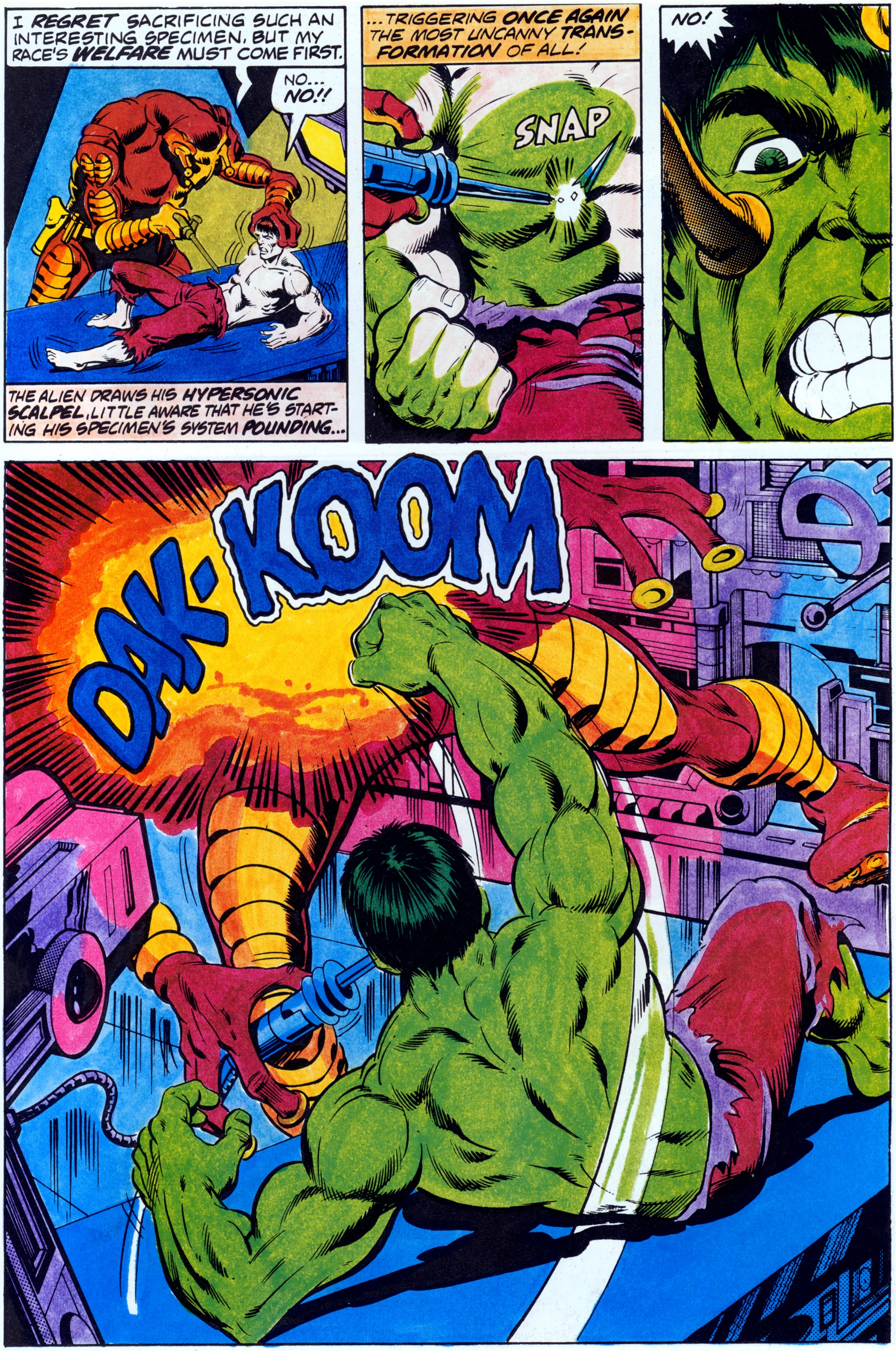

AND THE **MASTER** OF THIS PLACE IS QUITE AS ALIEN AS **ANYTHING** THE HULK HAS EVER SEEN...
YOU... **BUG-THING!** YOU BROUGHT HULK TO THIS PLACE?!
MOST **CURIOUS!** THE SUBJECT'S BODILY STRUCTURE SEEMS **SIMILAR** TO THAT OF HIS FELLOW CREATURES. YET THE WAY THEY WERE **ACTING** ...HE **MUST** POSSESS THE SECRET!
OH!
NO ONE TAKES HULK WHERE HE DOESN'T WANT TO GO!
MY! ITS STRENGTH IS **REMARKABLE!**
BAH! BUG-THING IS NOT WORTH HULK'S **TIME!**
BUT AS THE ANGRY MAN-MONSTER HEADS FOR WHAT SEEMS TO BE A **HATCH**--

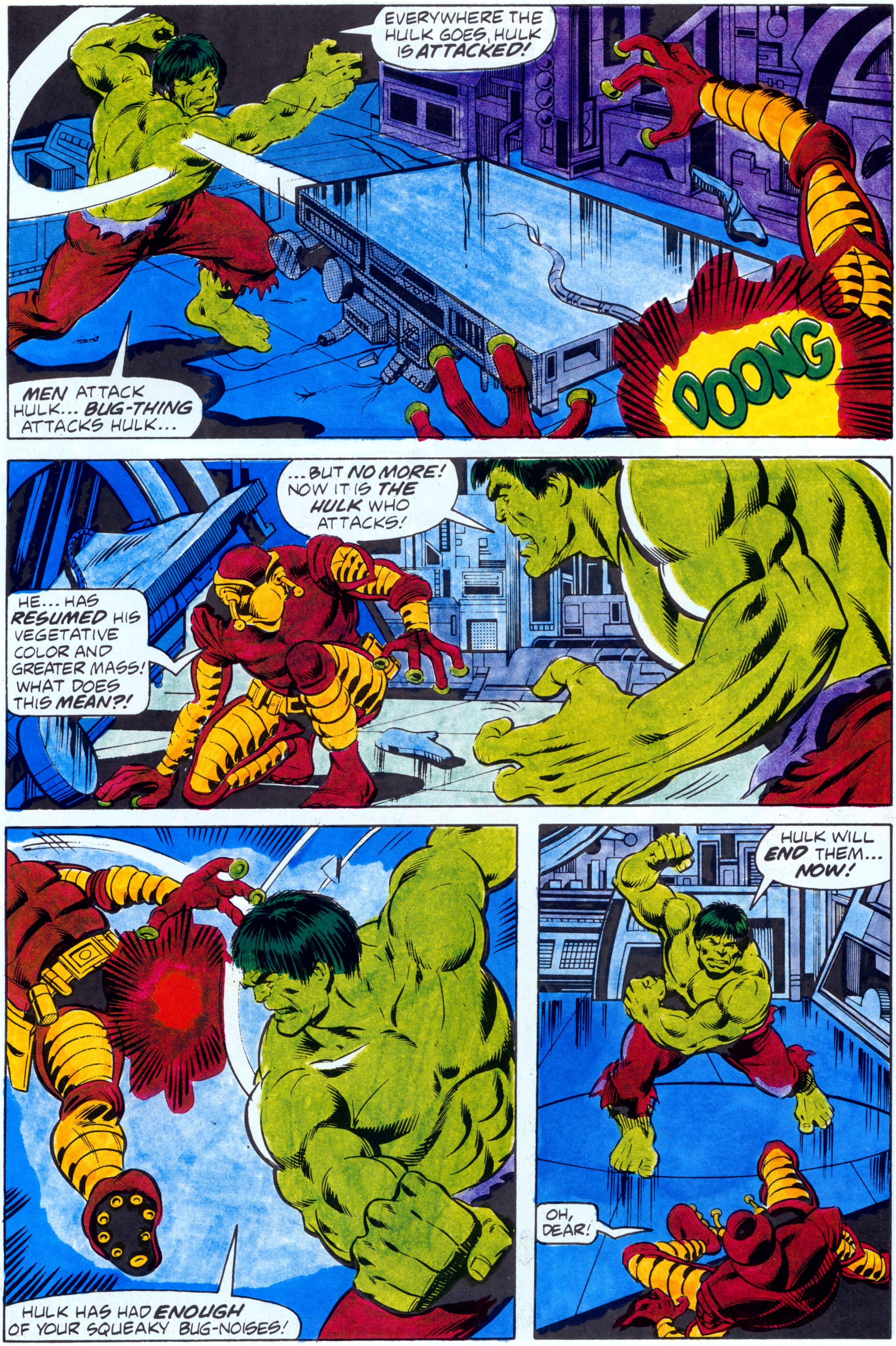

--THE ALIEN SUDDENLY EXTENDS ONE LIMB THROUGH HIS BODY!
YEEARGH!
IF I JUST DECORPOREALIZE MY PRONGS LONG ENOUGH TO TWIST A FEW INTERNAL ORGANS--!
WHAT'S THIS?! HE'S STILL CONSCIOUS!
I'LL JUST HAVE TO HEAVILY SEDATE HIM FOR MY EXAMINATION
NOW WHAT? BUG-THING TRIES TO STOP HULK WITH FUNNY LIGHT?!
HULK WILL SHOW STUPID-- EH?
IT SEEMS BEWILDERED. ITS KIND MUST NOT BE ABLE TO ALTER THEIR BODILY SUBSTANCE.
HOW INTERESTING, THOUGH-- ITS STRENGTH APPARENTLY INCREASES IN PROPORTION TO ITS RAGE!
I MUST INCREASE THE INTENSITY OF THE SEDATION BEAM ...AH, THERE WE GO!
REALLY, A MOST INTERESTING SPECIMEN!

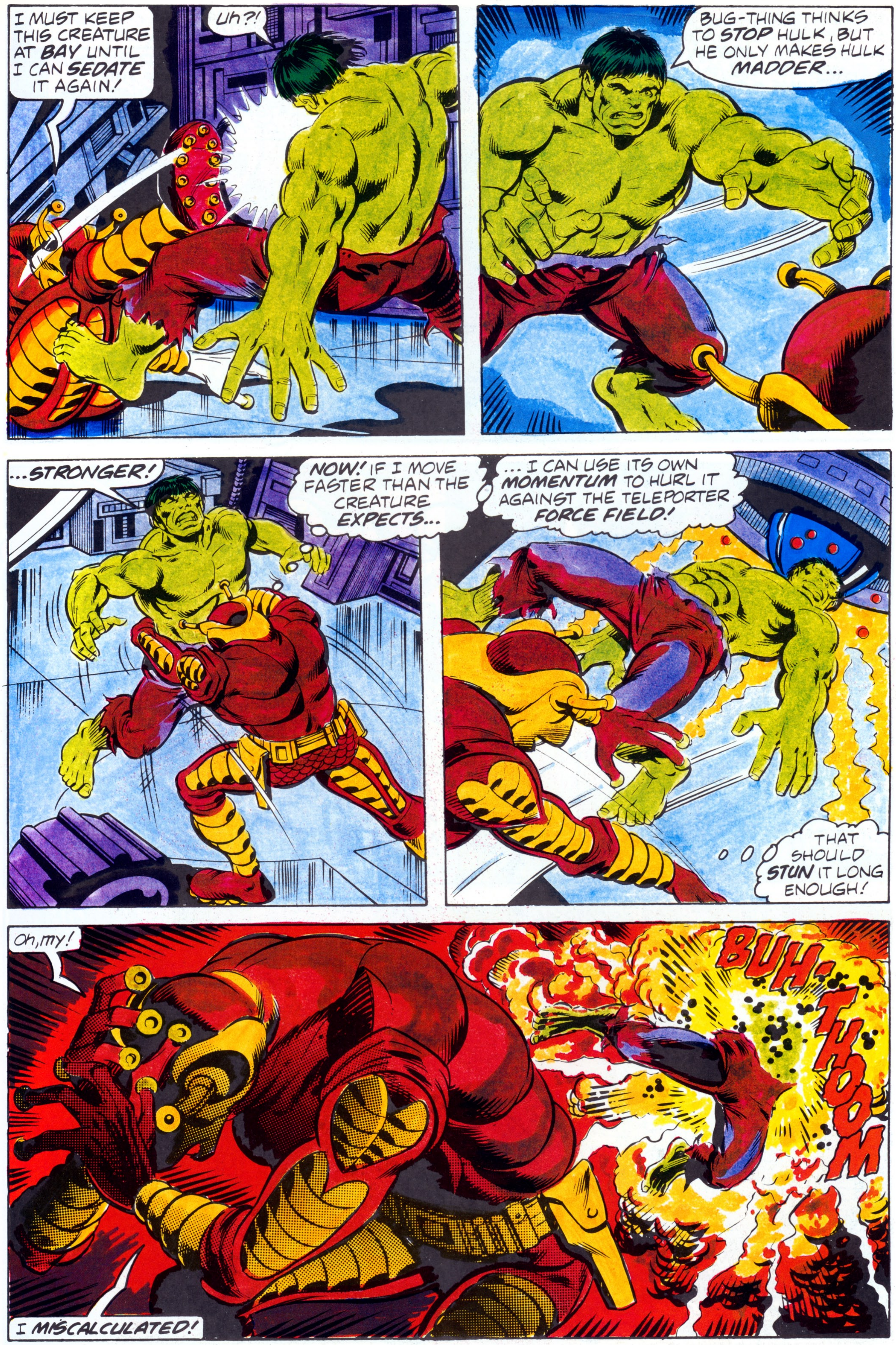

HOW CURIOUS! EXCEPT FOR ITS SKIN PIGMENTATION, ITS BODY SEEMS LITTLE DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS...
...EXCEPT FOR A NOTICEABLY HIGH INTERNAL RADIATION LEVEL... hmm!
I MUST PROCESS THIS DATA--IT COULD WELL HOLD THE SALVATION OF MY HOMEWORLD!
BUT AS THE SEDATION BEAM SHINES CONTINUALLY ON THE GREAT GREEN BRUTE, THE MYSTERIOUS FORCES OF HIS MIGHTY BODY RELAX.
THE RAGE OF THE PAST DAY GIVES WAY TO THE OBLIVION OF SLUMBER... MUSCLES SLACKEN...THEN SOFTEN... THEN PHYSICALLY SHRINK.
AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OVER A WEEK, THE BODY OF THE HULK GIVES WAY TO THE FORM OF DR. ROBERT BRUCE BANNER...
... A FORM THAT EASILY SLIPS FROM THE HULK-SIZED BONDS--
--AND FALLS UNCONSCIOUS TO THE DECK... JUST OUT OF RANGE OF THE ALIEN RAY.

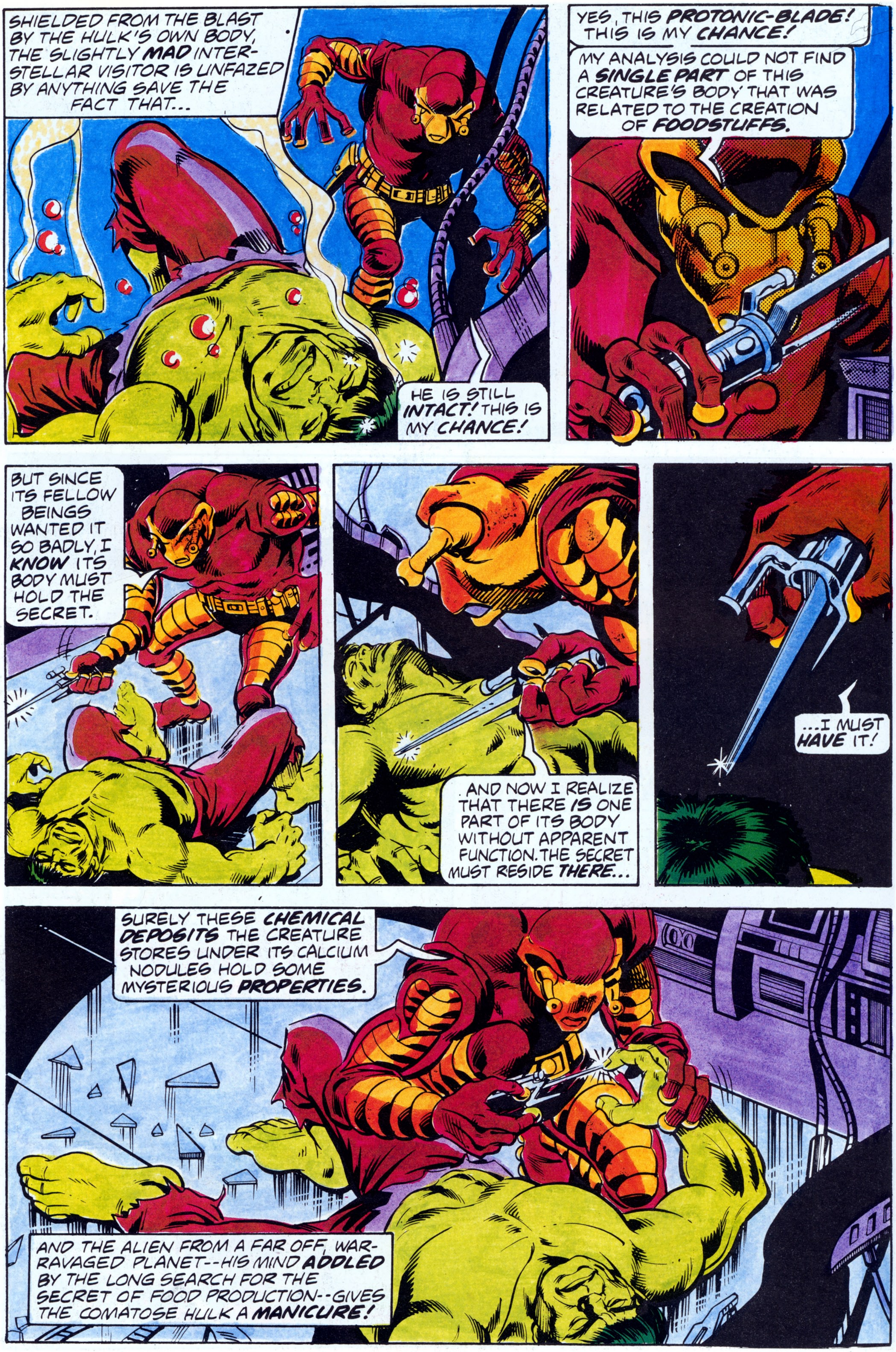

SEVERAL MILES BELOW, IN THE HOSPITAL WARD OF NEW MEXICO'S GAMMA BASE, GENERAL THUNDERBOLT ROSS LIES UNDER ANOTHER FORM OF SEDATION--
--THIS ONE ADMINISTERED BY DR. LEN SAMSON AS PRELIMINARY TREATMENT FOR A COMPLETE NERVOUS COLLAPSE.*
*SEE SPIDEY #592 --R.
DAMMIT, WHY DIDN'T I SEE THIS BREAKDOWN COMING? THE SIGNS WERE ALL THERE--OVERWORK, WORRY OVER HIS COMMAND, DEPRESSION OVER HIS DAUGHTER LEAVING.
A FINE PSYCHIATRIST I AM!
232-40
UNIT 2
LEN, YOU'VE GOT TO QUIT BLAMING YOURSELF!
THE LADY'S RIGHT, DOC! THE GENERAL'S BREAKDOWN WASN'T YOUR FAULT!
EVEN SO, JIM, I SHOULD HAVE--!
PARDON ME FOR INTERUPTING, LEN, BUT WE JUST GOT A CALL FROM WASHINGTON. A COUPLE OF SENATORS ARE FLYING OUT--
--AND FROM THE SOUND OF THINGS, THEY'RE NOT AT ALL HAPPY WITH OUR OPERATIONS HERE.
GREAT, JUST GREAT. KARLA, YOU'LL WATCH OVER THE GENERAL FOR ME?
OF COURSE, LEN...
AND THE CAREFULLY MAINTAINED FACADE OF DR. KARLA SOFEN CRACKS... EVER SO BRIEFLY.
...IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT THE ONE WHO TRIGGERED ROSS'S BREAKDOWN SHOULD SEE TO HIS... "RECOVERY"!

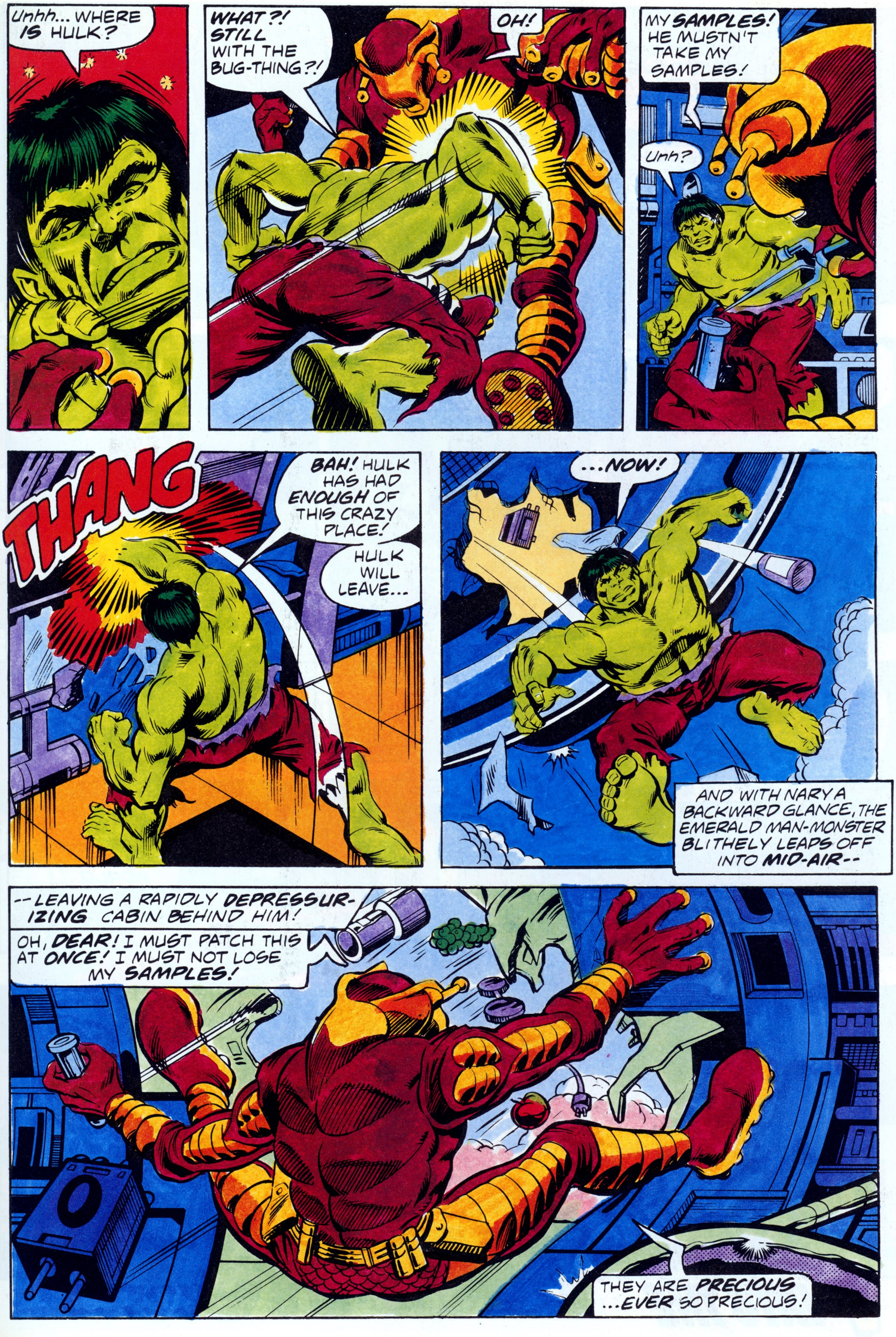

MEANWHILE, HIGH IN THE UPPER STRATOSPHERE, THE NEWLY REVIVED DR. BANNER IS BUSILY PUTTING HIS MIND TO DISCOVERING...
WHERE THE DEVIL AM I?! THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANY GAMMA BASE LAB I'VE EVER SEEN!*
*BANNER WAS LAST "HIMSELF" AT THE BASE IN SPIDEY #587 -- ROG.
HEH! IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SWEAR THESE WERE THE CONTROLS FOR SOME SORT OF...
...SPACECRAFT?
uh-oh
WHAT IS THIS?!
WHY AM I HERE? WHAT DO YOU WANT? CAN YOU UNDERSTAND ME?
IRON MAN
THE CREATURE HAS CHANGED IN BOTH SIZE AND COLOR-- I MUST INVESTIGATE THIS AT ONCE!
PRIOR ANALYSIS HAS SHOWN TOO LITTLE. THE ONLY RECOURSE I HAVE IS DISSECTION.
WHAT ARE YOU ...OH, NO.

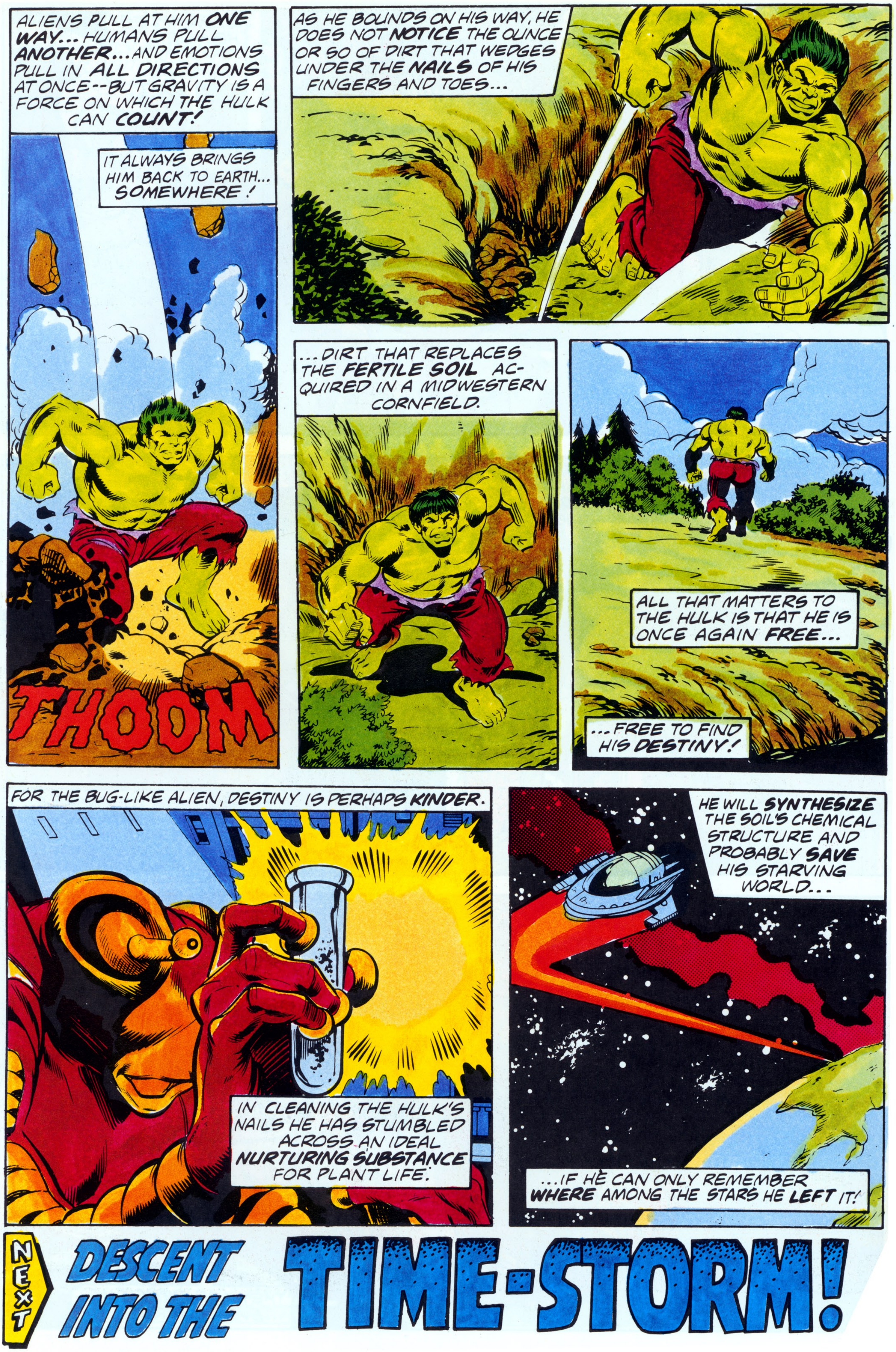

I REGRET SACRIFICING SUCH AN INTERESTING SPECIMEN, BUT MY RACE'S WELFARE MUST COME FIRST.
NO... NO!!
THE ALIEN DRAWS HIS HYPERSONIC SCALPEL, LITTLE AWARE THAT HE'S STARTING HIS SPECIMEN'S SYSTEM POUNDING...
...TRIGGERING ONCE AGAIN THE MOST UNCANNY TRANSFORMATION OF ALL!
SNAP
NO!
DAK-KOOM

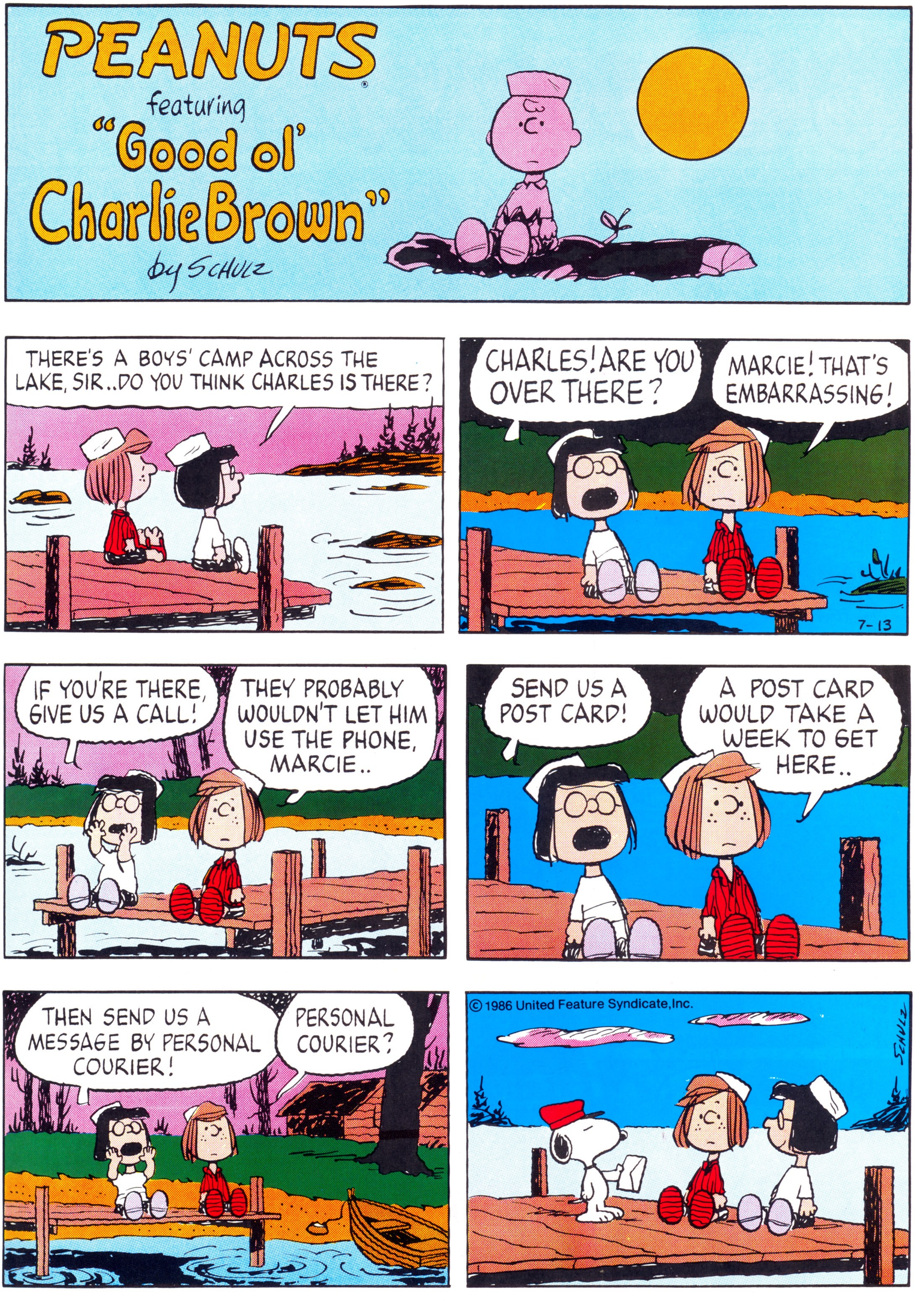

EVERYWHERE THE HULK GOES, HULK IS ATTACKED!
MEN ATTACK HULK... BUG-THING ATTACKS HULK...
DOONG
...BUT NO MORE! NOW IT IS THE HULK WHO ATTACKS!
HE... HAS RESUMED HIS VEGETATIVE COLOR AND GREATER MASS! WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?!
HULK HAS HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR SQUEAKY BUG-NOISES!
HULK WILL END THEM... NOW!
OH, DEAR!


I MUST KEEP THIS CREATURE AT BAY UNTIL I CAN SEDATE IT AGAIN!
Uh?!
BUG-THING THINKS TO STOP HULK, BUT HE ONLY MAKES HULK MADDER...
...STRONGER!
NOW! IF I MOVE FASTER THAN THE CREATURE EXPECTS...
...I CAN USE ITS OWN MOMENTUM TO HURL IT AGAINST THE TELEPORTER FORCE FIELD!
THAT SHOULD STUN IT LONG ENOUGH!
Oh, my!
BUH-THOOM
I MISCALCULATED!


SHIELDED FROM THE BLAST BY THE HULK'S OWN BODY, THE SLIGHTLY **MAD** INTERSTELLAR VISITOR IS UNFAZED BY ANYTHING SAVE THE FACT THAT...
HE IS STILL **INTACT!** THIS IS MY **CHANCE!**
YES, THIS **PROTONIC-BLADE!** THIS IS MY **CHANCE!**
MY ANALYSIS COULD NOT FIND A **SINGLE PART** OF THIS CREATURE'S BODY THAT WAS RELATED TO THE CREATION OF **FOODSTUFFS.**
BUT SINCE ITS FELLOW BEINGS WANTED IT SO BADLY, I **KNOW** ITS BODY MUST HOLD THE SECRET.
.AND NOW I REALIZE THAT THERE **IS** ONE PART OF ITS BODY WITHOUT APPARENT FUNCTION. THE SECRET MUST RESIDE **THERE**...
...I MUST **HAVE** IT!
SURELY THESE **CHEMICAL DEPOSITS** THE CREATURE STORES UNDER ITS CALCIUM NODULES HOLD SOME MYSTERIOUS **PROPERTIES**.
AND THE ALIEN FROM A FAR OFF, WAR-RAVAGED PLANET--HIS MIND **ADDLED** BY THE LONG SEARCH FOR THE SECRET OF FOOD PRODUCTION--GIVES THE COMATOSE HULK A **MANICURE!**


Unhh... WHERE IS HULK?
WHAT?! STILL WITH THE BUG-THING?!
OH!
MY SAMPLES! HE MUSTN'T TAKE MY SAMPLES!
Unh?
THANG
BAH! HULK HAS HAD ENOUGH OF THIS CRAZY PLACE!
HULK WILL LEAVE...
...NOW!
AND WITH NARY A BACKWARD GLANCE, THE EMERALD MAN-MONSTER BLITHELY LEAPS OFF INTO MID-AIR--
--LEAVING A RAPIDLY DEPRESSURIZING CABIN BEHIND HIM!
OH, DEAR! I MUST PATCH THIS AT ONCE! I MUST NOT LOSE MY SAMPLES!
THEY ARE PRECIOUS ...EVER SO PRECIOUS!


ALIENS PULL AT HIM **ONE WAY...** HUMANS PULL **ANOTHER...** AND EMOTIONS PULL IN **ALL DIRECTIONS** AT ONCE--BUT GRAVITY IS A FORCE ON WHICH **THE HULK** CAN **COUNT!**
IT ALWAYS BRINGS HIM BACK TO EARTH... **SOMEWHERE!**
THOOM
AS HE BOUNDS ON HIS WAY, HE DOES NOT **NOTICE** THE OUNCE OR SO OF DIRT THAT WEDGES UNDER THE **NAILS** OF HIS FINGERS AND TOES...
...DIRT THAT REPLACES THE **FERTILE SOIL** ACQUIRED IN A MIDWESTERN CORNFIELD.
ALL THAT MATTERS TO THE HULK IS THAT HE IS ONCE AGAIN **FREE...**
...FREE TO FIND HIS **DESTINY!**
FOR THE BUG-LIKE ALIEN, DESTINY IS PERHAPS **KINDER**.
IN CLEANING THE HULK'S NAILS HE HAS STUMBLED ACROSS AN IDEAL **NURTURING SUBSTANCE** FOR PLANT LIFE.
HE WILL **SYNTHESIZE** THE SOIL'S CHEMICAL STRUCTURE AND PROBABLY **SAVE** HIS STARVING WORLD...
...IF HE CAN ONLY REMEMBER **WHERE** AMONG THE STARS HE **LEFT** IT!
NEXT
DESCENT INTO THE
TIME-STORM!


PEANUTS
featuring
"Good ol' Charlie Brown"
by SCHULZ
THERE'S A BOYS' CAMP ACROSS THE LAKE, SIR..DO YOU THINK CHARLES IS THERE?
CHARLES! ARE YOU OVER THERE?
MARCIE! THAT'S EMBARRASSING!
7-13
IF YOU'RE THERE, GIVE US A CALL!
THEY PROBABLY WOULDN'T LET HIM USE THE PHONE, MARCIE..
SEND US A POST CARD!
A POST CARD WOULD TAKE A WEEK TO GET HERE..
THEN SEND US A MESSAGE BY PERSONAL COURIER!
PERSONAL COURIER?
SCHULZ

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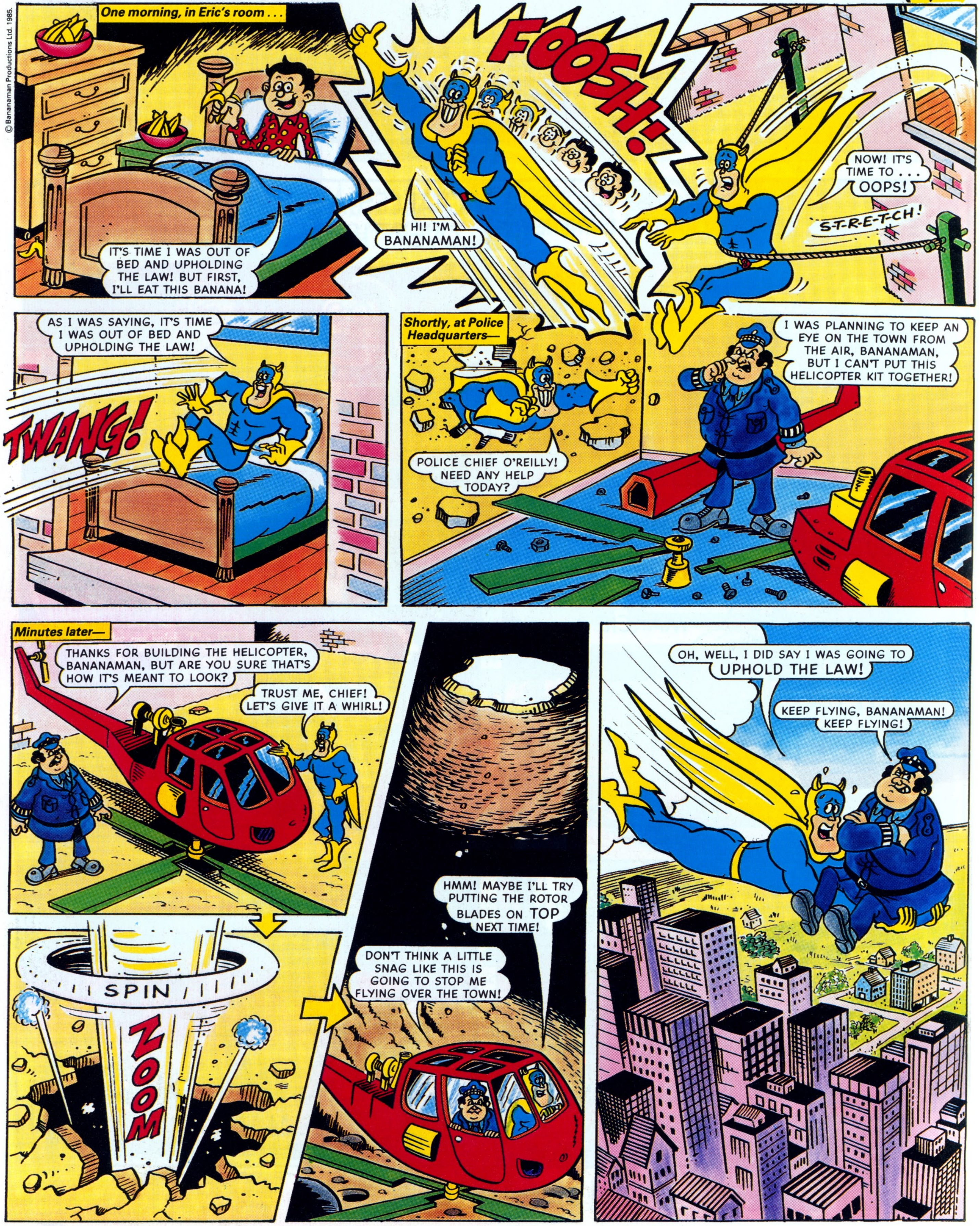
When little Eric, an ordinary schoolboy, eats a banana, he instantly becomes the EXTRAordinary.

BANANAMAN

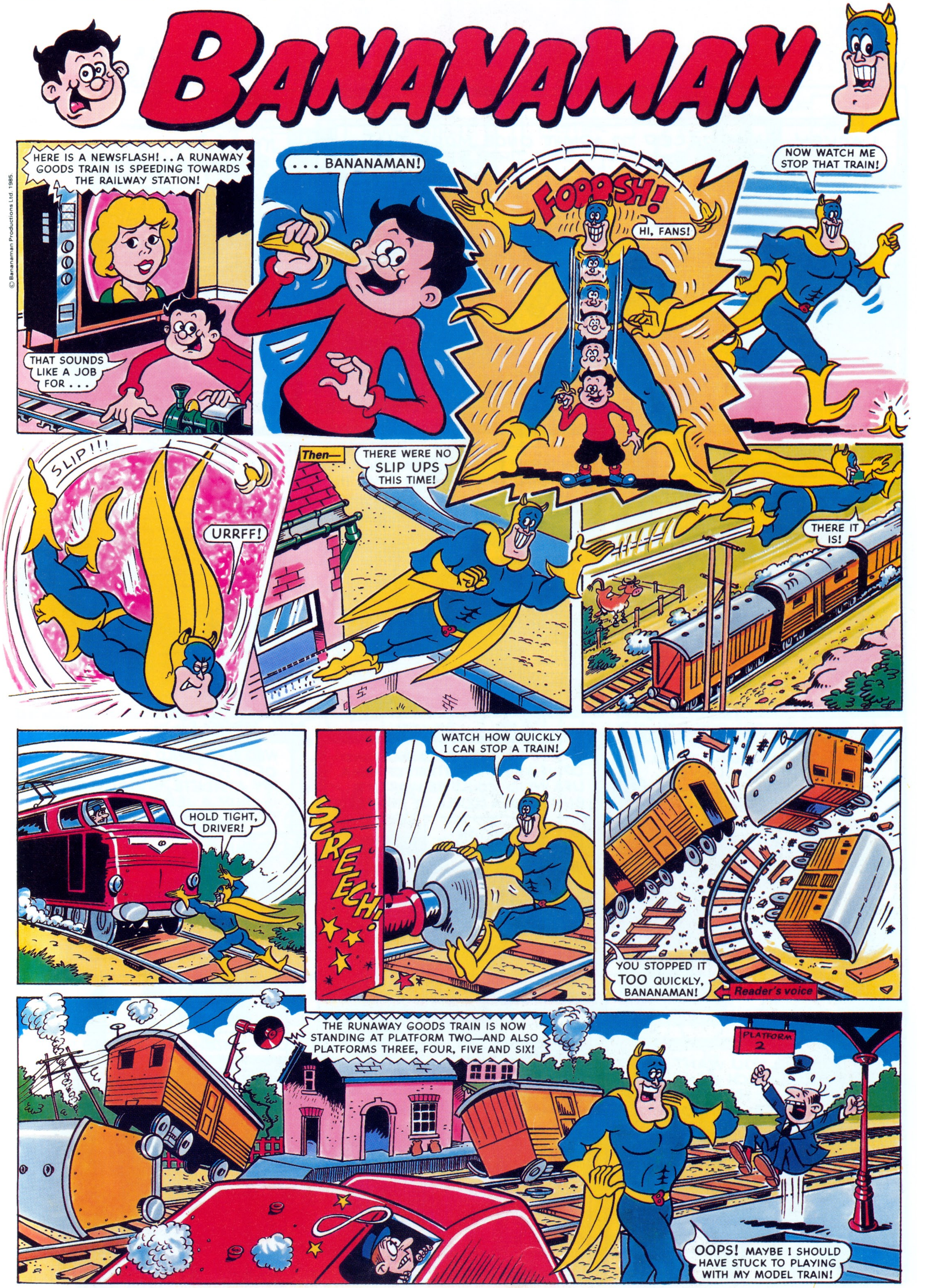
© Bananaman Productions Ltd. 1985.


One morning, in Eric's room . . .
IT'S TIME I WAS OUT OF BED AND UPHOLDING THE LAW! BUT FIRST, I'LL EAT THIS BANANA!
FOOSH!
HI! I'M BANANAMAN!
NOW! IT'S TIME TO . . . OOPS!
S-T-R-E-T-CH!
AS I WAS SAYING, IT'S TIME I WAS OUT OF BED AND UPHOLDING THE LAW!
TWANG!
Shortly, at Police Headquarters—
I WAS PLANNING TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE TOWN FROM THE AIR, BANANAMAN, BUT I CAN'T PUT THIS HELICOPTER KIT TOGETHER!
POLICE CHIEF O'REILLY! NEED ANY HELP TODAY?
Minutes later—
THANKS FOR BUILDING THE HELICOPTER, BANANAMAN, BUT ARE YOU SURE THAT'S HOW IT'S MEANT TO LOOK?
TRUST ME, CHIEF! LET'S GIVE IT A WHIRL!
SPIN
ZOOM
HMM! MAYBE I'LL TRY PUTTING THE ROTOR BLADES ON TOP NEXT TIME!
DON'T THINK A LITTLE SNAG LIKE THIS IS GOING TO STOP ME FLYING OVER THE TOWN!
OH, WELL, I DID SAY I WAS GOING TO UPHOLD THE LAW!
KEEP FLYING, BANANAMAN! KEEP FLYING!

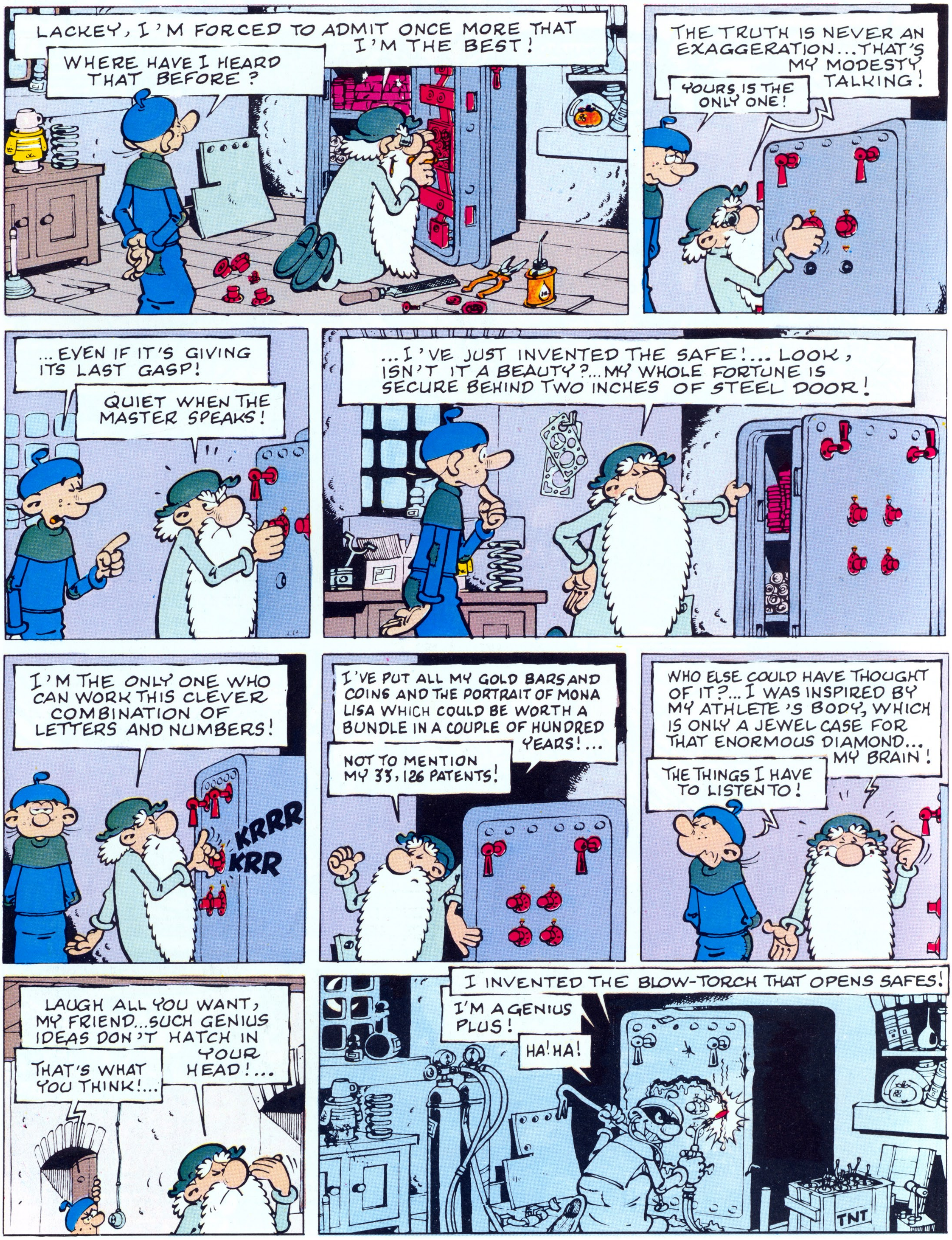
When little Eric, an ordinary schoolboy, eats a banana, he instantly becomes the EXTRAordinary . . .

BANANAMAN

© Bananaman Productions Ltd. 1985.

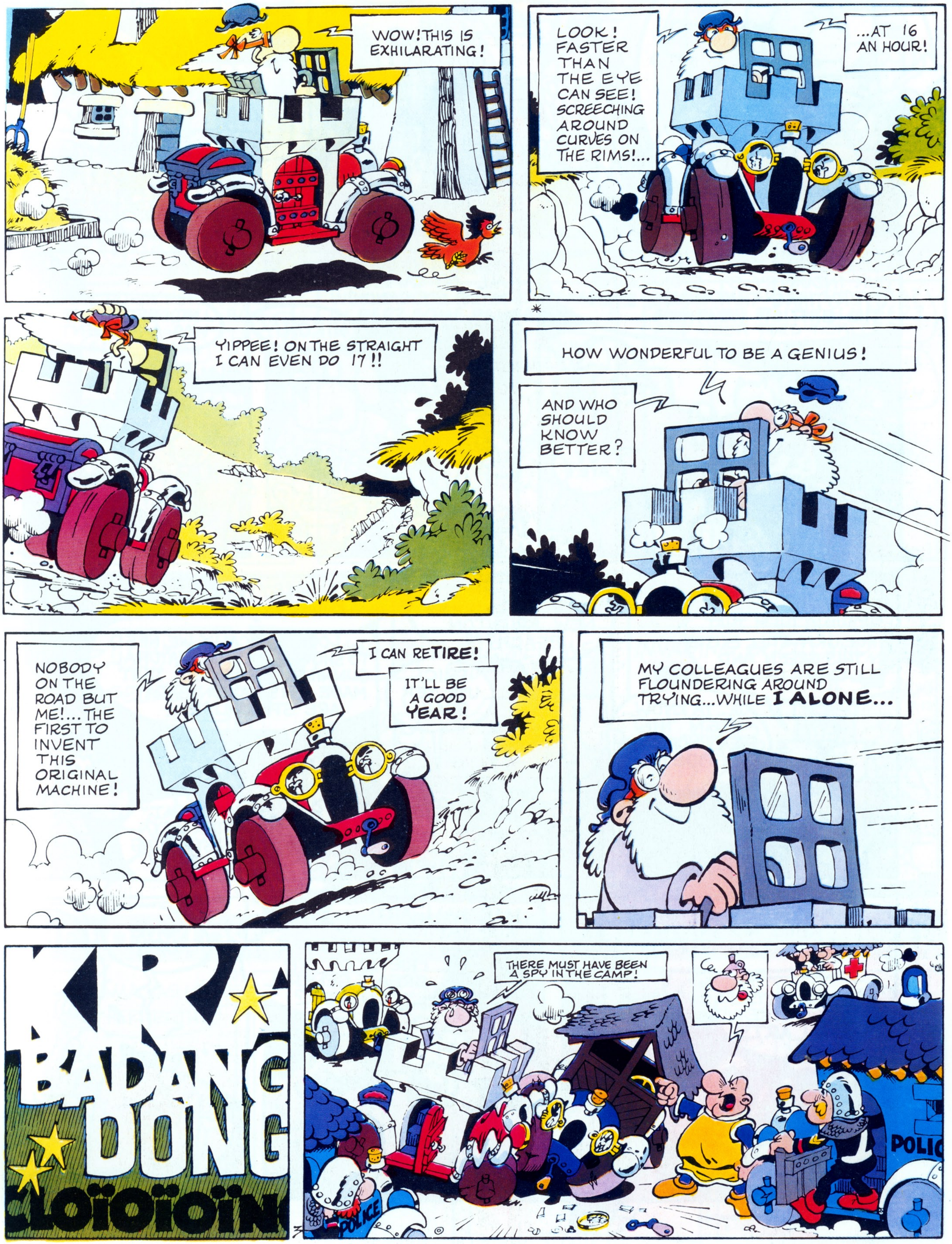

HERE IS A NEWSFLASH! . . A RUNAWAY GOODS TRAIN IS SPEEDING TOWARDS THE RAILWAY STATION!
THAT SOUNDS LIKE A JOB FOR . . .
. . . BANANAMAN!
FOOOSH!
HI, FANS!
NOW WATCH ME STOP THAT TRAIN!
SLIP!!!
URRFF!
Then—
THERE WERE NO SLIP UPS THIS TIME!
THERE IT IS!
HOLD TIGHT, DRIVER!
WATCH HOW QUICKLY I CAN STOP A TRAIN!
SCREECH!
YOU STOPPED IT TOO QUICKLY, BANANAMAN!
Reader's voice
THE RUNAWAY GOODS TRAIN IS NOW STANDING AT PLATFORM TWO—AND ALSO PLATFORMS THREE, FOUR, FIVE AND SIX!
PLATFORM 2
OOPS! MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO PLAYING WITH MY MODEL TRAIN!

LEONARD


LACKEY, I'M FORCED TO ADMIT ONCE MORE THAT I'M THE BEST!
WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT BEFORE?
THE TRUTH IS NEVER AN EXAGGERATION...THAT'S MY MODESTY TALKING!
YOURS IS THE ONLY ONE!
...EVEN IF IT'S GIVING ITS LAST GASP!
QUIET WHEN THE MASTER SPEAKS!
...I'VE JUST INVENTED THE SAFE!... LOOK, ISN'T IT A BEAUTY?...MY WHOLE FORTUNE IS SECURE BEHIND TWO INCHES OF STEEL DOOR!
I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN WORK THIS CLEVER COMBINATION OF LETTERS AND NUMBERS!
KRRR KRR
I'VE PUT ALL MY GOLD BARS AND COINS AND THE PORTRAIT OF MONA LISA WHICH COULD BE WORTH A BUNDLE IN A COUPLE OF HUNDRED YEARS!...
NOT TO MENTION MY 33,126 PATENTS!
WHO ELSE COULD HAVE THOUGHT OF IT?... I WAS INSPIRED BY MY ATHLETE'S BODY, WHICH IS ONLY A JEWEL CASE FOR THAT ENORMOUS DIAMOND... MY BRAIN!
THE THINGS I HAVE TO LISTEN TO!
LAUGH ALL YOU WANT, MY FRIEND...SUCH GENIUS IDEAS DON'T HATCH IN YOUR HEAD!...
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!...
I INVENTED THE BLOW-TORCH THAT OPENS SAFES!
I'M A GENIUS PLUS!
HA! HA!
TNT

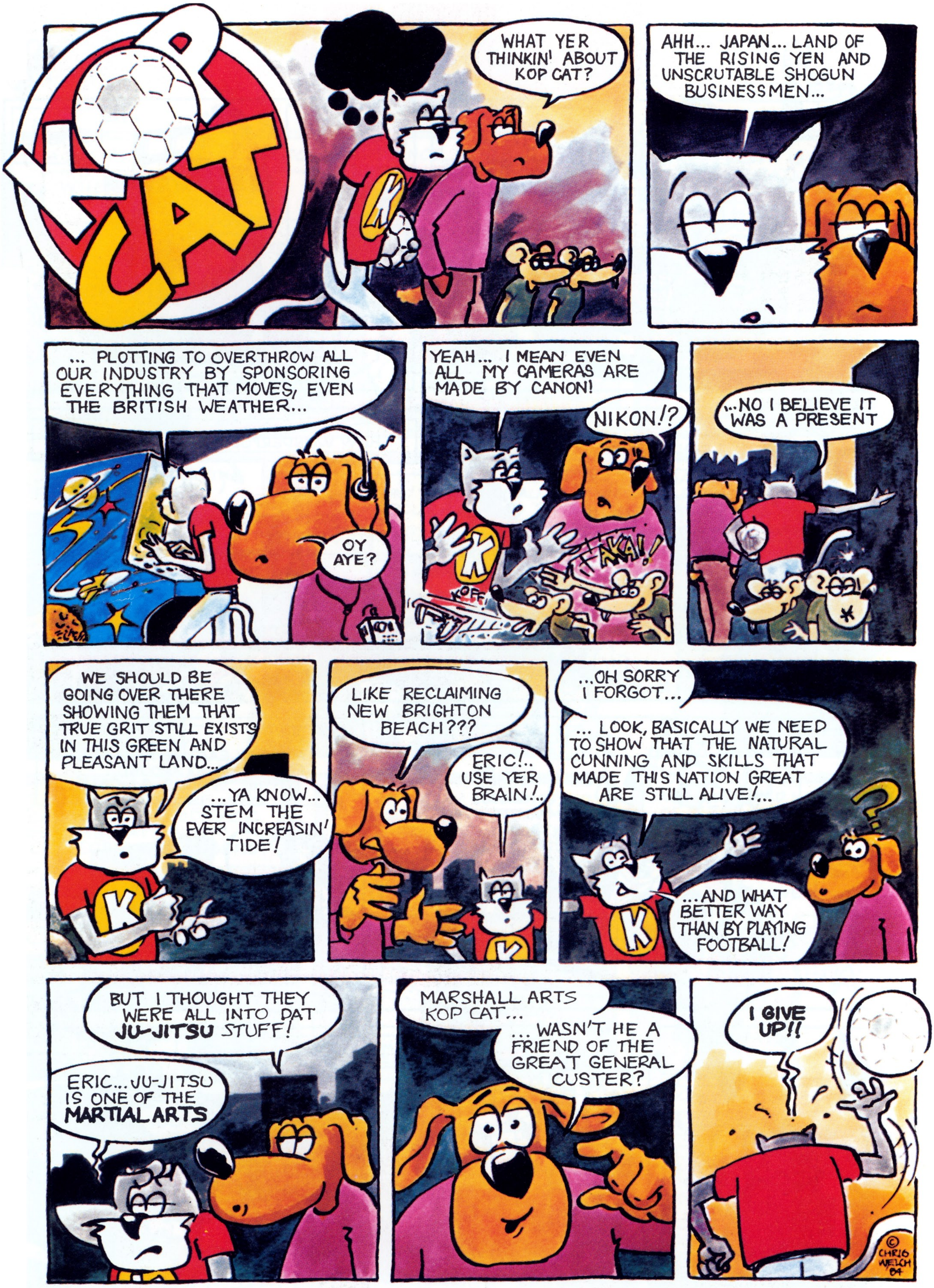
DARGAUD
Story: TURK
Illustrations: DE GROOT

LEONARD


WOW! THIS IS EXHILARATING!
LOOK! FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN SEE! SCREECHING AROUND CURVES ON THE RIMS!...
...AT 16 AN HOUR!
YIPPEE! ON THE STRAIGHT I CAN EVEN DO 17!!
HOW WONDERFUL TO BE A GENIUS!
AND WHO SHOULD KNOW BETTER?
NOBODY ON THE ROAD BUT ME!... THE FIRST TO INVENT THIS ORIGINAL MACHINE!
I CAN RETIRE!
IT'LL BE A GOOD YEAR!
MY COLLEAGUES ARE STILL FLOUNDERING AROUND TRYING... WHILE I ALONE...
KRA BADANG DONG CLOÏOÏOÏN
THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A SPY IN THE CAMP!
POLICE
POLIC

DARGAUD
Story: TURK
Illustrations: DE GROOT

© 1986 Dargaud


KOP CAT
WHAT YER THINKIN' ABOUT KOP CAT?
AHH... JAPAN... LAND OF THE RISING YEN AND UNSCRUTABLE SHOGUN BUSINESSMEN...
... PLOTTING TO OVERTHROW ALL OUR INDUSTRY BY SPONSORING EVERYTHING THAT MOVES, EVEN THE BRITISH WEATHER...
OY AYE?
YEAH... I MEAN EVEN ALL MY CAMERAS ARE MADE BY CANON!
NIKON!?
KOFF!
HAKAI!
...NO I BELIEVE IT WAS A PRESENT
WE SHOULD BE GOING OVER THERE SHOWING THEM THAT TRUE GRIT STILL EXISTS IN THIS GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND...
...YA KNOW... STEM THE EVER INCREASIN' TIDE!
LIKE RECLAIMING NEW BRIGHTON BEACH???
ERIC!.. USE YER BRAIN!..
...OH SORRY I FORGOT...
... LOOK, BASICALLY WE NEED TO SHOW THAT THE NATURAL CUNNING AND SKILLS THAT MADE THIS NATION GREAT ARE STILL ALIVE!...
?
...AND WHAT BETTER WAY THAN BY PLAYING FOOTBALL!
BUT I THOUGHT THEY WERE ALL INTO DAT JU-JITSU STUFF!
ERIC... JU-JITSU IS ONE OF THE MARTIAL ARTS
MARSHALL ARTS KOP CAT...
... WASN'T HE A FRIEND OF THE GREAT GENERAL CUSTER?
I GIVE UP!!
© CHRIS WELCH '84

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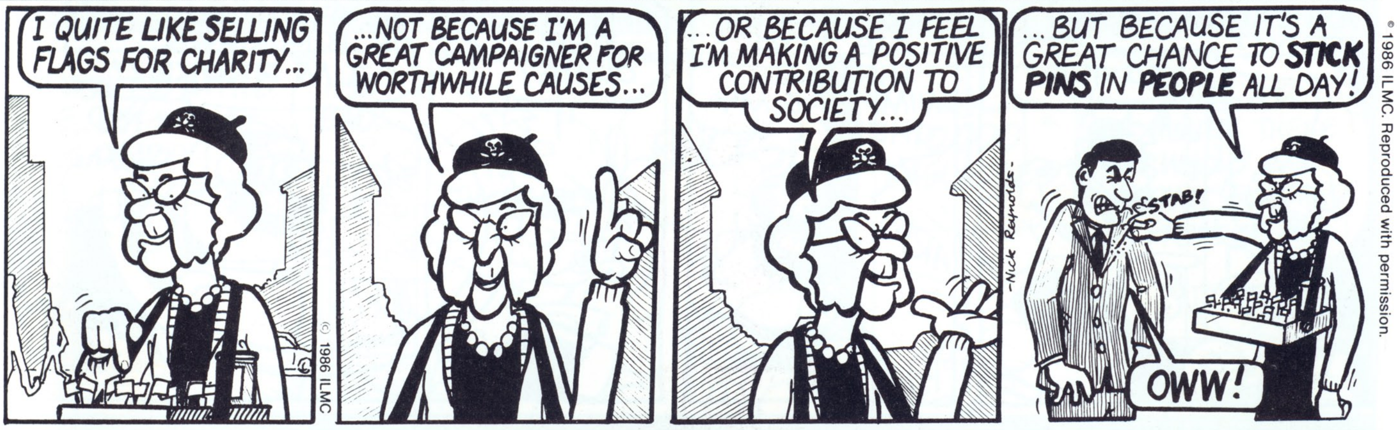
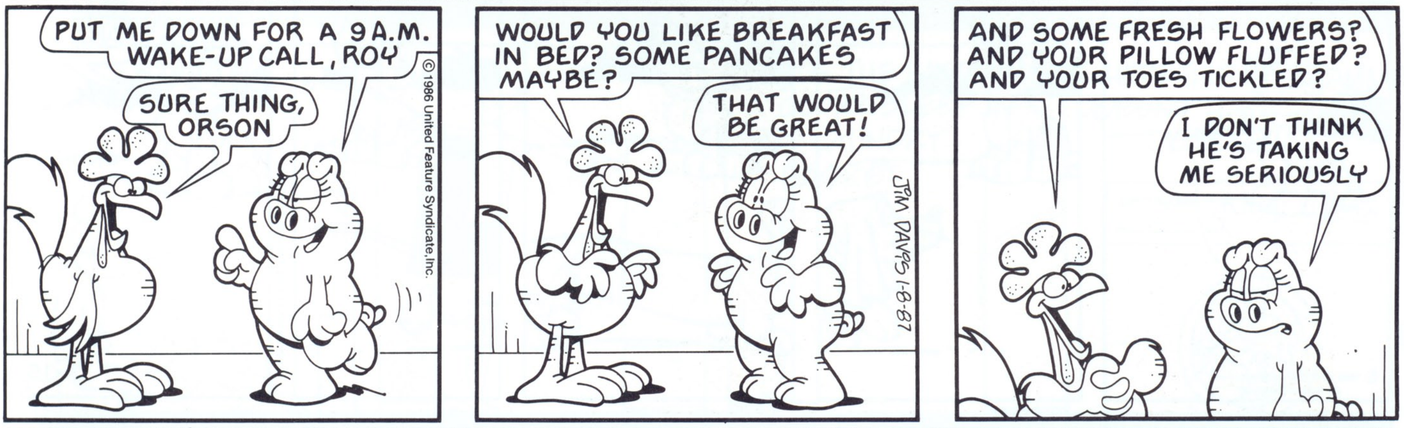
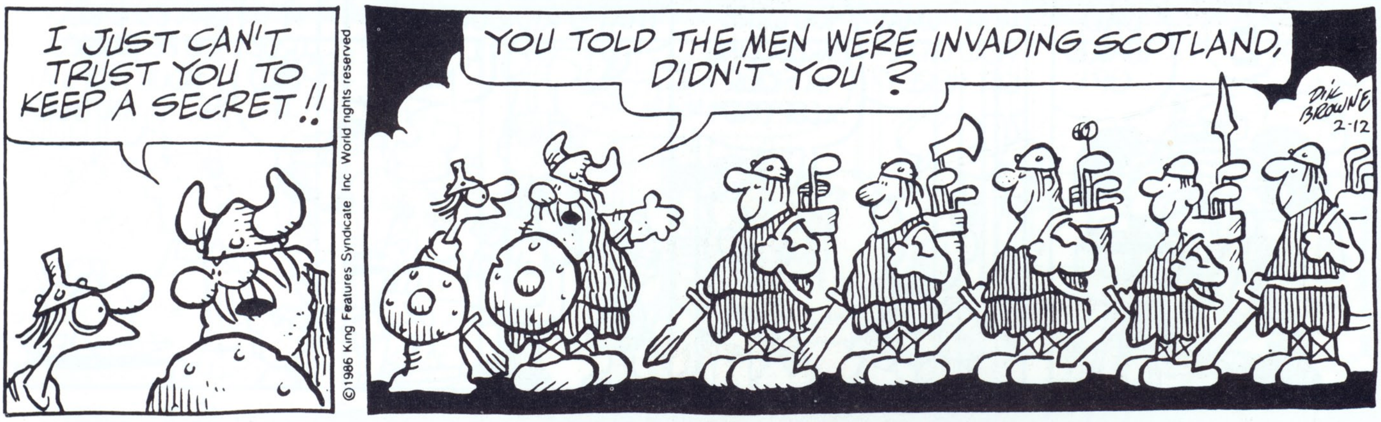
ACTION GRAN


I QUITE LIKE SELLING FLAGS FOR CHARITY...
© 1986 ILMC
...NOT BECAUSE I'M A GREAT CAMPAIGNER FOR WORTHWHILE CAUSES...
...OR BECAUSE I FEEL I'M MAKING A POSITIVE CONTRIBUTION TO SOCIETY...
-Nick Reynolds-
...BUT BECAUSE IT'S A GREAT CHANCE TO **STICK PINS** IN **PEOPLE** ALL DAY!
STAB!
OWW!
© 1986 ILMC. Reproduced with permission.

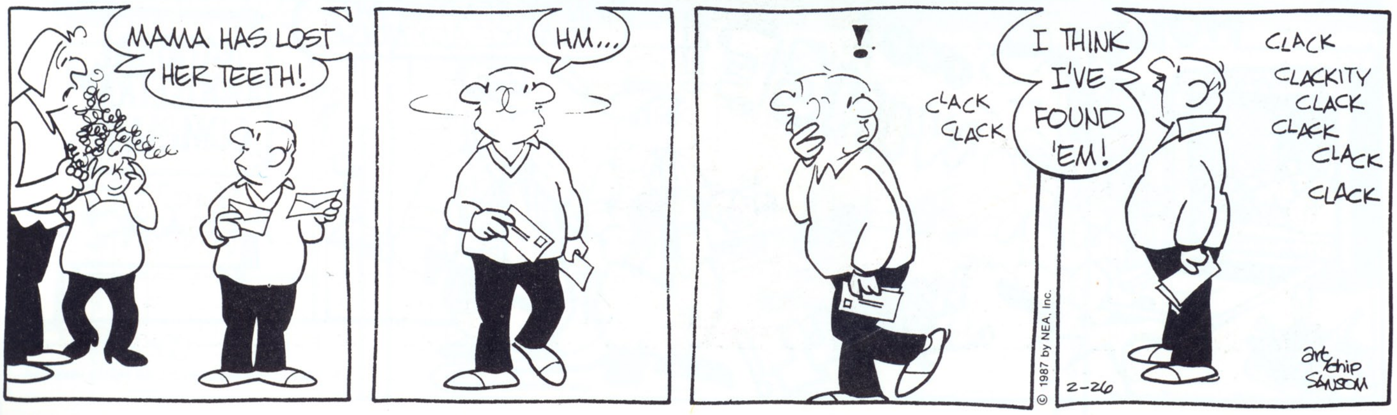
U.S. ACRES


PUT ME DOWN FOR A 9 A.M. WAKE-UP CALL, ROY
SURE THING, ORSON
© 1986 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
WOULD YOU LIKE BREAKFAST IN BED? SOME PANCAKES MAYBE?
THAT WOULD BE GREAT!
JIM DAVIS 1-8-87
AND SOME FRESH FLOWERS? AND YOUR PILLOW FLUFFED? AND YOUR TOES TICKLED?
I DON'T THINK HE'S TAKING ME SERIOUSLY

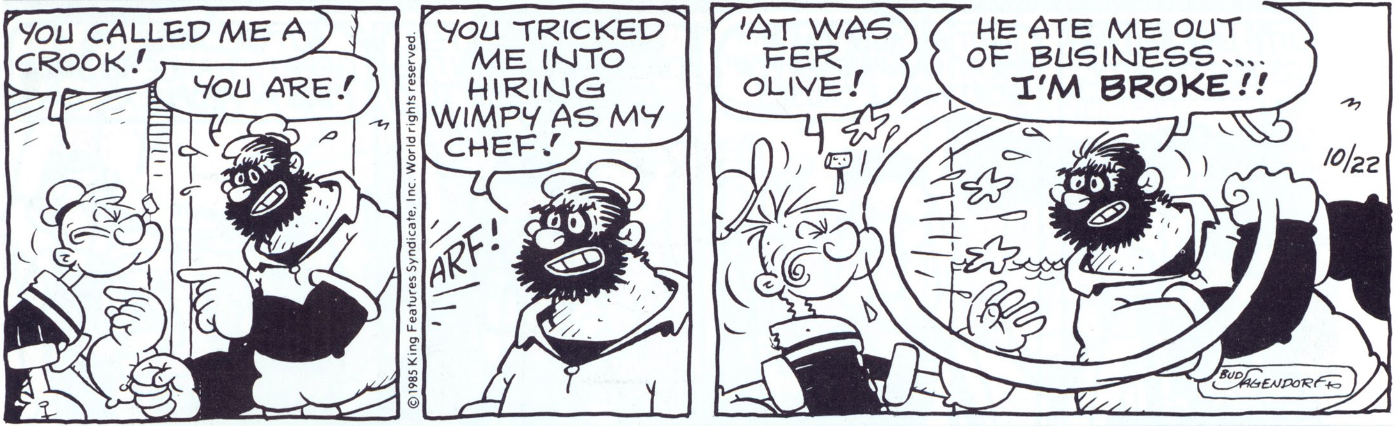
HAGAR THE HORRIBLE


I JUST CAN'T TRUST YOU TO KEEP A SECRET!!
© 1986 King Features Syndicate Inc. World rights reserved
YOU TOLD THE MEN WE'RE INVADING SCOTLAND, DIDN'T YOU?
DIK BROWNE 2-12

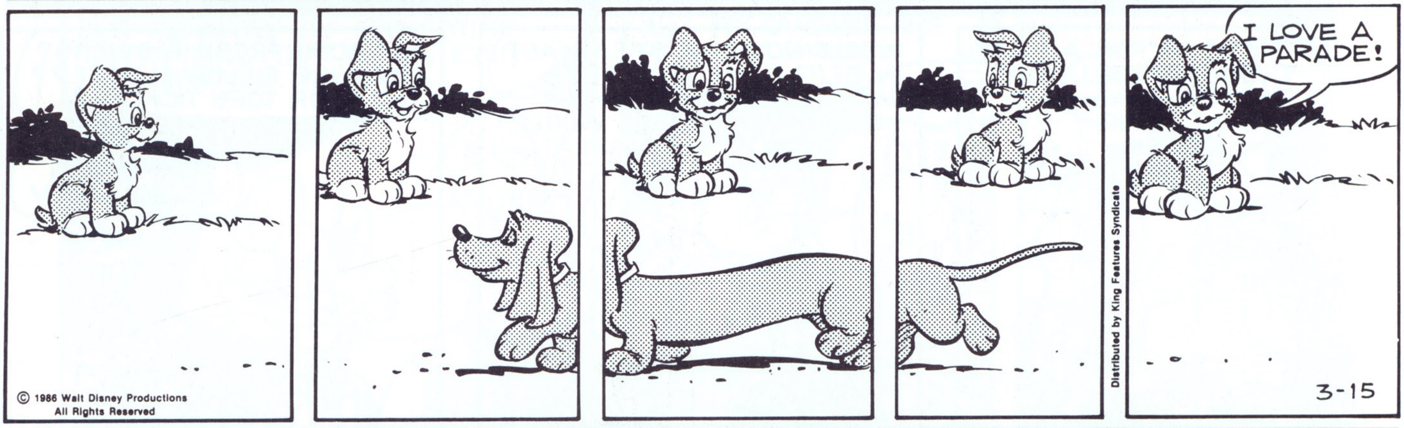
THE BORN LOSER


MAMA HAS LOST HER TEETH!
HM...
!
CLACK CLACK
I THINK I'VE FOUND 'EM!
CLACK
CLACKITY CLACK
CLACK
CLACK
CLACK
© 1987 by NEA, Inc.
2-26
art chip SANSOM

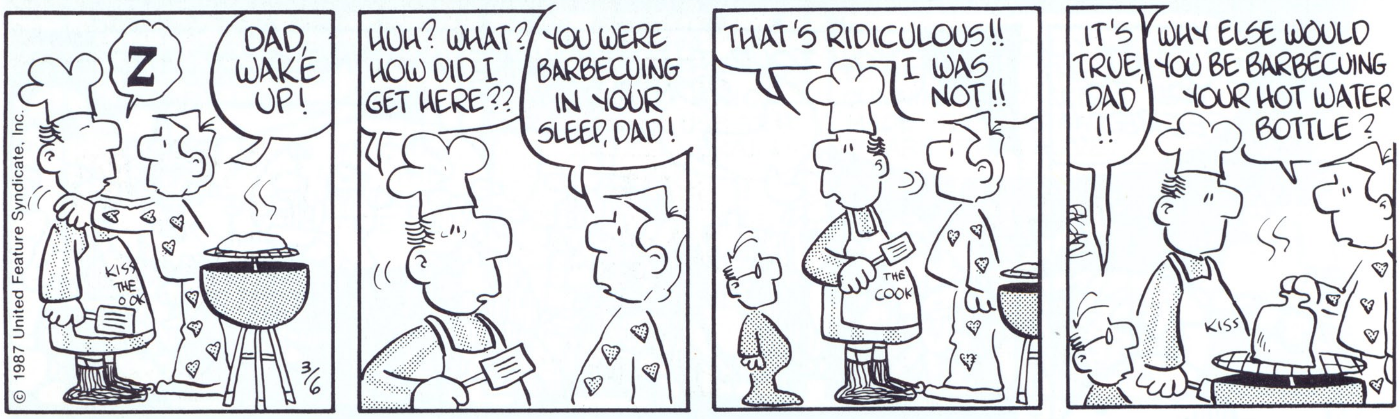
POPEYE THE SAILOR


YOU CALLED ME A CROOK!
YOU ARE!
©1985 King Features Syndicate, Inc. World rights reserved.
YOU TRICKED ME INTO HIRING WIMPY AS MY CHEF!
ARF!
'AT WAS FER OLIVE!
HE ATE ME OUT OF BUSINESS.... I'M BROKE!!
10/22
BUD SAGENDORF

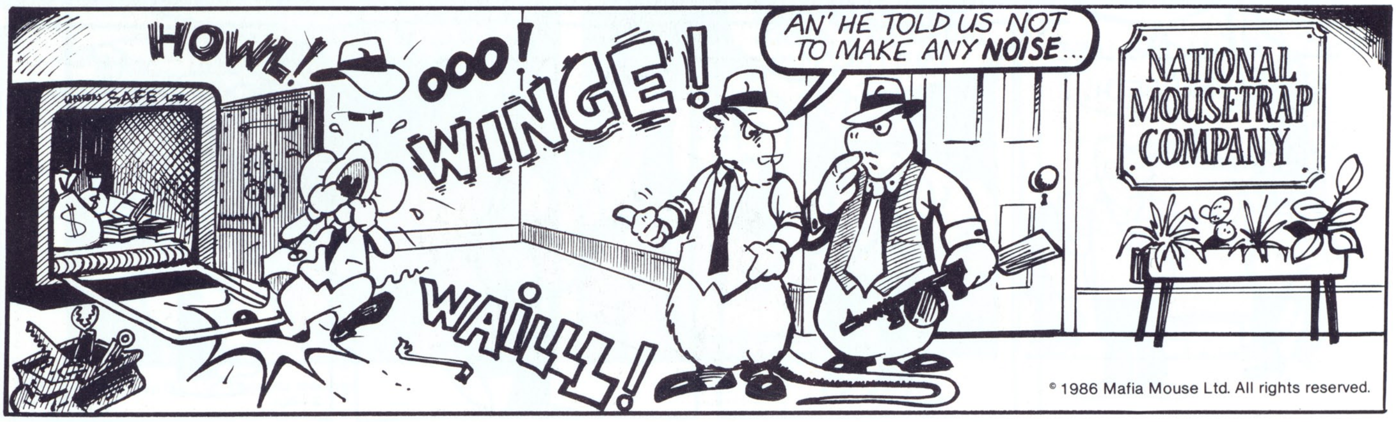
SCAMP


© 1986 Walt Disney Productions All Rights Reserved
Distributed by King Features Syndicate
I LOVE A PARADE!
3-15

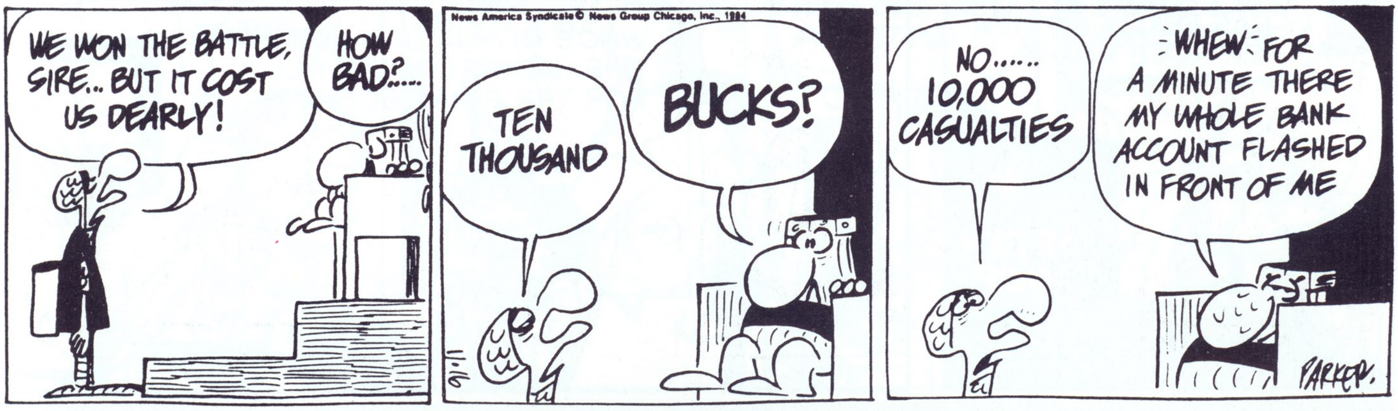
DRABBLE


© 1987 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
Z
DAD, WAKE UP!
KISS THE COOK
3/6
HUH? WHAT? HOW DID I GET HERE??
YOU WERE BARBECUING IN YOUR SLEEP, DAD!
THAT'S RIDICULOUS!! I WAS NOT!!
THE COOK
IT'S TRUE, DAD!!
WHY ELSE WOULD YOU BE BARBECUING YOUR HOT WATER BOTTLE?
KISS

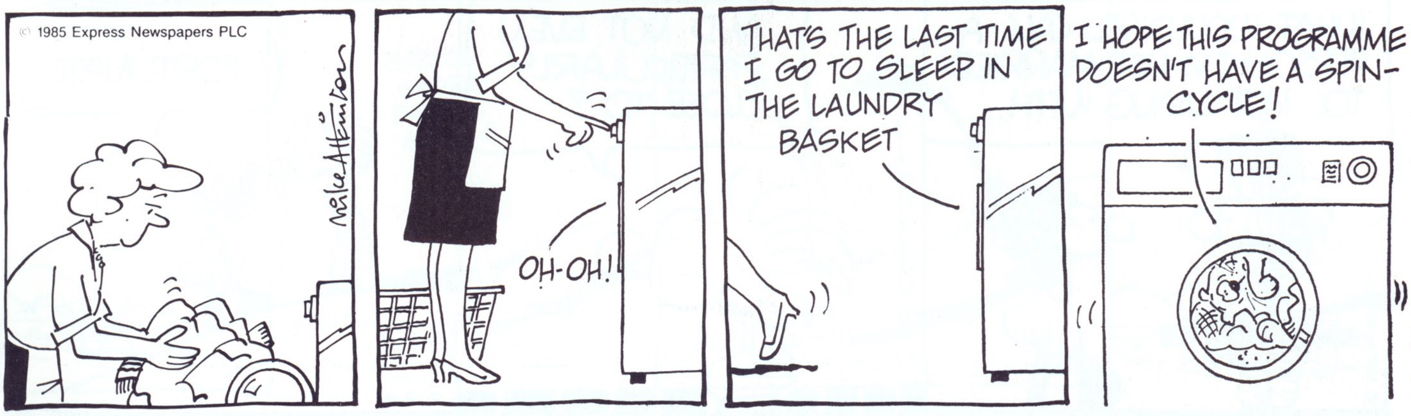
MAFIA MOUSE


HOWL!
OOO!
WINGE!
WAILL!
SAFE
AN' HE TOLD US NOT TO MAKE ANY NOISE...
NATIONAL MOUSETRAP COMPANY
© 1986 Mafia Mouse Ltd. All rights reserved.

WIZARD OF ID


WE WON THE BATTLE, SIRE... BUT IT COST US DEARLY!
HOW BAD?....
News America Syndicate © News Group Chicago, Inc., 1984
TEN THOUSAND
BUCKS?
NO..... 10,000 CASUALTIES
WHEW FOR A MINUTE THERE MY WHOLE BANK ACCOUNT FLASHED IN FRONT OF ME
PARKER

FAT CAT


© 1985 Express Newspapers PLC
Mike Atkinson
OH-OH!
THAT'S THE LAST TIME I GO TO SLEEP IN THE LAUNDRY BASKET
I HOPE THIS PROGRAMME DOESN'T HAVE A SPIN-CYCLE!

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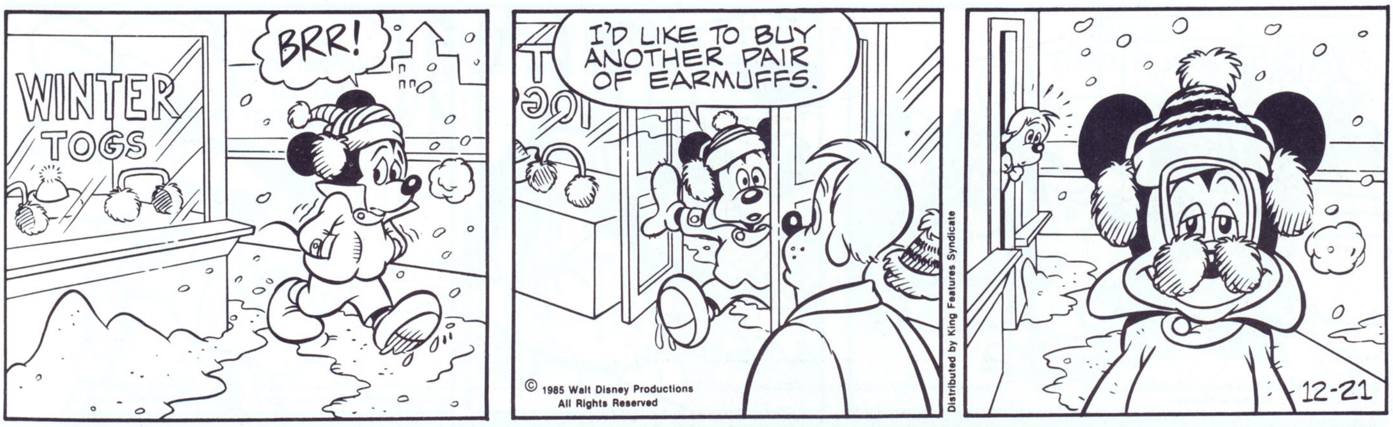
MICKEY MOUSE


WINTER TOGS
BRR!
I'D LIKE TO BUY ANOTHER PAIR OF EARMUFFS.
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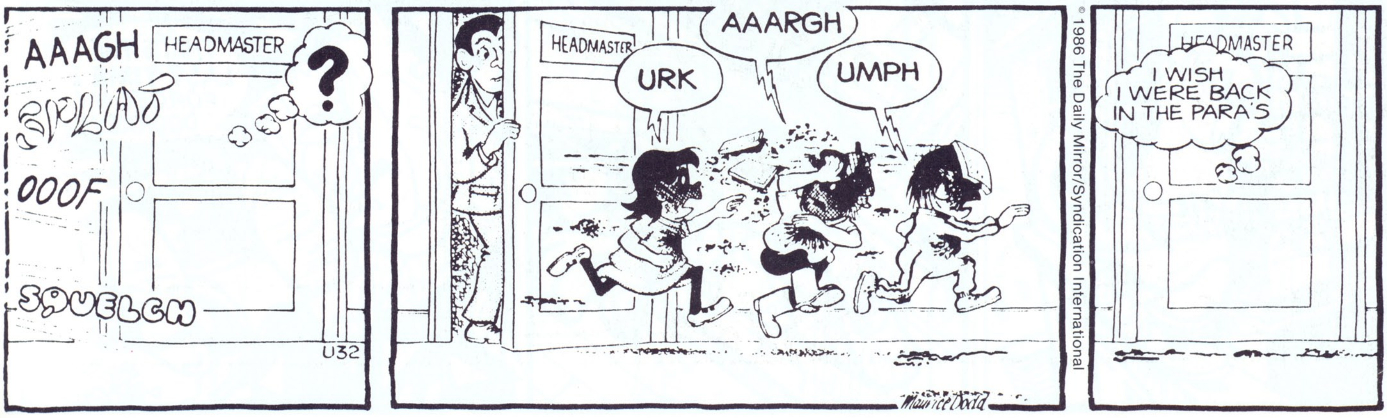
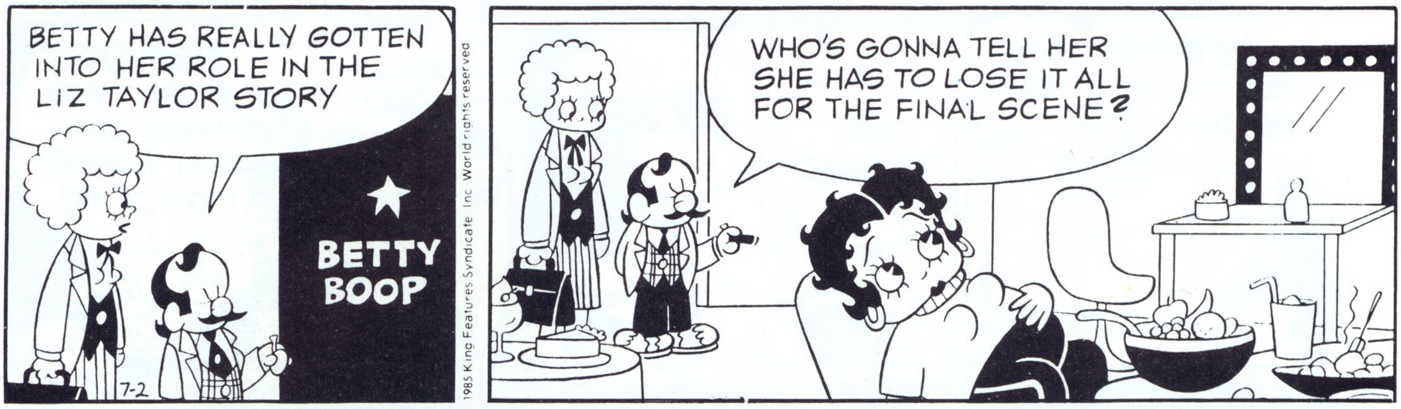
12-21

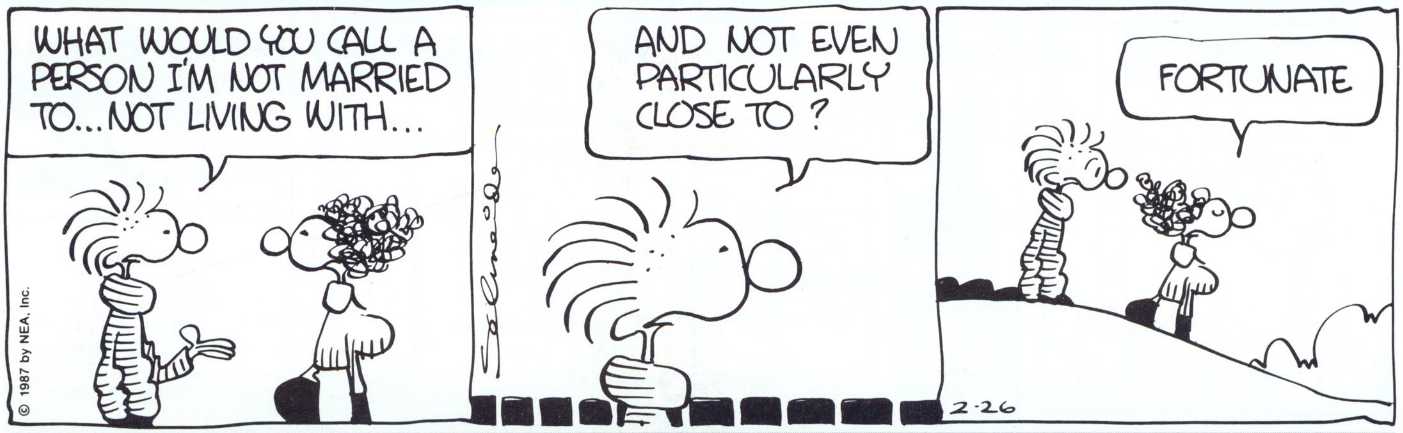
THE PERISHERS


AAAGH
HEADMASTER
?
SPLAT
OOOF
SQUELCH
U32
HEADMASTER
URK
AAARGH
UMPH
© 1986 The Daily Mirror/Syndication International
Maurice Dodd
HEADMASTER
I WISH I WERE BACK IN THE PARA'S

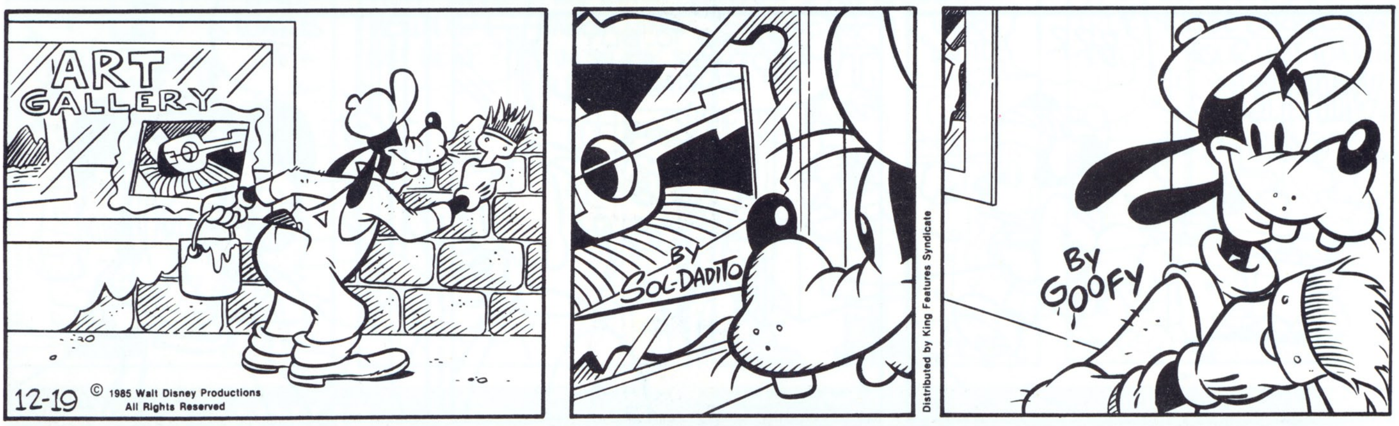
BETTY BOOP


BETTY HAS REALLY GOTTEN INTO HER ROLE IN THE LIZ TAYLOR STORY
BETTY BOOP
7-2
1985 King Features Syndicate Inc. World rights reserved
WHO'S GONNA TELL HER SHE HAS TO LOSE IT ALL FOR THE FINAL SCENE?

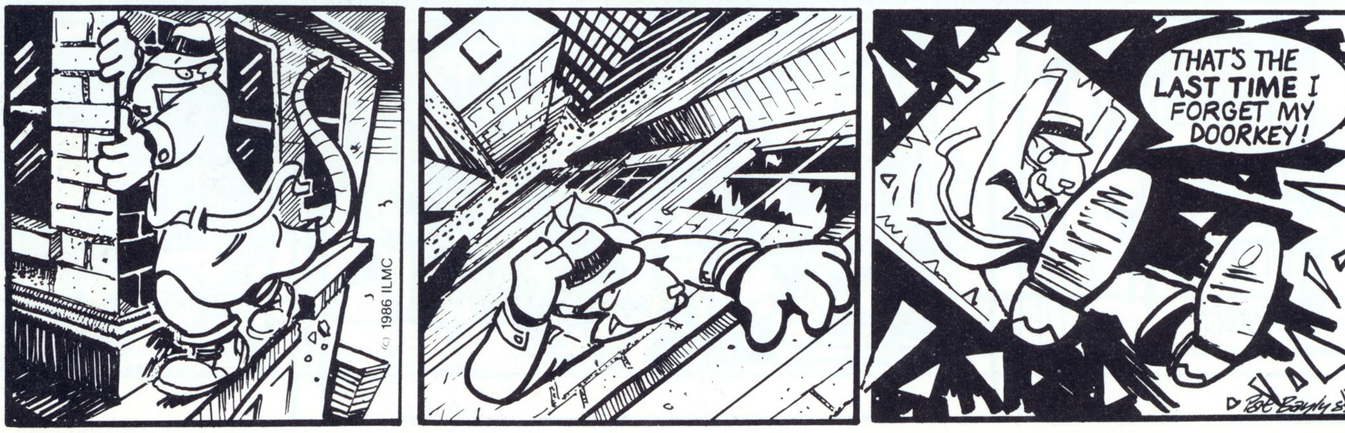
EEK & MEEK


WHAT WOULD YOU CALL A PERSON I'M NOT MARRIED TO...NOT LIVING WITH...
© 1987 by NEA, Inc.
AND NOT EVEN PARTICULARLY CLOSE TO?
FORTUNATE
2-26

GOOFY


ART GALLERY
12-19
© 1985 Walt Disney Productions All Rights Reserved
BY SOL-DADITO
Distributed by King Features Syndicate
BY GOOFY

RAT O' TAT


© 1986 ILMC
THAT'S THE LAST TIME I FORGET MY DOORKEY!

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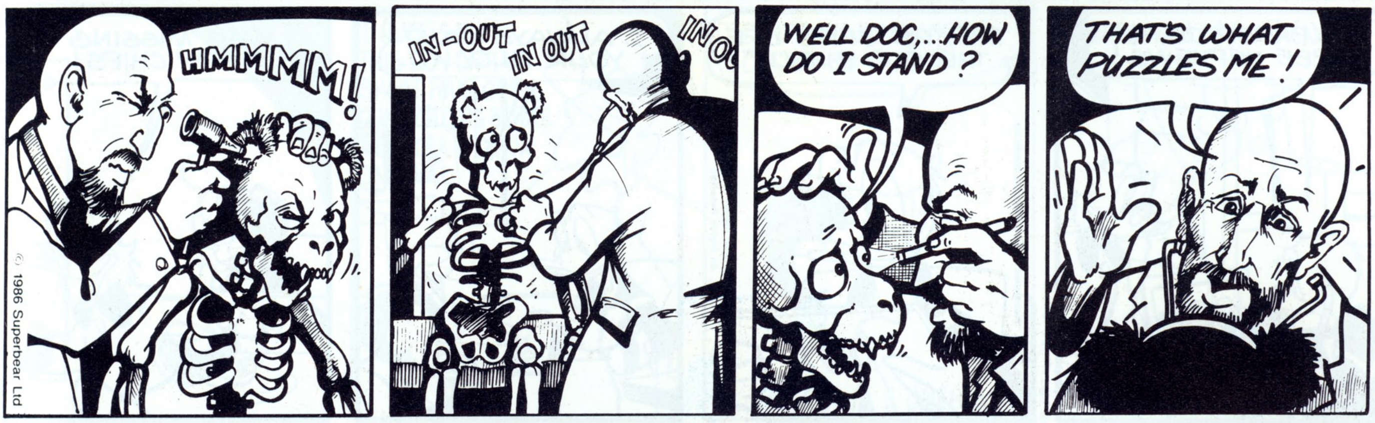
SCARE BEARS


HMMMM!
(c) 1986 Superbear Ltd
IN-OUT
IN OUT
IN OU
WELL DOC,...HOW DO I STAND?
THAT'S WHAT PUZZLES ME!

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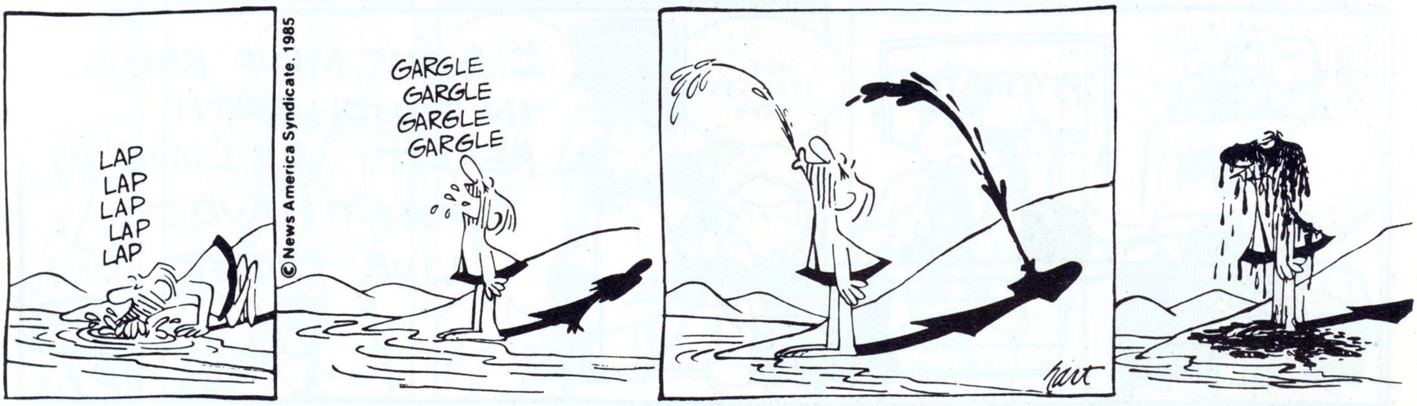
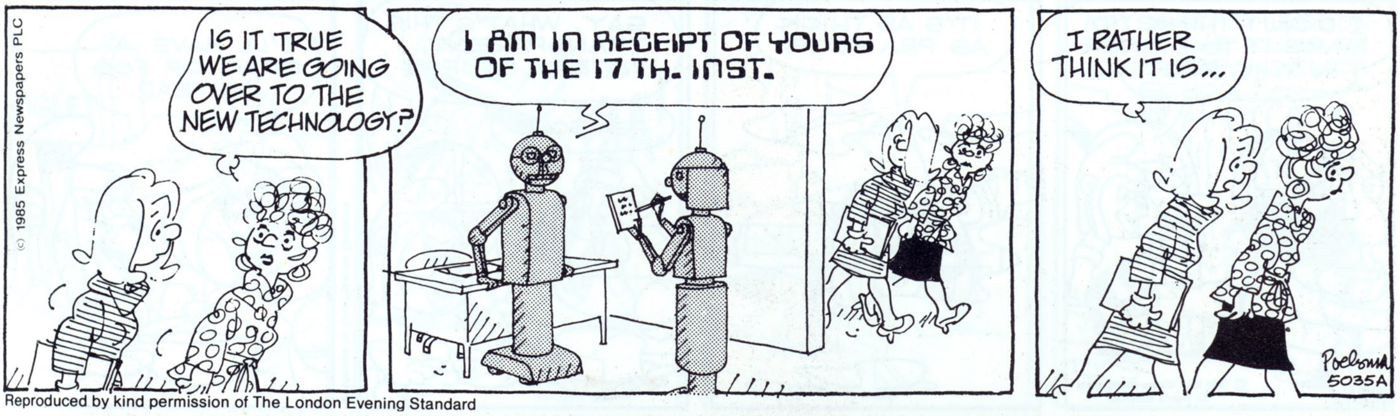
B.C


LAP
LAP
LAP
LAP
LAP
© News America Syndicate. 1985
GARGLE
GARGLE
GARGLE
GARGLE
hart

AUGUSTA


(c) 1985 Express Newspapers PLC
IS IT TRUE WE ARE GOING OVER TO THE NEW TECHNOLOGY?
I AM IN RECEIPT OF YOURS OF THE 17 TH. INST.
I RATHER THINK IT IS...
Poelsma
5035A

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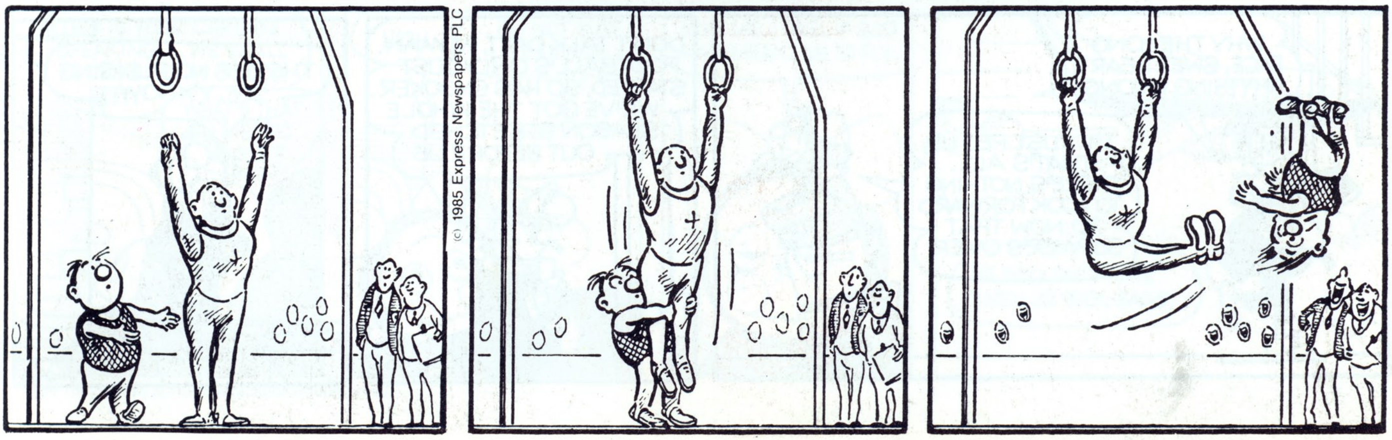
SPORTING SAM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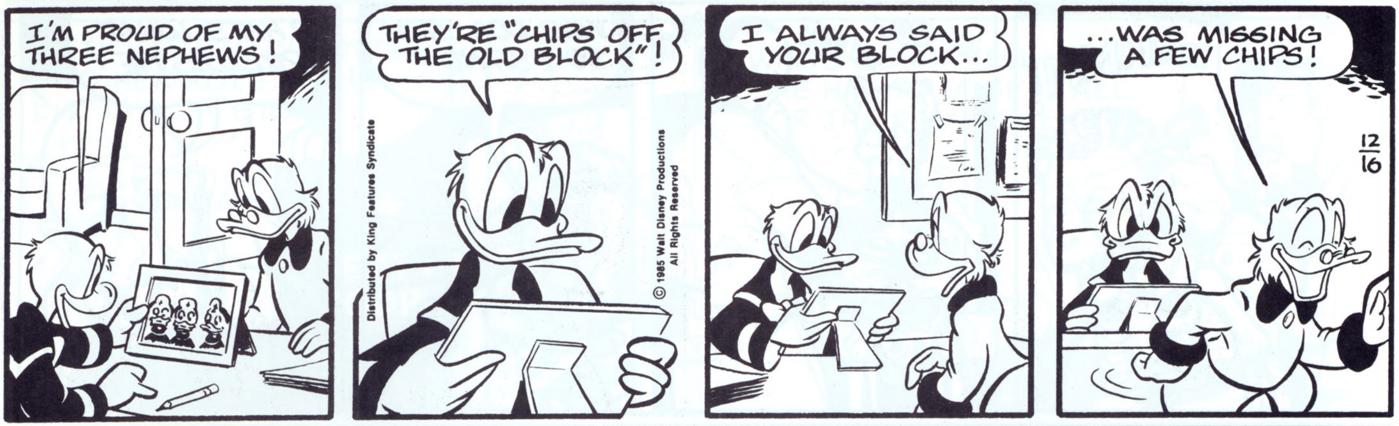
DONALD DUCK


I'M PROUD OF MY THREE NEPHEWS!
THEY'RE "CHIPS OFF THE OLD BLOCK"!
Distributed by King Features Syndicate
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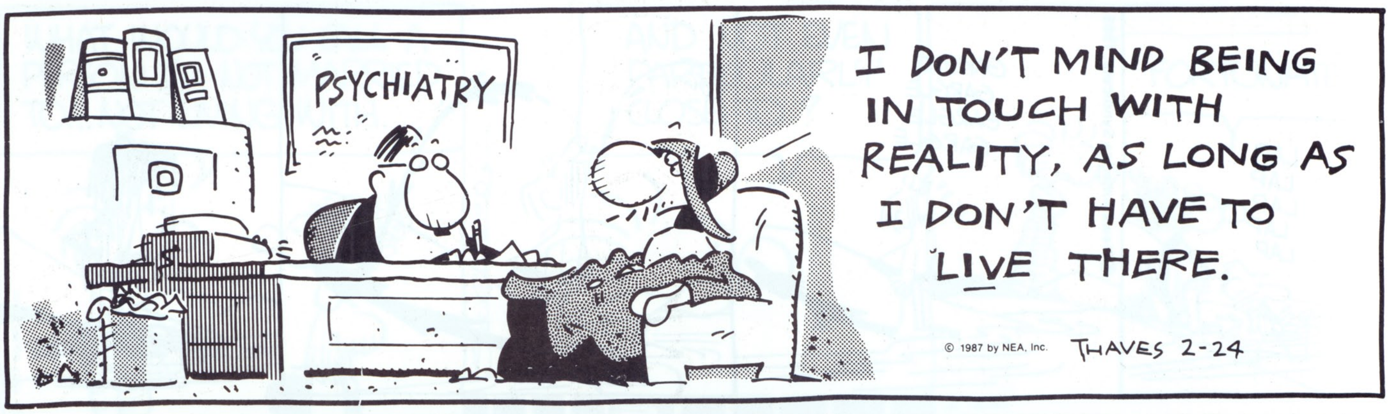
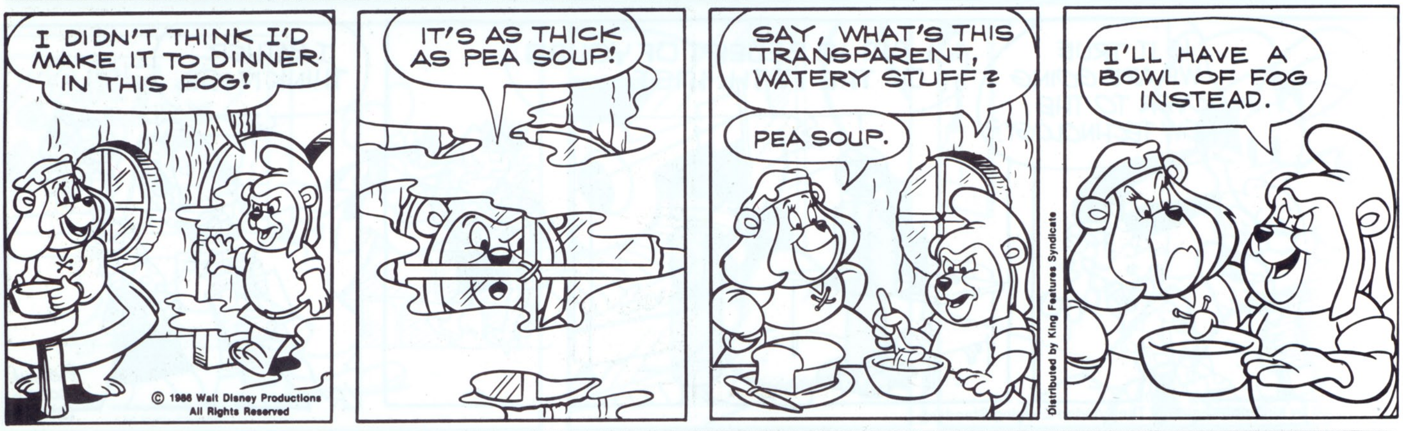
I ALWAYS SAID YOUR BLOCK...
...WAS MISSING A FEW CHIPS!
12/16

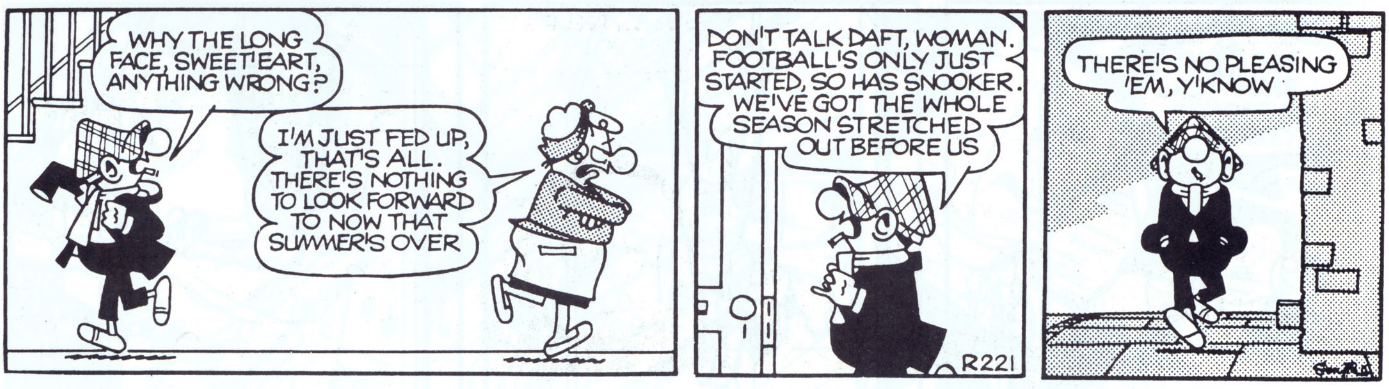
FRANK & ERNEST


PSYCHIATRY
I DON'T MIND BEING IN TOUCH WITH REALITY, AS LONG AS I DON'T HAVE TO LIVE THERE.
© 1987 by NEA, Inc.
THAVES 2-24

THE GUMMI BEARS


I DIDN'T THINK I'D MAKE IT TO DINNER IN THIS FOG!
© 1986 Walt Disney Productions All Rights Reserved
IT'S AS THICK AS PEA SOUP!
SAY, WHAT'S THIS TRANSPARENT, WATERY STUFF?
PEA SOUP.
Distributed by King Features Syndicate
I'LL HAVE A BOWL OF FOG INSTEAD.

ANDY CAPP


WHY THE LONG FACE, SWEET'EART, ANYTHING WRONG?
I'M JUST FED UP, THAT'S ALL. THERE'S NOTHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO NOW THAT SUMMER'S OVER
DON'T TALK DAFT, WOMAN. FOOTBALL'S ONLY JUST STARTED, SO HAS SNOOKER. WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE SEASON STRETCHED OUT BEFORE US
R221
THERE'S NO PLEASING 'EM, Y'KNOW

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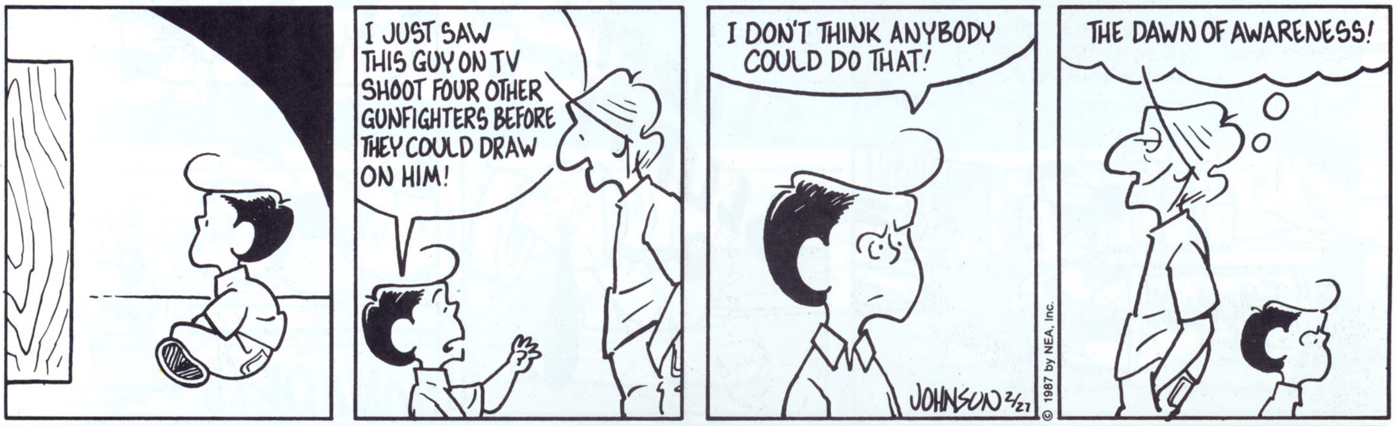
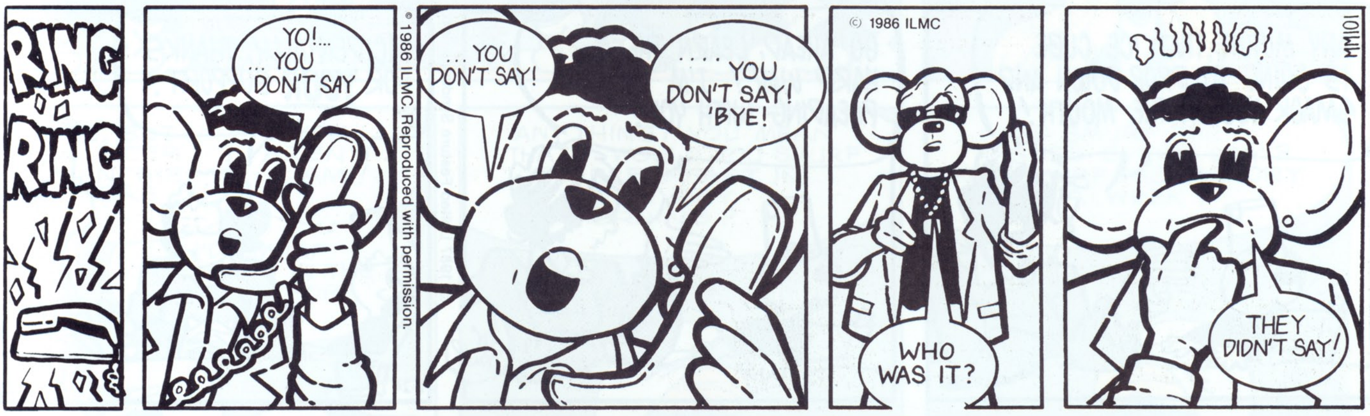
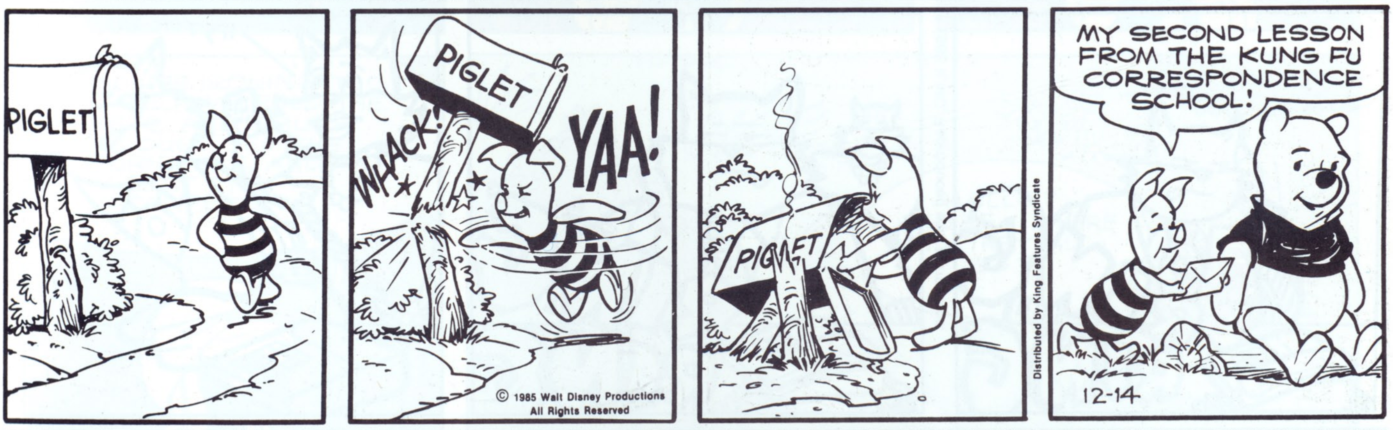
ARLO & JANIS


I JUST SAW THIS GUY ON TV SHOOT FOUR OTHER GUNFIGHTERS BEFORE THEY COULD DRAW ON HIM!
I DON'T THINK ANYBODY COULD DO THAT!
JOHNSON 2/27
© 1987 by NEA, Inc.
THE DAWN OF AWARENESS!

MIAMI MICE


RING RING
YO!... ...YOU DON'T SAY
© 1986 ILMC. Reproduced with permission.
...YOU DON'T SAY!
....YOU DON'T SAY! 'BYE!
© 1986 ILMC
WHO WAS IT?
DUNNO!
MM101
THEY DIDN'T SAY!

WINNIE THE POOH


PIGLET
PIGLET
WHACK!
YAA!
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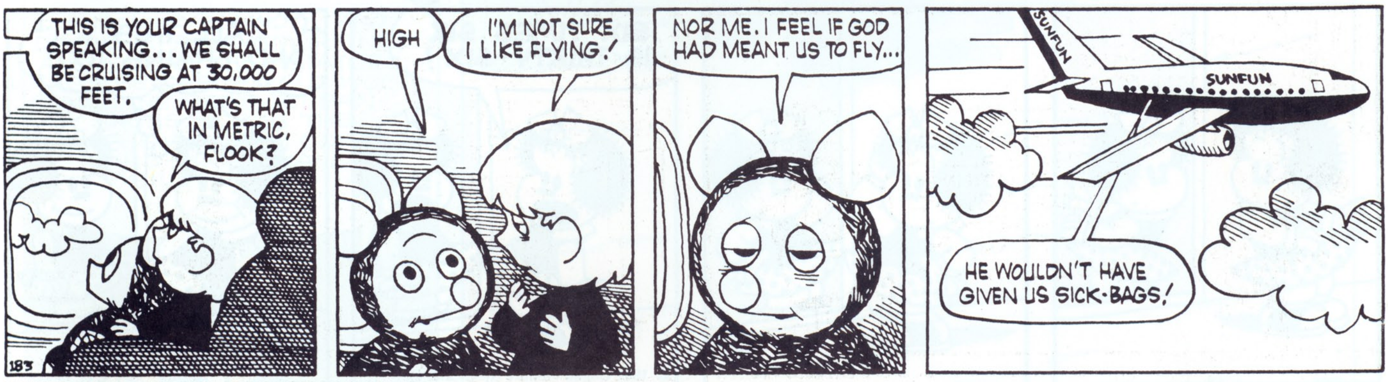
PIGLET
Distributed by King Features Syndicate
MY SECOND LESSON FROM THE KUNG FU CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL!
12-14

FLOOK


THIS IS YOUR CAPTAIN SPEAKING... WE SHALL BE CRUISING AT 30,000 FEET.
WHAT'S THAT IN METRIC, FLOOK?
183
HIGH
I'M NOT SURE I LIKE FLYING!
NOR ME. I FEEL IF GOD HAD MEANT US TO FLY...
SUNFUN
SUNFUN
HE WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN US SICK-BAGS!

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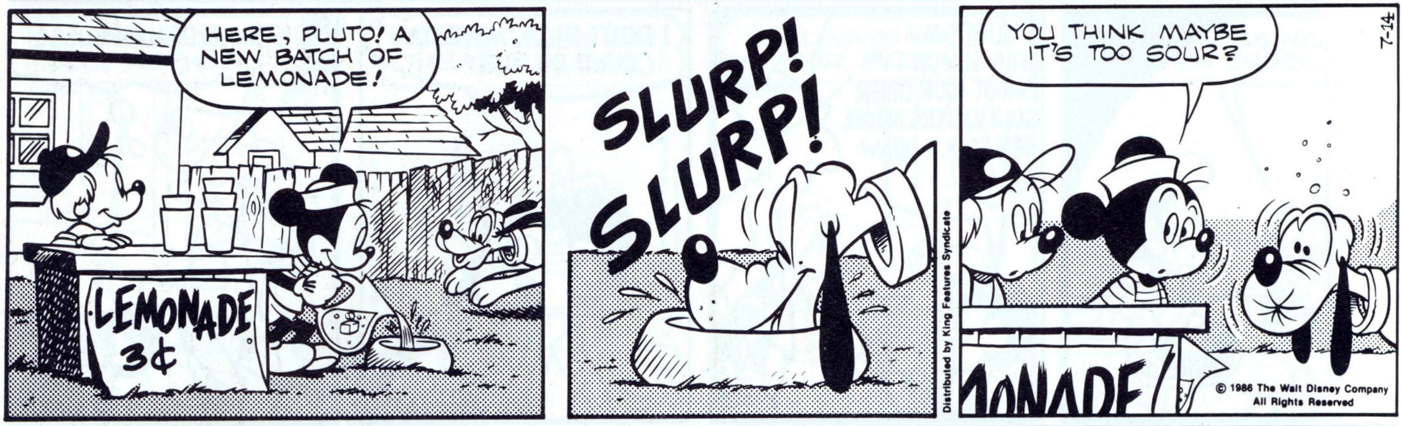
PLUTO


HERE, PLUTO! A NEW BATCH OF LEMONADE!
LEMONADE 3¢
SLURP! SLURP!
YOU THINK MAYBE IT'S TOO SOUR?
7-14
MONADE
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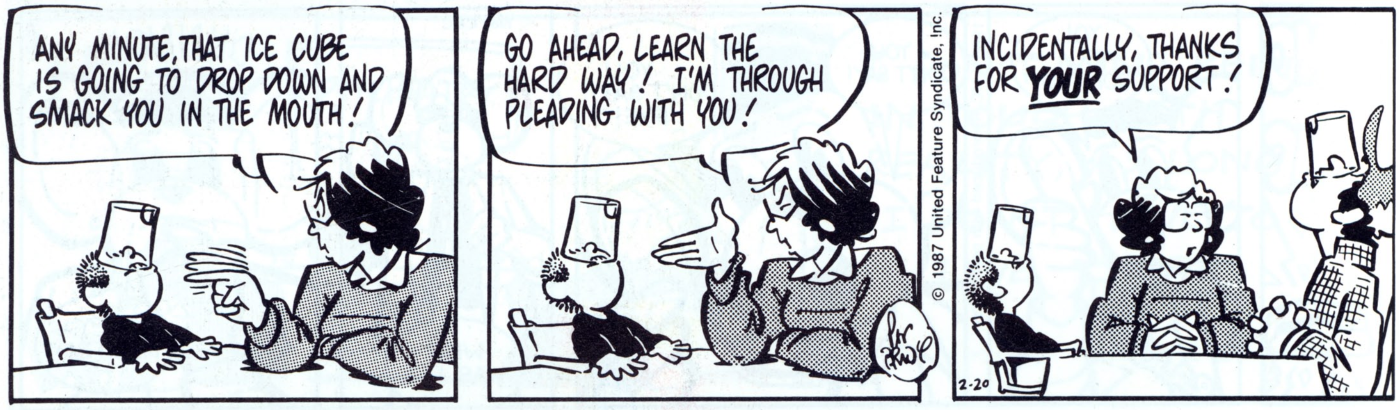
ROSE IS ROSE


ANY MINUTE, THAT ICE CUBE IS GOING TO DROP DOWN AND SMACK YOU IN THE MOUTH!
GO AHEAD, LEARN THE HARD WAY! I'M THROUGH PLEADING WITH YOU!
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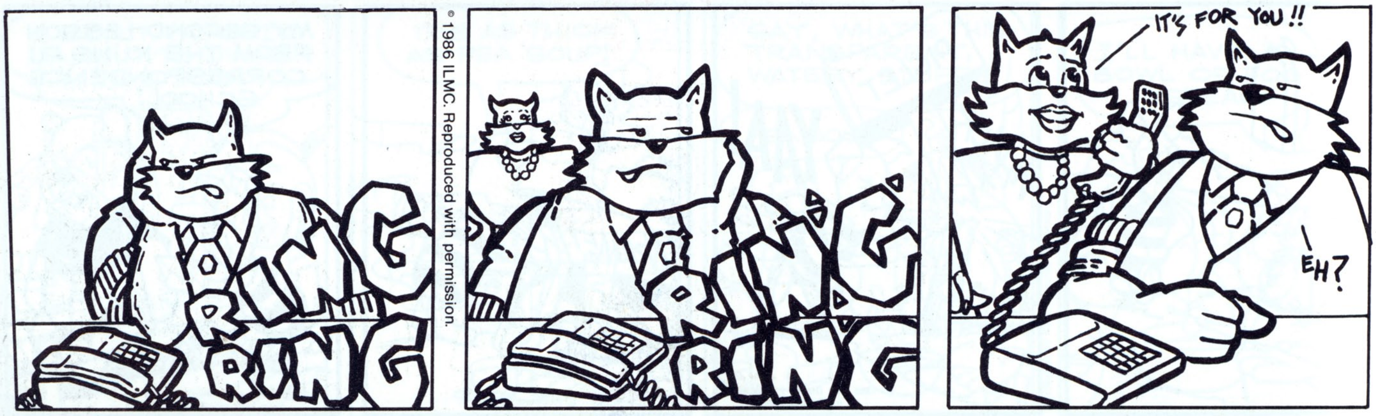
INCIDENTALLY, THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT!
2-20

THE OFFICE CATS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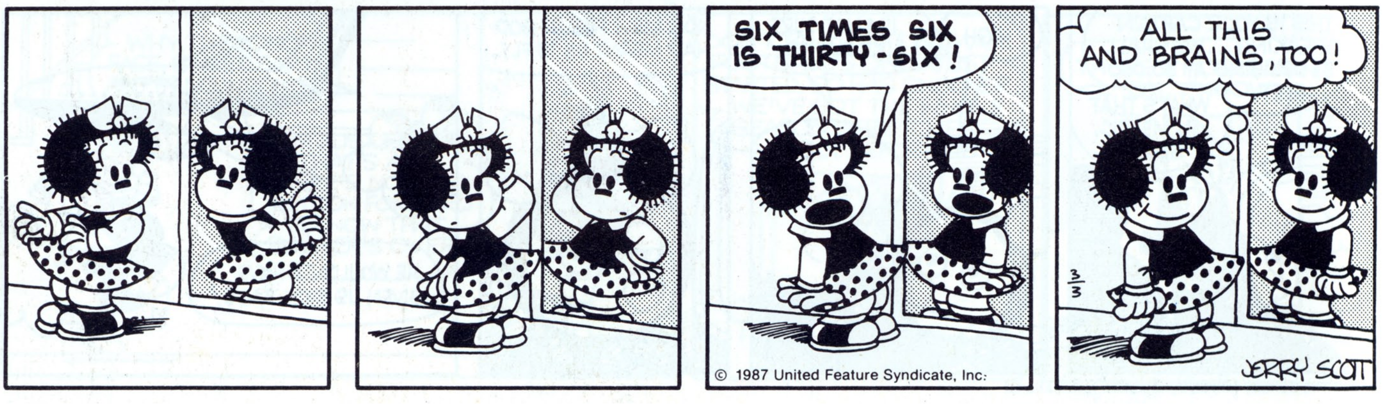
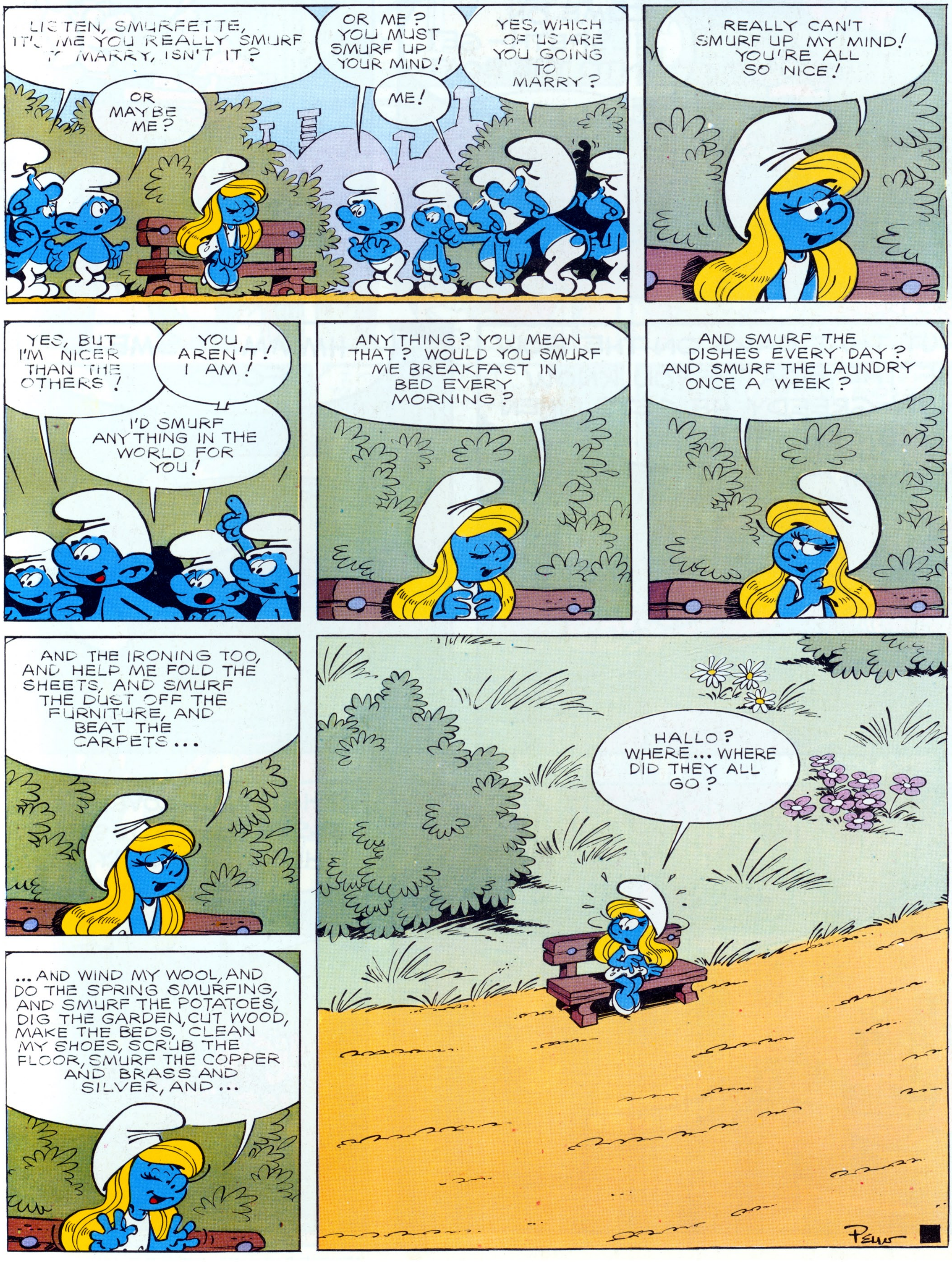
RING RING
RING RING
IT'S FOR YOU!!
EH?

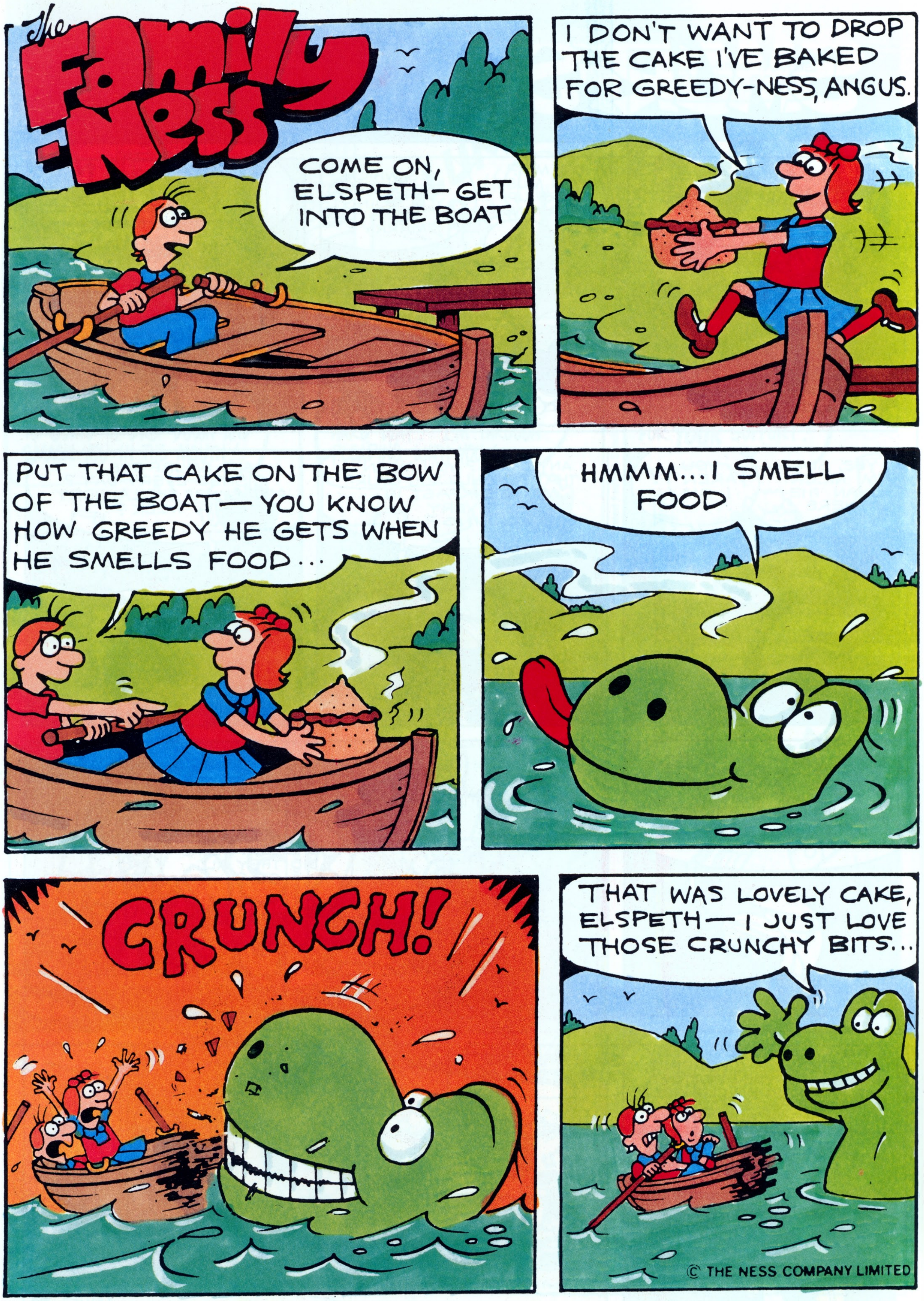
NANCY


SIX TIMES SIX IS THIRTY-SIX!
3/3
© 1987 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
ALL THIS AND BRAINS, TOO!
JERRY SCOTT

SMURFS

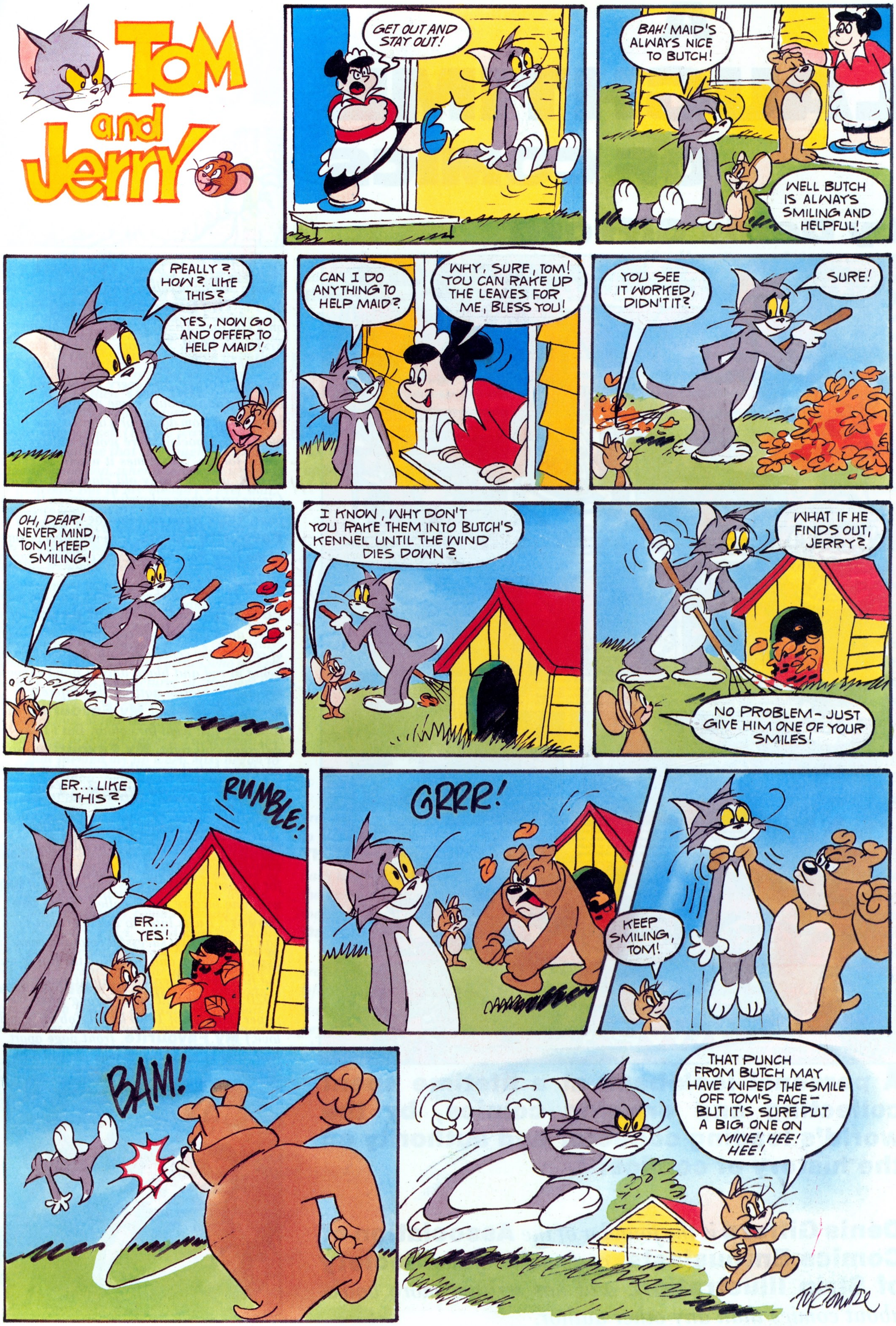
© Peyo


LISTEN, SMURFETTE, IT'S ME YOU REALLY SMURF TO MARRY, ISN'T IT?
OR MAYBE ME?
OR ME? YOU MUST SMURF UP YOUR MIND!
ME!
YES, WHICH OF US ARE YOU GOING TO MARRY?
I REALLY CAN'T SMURF UP MY MIND! YOU'RE ALL SO NICE!
YES, BUT I'M NICER THAN THE OTHERS!
YOU AREN'T! I AM!
I'D SMURF ANYTHING IN THE WORLD FOR YOU!
ANYTHING? YOU MEAN THAT? WOULD YOU SMURF ME BREAKFAST IN BED EVERY MORNING?
AND SMURF THE DISHES EVERY DAY? AND SMURF THE LAUNDRY ONCE A WEEK?
AND THE IRONING TOO, AND HELP ME FOLD THE SHEETS, AND SMURF THE DUST OFF THE FURNITURE, AND BEAT THE CARPETS...
...AND WIND MY WOOL, AND DO THE SPRING SMURFING, AND SMURF THE POTATOES, DIG THE GARDEN, CUT WOOD, MAKE THE BEDS, CLEAN MY SHOES, SCRUB THE FLOOR, SMURF THE COPPER AND BRASS AND SILVER, AND...
HALLO? WHERE... WHERE DID THEY ALL GO?


The Family-Ness
COME ON, ELSPETH—GET INTO THE BOAT
I DON'T WANT TO DROP THE CAKE I'VE BAKED FOR GREEDY-NESS, ANGUS.
PUT THAT CAKE ON THE BOW OF THE BOAT—YOU KNOW HOW GREEDY HE GETS WHEN HE SMELLS FOOD...
HMMM... I SMELL FOOD
CRUNCH!
THAT WAS LOVELY CAKE, ELSPETH—I JUST LOVE THOSE CRUNCHY BITS...

© THE NESS COMPANY LIMITED

TOM and JERRY


GET OUT AND STAY OUT!
BAH! MAID'S ALWAYS NICE TO BUTCH!
WELL BUTCH IS ALWAYS SMILING AND HELPFUL!
REALLY? HOW? LIKE THIS?
YES, NOW GO AND OFFER TO HELP MAID!
CAN I DO ANYTHING TO HELP MAID?
WHY, SURE, TOM! YOU CAN RAKE UP THE LEAVES FOR ME, BLESS YOU!
YOU SEE IT WORKED, DIDN'T IT?
SURE!
OH, DEAR! NEVER MIND, TOM! KEEP SMILING!
I KNOW, WHY DON'T YOU RAKE THEM INTO BUTCH'S KENNEL UNTIL THE WIND DIES DOWN?
WHAT IF HE FINDS OUT, JERRY?
NO PROBLEM – JUST GIVE HIM ONE OF YOUR SMILES!
ER... LIKE THIS?
RUMBLE!
ER... YES!
GRRR!
KEEP SMILING, TOM!
BAM!
THAT PUNCH FROM BUTCH MAY HAVE WIPED THE SMILE OFF TOM'S FACE – BUT IT'S SURE PUT A BIG ONE ON MINE! HEE! HEE!

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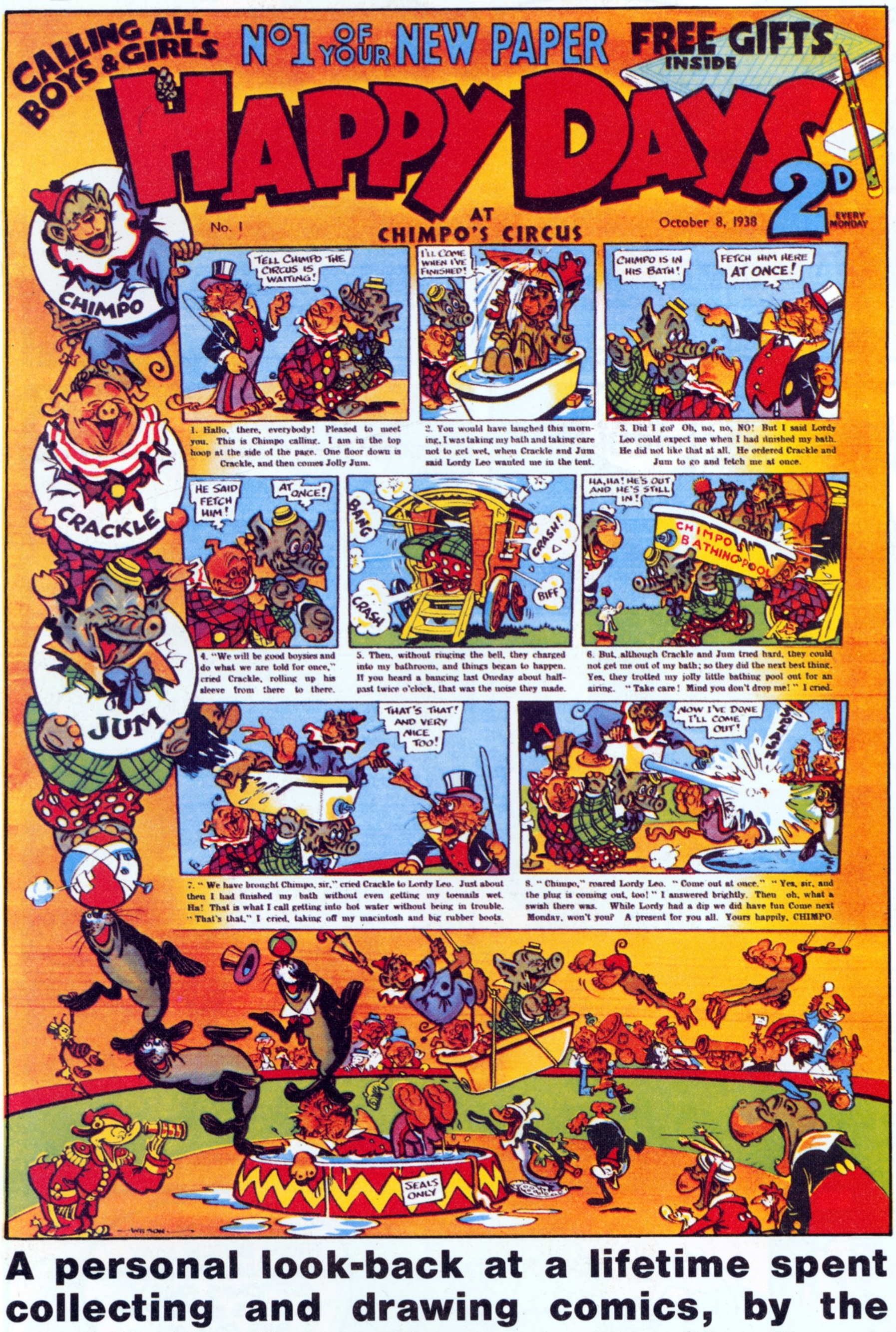
A LAUGHTIME OF COMICS

by Denis Gifford


CALLING ALL BOYS & GIRLS
No 1 OF YOUR NEW PAPER
FREE GIFTS INSIDE
HAPPY DAYS
2D
EVERY MONDAY
No. 1
AT CHIMPO'S CIRCUS
October 8, 1938
CHIMPO
CRACKLE
JUM
TELL CHIMPO THE CIRCUS IS WAITING!
I'LL COME WHEN I'VE FINISHED!
CHIMPO IS IN HIS BATH!
FETCH HIM HERE AT ONCE!
HE SAID FETCH HIM!
AT ONCE!
BANG
CRASH!
CRASH
BIFF
HA, HA! HE'S OUT AND HE'S STILL IN!
CHIMPO BATHING POOL
THAT'S THAT! AND VERY NICE TOO!
NOW I'VE DONE I'LL COME OUT!
SWISH
SEALS ONLY
WILSON

1. Hallo, there, everybody! Pleased to meet you. This is Chimpo calling. I am in the top hoop at the side of the page. One floor down is Crackle, and then comes Jolly Jum.

2. You would have laughed this morning, I was taking my bath and taking care not to get wet, when Crackle and Jum said Lordy Leo wanted me in the tent.

3. Did I go? Oh, no, no, NO! But I said Lordy Leo could expect me when I had finished my bath. He did not like that at all. He ordered Crackle and Jum to go and fetch me at once.

4. "We will be good boysies and do what we are told for once," cried Crackle, rolling up his sleeve from there to there.

5. Then, without ringing the bell, they charged into my bathroom, and things began to happen. If you heard a banging last Oneday about half-past twice o'clock, that was the noise they made.

6. But, although Crackle and Jum tried hard, they could not get me out of my bath; so they did the next best thing. Yes, they trotted my jolly little bathing pool out for an airing. "Take care! Mind you don't drop me!" I cried.

7. "We have brought Chimpo, sir," cried Crackle to Lordy Leo. Just about then I had finished my bath without even getting my toenails wet. Ha! That is what I call getting into hot water without being in trouble. "That's that," I cried, taking off my macintosh and big rubber boots.

8. "Chimpo," roared Lordy Leo. "Come out at once." "Yes, sir, and the plug is coming out, too!" I answered brightly. Then oh, what a swish there was. While Lordy had a dip we did have fun Come next Monday, won't you? A present for you all. Yours happily, CHIMPO.

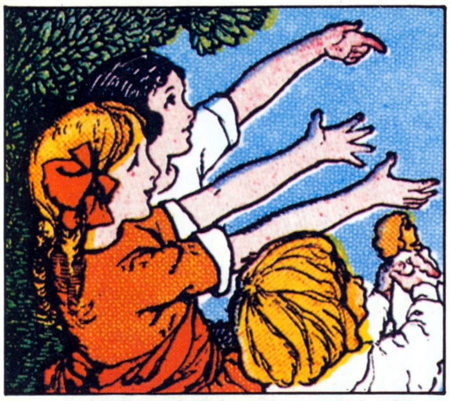
A personal look-back at a lifetime spent collecting and drawing comics, by the world's leading collector and authority on the history of comics.

Denis Gifford *is the founder of the* **Association of Comics Enthusiasts**, *co-founder of the* **Society of Strip Illustration**, *and has written more books about comics than any other author.*

Officially, comics began **162 years ago** *when a Scotsman called John Watson published No 1 of* **The Glasgow Looking-Glass** *on 11th June 1825. For me, they began one Friday in 1930, 57 years ago, and the publishing office was my Auntie Florrie's raincoat pocket! And every Friday from then on, my Auntie would come round to visit on her day-off from doing for a dentist, and in her mackintosh pocket there would always be a comic for me. Sometimes it would be called* **Puck**, *with the jolly old clowns of Jingles' Circus up to their colourful capers on the front page. Other times it would be called* **My Favourite Comic**, *with the cheery chums of the Jolly Rover up to their colourful capers on the front page.*

The key to these comics was the word **colourful**, *and also* **'front page'**, *for in those days colour was confined to the covers of comics, the centre-spreads and back pages being in red and black only. I don't suppose my Auntie Florrie noticed the difference between* **Puck** *and* **My Favourite**: *she probably just went for colour. But I knew the difference all right.* **My Favourite** *was anything but; if given the choice, then* **Puck** *would have been my favourite – if you see what I mean.*

The two comics had quite different characters, although superficially they were similar: twelve pages of pictures and stories for twopence. **Puck** *was a paper full of* **fun**, *with one picture serial called* **'Rob the Rover'**: *I was later to discover that Puck had been the first sucessful coloured comic (it began in 1904), and that 'Rob the Rover' was the first ever adventure strip (it started in 1920 and was still going strong when the paper shortage of 1940 killed Rob off in mid-love.)* **My Favourite**, *front page apart, had little to laugh at: it was packed with*



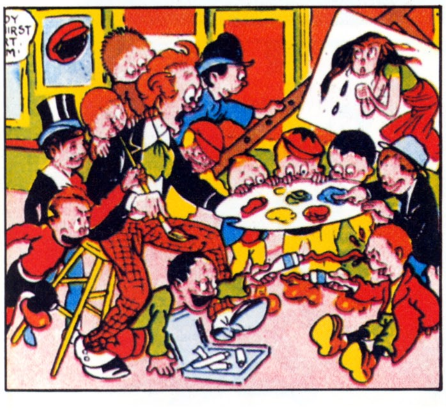
picture serials with heart-tugging titles like **'Freddie in Search of his Father'** *and* **'Poor Little Lone Girl'**.

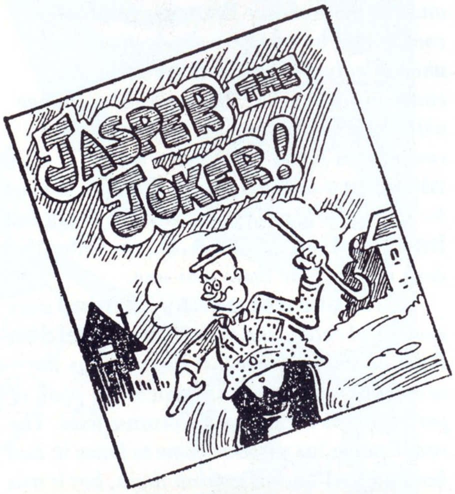
Auntie used to read me the stories, of course, and then one day she discovered that there were a couple of comics which puported to teach kidlets how to read for themselves. So every now and then **Tiny Tots** *and/or* **Chicks Own** *began to turn up in that famous mac pocket. (By the way, Auntie Florrie assures me that she bought me comics in the summer, too, when she wasn't wearing her raincoat! But in my memory's eye, that was where they always seemed to be stowed.)*

Tiny Tots *and* **Chicks' Own** *were a* **remarkable** *couple of comics. Perhaps I should spell that re-mark-a-ble, because every word in them was hy-phen-a-ted! This primitive system of education, with every syll-a-ble sundered by a dash, is much scored by modern educators, but I can assure them that us infants of the Thirties who picked our way through the pictures of 'Ru-pert the Chick-en' and 'Ti-ny and Tot' learned to read on comics long before the fatal age of five sent us scurrying to school. Indeed, I well recall the scorn that sneered my lip when Miss began to teach us syllabic reading on day one. As a graduate of the* **Chicks' Own** *school I had already moved on from the horrid hyphens and was a master of* **multisyllabic reading** *as exemplified by the* **Rainbow**.

Rainbow *was the* **best seller** *of all the comics I later came to know by the trade term of 'nursery comics'. It had started on 14 February 1914, a bad year for adults but a good one for children. For* **Rainbow** *was the first comic to be actually* **created with children in mind**. *All previous comics, even* **Puck**, *had started as adult publications and gradually lowered their sights.*

On the front page of **Rainbow** *there appeared a remarkable gang of animals, known as* **'Tiger Tim and the Bruin Boys'**. *This jolly throng were already well established when* **Rainbow** *began. In fact, I was constantly being surprised during the early years of my research into comic origins, just how frequently and far back Tiger Tim and his pals' appearances went. They turned up in* **My Magazine**, *and its predecessor, Arthur Mee's famous part-work,* **The Children's Encyclopedia**. *They turned up in* **Playbox Annual**, *and in its predecessor,* **The Playbox**, *a supplement to a sumptuous monthly magazine entitled* **The World and his Wife**. *That went back to 1905, and then, lo and behold, there they were a year earlier than that, making their debut as a children's strip cartoon in the* **Daily Mirror!**




JASPER THE JOKER!

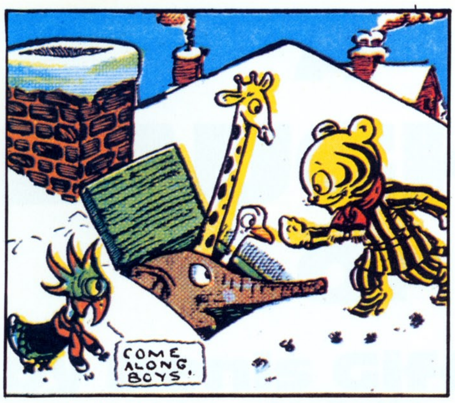
Tiger Tim's original artist, who bore the grand name of Julius Stafford Baker, had long left Mrs Bruin and her Kindergarten when I started reading the strip. I came in during the heyday of H.S.F., an artist whose initials always graced the last picture, and which stood for, I later discovered when he took over Teddy Tail of the **Daily Mirror**, *Herbert S. Foxwell. Foxwell was the king of the nursery comic artists, and his decorative style, adapted from the tradition of children's book illustration, was especially brilliant when he had a special front page to draw. The snow-bedecked Christmas Numbers, for instance, and the Grand Easter Numbers with hot cross buns aplenty and* **eggs galore**.

Rainbow *had the highest circulation of any nursery comic. It is said to have touched a* **million**, *especially when it leaked out that a copy went to* **Buckingham Palace** *every week, tucked into* **The Times!** *Parents liked to think that the little princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, were laughing at Tiger Tim & Co, and I must say that I rather enjoy the thought that Her Majesty and I have something in common, even if it is only Mrs Bruin. But I suspect that they enjoyed reading* **Playbox** *more. Not the original* **Paybox** *supplement of 1905, of course. Rather the comic that bore its title and ran from 1925 to 1955. This one didn't feature 'Tiger Tim and the Bruin Boys'; instead, it ran the adventures of* **'Tiger Tilly and the Hippo Girls'**, *a twin-set of doppelgangers who wore* **bows** *and* **ankle-socks!**

Sadly, Tiger Tim and Tiger Tilly are with us no more. Tim and chums were transferred to **Tiny Tots** *when* **Rainbow** *finally faded in 1956. Then* **Tiny Tots** *(which had long lost its hyphens) was combined with* **Playhour** *in 1959, and finally Tim and pals were* **pensioned off** *in 1985. At the age of 81 they were the oldest comic animals in the business.*

Meanwhile, back at the boyhood of yours truly the **comic collector**, *there came one fateful Friday when Auntie Florrie*

▶


COME ALONG, BOYS.

arrived – but her pocket was bare! She hadn't had time, it seemed, to buy my comic, so here was twopence, would her lickle nephew like to pop down to the paper shop and buy a comic for himself! Would he? **Coo, not half!**

And so the wide wonderland of comics opened up to me for the first time. Clutching two big hot pennies in a little hot hand, I ran down the road to the corner shop. "A comic, please!" I cried. "Which one?" said the lady. I paused to consider: **Puck? My Favourite**, *which wasn't?* **Chicks' Own** *or* **Tiny Tots?** *I didn't feel hyphenated, so it looked like being* **Puck**. *While I hummed and hawed, the lady waved a hand towards a pile of papers on the counter. "Have a look for yourself", she said. I had a look. There were the titles I knew, but what was this?* **Sunbeam?** *I had never seen that comic before.* **Bubbles?? Tiger Tim's Weekly??? Crackers????** *As I leafed through the pile,* **more and more titles hitherto undreamed of came to light**.

And then came the biggest surprise of all. **Penny comics!** *Penny comics – I could buy two penny comics for twopence! What did it matter that they weren't printed in colours like the* **Rainbow** *– they were printed on coloured paper, weren't they? Colour faded from importance: all that mattered was that* **I could buy two comics instead of one**. *Picking out a pink paper* **Chips** *and a blue paper* **Jester** *I rushed back home in triumph, curling up in an armchair, scarcely knowing where to begin.*

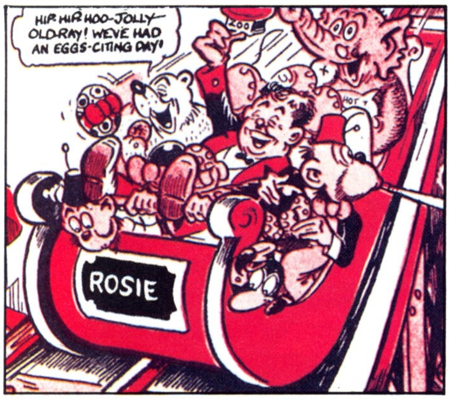
And so I stumbled upon the secret of **successful** *comic publishing, although it was some years before I could analyse it for myself. All through the history of children's comics there have been two distinct strands of publication. Comics that appeal to adults so that they will buy them for children – my auntie/nephew syndrome – and comics that appeal directly to children so that they will buy them for themselves. At the upper extremes of this publishing policy you have Arthur Mee and his* **Children's Newspaper** *– was it ever bought by a child? – and in more recent times,* **Look and Learn**, *both perfect examples of the kind of paper parents want their offspring to read. At the lower end you have the old penny* **Comic Cuts**, *slapstick and action* **exploding** *all over the page, and the more recent* **Beano**, *constantly confiscated by teachers at playtime, and undoubtedly* **chuckled over** *in the common-room later. Although titles change with the passing years, a perfect modern comparison might be the* **nursery niceness** *of* **The Care Bears**, *a must for any up-to-date Auntie, and the* **ugly** *but* **imaginative 2000 A.D.**, *an under-the-desk read if ever there was one.*

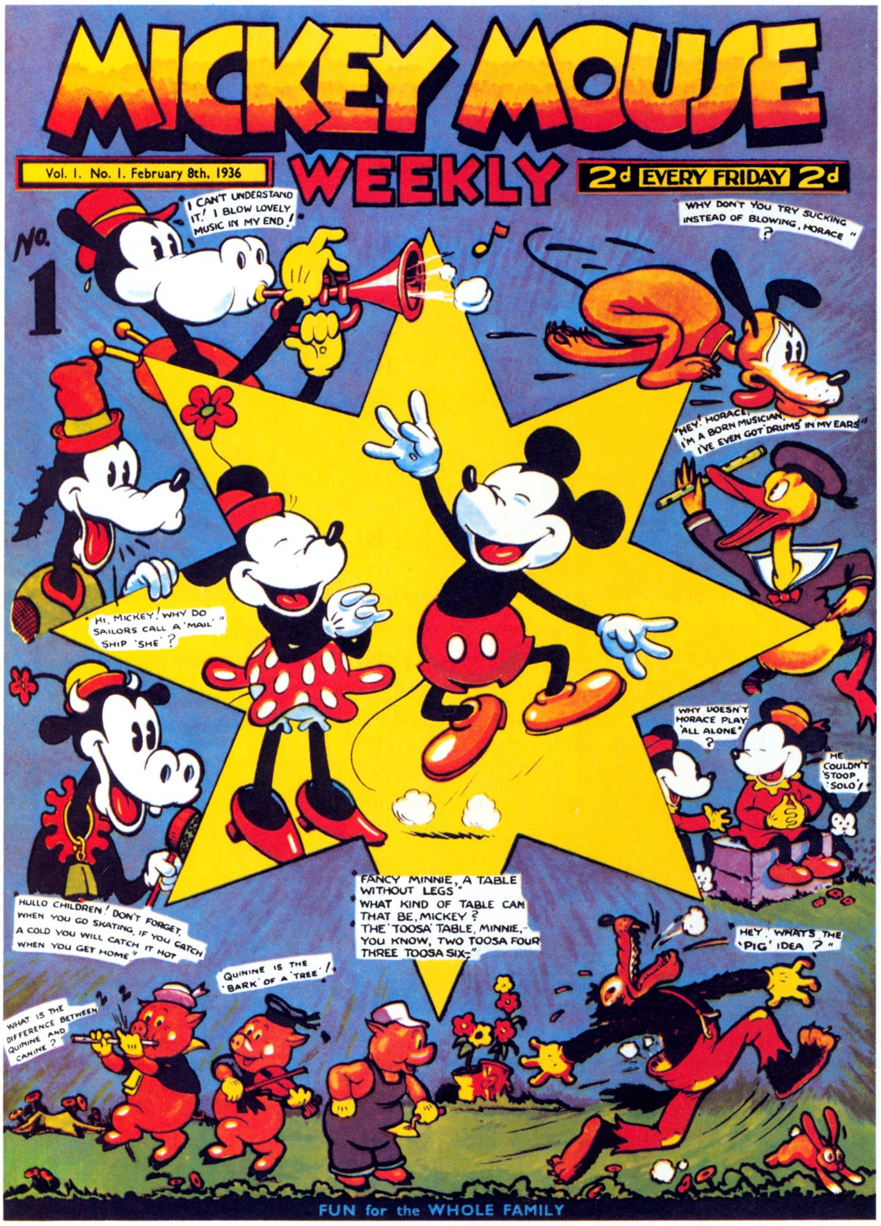
The **prewar penny comics** *were wonderful value, and represented a* **Golden Age** *of slapstick art just as surely as the twopenny nursery comics reached a peak of perfection in their own decorative field. The comic paper, as we have come to know it, had been around since Victorian times, but it was during the* **Thirties** *that the Golden Age* **truly dawned**. *Paper was of a high quality, and the craft of the tint-layers reached a peak of highly-coloured perfection. The editors, the staff, the authors and artists, had all grown up with the business, building upon the work of the pioneers, gradually improving on styles and standards that had been laid down decades earlier. They were* **proud** *of their comic papers, and* **deservedly so**. *And when the Thirties came to a sudden stop with the declaration of World War II, so did the Golden Age of Comics. Thanks to the paper shortage, inflation, changes in printing techniques, and changes in taste,* **we were never to see the like of such comics again**.

What a decade it was for a comic-crazed kid to live through! As if the excitement of discovering all the different comics was not enough, there was always the extra excitement of a brand new comic coming out! Sometimes a new comic would be advertised in Dad's **Daily Express** *– No. 1 of* **Jingles** *with a* **Grand Free Bar of Toffee!** *Sometimes a new comic would be announced in the* **Radio Times** *– No. 1 of* **Radio Fun** *with a* **Grand Free Dartboard and Dart!** *What a terrific comic this was, especially for a keen radio buff (and who wasn't, in those pre-telly days?). Imagine being able to see the top wireless comedian,* **Big Hearted Arthur Askey**, *hitherto only a voice in the air, in a comic every week – especially when he was drawn so brilliantly by one of my favourite cartoonists, Reg Parlett. Of course, I didn't know his name then (artists weren't allowed to sign their strips in those days), but I am happy to report that Mr Parlett is still drawing four or five pages of comics a week, well over eighty and his penwork still going strong.*

Another great Number One of the Thirties was **Mickey Mouse Weekly**, *an ad for which had me rushing to the newsagents, twopence in hand. It was even more exciting than the ad in dad's paper: it was a* **skyburst** *of colour of a kind never before seen in a comic. I later learned this was a new printing process called photogravure. Of course, I knew* **Mickey, Minnie, Goofy and Gang** *from my occasional treats to the Trocadero cinema, but to have them every week in blazing colour! It was as exciting and as impactful as the first issue of*

LOUD CHEERS


HIP-HIP HOO-JOLLY OLD-RAY! WE'VE HAD AN EGGS-CITING DAY!
ZOO
HOT
ROSIE


MICKEY MOUSE
Vol. 1. No. 1. February 8th, 1936
WEEKLY
2d EVERY FRIDAY 2d
No. 1
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! I BLOW LOVELY MUSIC IN MY END!
WHY DON'T YOU TRY SUCKING INSTEAD OF BLOWING, HORACE?
HEY! HORACE, I'M A BORN MUSICIAN, I'VE EVEN GOT 'DRUMS' IN MY EARS
HI, MICKEY! WHY DO SAILORS CALL A 'MAIL' SHIP 'SHE'?
WHY DOESN'T HORACE PLAY 'ALL ALONE'?
HE COULDN'T 'STOOP' 'SOLO'!
FANCY MINNIE, A TABLE WITHOUT LEGS. WHAT KIND OF TABLE CAN THAT BE, MICKEY? THE 'TOOSA' TABLE, MINNIE, YOU KNOW, TWO TOOSA FOUR THREE TOOSA SIX.
HULLO CHILDREN! DON'T FORGET, WHEN YOU GO SKATING, IF YOU CATCH A COLD YOU WILL CATCH IT HOT WHEN YOU GET HOME
QUININE IS THE 'BARK' OF A 'TREE'!
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN QUININE AND CANINE?
HEY, WHAT'S THE 'PIG' IDEA?
FUN for the WHOLE FAMILY

Eagle *on a later generation, when postwar comics, thin little things on low quality paper, were suddenly shattered by the big new photogravure comic starring '***Dan Dare – Pilot of the Future***'. I was a bit too old to enjoy that impact, but I still recall the thrill when, hard on the trail of* **Mickey Mouse Weekly***, the rival Amalgamated Press brought out No. 1 of their first photogravure comic.* **Happy Days** *it was called, and it certainly was an apt title, summing up the Golden Age of Comics. The cover, '***Chimpo's Circus***', was Roy Wilson's masterpiece. Wilson, the king of all comic artists, finally came out of the closet with these covers: they were so superb that the publishers actually allowed him to sign his name. This was a first, and a discovery that determined me to find out the names of all those unsung artists who for over a century have created a world of well-drawn laughter that must have delighted millions, perhaps* **billions***, of children. They were identified publicly for the first time when the results of my long researches were published as* **The British Comic Catalogue** *– and there will be many more newly-discovered names in the new edition. The Thirties ended with innovation: from Dundee came No. 1 of* **The Dandy***, which this year will celebrate its half-century as Britain's longest lived comic. Hot in its heels will be* **Beano***, which began a few months later. My professional career began with them: I took over several of their characters whilst still at school: drawing comics was more fun than homework! As to* **why** *I collect comics and how I started, questions I am often asked on radio and television, the answer is* **simple***. I never knew you were supposed to throw them away!*

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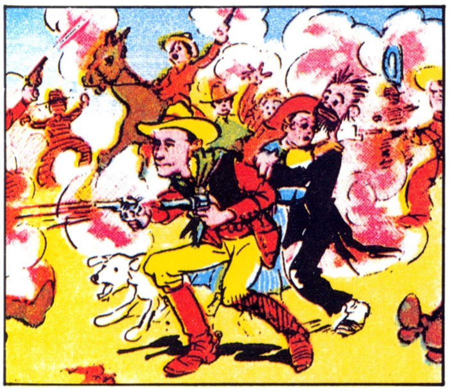

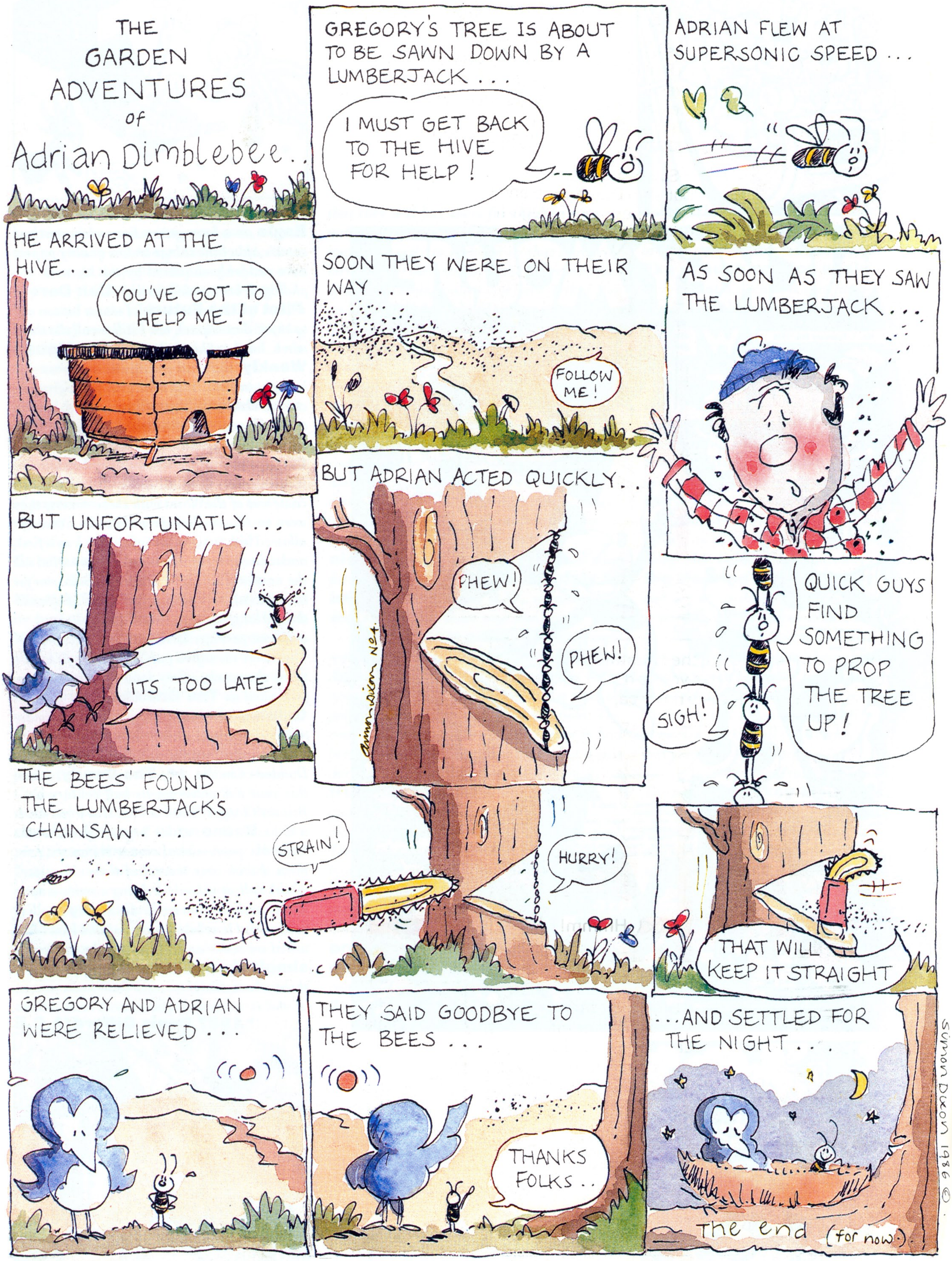
THE GARDEN ADVENTURES of Adrian Dimblebee..
GREGORY'S TREE IS ABOUT TO BE SAWN DOWN BY A LUMBERJACK...
I MUST GET BACK TO THE HIVE FOR HELP!
ADRIAN FLEW AT SUPERSONIC SPEED...
HE ARRIVED AT THE HIVE...
YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!
SOON THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY...
FOLLOW ME!
AS SOON AS THEY SAW THE LUMBERJACK...
BUT UNFORTUNATLY...
ITS TOO LATE!
BUT ADRIAN ACTED QUICKLY...
PHEW!
PHEW!
simon dixon No.4
QUICK GUYS FIND SOMETHING TO PROP THE TREE UP!
SIGH!
THE BEES' FOUND THE LUMBERJACK'S CHAINSAW...
STRAIN!
HURRY!
THAT WILL KEEP IT STRAIGHT
GREGORY AND ADRIAN WERE RELIEVED...
THEY SAID GOODBYE TO THE BEES...
THANKS FOLKS..
...AND SETTLED FOR THE NIGHT...
The end (for now).
simon Dixon 1986 ©.

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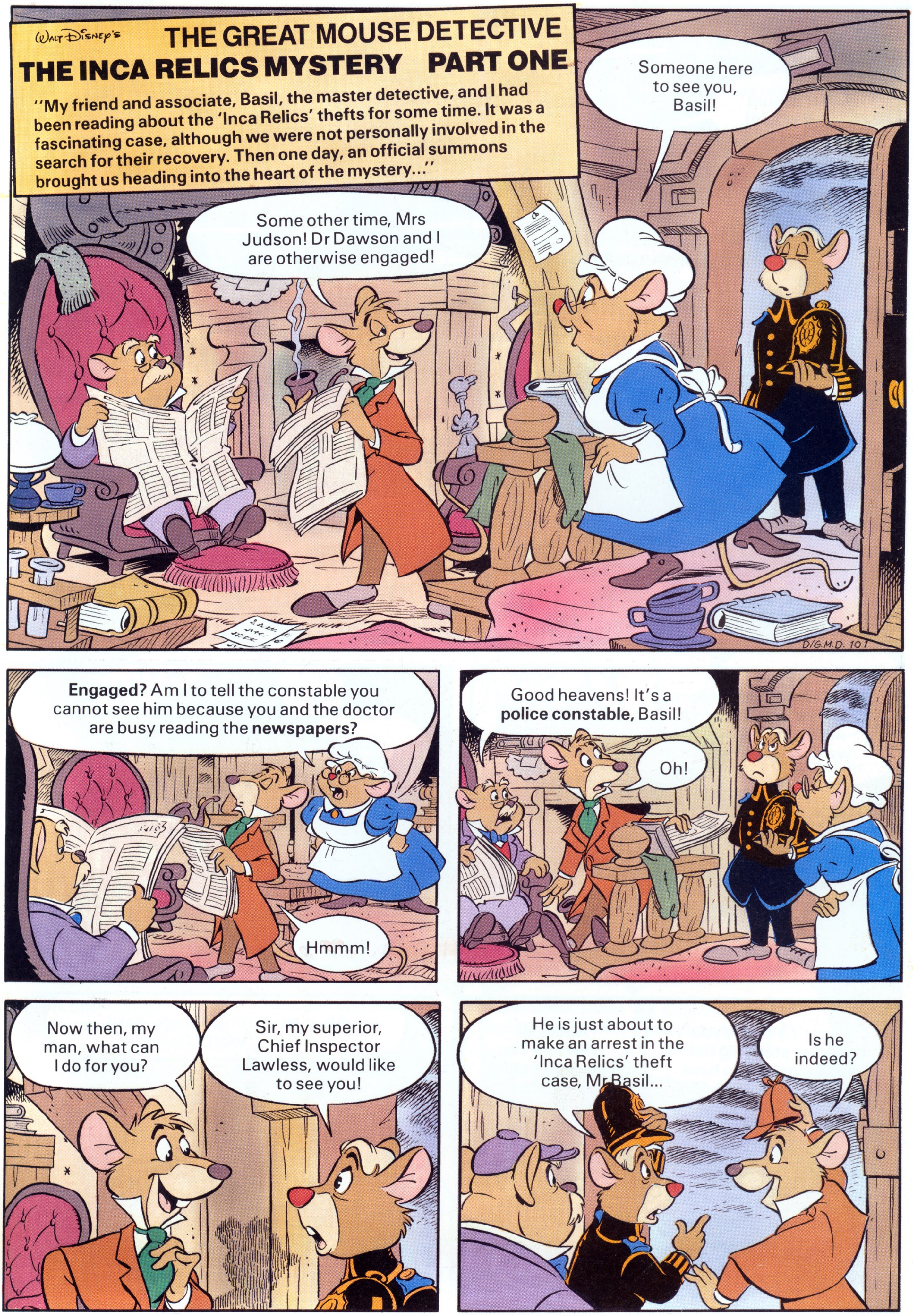
Walt Disney's

THE GREAT MOUSE DETECTIVE

THE INCA RELICS MYSTERY PART ONE

"My friend and associate, Basil, the master detective, and I had been reading about the 'Inca Relics' thefts for some time. It was a fascinating case, although we were not personally involved in the search for their recovery. Then one day, an official summons brought us heading into the heart of the mystery..."


Someone here to see you, Basil!
Some other time, Mrs Judson! Dr Dawson and I are otherwise engaged!
D/G.M.D. 101
Engaged? Am I to tell the constable you cannot see him because you and the doctor are busy reading the **newspapers?**
Hmmm!
Good heavens! It's a **police constable,** Basil!
Oh!
Now then, my man, what can I do for you?
Sir, my superior, Chief Inspector Lawless, would like to see you!
He is just about to make an arrest in the 'Inca Relics' theft case, Mr Basil...
Is he indeed?

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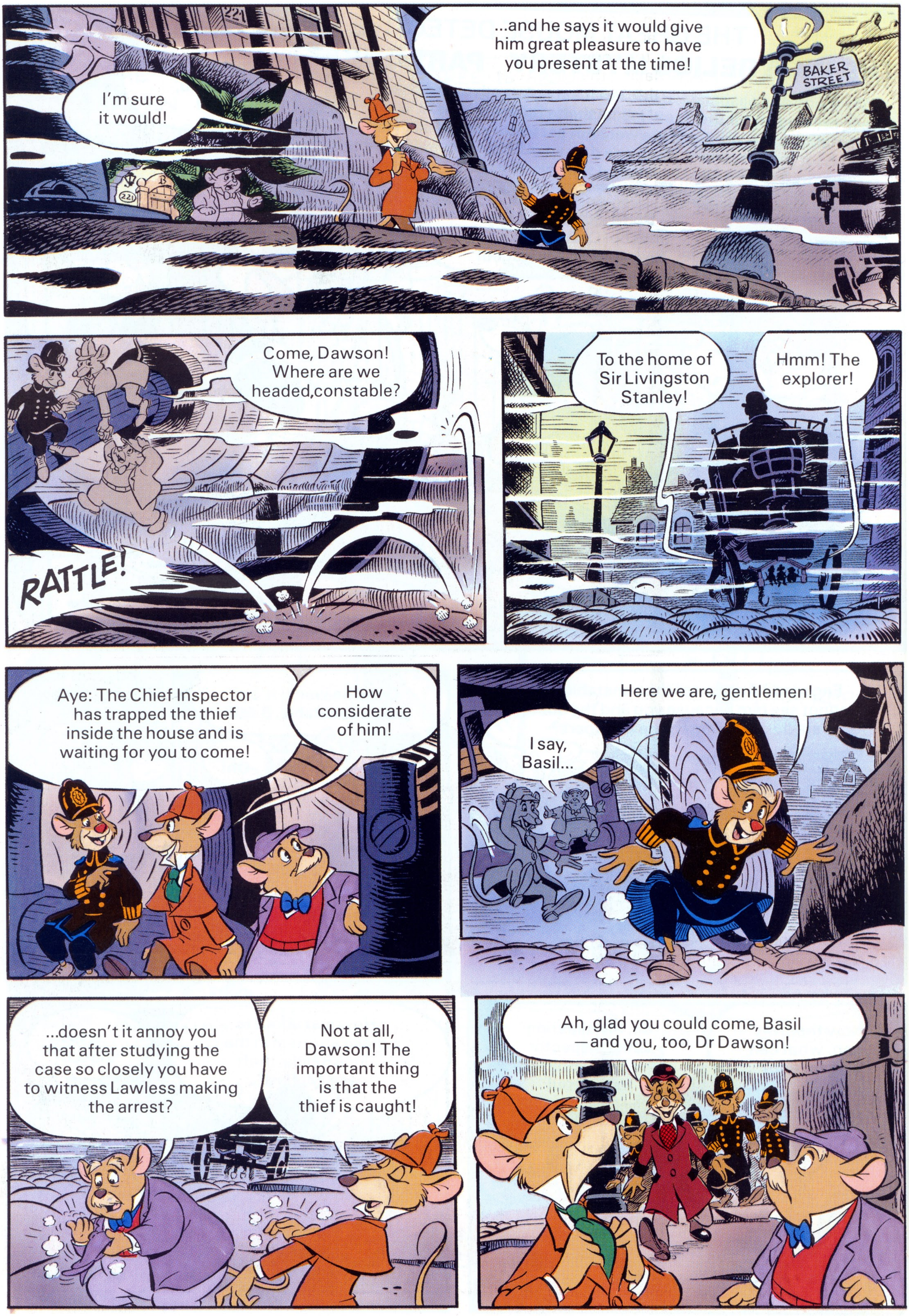
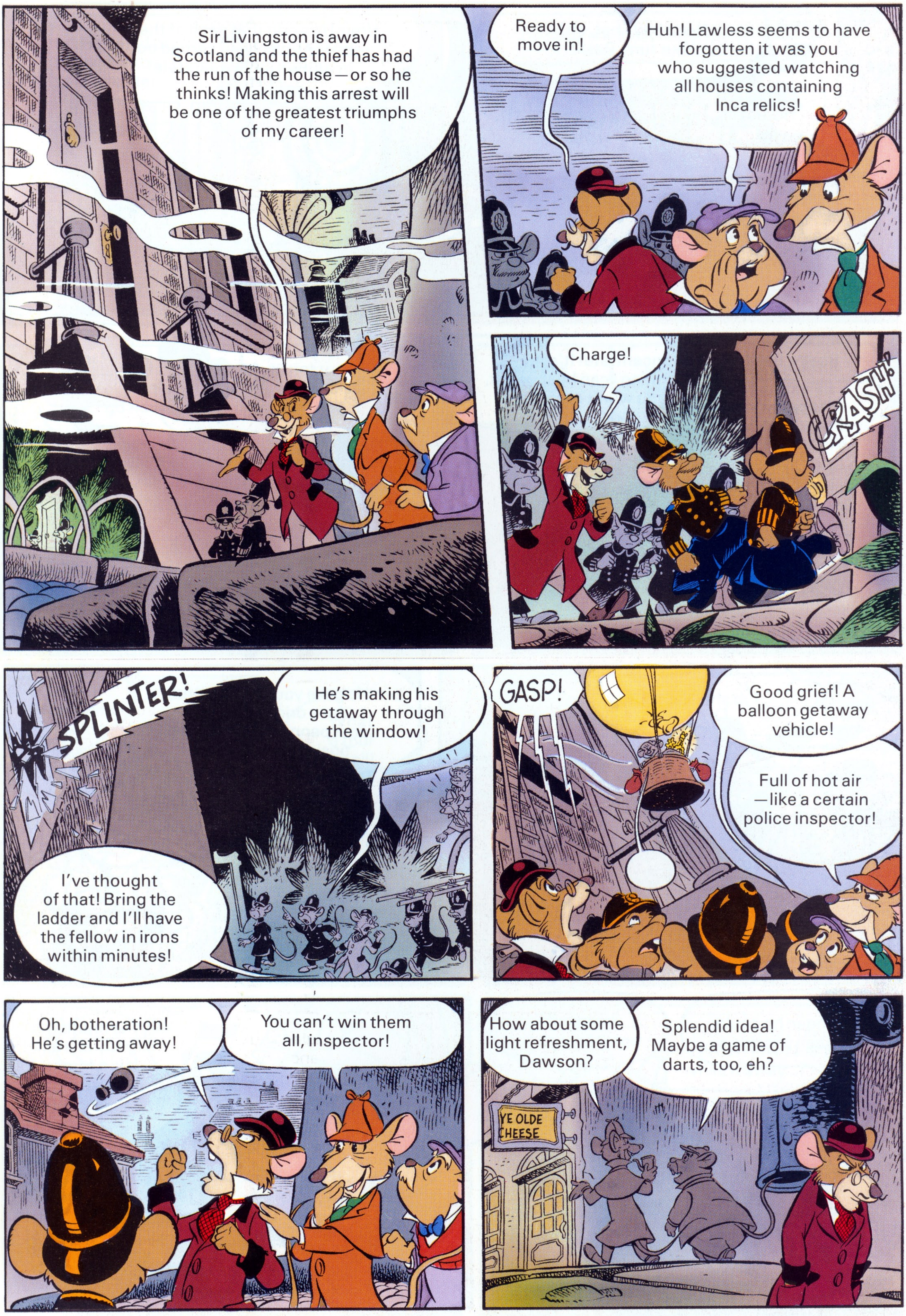
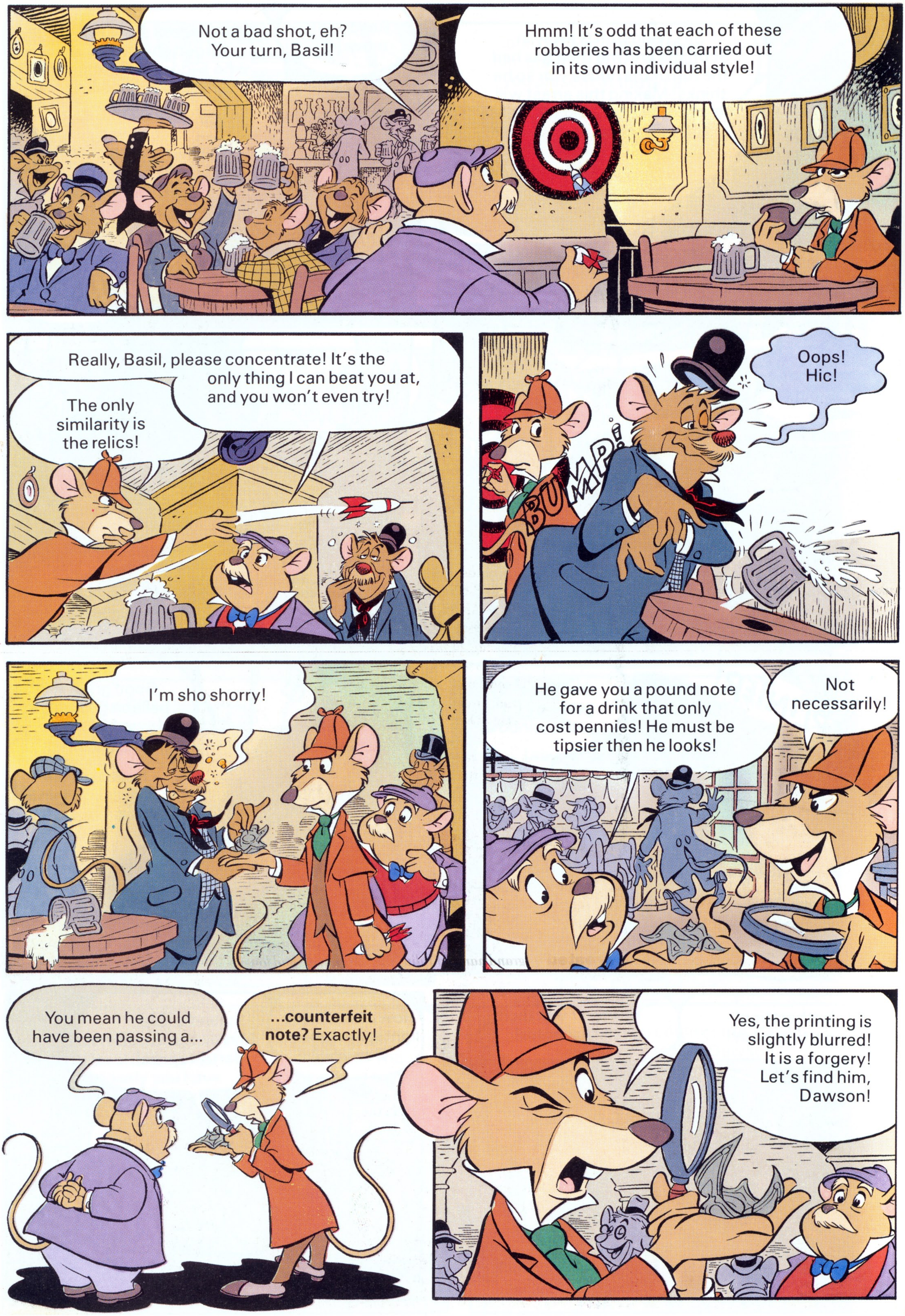
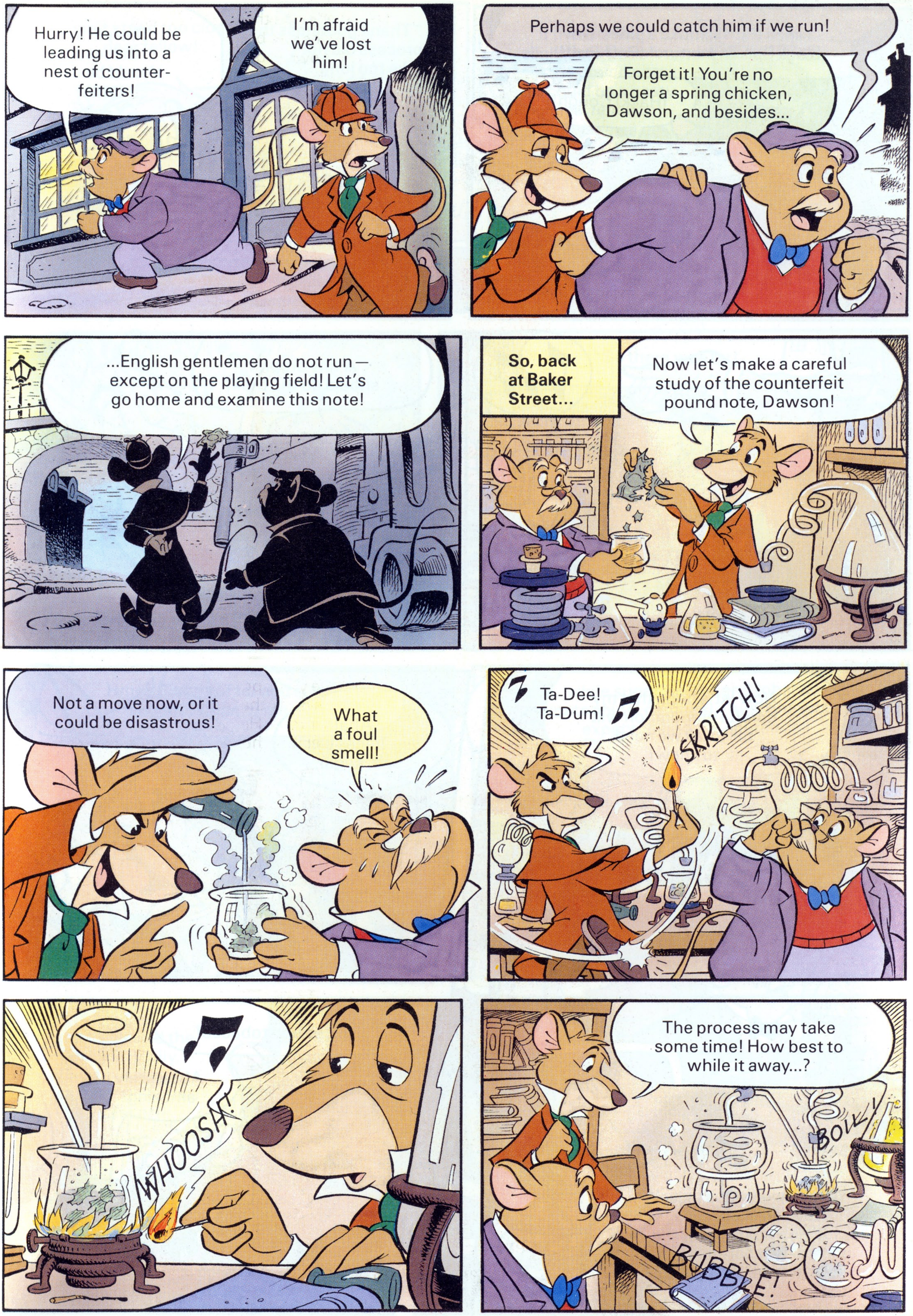
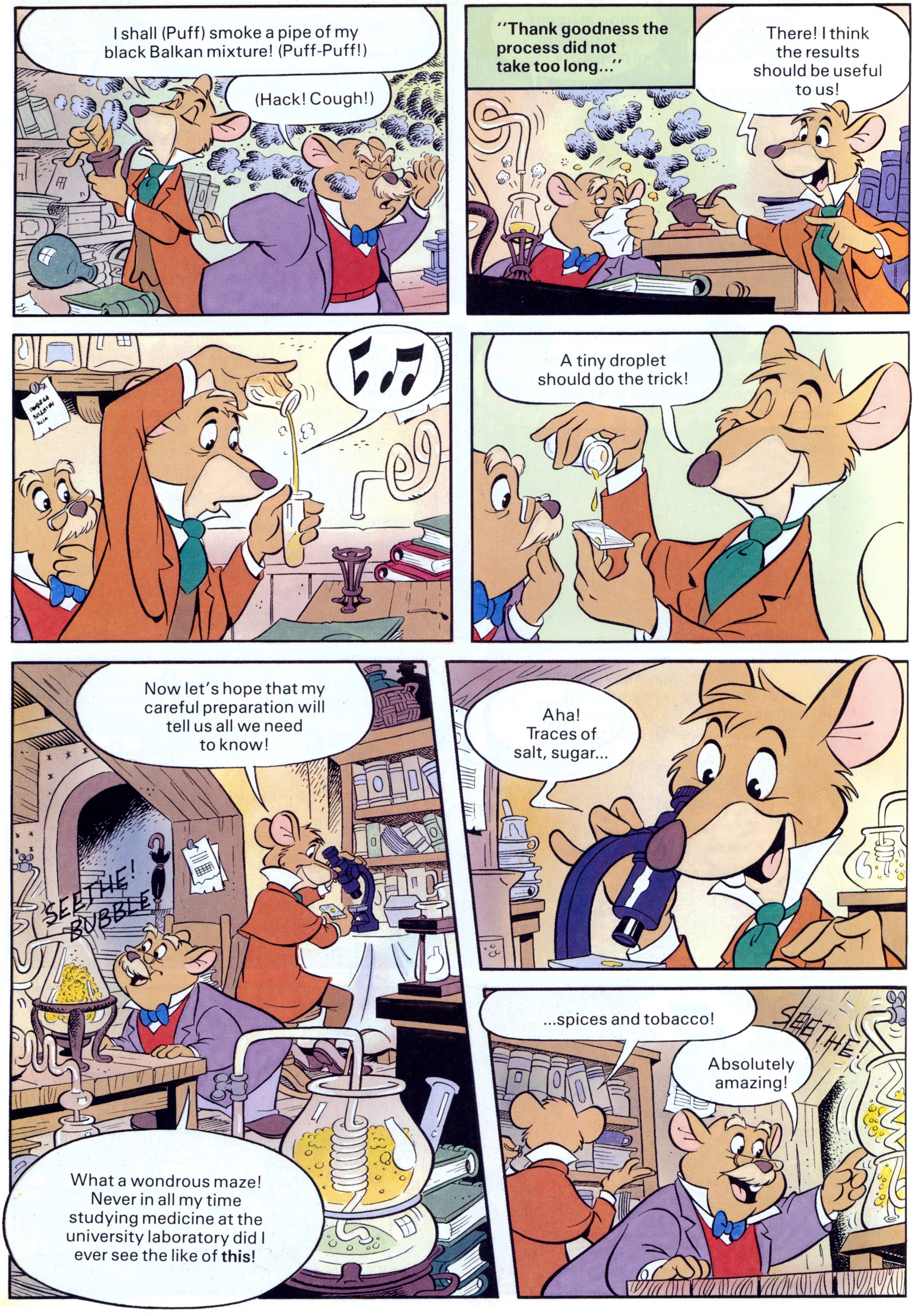
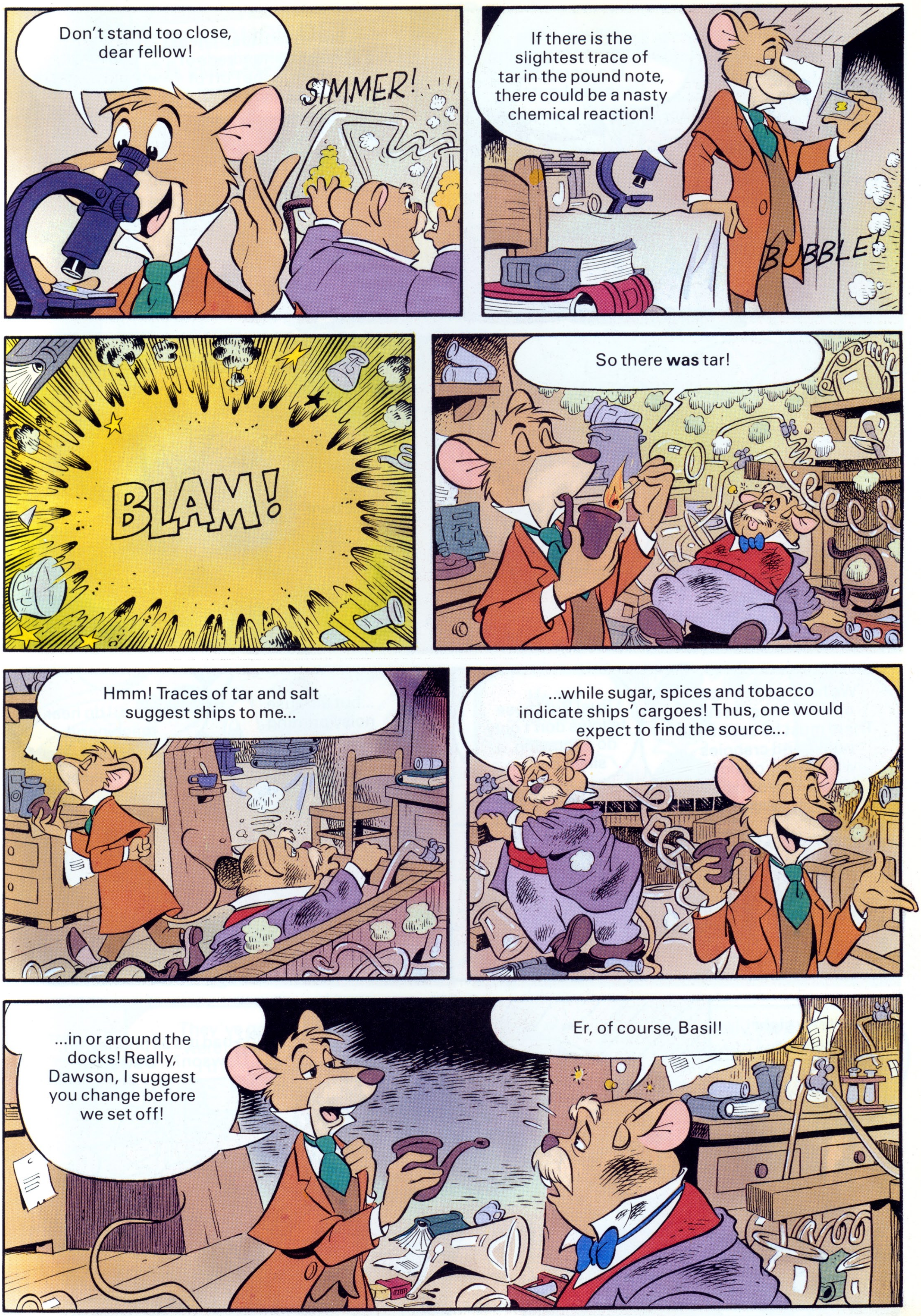

221
BAKER STREET
...and he says it would give him great pleasure to have you present at the time!
I'm sure it would!
221
Come, Dawson! Where are we headed, constable?
RATTLE!
To the home of Sir Livingston Stanley!
Hmm! The explorer!
Aye: The Chief Inspector has trapped the thief inside the house and is waiting for you to come!
How considerate of him!
Here we are, gentlemen!
I say, Basil...
...doesn't it annoy you that after studying the case so closely you have to witness Lawless making the arrest?
Not at all, Dawson! The important thing is that the thief is caught!
Ah, glad you could come, Basil —and you, too, Dr Dawson!

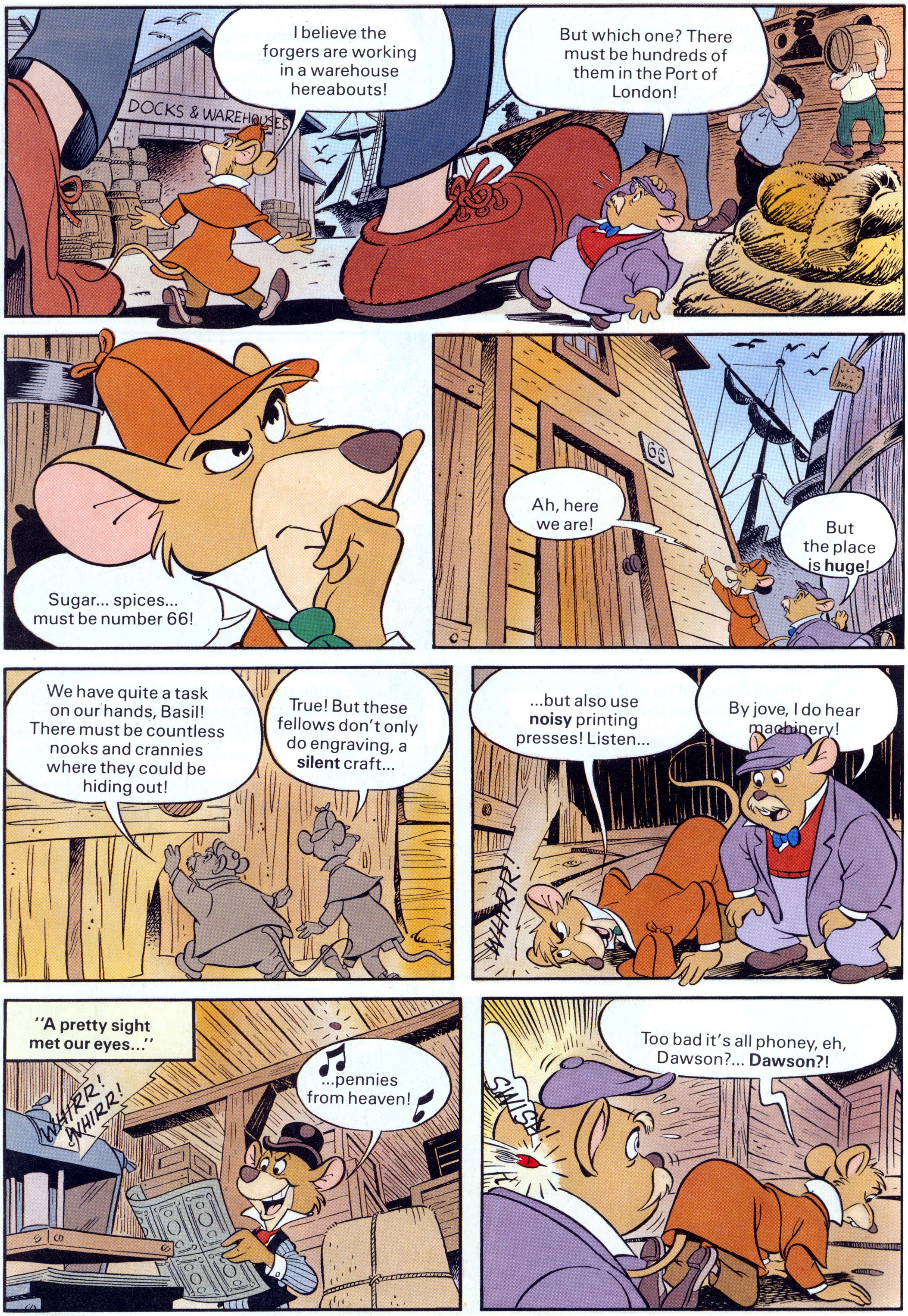

Sir Livingston is away in Scotland and the thief has had the run of the house — or so he thinks! Making this arrest will be one of the greatest triumphs of my career!
Ready to move in!
Huh! Lawless seems to have forgotten it was you who suggested watching all houses containing Inca relics!
Charge!
CRASH!
SPLINTER!
He's making his getaway through the window!
I've thought of that! Bring the ladder and I'll have the fellow in irons within minutes!
GASP!
Good grief! A balloon getaway vehicle!
Full of hot air — like a certain police inspector!
Oh, botheration! He's getting away!
You can't win them all, inspector!
How about some light refreshment, Dawson?
Splendid idea! Maybe a game of darts, too, eh?
YE OLDE CHEESE


Not a bad shot, eh? Your turn, Basil!
Hmm! It's odd that each of these robberies has been carried out in its own individual style!
Really, Basil, please concentrate! It's the only thing I can beat you at, and you won't even try!
The only similarity is the relics!
BUMP!
Oops! Hic!
I'm sho shorry!
He gave you a pound note for a drink that only cost pennies! He must be tipsier then he looks!
Not necessarily!
You mean he could have been passing a...
...counterfeit note? Exactly!
Yes, the printing is slightly blurred! It is a forgery! Let's find him, Dawson!


Hurry! He could be leading us into a nest of counterfeiters!
I'm afraid we've lost him!
Perhaps we could catch him if we run!
Forget it! You're no longer a spring chicken, Dawson, and besides...
...English gentlemen do not run — except on the playing field! Let's go home and examine this note!
So, back at Baker Street...
Now let's make a careful study of the counterfeit pound note, Dawson!
Not a move now, or it could be disastrous!
What a foul smell!
Ta-Dee! Ta-Dum!
SKRITCH!
WHOOSH!
The process may take some time! How best to while it away...?
BOIL!
BUBBLE!

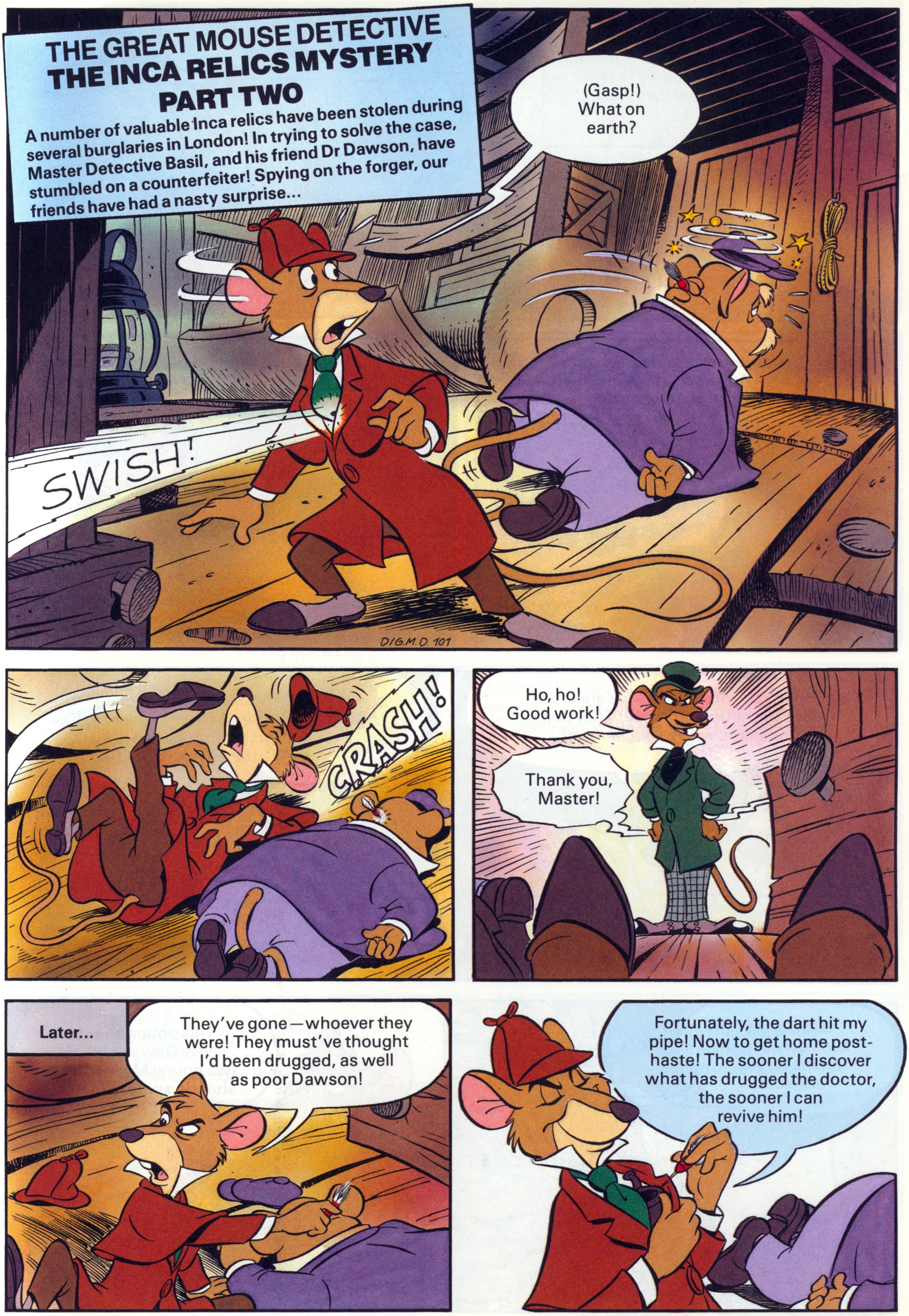

I shall (Puff) smoke a pipe of my black Balkan mixture! (Puff-Puff!)
(Hack! Cough!)
"Thank goodness the process did not take too long..."
There! I think the results should be useful to us!
A tiny droplet should do the trick!
Now let's hope that my careful preparation will tell us all we need to know!
SEETHE!
BUBBLE!
What a wondrous maze! Never in all my time studying medicine at the university laboratory did I ever see the like of **this**!
Aha! Traces of salt, sugar...
...spices and tobacco!
SEETHE!
Absolutely amazing!

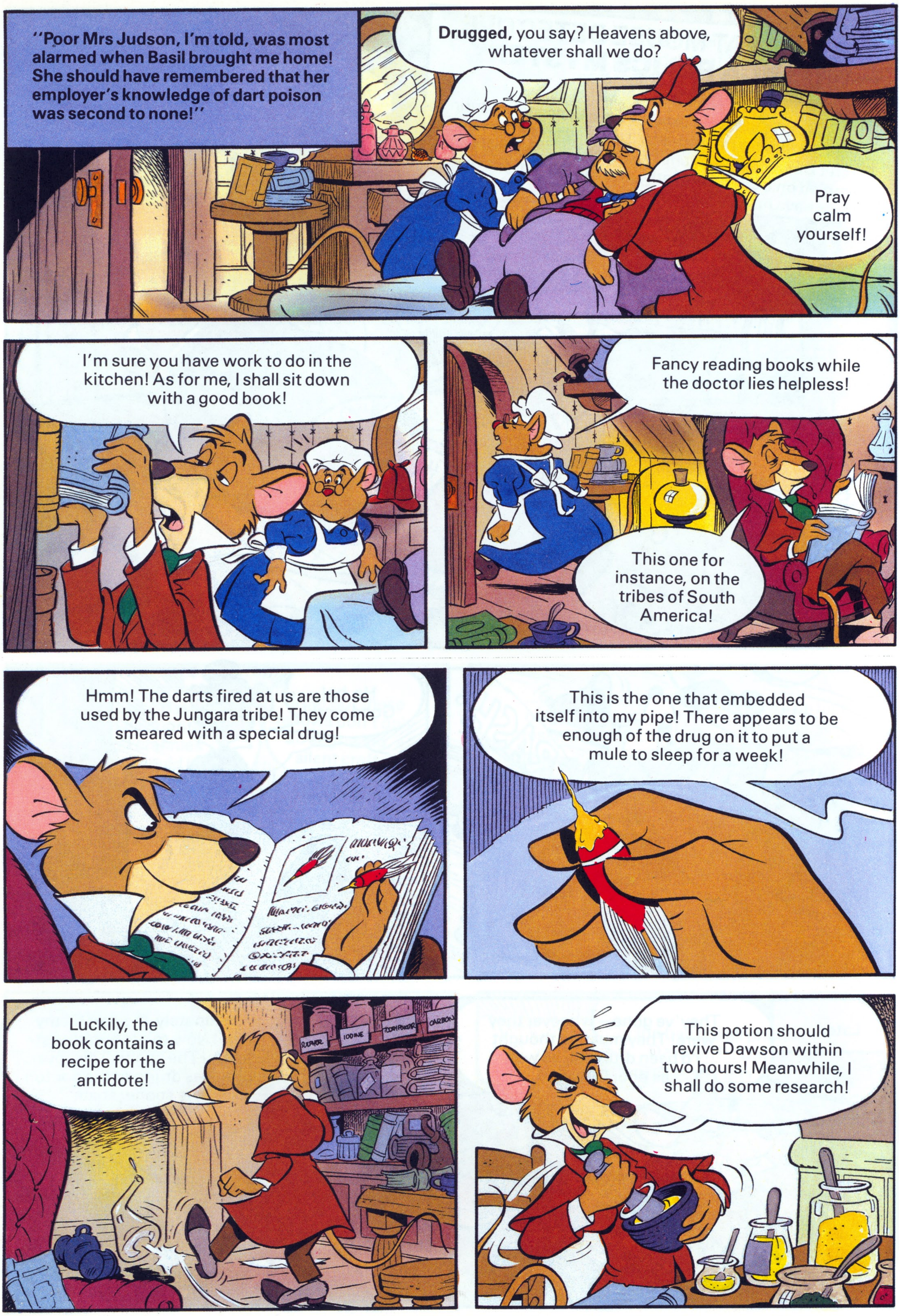

Don't stand too close, dear fellow!
SIMMER!
If there is the slightest trace of tar in the pound note, there could be a nasty chemical reaction!
BUBBLE!
BLAM!
So there **was** tar!
Hmm! Traces of tar and salt suggest ships to me...
...while sugar, spices and tobacco indicate ships' cargoes! Thus, one would expect to find the source...
...in or around the docks! Really, Dawson, I suggest you change before we set off!
Er, of course, Basil!

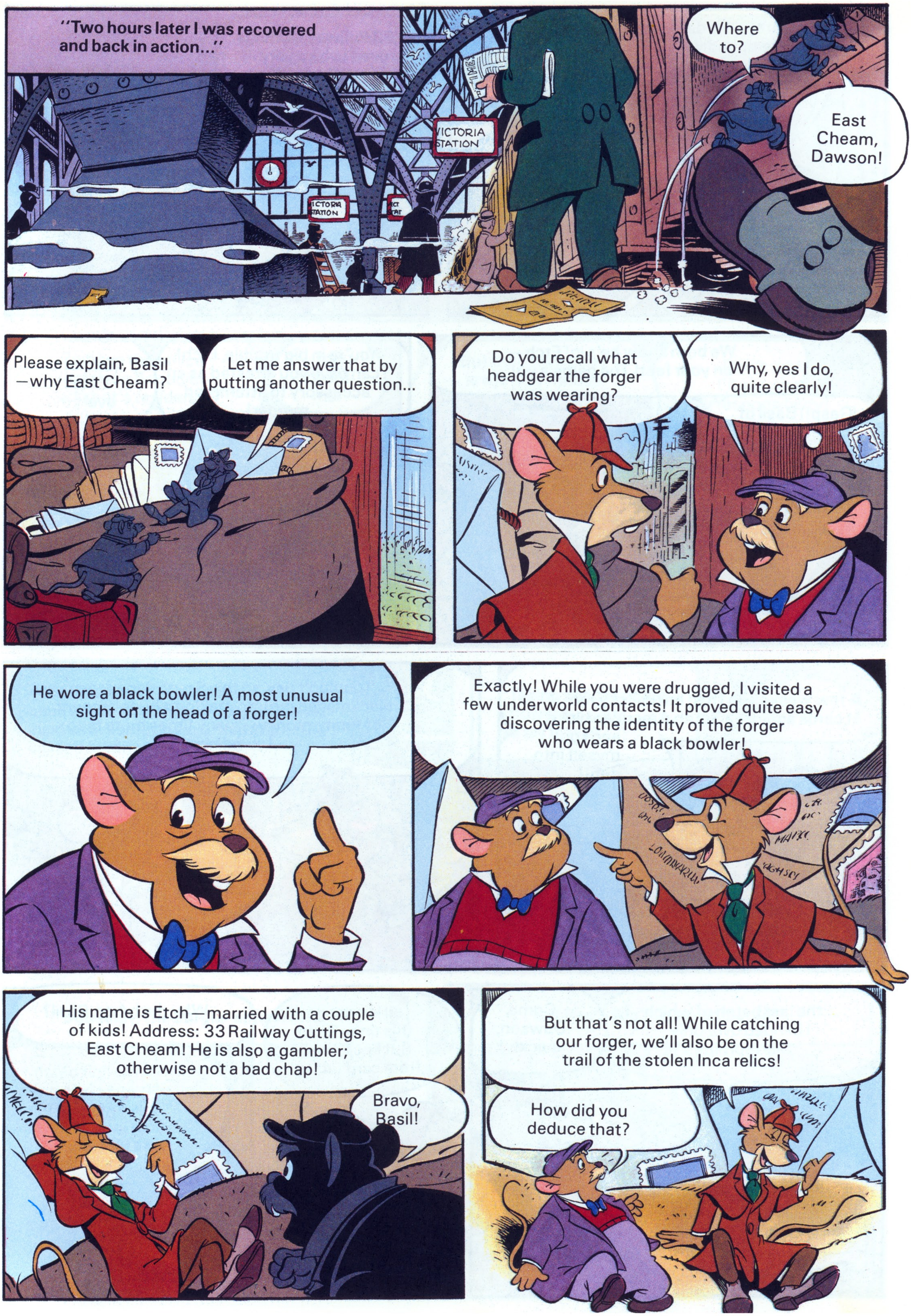

DOCKS & WAREHOUSES
I believe the forgers are working in a warehouse hereabouts!
But which one? There must be hundreds of them in the Port of London!
Sugar... spices... must be number 66!
66
Ah, here we are!
But the place is **huge!**
We have quite a task on our hands, Basil! There must be countless nooks and crannies where they could be hiding out!
True! But these fellows don't only do engraving, a **silent** craft...
...but also use **noisy** printing presses! Listen...
By jove, I do hear machinery!
WHIRR!
"A pretty sight met our eyes..."
WHIRR! WHIRR!
...pennies from heaven!
SWISH
Too bad it's all phoney, eh, Dawson?... **Dawson?!**

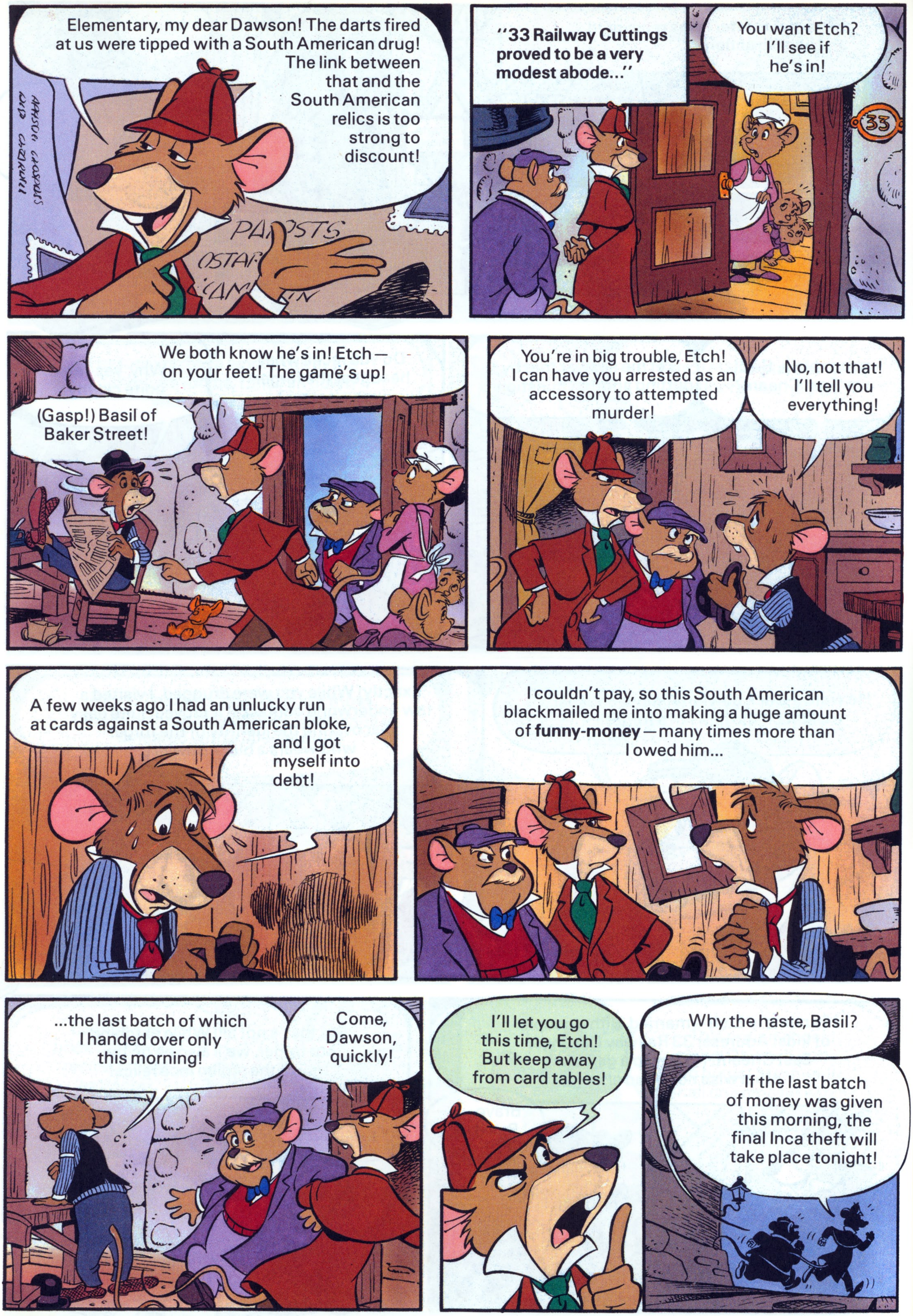
THE GREAT MOUSE DETECTIVE
THE INCA RELICS MYSTERY
PART TWO

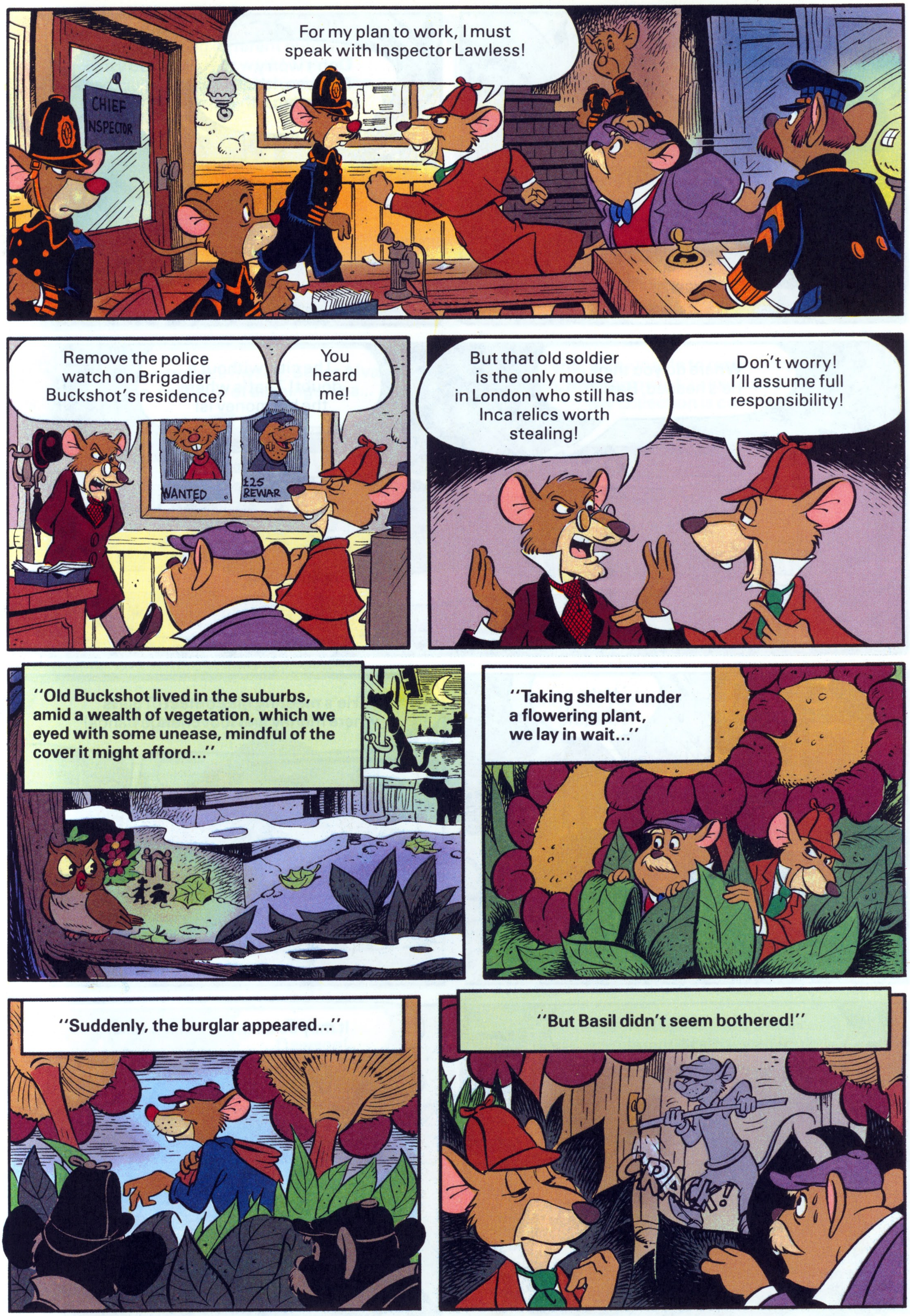
A number of valuable Inca relics have been stolen during several burglaries in London! In trying to solve the case, have Master Detective Basil, and his friend Dr Dawson, stumbled on a counterfeiter! Spying on the forger, our friends have had a nasty surprise...

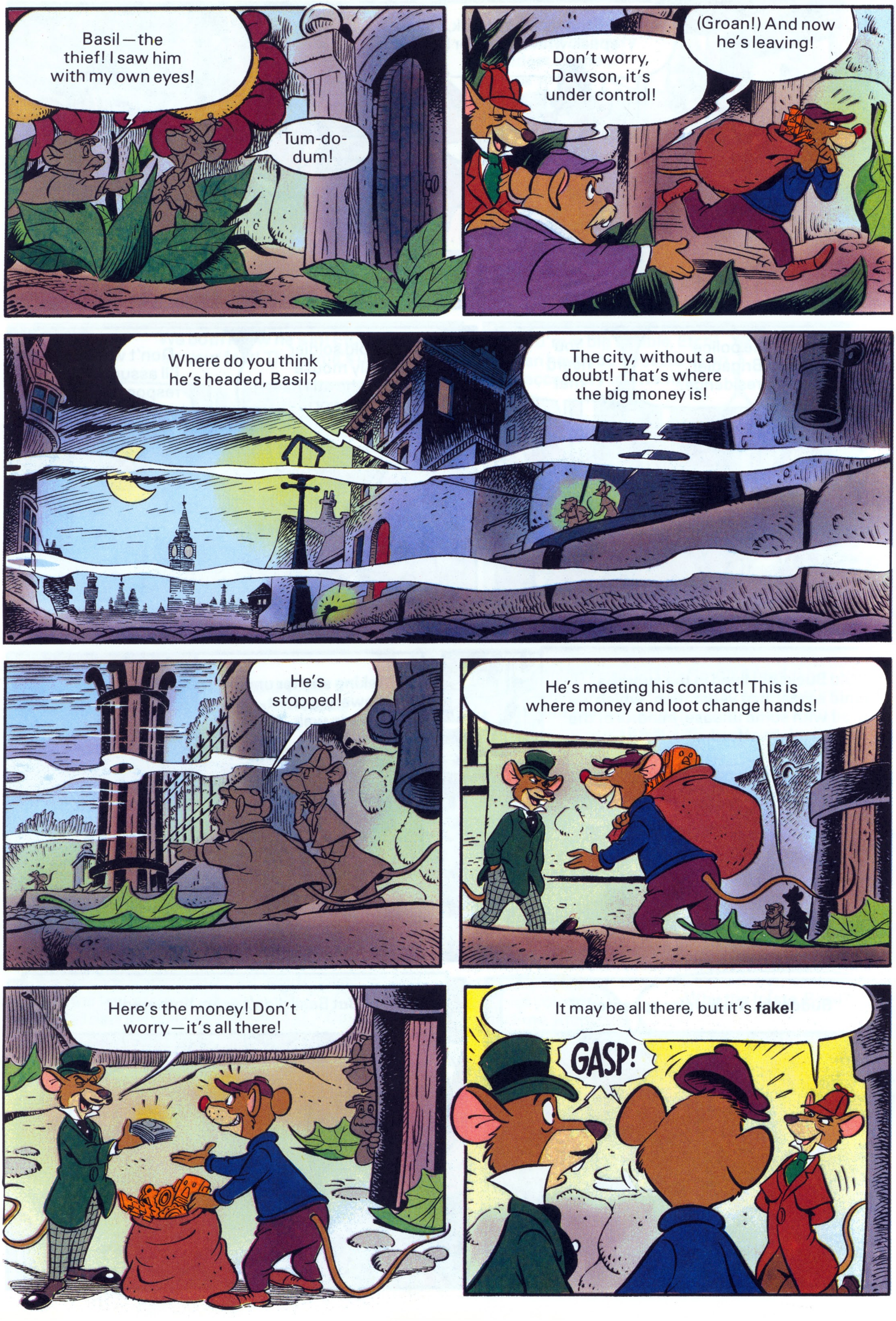

(Gasp!) What on earth?
SWISH!
DIG.M.D. 101
CRASH!
Ho, ho! Good work!
Thank you, Master!
Later...
They've gone — whoever they were! They must've thought I'd been drugged, as well as poor Dawson!
Fortunately, the dart hit my pipe! Now to get home post-haste! The sooner I discover what has drugged the doctor, the sooner I can revive him!

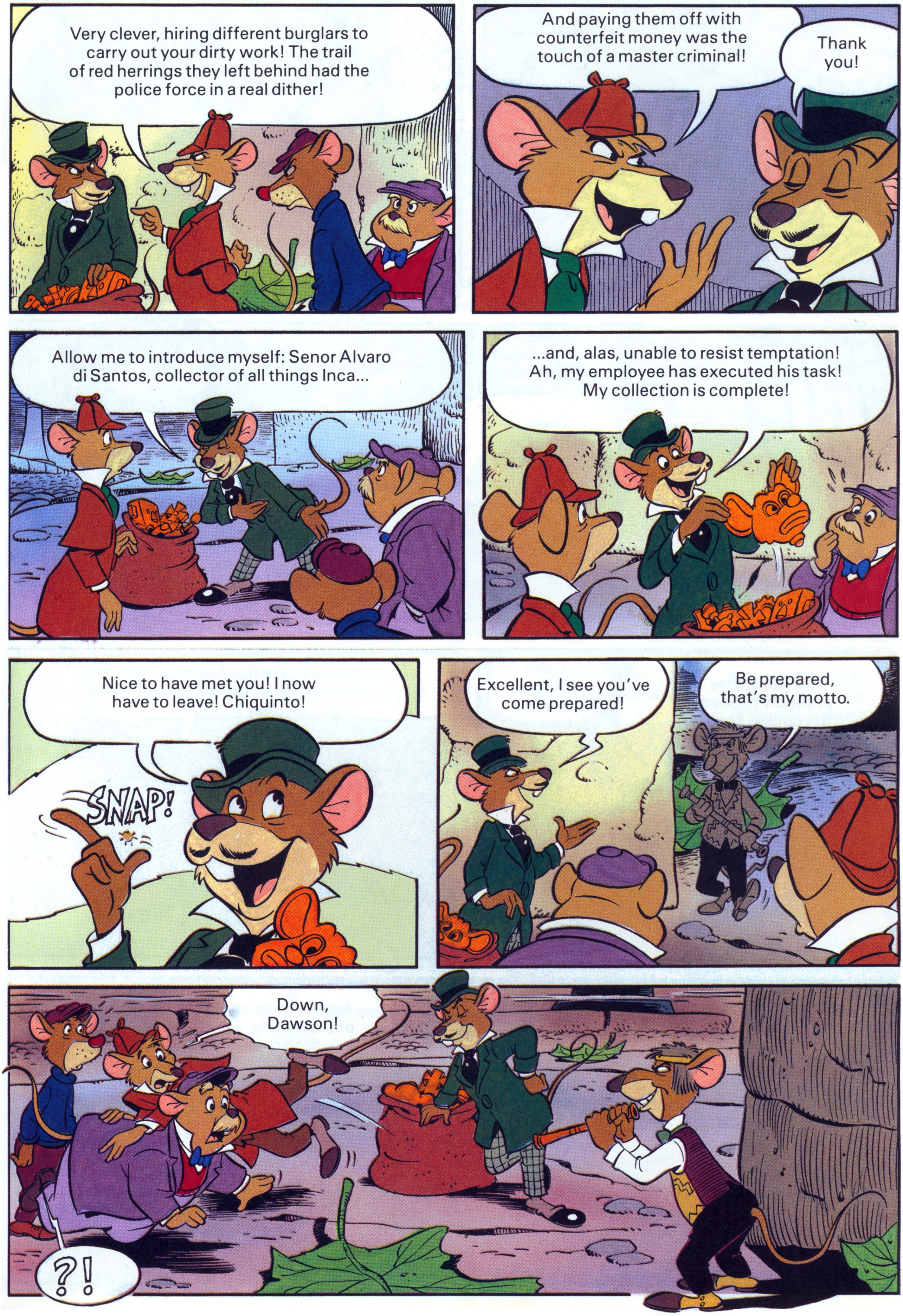

''Poor Mrs Judson, I'm told, was most alarmed when Basil brought me home! She should have remembered that her employer's knowledge of dart poison was second to none!''
Drugged, you say? Heavens above, whatever shall we do?
Pray calm yourself!
I'm sure you have work to do in the kitchen! As for me, I shall sit down with a good book!
Fancy reading books while the doctor lies helpless!
This one for instance, on the tribes of South America!
Hmm! The darts fired at us are those used by the Jungara tribe! They come smeared with a special drug!
This is the one that embedded itself into my pipe! There appears to be enough of the drug on it to put a mule to sleep for a week!
Luckily, the book contains a recipe for the antidote!
SULPHUR
IODINE
TOOTH POWDER
CARBON
This potion should revive Dawson within two hours! Meanwhile, I shall do some research!

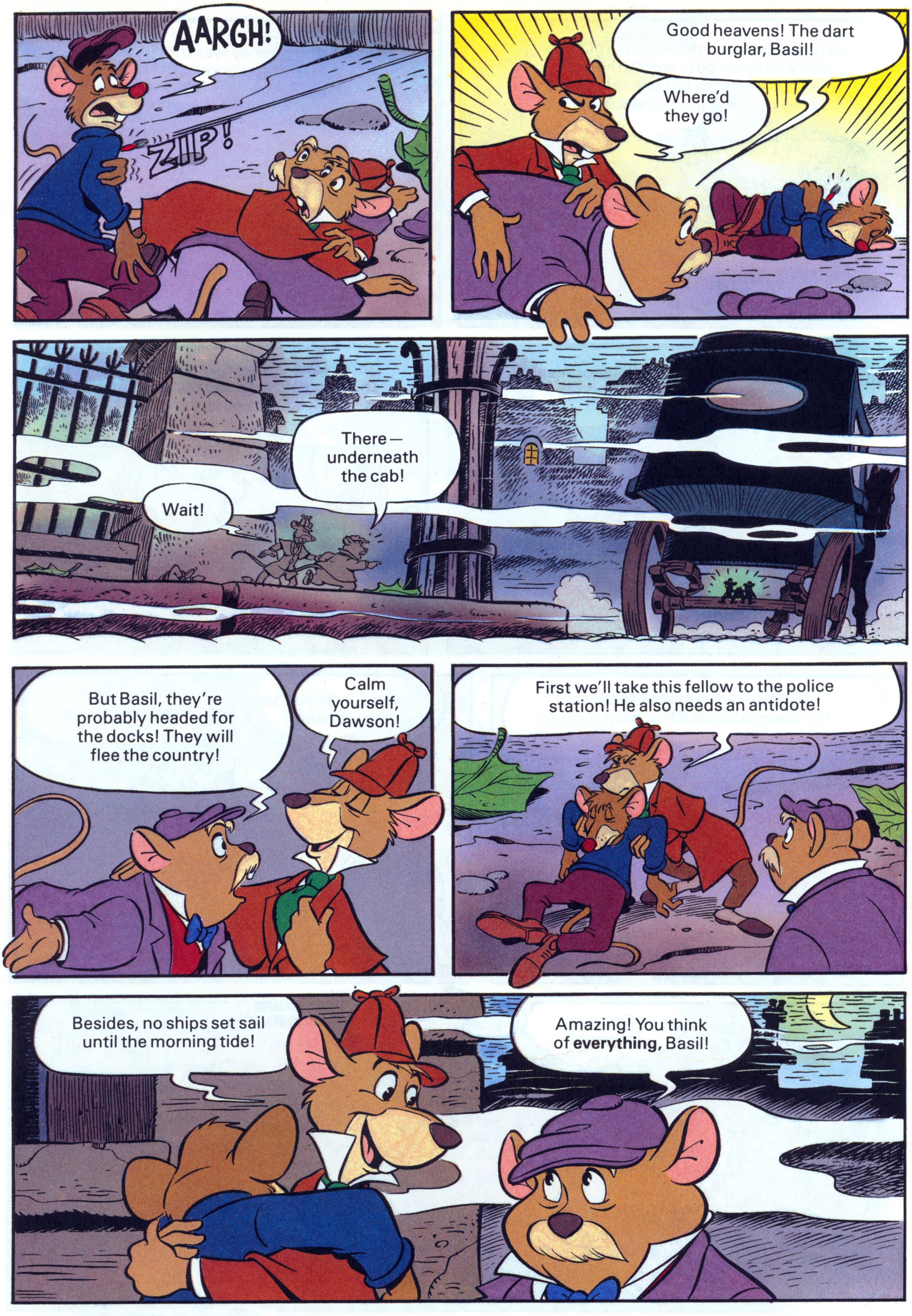

"Two hours later I was recovered and back in action..."
VICTORIA STATION
VICTORIA STATION
Where to?
East Cheam, Dawson!
Please explain, Basil —why East Cheam?
Let me answer that by putting another question...
Do you recall what headgear the forger was wearing?
Why, yes I do, quite clearly!
He wore a black bowler! A most unusual sight on the head of a forger!
Exactly! While you were drugged, I visited a few underworld contacts! It proved quite easy discovering the identity of the forger who wears a black bowler!
His name is Etch—married with a couple of kids! Address: 33 Railway Cuttings, East Cheam! He is also a gambler; otherwise not a bad chap!
Bravo, Basil!
But that's not all! While catching our forger, we'll also be on the trail of the stolen Inca relics!
How did you deduce that?


Elementary, my dear Dawson! The darts fired at us were tipped with a South American drug! The link between that and the South American relics is too strong to discount!
POSTS
OSTAR
CAM
"33 Railway Cuttings proved to be a very modest abode..."
You want Etch? I'll see if he's in!
33
We both know he's in! Etch — on your feet! The game's up!
(Gasp!) Basil of Baker Street!
You're in big trouble, Etch! I can have you arrested as an accessory to attempted murder!
No, not that! I'll tell you everything!
A few weeks ago I had an unlucky run at cards against a South American bloke, and I got myself into debt!
I couldn't pay, so this South American blackmailed me into making a huge amount of **funny-money** — many times more than I owed him...
...the last batch of which I handed over only this morning!
Come, Dawson, quickly!
I'll let you go this time, Etch! But keep away from card tables!
Why the haste, Basil?
If the last batch of money was given this morning, the final Inca theft will take place tonight!


For my plan to work, I must speak with Inspector Lawless!
CHIEF INSPECTOR
Remove the police watch on Brigadier Buckshot's residence?
You heard me!
WANTED
£25 REWAR
But that old soldier is the only mouse in London who still has Inca relics worth stealing!
Don't worry! I'll assume full responsibility!
''Old Buckshot lived in the suburbs, amid a wealth of vegetation, which we eyed with some unease, mindful of the cover it might afford...''
''Taking shelter under a flowering plant, we lay in wait...''
''Suddenly, the burglar appeared...''
''But Basil didn't seem bothered!''
CRACK!

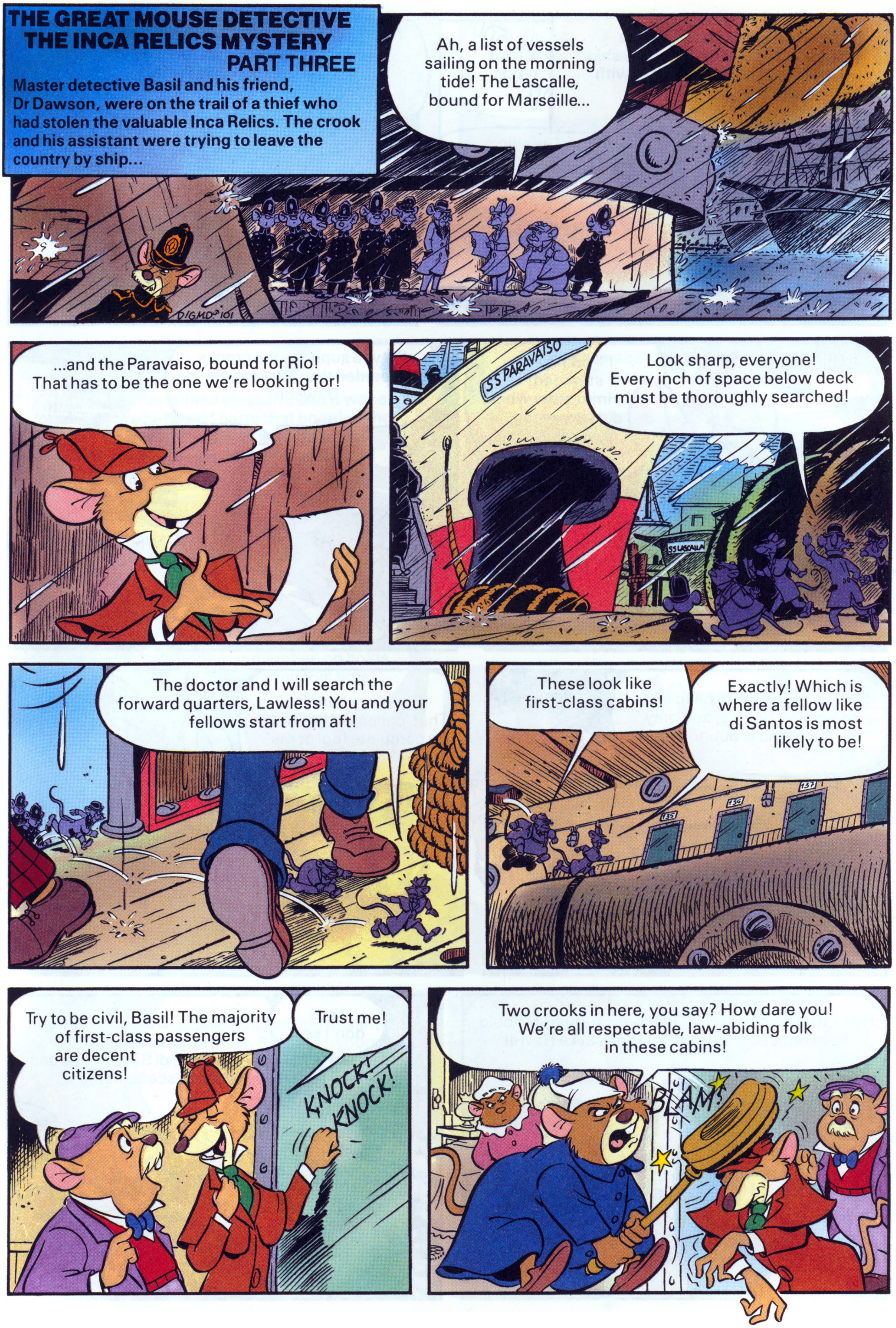

Basil — the thief! I saw him with my own eyes!
Tum-do-dum!
Don't worry, Dawson, it's under control!
(Groan!) And now he's leaving!
Where do you think he's headed, Basil?
The city, without a doubt! That's where the big money is!
He's stopped!
He's meeting his contact! This is where money and loot change hands!
Here's the money! Don't worry — it's all there!
It may be all there, but it's **fake**!
GASP!

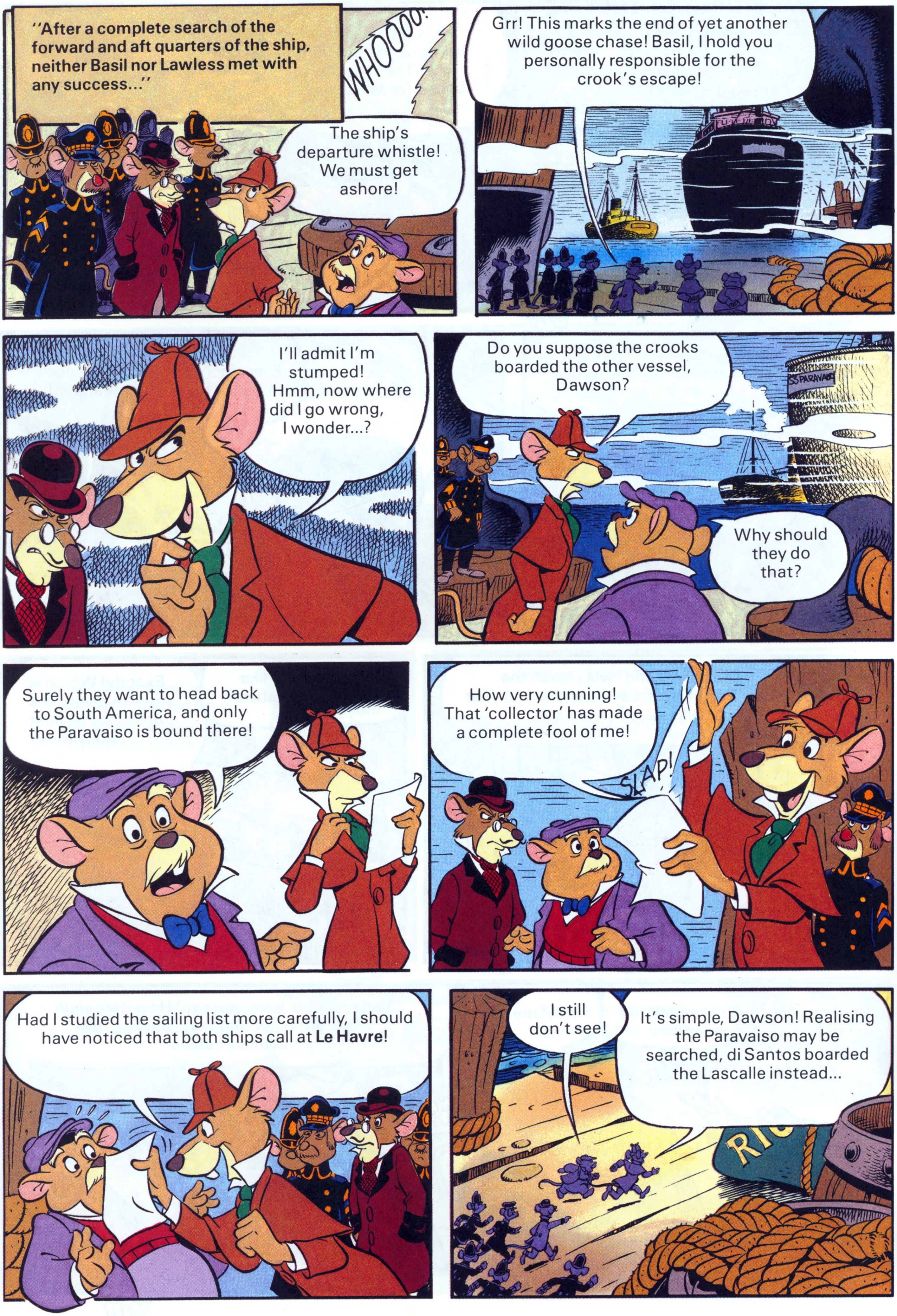

Very clever, hiring different burglars to carry out your dirty work! The trail of red herrings they left behind had the police force in a real dither!
And paying them off with counterfeit money was the touch of a master criminal!
Thank you!
Allow me to introduce myself: Senor Alvaro di Santos, collector of all things Inca...
...and, alas, unable to resist temptation! Ah, my employee has executed his task! My collection is complete!
Nice to have met you! I now have to leave! Chiquinto!
SNAP!
Excellent, I see you've come prepared!
Be prepared, that's my motto.
Down, Dawson!
?!

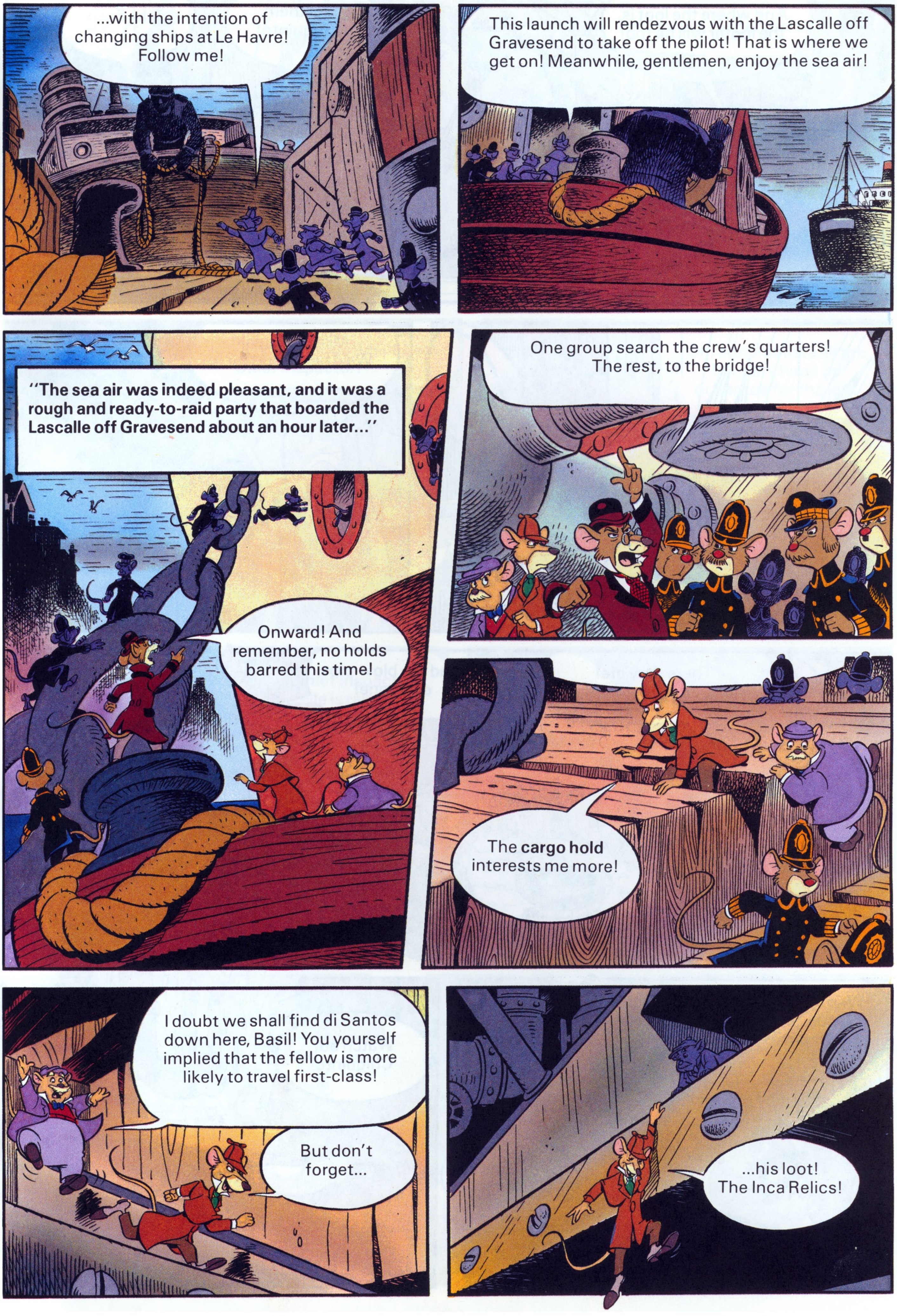

AARGH!
ZIP!
Good heavens! The dart burglar, Basil!
Where'd they go!
There — underneath the cab!
Wait!
But Basil, they're probably headed for the docks! They will flee the country!
Calm yourself, Dawson!
First we'll take this fellow to the police station! He also needs an antidote!
Besides, no ships set sail until the morning tide!
Amazing! You think of **everything,** Basil!

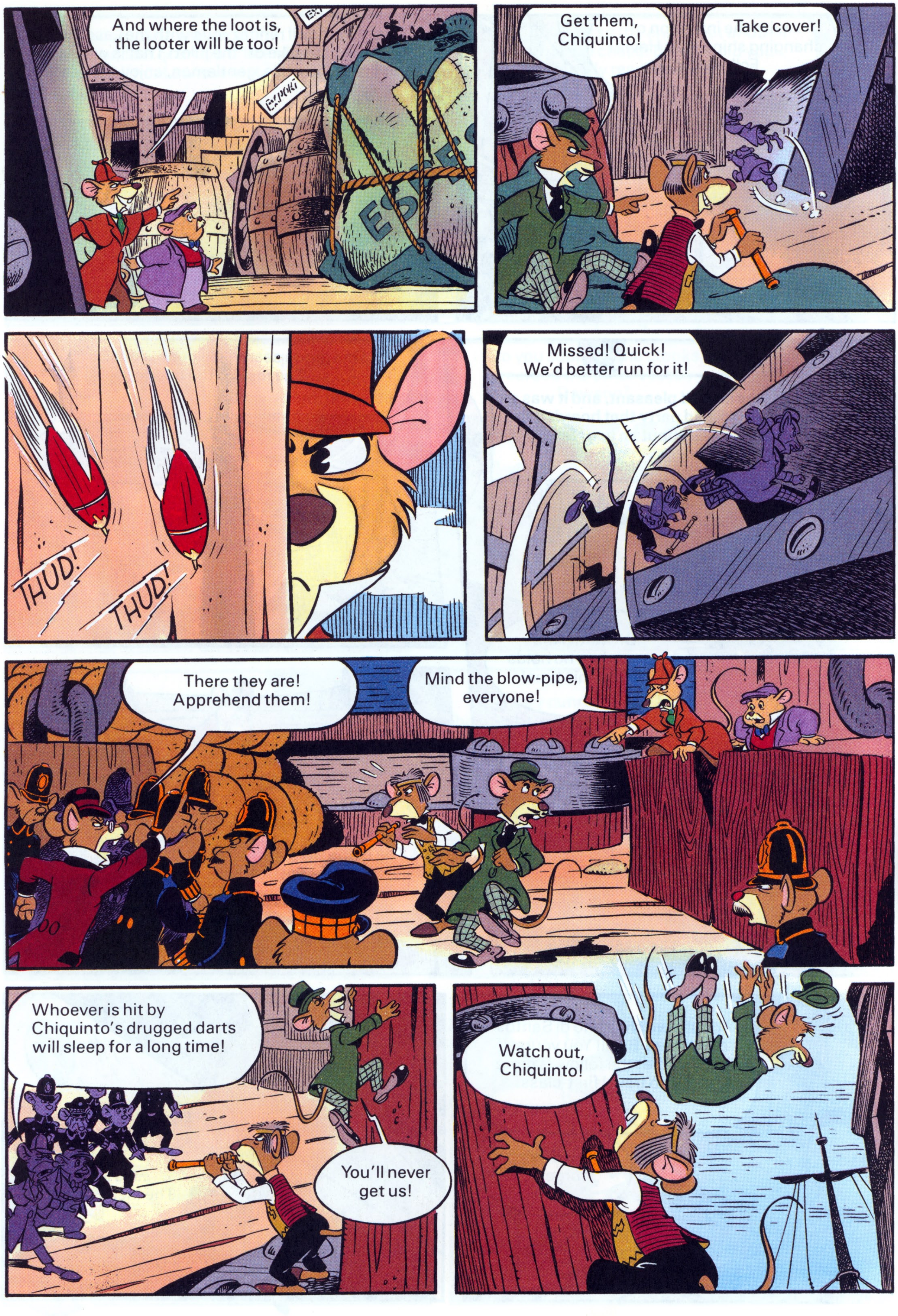
THE GREAT MOUSE DETECTIVE
THE INCA RELICS MYSTERY
PART THREE

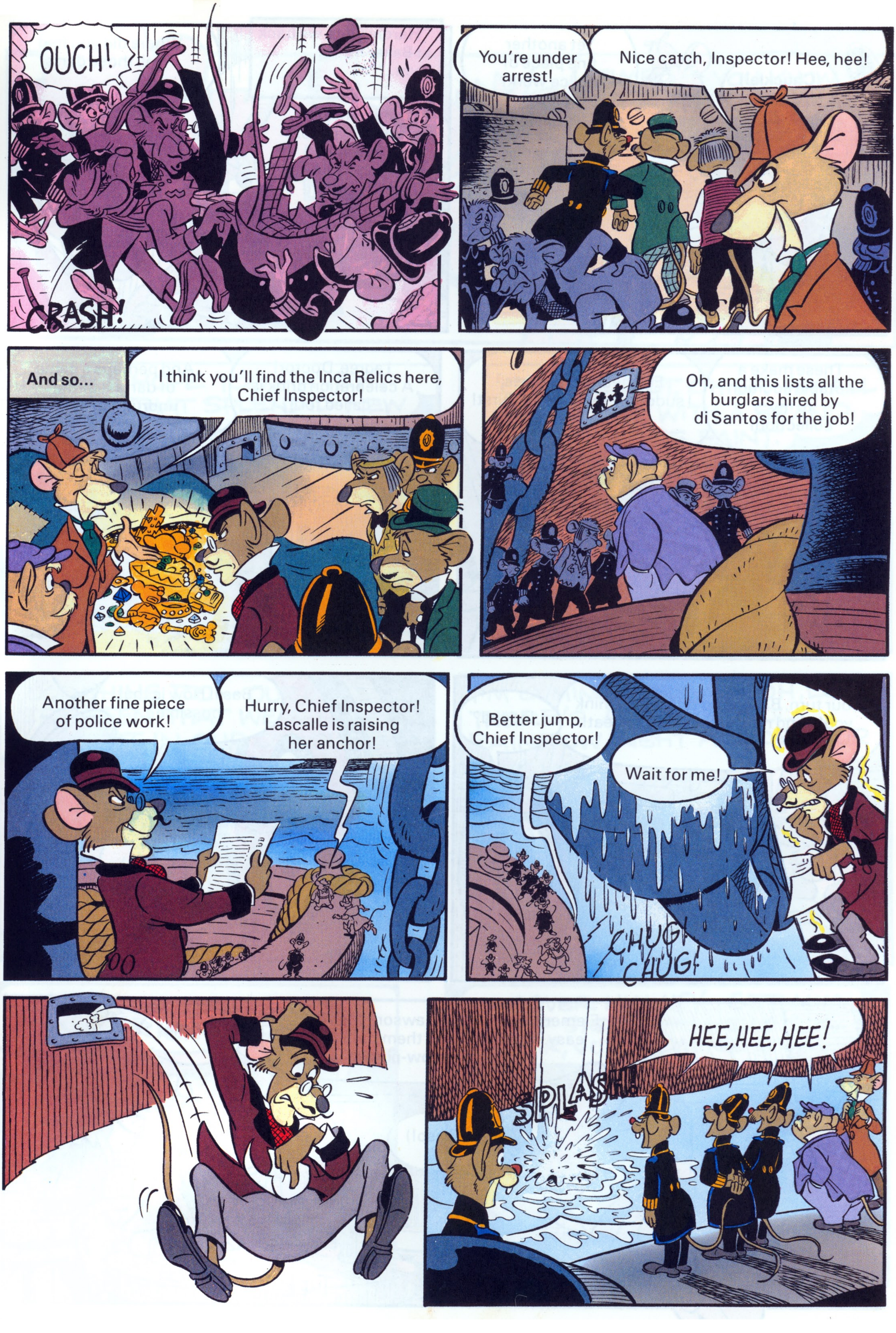
Master detective Basil and his friend, Dr Dawson, were on the trail of a thief who had stolen the valuable Inca Relics. The crook and his assistant were trying to leave the country by ship...


Ah, a list of vessels sailing on the morning tide! The Lascalle, bound for Marseille...
DIGMD° 101
...and the Paravaiso, bound for Rio! That has to be the one we're looking for!
S.S PARAVAISO
Look sharp, everyone! Every inch of space below deck must be thoroughly searched!
SS LASCALLA
The doctor and I will search the forward quarters, Lawless! You and your fellows start from aft!
These look like first-class cabins!
Exactly! Which is where a fellow like di Santos is most likely to be!
135
136
137
Try to be civil, Basil! The majority of first-class passengers are decent citizens!
Trust me!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
Two crooks in here, you say? How dare you! We're all respectable, law-abiding folk in these cabins!
BLAM!

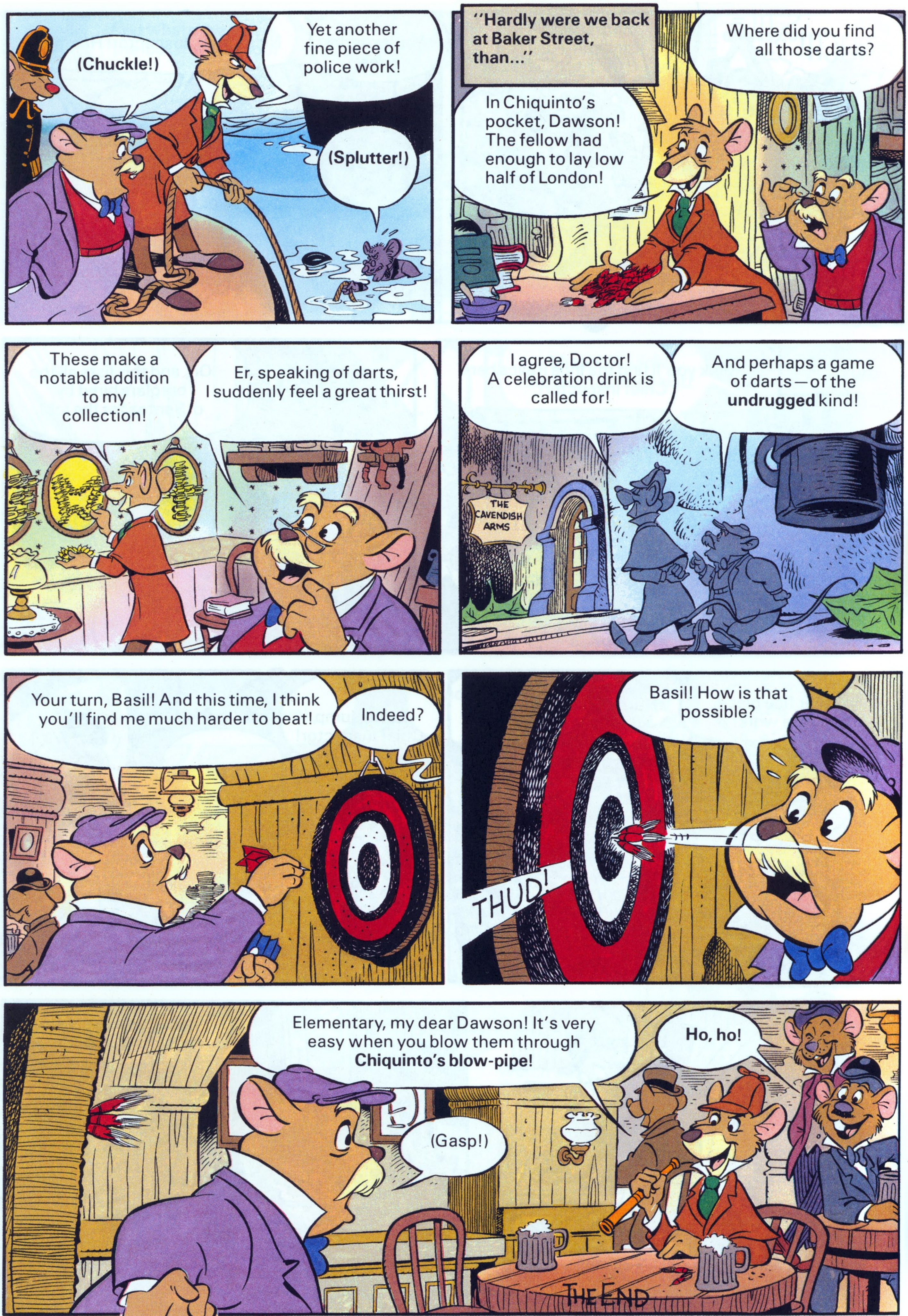

''After a complete search of the forward and aft quarters of the ship, neither Basil nor Lawless met with any success...''
WHOOOO!
The ship's departure whistle! We must get ashore!
Grr! This marks the end of yet another wild goose chase! Basil, I hold you personally responsible for the crook's escape!
I'll admit I'm stumped! Hmm, now where did I go wrong, I wonder...?
Do you suppose the crooks boarded the other vessel, Dawson?
SS PARAVAISO
Why should they do that?
Surely they want to head back to South America, and only the Paravaiso is bound there!
How very cunning! That 'collector' has made a complete fool of me!
SLAP!
Had I studied the sailing list more carefully, I should have noticed that both ships call at **Le Havre!**
I still don't see!
It's simple, Dawson! Realising the Paravaiso may be searched, di Santos boarded the Lascalle instead...
RIO


...with the intention of changing ships at Le Havre! Follow me!
This launch will rendezvous with the Lascalle off Gravesend to take off the pilot! That is where we get on! Meanwhile, gentlemen, enjoy the sea air!
''The sea air was indeed pleasant, and it was a rough and ready-to-raid party that boarded the Lascalle off Gravesend about an hour later...''
Onward! And remember, no holds barred this time!
One group search the crew's quarters! The rest, to the bridge!
The **cargo hold** interests me more!
I doubt we shall find di Santos down here, Basil! You yourself implied that the fellow is more likely to travel first-class!
But don't forget...
...his loot! The Inca Relics!


And where the loot is, the looter will be too!
Get them, Chiquinto!
Take cover!
THUD!
THUD!
Missed! Quick! We'd better run for it!
There they are! Apprehend them!
Mind the blow-pipe, everyone!
Whoever is hit by Chiquinto's drugged darts will sleep for a long time!
You'll never get us!
Watch out, Chiquinto!


OUCH!
CRASH!
You're under arrest!
Nice catch, Inspector! Hee, hee!
And so...
I think you'll find the Inca Relics here, Chief Inspector!
Oh, and this lists all the burglars hired by di Santos for the job!
Another fine piece of police work!
Hurry, Chief Inspector! Lascalle is raising her anchor!
Better jump, Chief Inspector!
Wait for me!
CHUG! CHUG!
SPLASH!
HEE, HEE, HEE!

COLOR: JEWELRY IN GLEAMING GOLD AND STONE!


(Chuckle!)
Yet another fine piece of police work!
(Splutter!)
"Hardly were we back at Baker Street, than..."
Where did you find all those darts?
In Chiquinto's pocket, Dawson! The fellow had enough to lay low half of London!
These make a notable addition to my collection!
Er, speaking of darts, I suddenly feel a great thirst!
I agree, Doctor! A celebration drink is called for!
And perhaps a game of darts—of the undrugged kind!
THE CAVENDISH ARMS
Your turn, Basil! And this time, I think you'll find me much harder to beat!
Indeed?
Basil! How is that possible?
THUD!
Elementary, my dear Dawson! It's very easy when you blow them through Chiquinto's blow-pipe!
Ho, ho!
(Gasp!)
THE END

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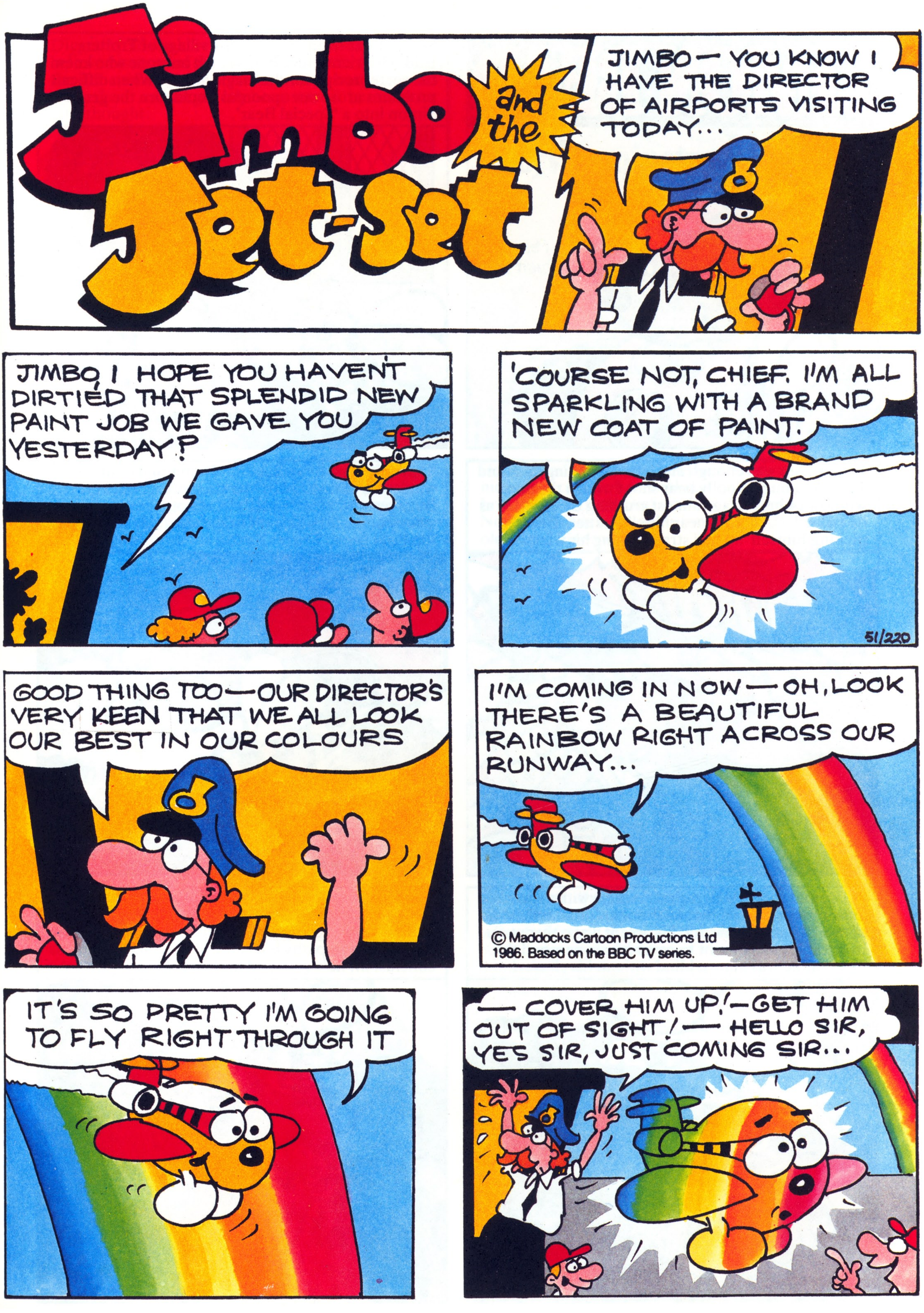
Jimbo and the Jet-set
JIMBO — YOU KNOW I HAVE THE DIRECTOR OF AIRPORTS VISITING TODAY...
JIMBO, I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T DIRTIED THAT SPLENDID NEW PAINT JOB WE GAVE YOU YESTERDAY!?
'COURSE NOT, CHIEF. I'M ALL SPARKLING WITH A BRAND NEW COAT OF PAINT.
51/220
GOOD THING TOO — OUR DIRECTOR'S VERY KEEN THAT WE ALL LOOK OUR BEST IN OUR COLOURS
I'M COMING IN NOW — OH, LOOK THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL RAINBOW RIGHT ACROSS OUR RUNWAY...
IT'S SO PRETTY I'M GOING TO FLY RIGHT THROUGH IT
— COVER HIM UP! — GET HIM OUT OF SIGHT! — HELLO SIR, YES SIR, JUST COMING SIR...

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SIMON BEAR

and the Mysterious Music

by Peter Holman-Read

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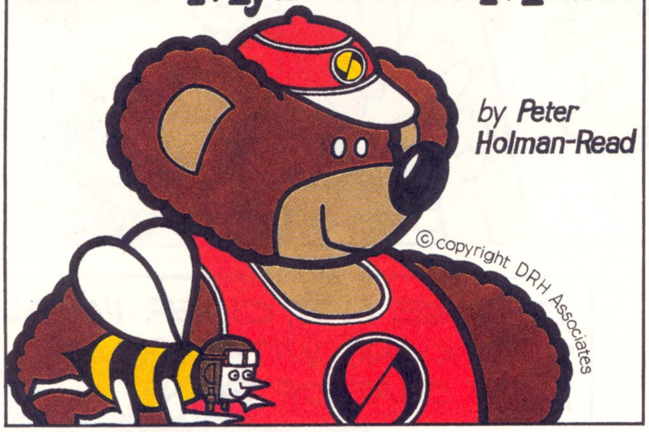
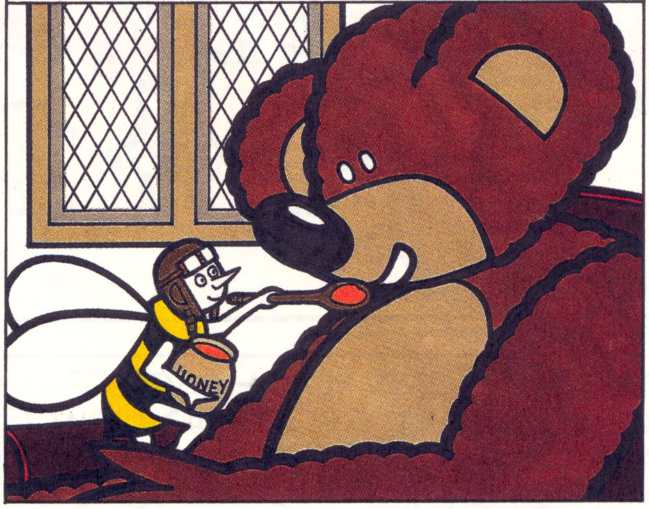
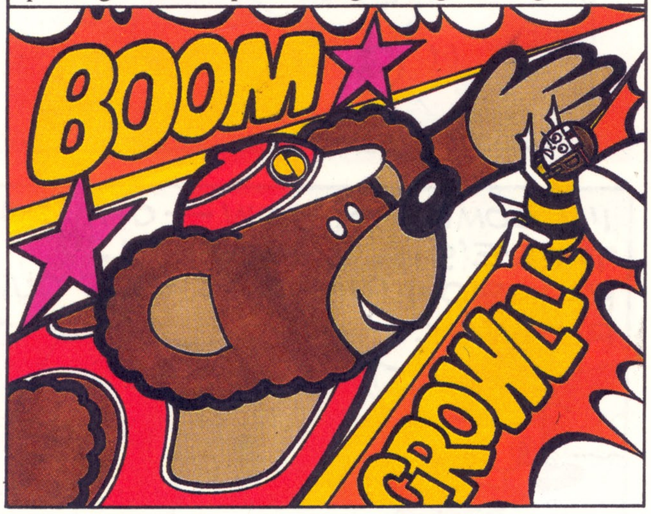


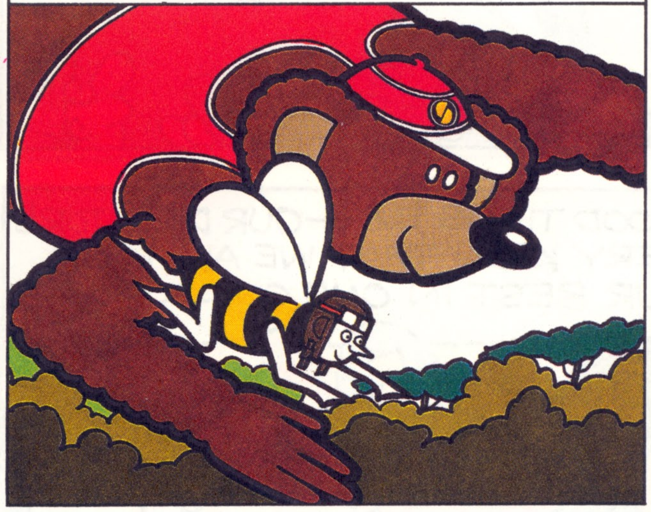
Simon Bear lived in the sleepy village of Trotters End. His friend Buzz Bee was the only one who knew the secret recipe for the magic honey. When difficult problems arose one spoonful would turn the gentle Simon into a 'Special Bear'.



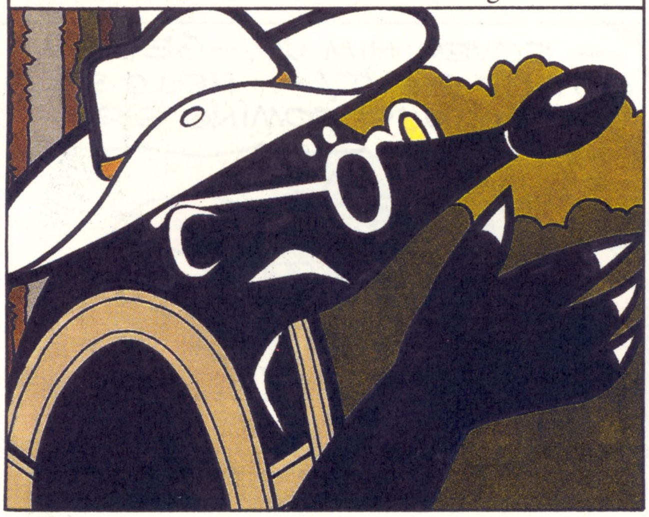
Just one sip was enough and with a blinding flash and a roar the hugh woolly bear shot through the open window of his cottage almost crushing the tiny bee as he passed. "Another near miss!" mutters Buzz, picking himself up and straightening his wings.



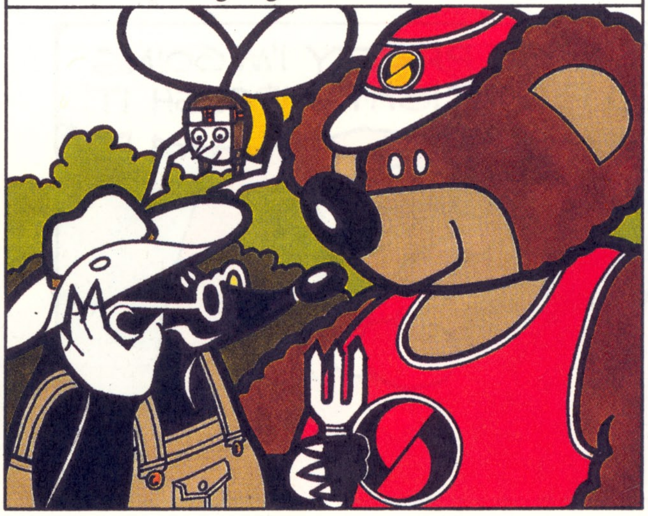
Simon was full of apologies. "Better make sure that window is always open," he said with a broad grin. Buzz rescued his precious pot of honey and hid it away before they flew off to see what was troubling their old friend Digger Mole.



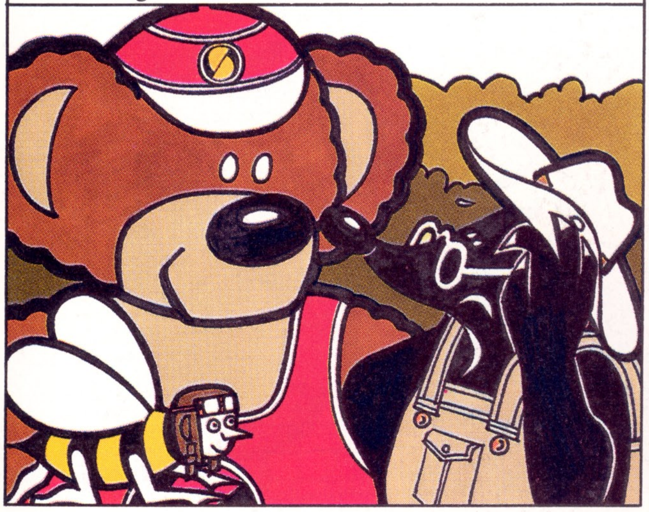
"G'day cobbers!" Digger greets them with a wave but Simon Bear can see that he is not his usual self. Most of the villagers knew that his accent was only put-on. In reality it was a front to cover his shyness and the fact that he was almost blind without his glasses.



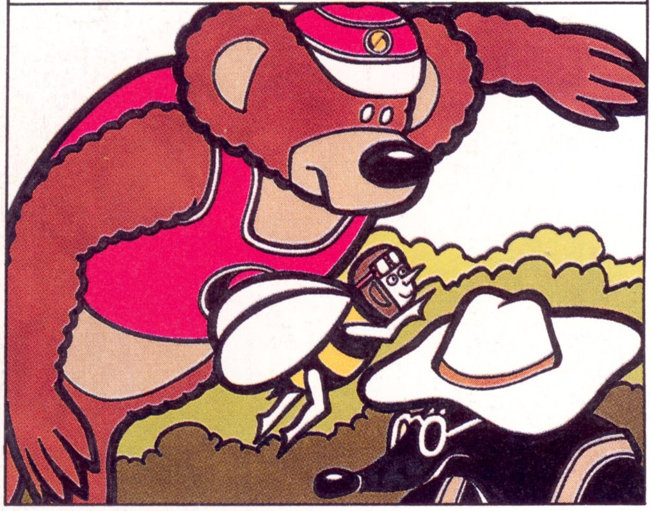
Stories of him hearing 'Waltzing Matilda' played on a flute outside his cottage at night led most animals to believe he was going potty. Simon and Buzz listened with some sympathy but came to the same conclusion, he's going off his head!



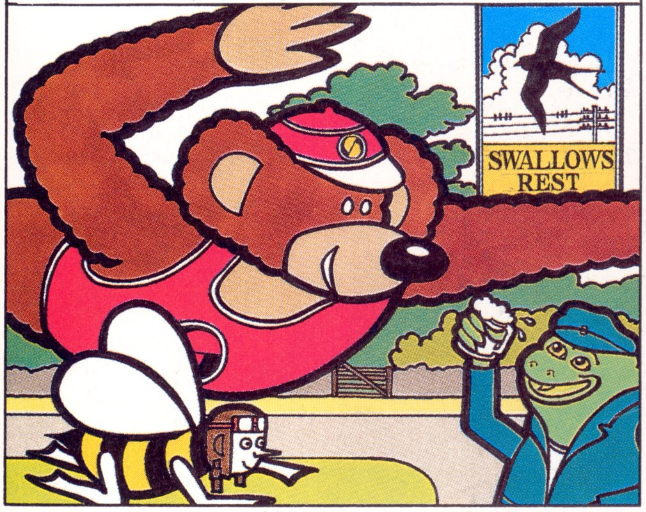
Digger Mole could see that his two friends didn't believe his story of the ghostly music. "It's always at the same time", he protested, looking hurt. "But not every day ..... George Jolly hears it too!" he said as an afterthought.



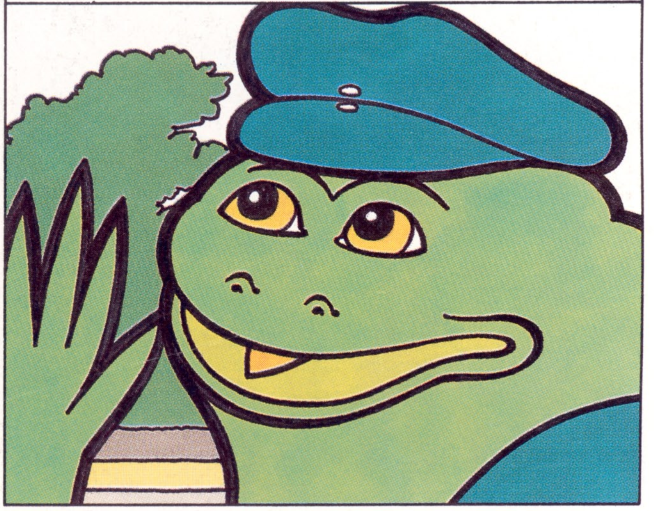
"Maybe we should ask him," said Simon Bear and the two of them left Digger nursing his pride and flew off to find George the elderly water rat. "I expect he's at the Swallows Rest with Bodger," said Simon with a knowing look.



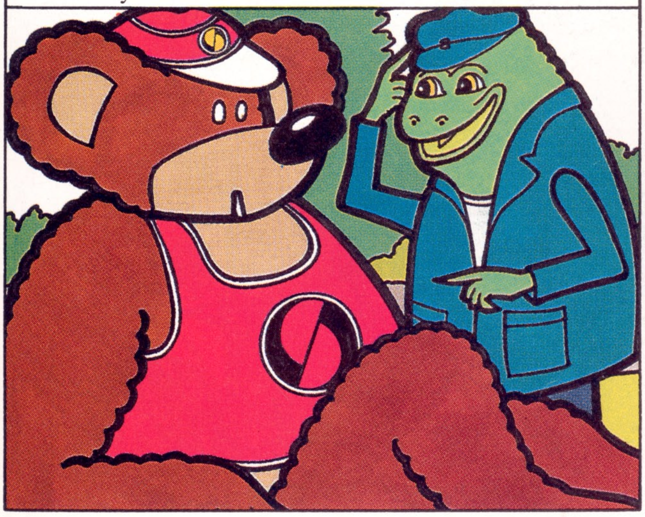
"Won't get much sense out of them," replied Buzz. As expected Bodger Toad was in his usual place outside the village inn but there was no sign of George. Bodger waved his beer mug at them slopping the contents down his jacket.



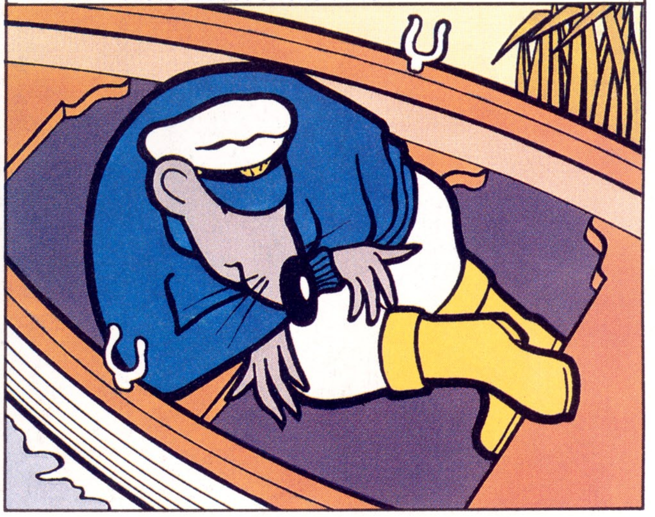
Bodger had once been the village handyman and his nickname required no explanation. Most animals breathed a sigh of relief when he decided to retire. Now he spends most of his time on the river with his old friend George.



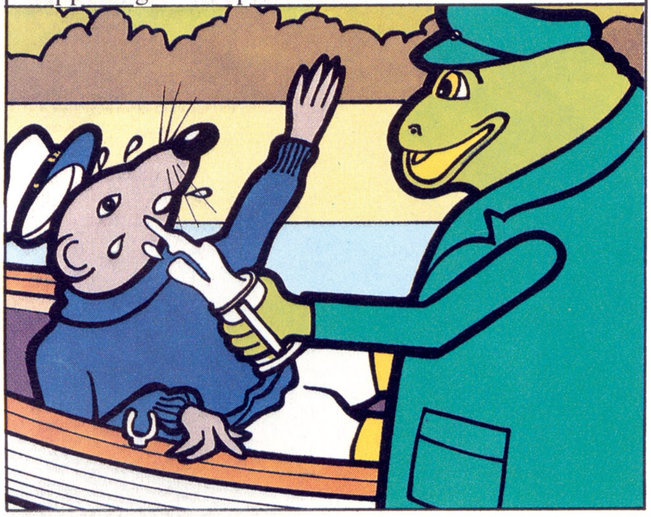
That is when they are not at the Swallows Rest! Simon Bear enquired after his friend and told him of their meeting with Digger. It appeared that George was sleeping off a hangover in his boat and it was about time they roused him.



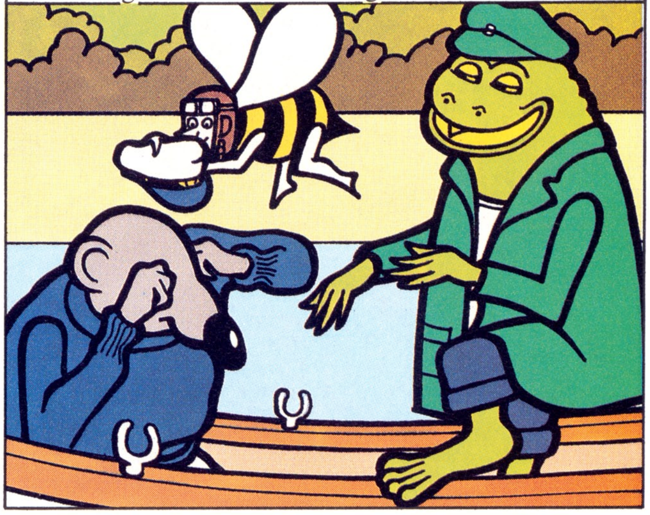
Simon Bear, Buzz and Bodger Toad find George asleep in the bottom of his boat. His old naval cap, a relic of a lifetime at sea, fisherman's jersey and yellow boots, leaving no doubt what was uppermost in his mind. At least most of the time!



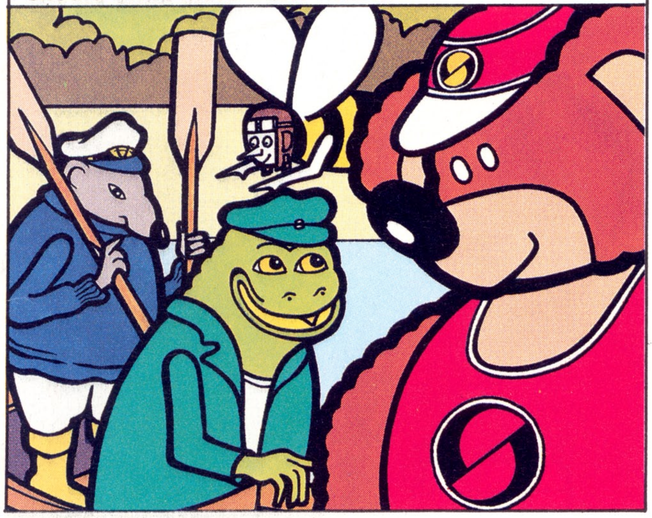
Bodger filled his now empty beer mug from the river and with a wide grin threw it into the face of the sleeping water rat. Poor George awoke with a start and his cap fell off into the river. "Wha's happening!?" he spluttered.



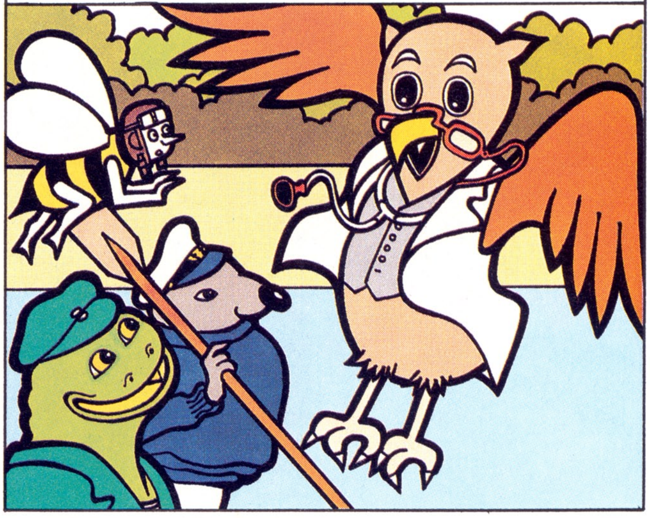
"Wakey! wakey!" burbled Bodger, trying his best not to laugh out loud. George shook himself and rubbed his eyes, still uncertain what was happening. Buzz, being a helpful chap, rescued his cap and put it back on George's head, still soaking wet.



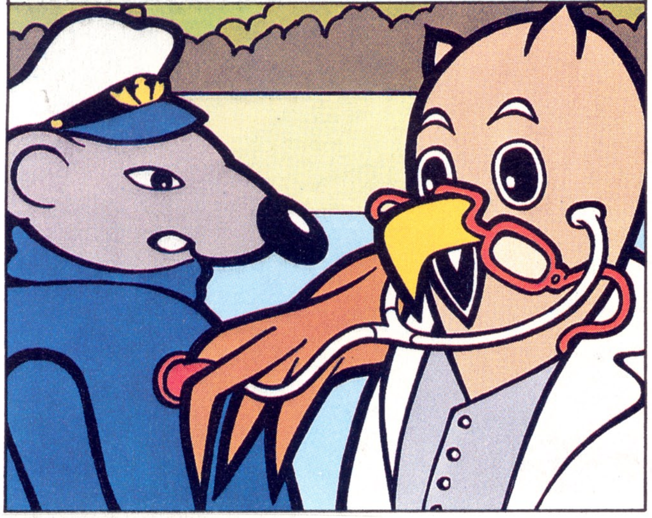
Being a water rat, George was used to getting wet and smiled blearily at his friends. They all listened with amusement to his story of the strange music that was haunting him. Bodger suggested with a wink that he should drink more water with it!



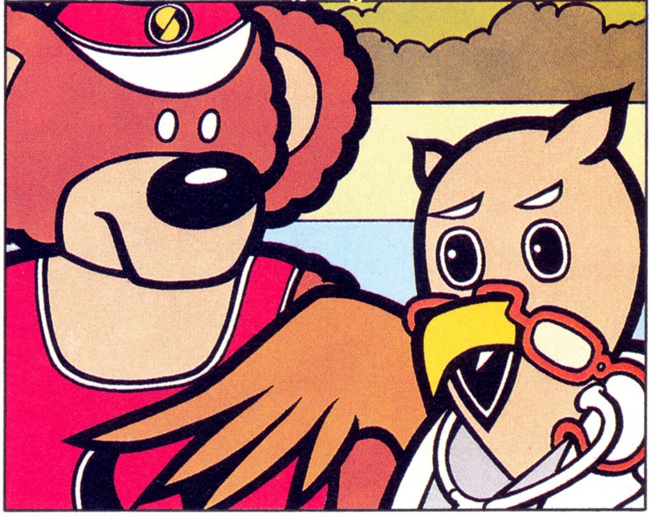
The four friends are suddenly joined by the village doctor, Doc Morton. He had heard that George was a bit off colour and decided to see if he was sickening for something. He had heard about the mysterious music and didn't believe a word of it.



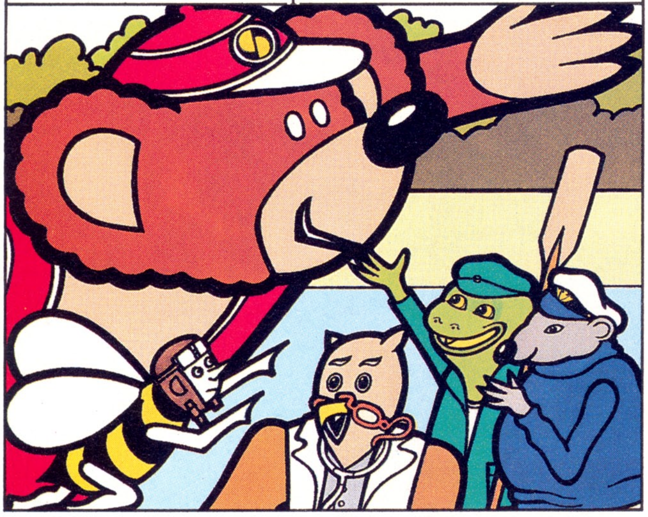
"Breathe in!..." George did as he was instructed and Doc's eyes widened in astonishment at the bubbling and rasping that sounded in his stethoscope. "Must have half the river in there, as well as a few tadpoles," muttered the Doc in amazement.



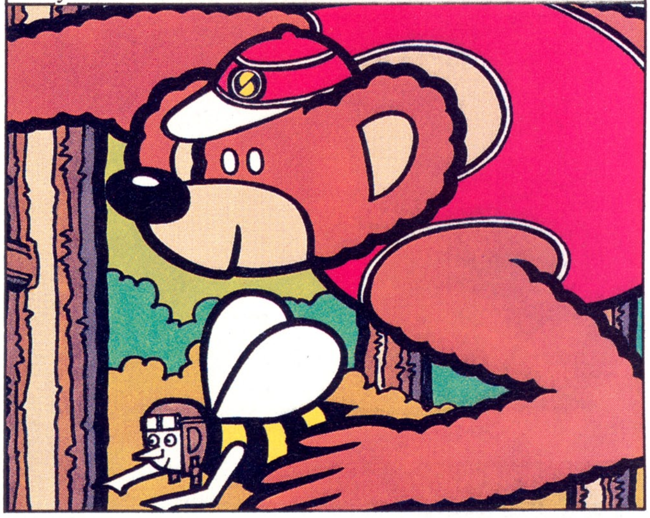
Doc explained that there was nothing wrong with either George or Digger. "Mind you, old age can play funny tricks on you," he said, nudging Simon Bear with his wing. "If you're really worried why not have a word with 'The Bishop', if you can find him."



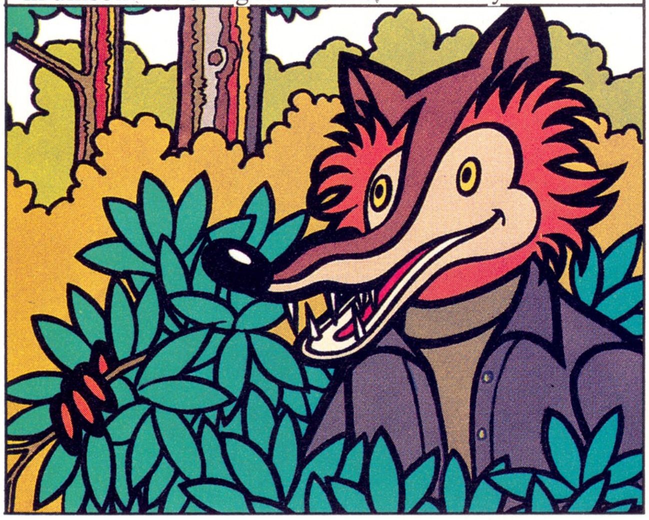
They all knew of 'The Bishop' and his great wisdom but most animals were secretly afraid of him. The old raven with his hooded eyes and black sinister feathers lived deep in Abbots Wood. Simon Bear and Buzz decided it would be helpful to seek his advice.



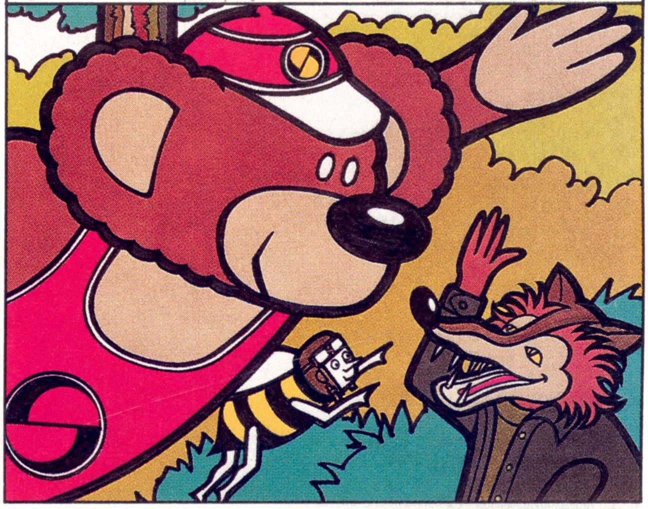
"Do you really think Digger and George are going potty?" asked Buzz as they entered the woods. Simon Bear didn't reply but he had a feeling that something funny was going on or someone was playing a very silly trick on their two friends.



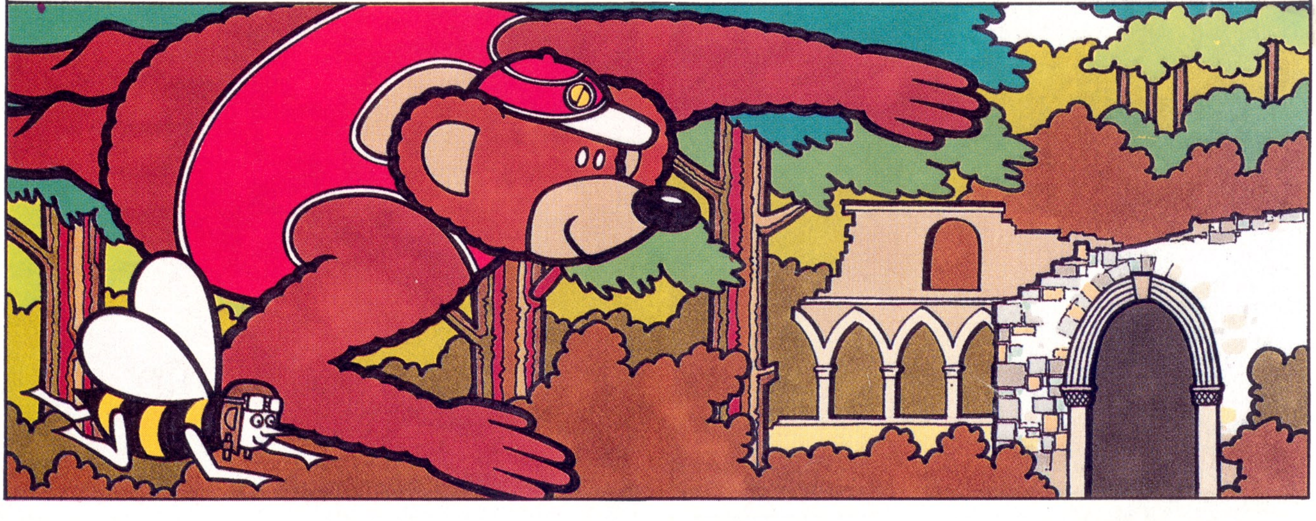
The woods were strangely quiet as they flew deeper in and they were surprized not to see any other animals. Suddenly a familiar brown face appeared from the undergrowth. "Trapper!" exclaimed Simon and Buzz in unison. "We might have known it was you!"



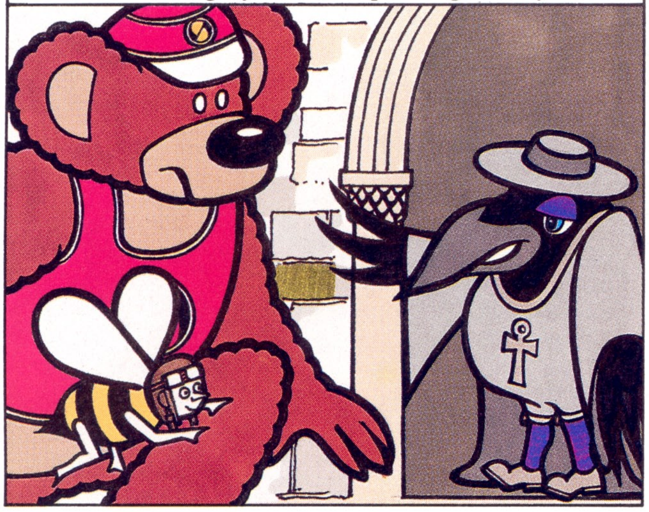
Recovering from their unexpected meeting Trapper listened with a broad grin to the story of the mysterious music and told them how to find 'The Bishop'. Buzz didn't trust the wiley old fox and now realized who had scared off all the other animals.



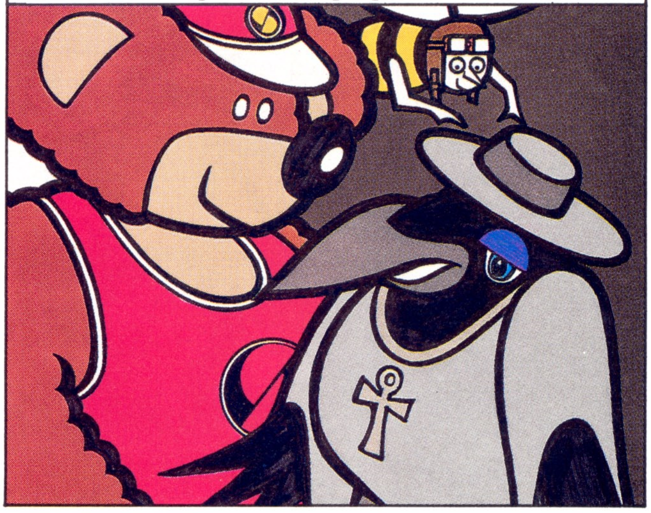
Following the directions they were given the two friends eventually arrived at the ruins of the old Abbey. It was certain that they would never have found it without Trapper's help. They had been flying for some time before Buzz, with his sharp little eyes, spotted the derelict building. What was left of it was overgrown with ivy and there appeared to be very little of the Abbey still standing. 'Doesn't look very promising,' said Simon as he plonked his huge frame down beside an arched doorway.



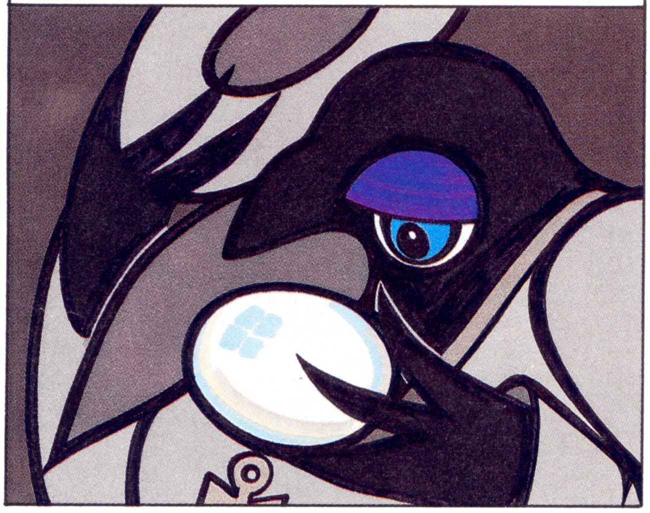
Some minutes later as Simon and Buzz peered into the dark entrance the Bishop appeared. A really sinister black raven with a long black robe, bright purple socks and heavy boots. He had a strange flat hat, enormous grey beak and piercing blue eyes.



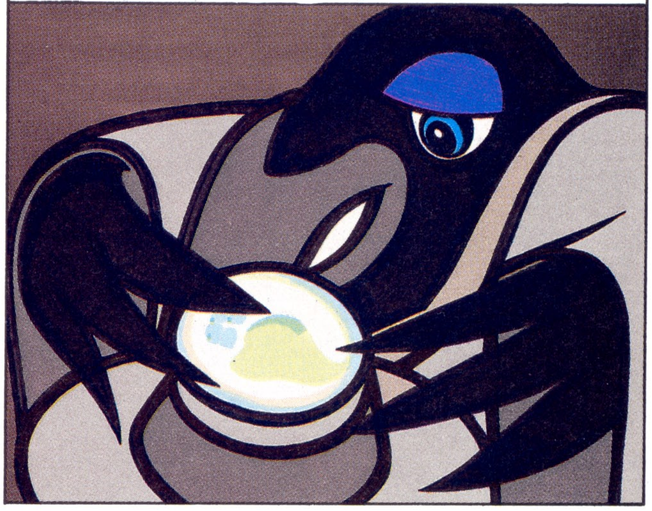
He gazed in surprise at his two visitors then suddenly demanded in a sharp croaky voice why they were disturbing him. He looked very frightening, his eyes partly covered by huge purple lids that twitched as Simon Bear explained the purpose of their visit.



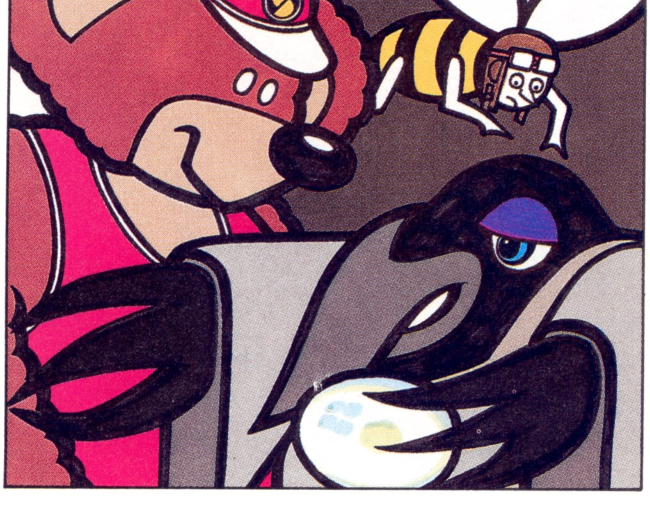
With a flourish he took off his hat and from under it produced a large shiny egg. It sparkled and glowed and had a strange aura about it. The Bishop laid his hat on the ground and placed the egg carefully on top of the crown and sat in front of it.



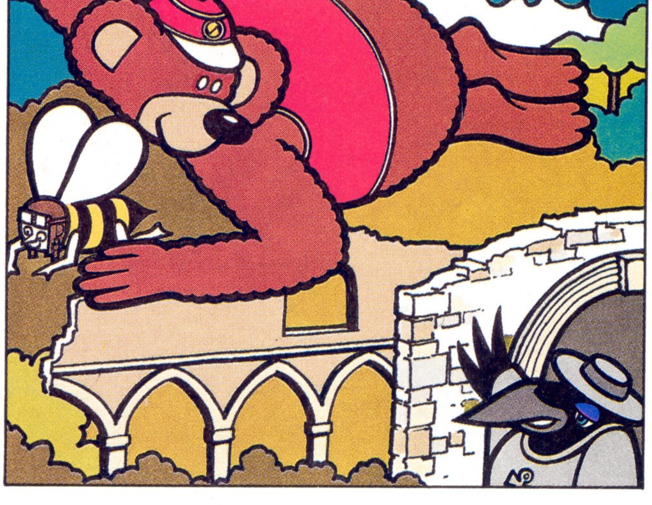
He crouched over it and gazed deep into the egg. Simon Bear and Buzz watched with fascination as the Bishop waved his huge fingers in the air and muttered under his breath. Suddenly a wobbly green shape appeared but just as suddenly it had vanished.



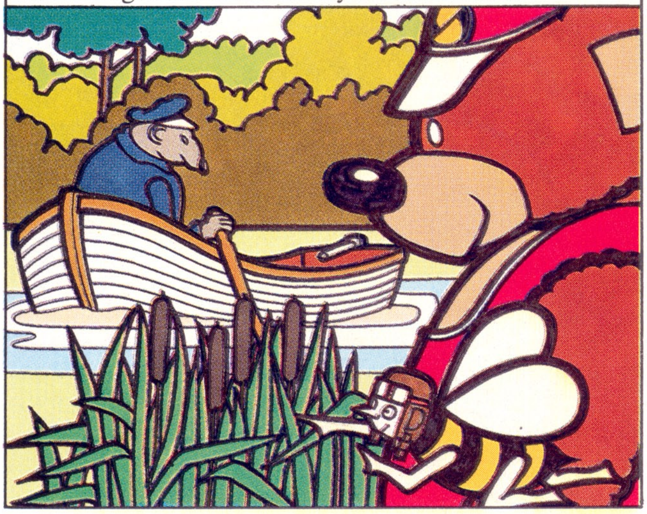
Simon Bear thought there was something familiar about the green shape but he couldn't think what it was. The Bishop cackled and muttered to himself and then suggested in a very superior manner that they seek the answer to their problem nearer home.



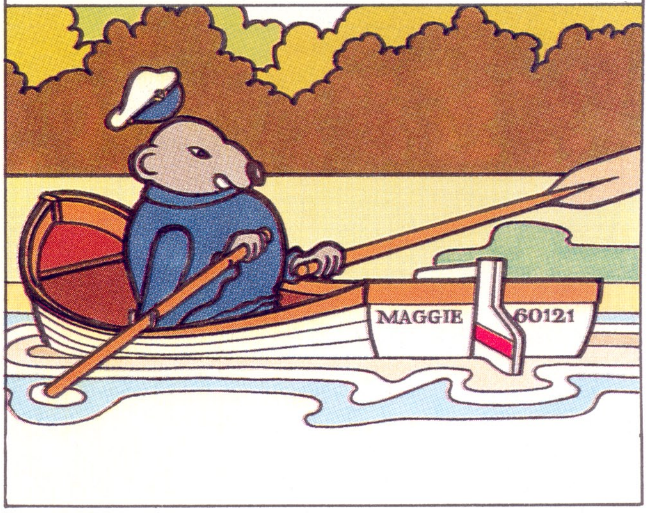
Simon and Buzz set off back to the village leaving the Bishop waving goodbye in a very lordly manner. Simon decided that he didn't like him very much but had a strange feeling that part of the mystery had been solved, but what? ..... who? .....



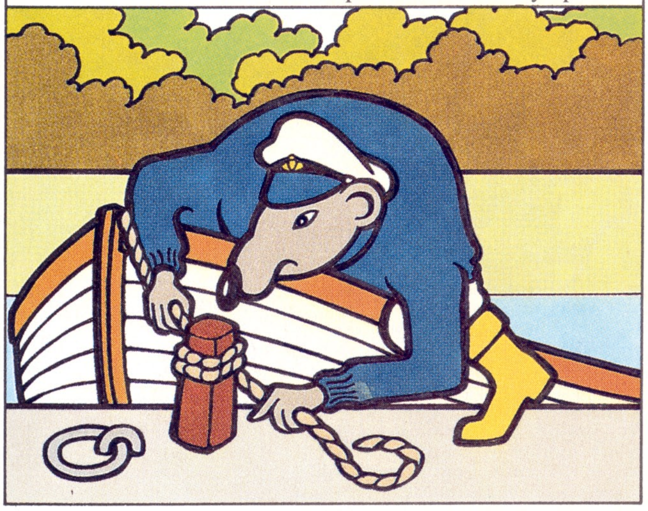
Eventually they arrived back at the village and rested by a clump of bullrushes on the river bank: George Jolly was rowing his boat gently up stream and all was peaceful and quiet. Simon loved the river and very soon forgot all about the mysterious music.



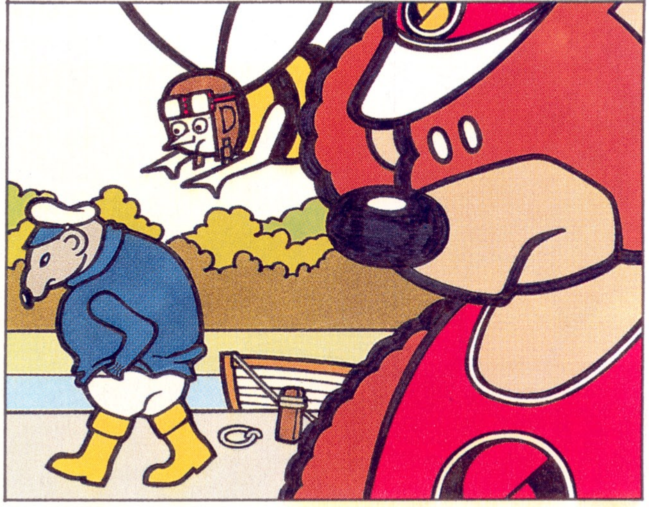
Suddenly the peaceful scene was broken by a wild musical sound. George let out a cry and fell backwards into his boat. There was a swirl of green in the water but there was nothing to be seen by the time Simon and Buzz flew out to the boat.



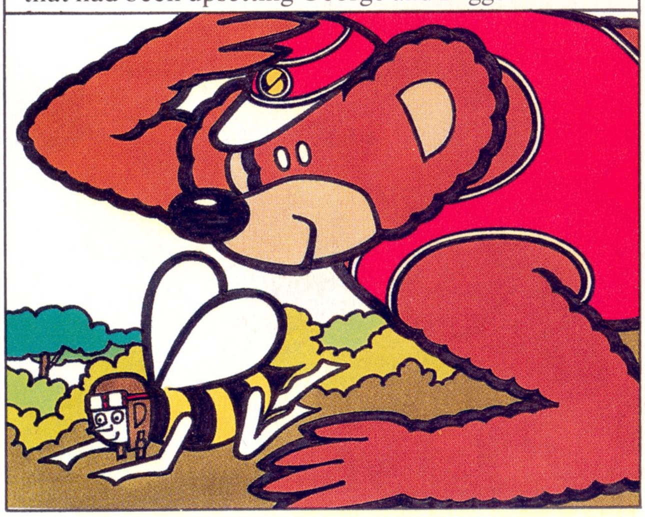
Simon Bear and Buzz helped George back into his seat after his shock at hearing the mysterious music. They searched the area but could not find out where the music had come from. In the meantime George rowed to the bank and tied up. He looked very upset.



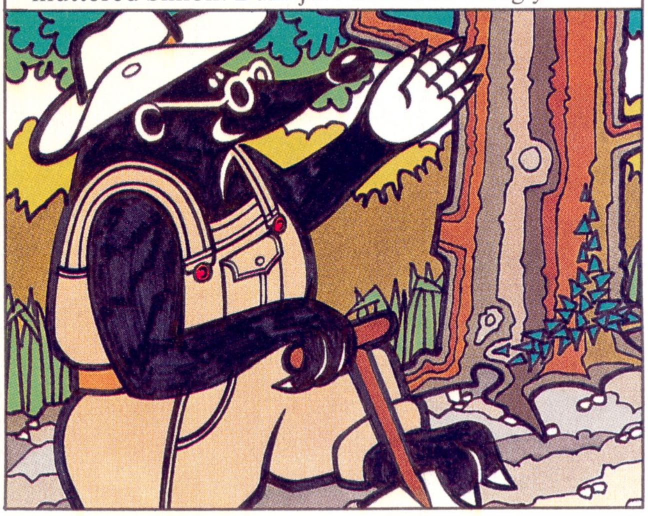
Simon and Buzz watched as George walked dejectedly towards the village. He did not appear to see them but Simon knew that he would probably find comfort at the Swallows Rest. Simon smiled grimly to himself and said, ‘Let’s see if Digger is O.K.’



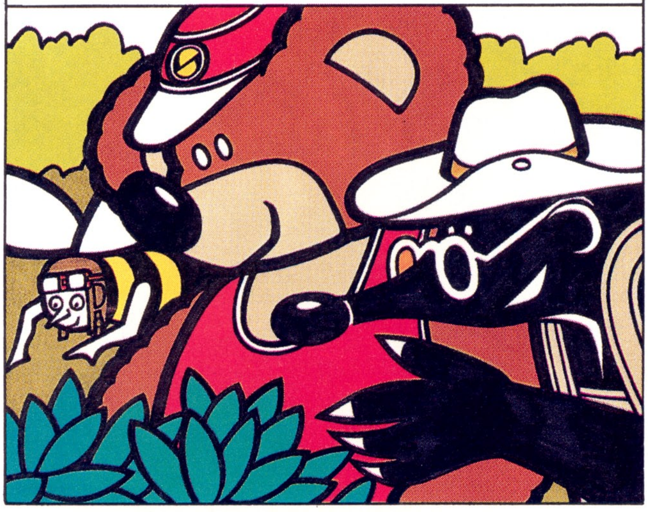
As they zoomed off to Digger’s house an idea was forming in Simon’s mind and he already had a shrewd idea who was behind the silly prank. If he was right there was a simple explanation for the strange music that had been upsetting George and Digger.



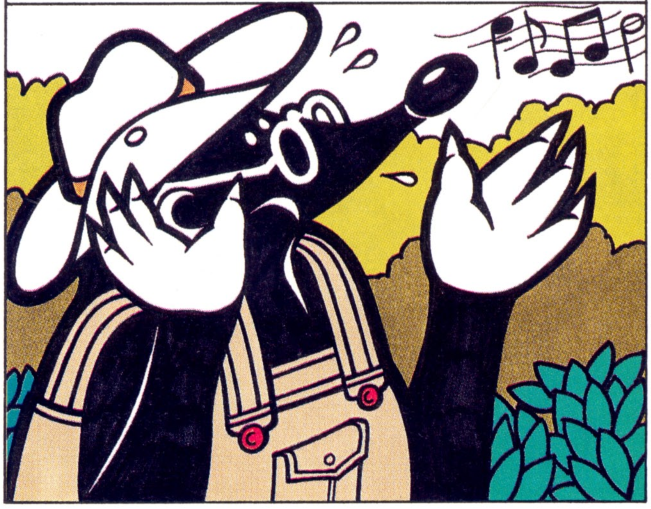
Digger was in his garden, he never seemed to grow anything, just had a passion for digging. He waved cheerfully as they appeared through the trees. ‘I’ll have to explain to him about growing things!’ muttered Simon. Buzz just smiled knowingly.



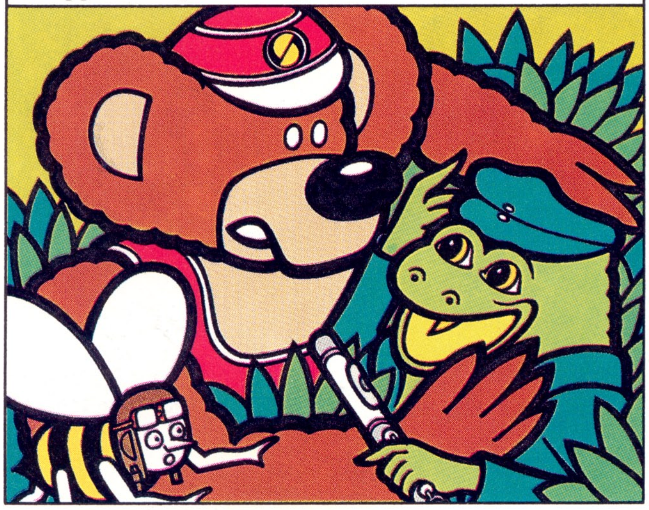
Digger had not heard the music for some time but it was decided that Simon and Buzz would hide in the bushes and Digger would carry on digging. If anything happened Simon knew what to do and there would be one very surprised mysterious flute player.



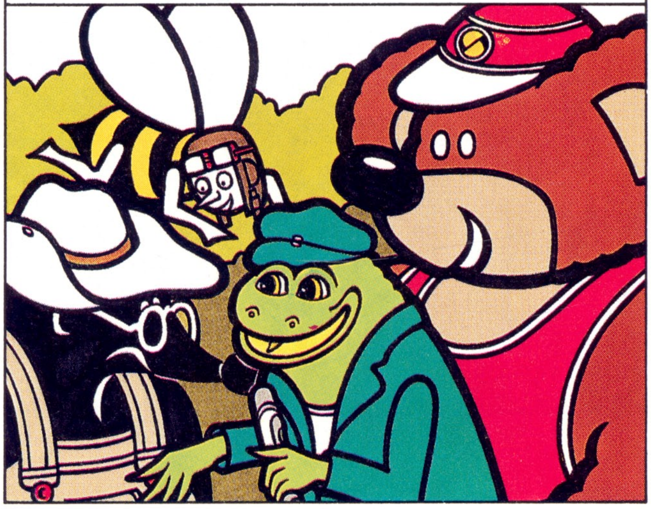
They crouched down in the undergrowth surrounding Digger's garden and waited. Digger hummed to himself as he turned over the soil. From their hiding place Simon and Buzz watched, soon coming to the conclusion that Digger was really potty!



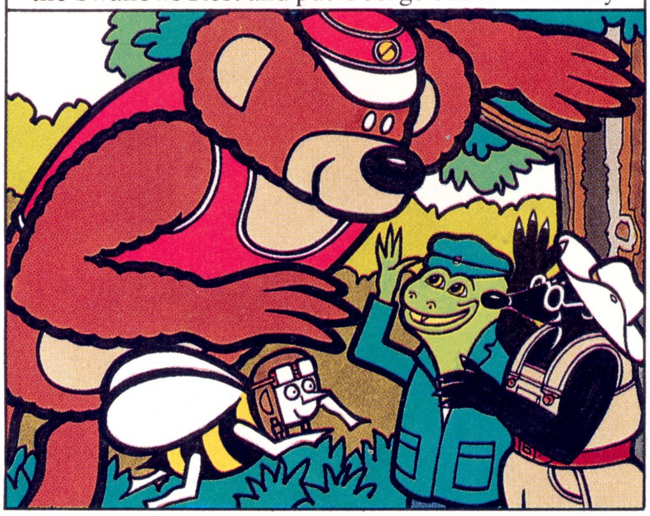
Time passed and all that could be heard was Digger's spade and his heavy breathing. Suddenly their patience was rewarded and the ghostly sound of 'Waltzing Matilda' floated through the air. Digger dropped his spade in fright, trembling all over.



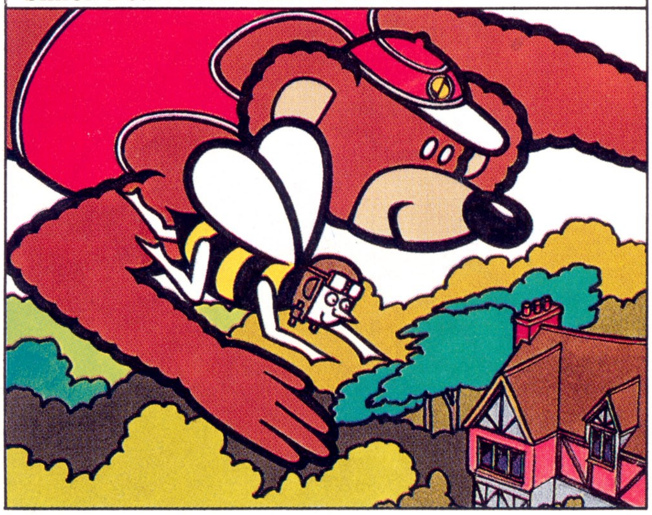
Simon Bear launched himself from his hiding place. There was a great flurry of arms and legs and to everyone's surprise it was Bodger Toad! Everyone that is except Simon. The green shape that appeared in the Bishop's egg had given him the clue.



Bodger explained that it was only a bit of fun, teasing Digger about his Australian accent and George for his boring sea stories. Fortunately Digger saw the funny side of it and Bodger promised to hurry back to the Swallows Rest and put George out of his misery.



'Bodger didn't need an excuse to hurry to the Swallows!' said Simon as they waved goodbye. Soon they arrived back at Simon's cottage where he once again became his old self. Lovable, ordinary, simple, Simon Bear. And Buzz Bee of course.



Paddington Bear

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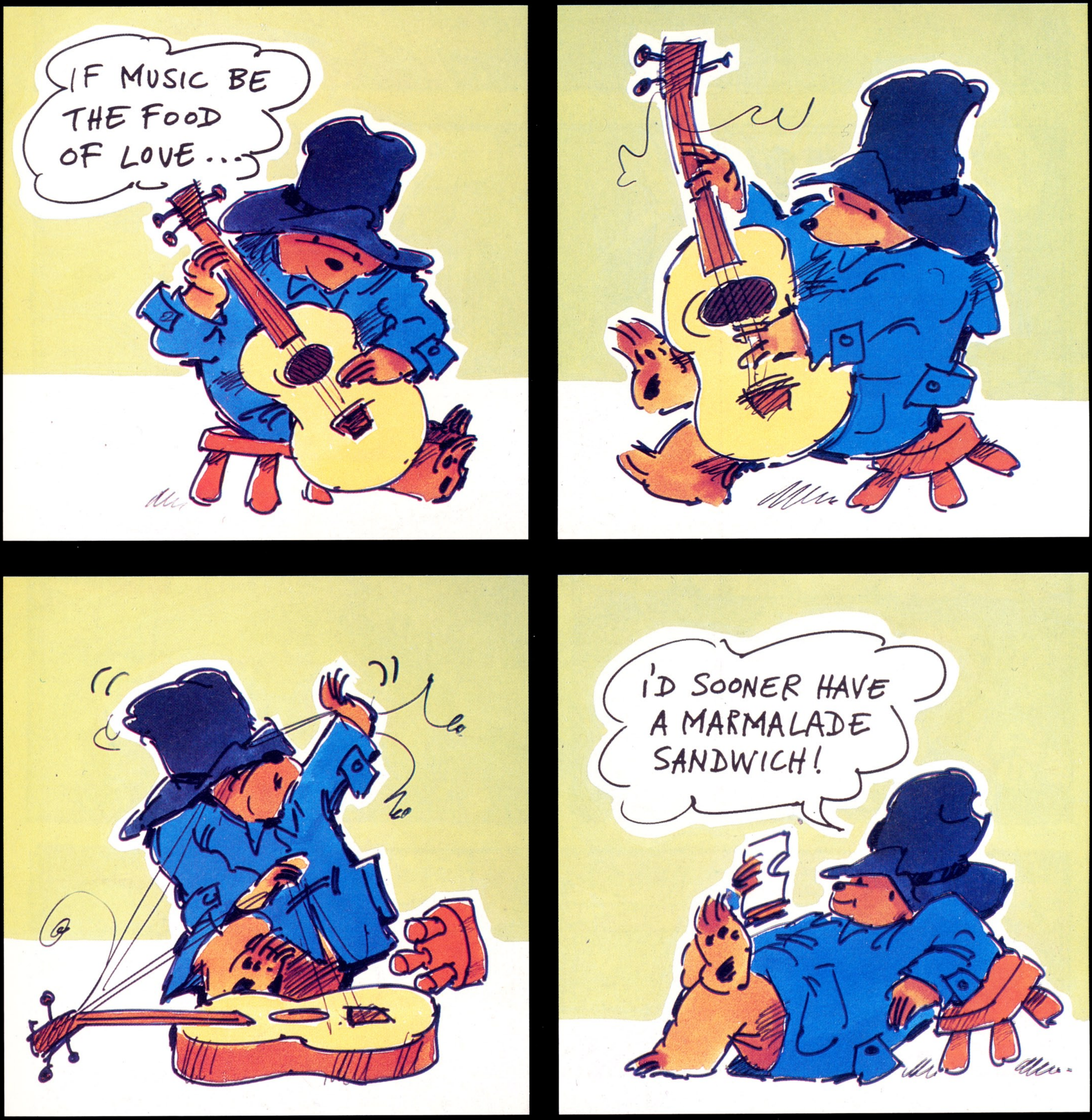
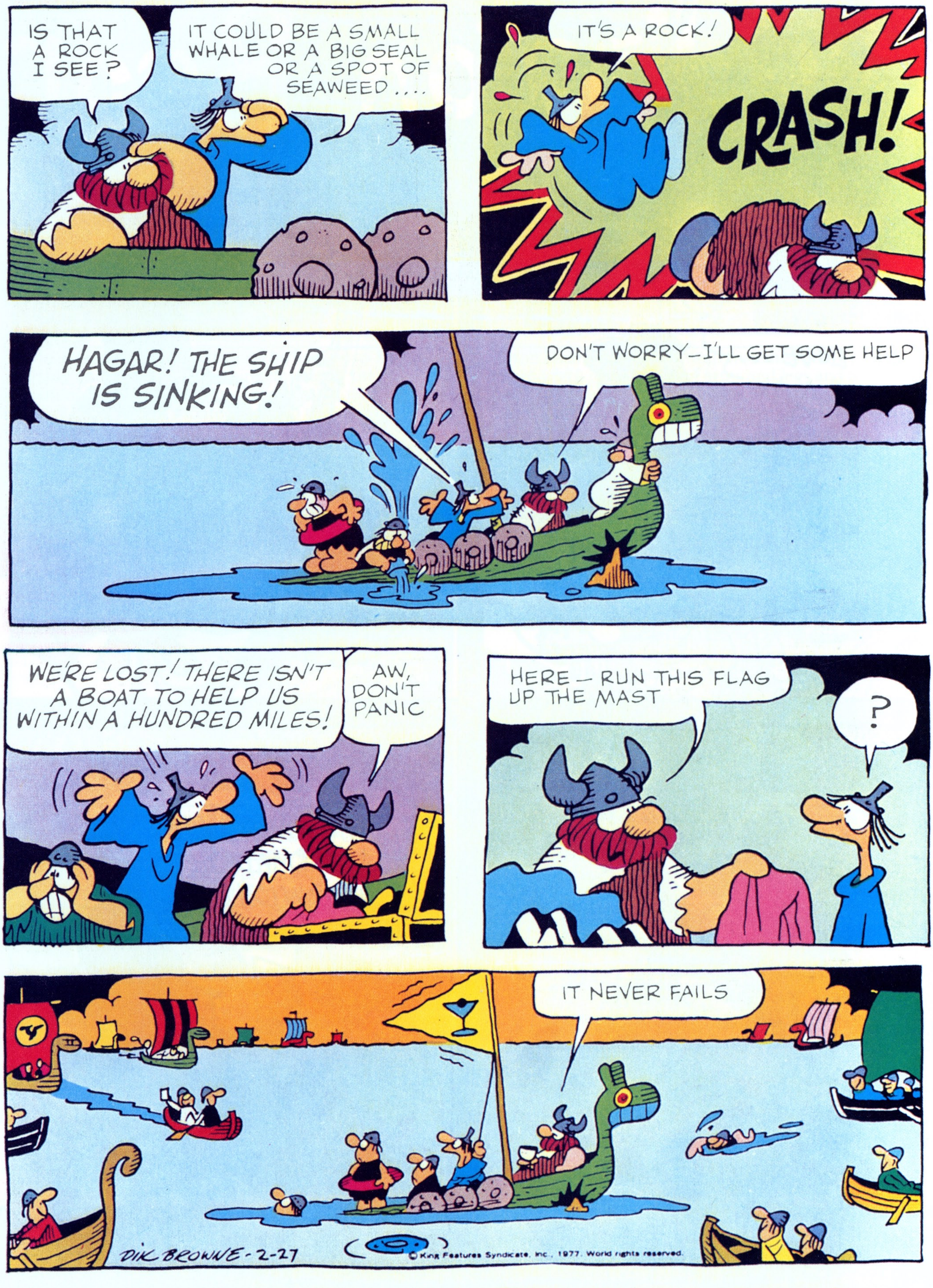

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE...
I'D SOONER HAVE A MARMALADE SANDWICH!

© Text Michael Bond
© Illustrations Ivor Wood 1979

HÄGAR The Horrible

by DIK BROWNE


IS THAT A ROCK I SEE?
IT COULD BE A SMALL WHALE OR A BIG SEAL OR A SPOT OF SEAWEED....
IT'S A ROCK!
CRASH!
HAGAR! THE SHIP IS SINKING!
DON'T WORRY—I'LL GET SOME HELP
WE'RE LOST! THERE ISN'T A BOAT TO HELP US WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES!
AW, DON'T PANIC
HERE—RUN THIS FLAG UP THE MAST
?
IT NEVER FAILS
DIK BROWNE-2-27
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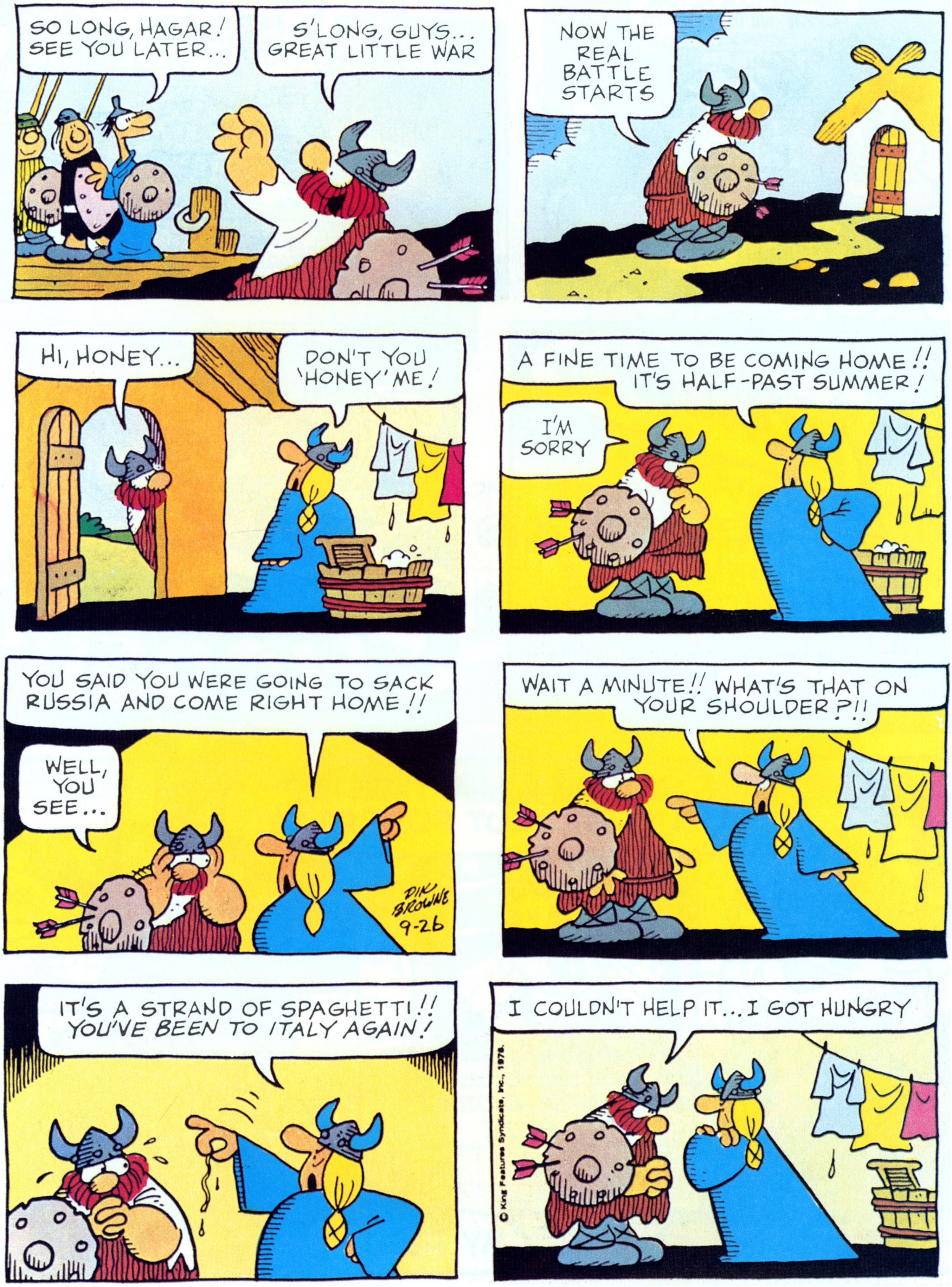
HÄGAR The Horrible

by DIK BROWNE


SO LONG, HAGAR! SEE YOU LATER...
S'LONG, GUYS... GREAT LITTLE WAR
NOW THE REAL BATTLE STARTS
HI, HONEY...
DON'T YOU 'HONEY' ME!
A FINE TIME TO BE COMING HOME!! IT'S HALF-PAST SUMMER!
I'M SORRY
YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO SACK RUSSIA AND COME RIGHT HOME!!
WELL, YOU SEE...
DIK BROWNE 9-26
WAIT A MINUTE!! WHAT'S THAT ON YOUR SHOULDER?!!
IT'S A STRAND OF SPAGHETTI!! YOU'VE BEEN TO ITALY AGAIN!
I COULDN'T HELP IT... I GOT HUNGRY

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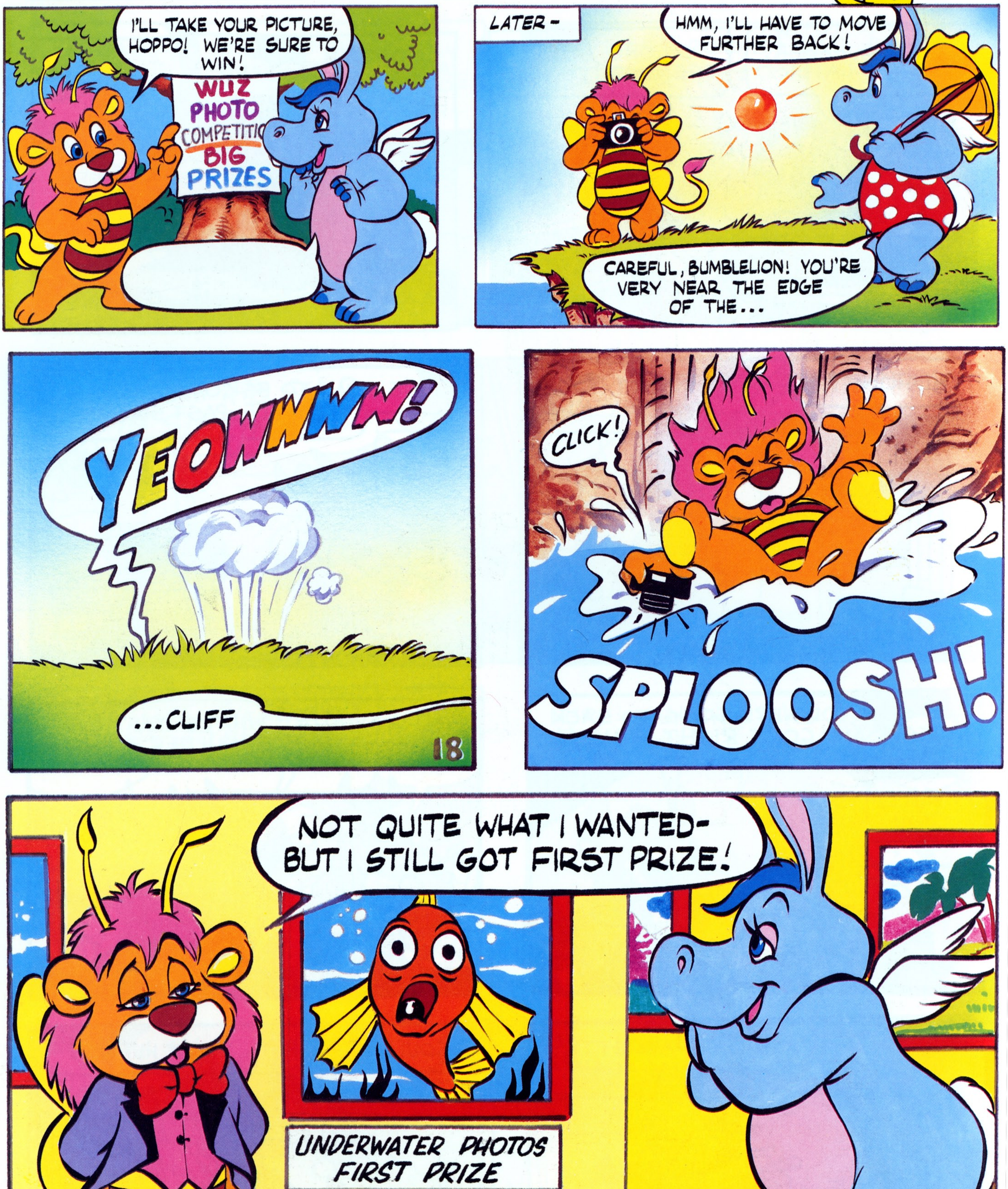
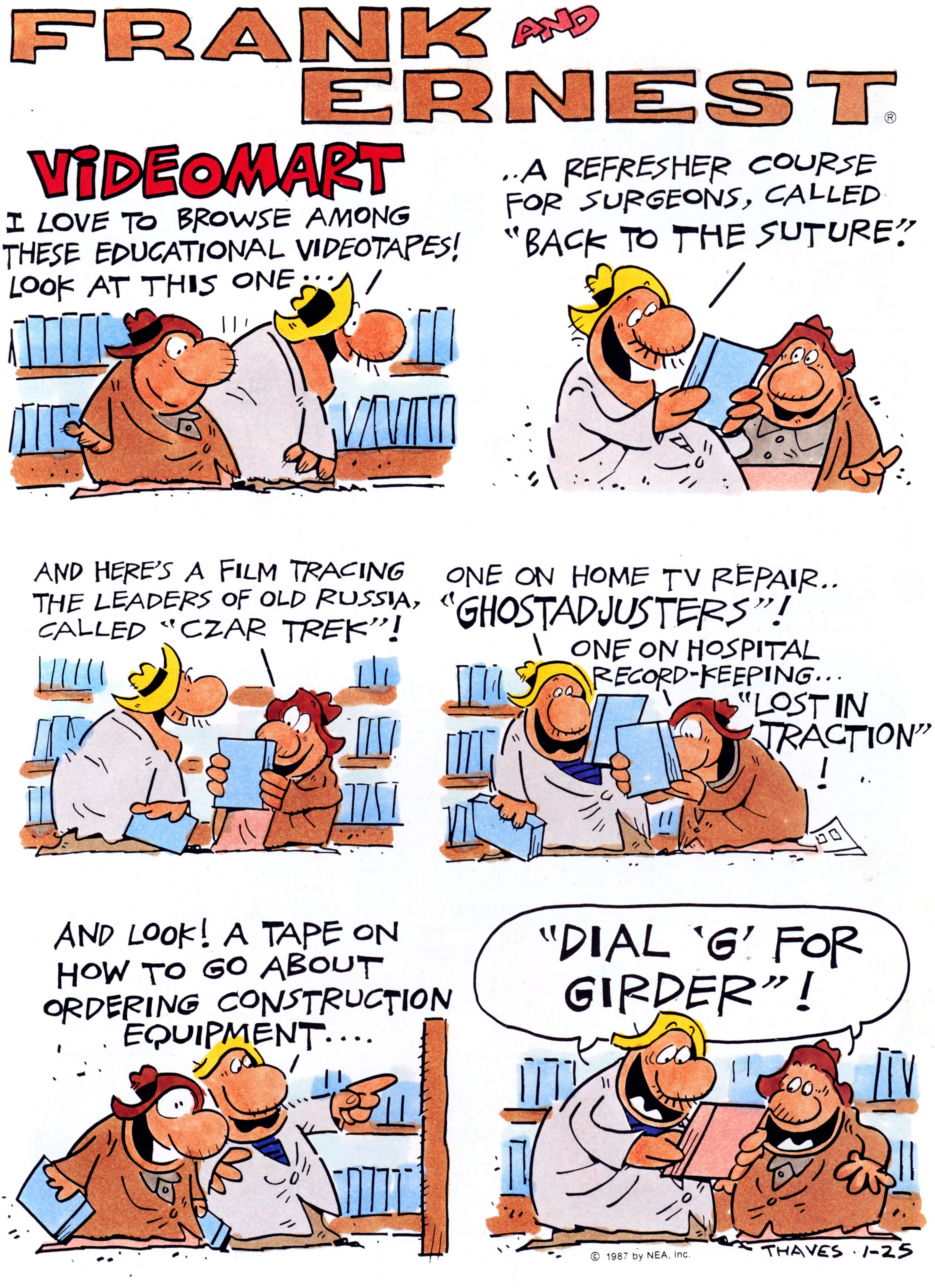
SNAP HAPPY

Wuzzles™


I'LL TAKE YOUR PICTURE, HOPPO! WE'RE SURE TO WIN!
WUZ PHOTO COMPETITIO BIG PRIZES
LATER –
HMM, I'LL HAVE TO MOVE FURTHER BACK!
CAREFUL, BUMBLELION! YOU'RE VERY NEAR THE EDGE OF THE...
YEOWWWW!
...CLIFF
CLICK!
SPLOOSH!
NOT QUITE WHAT I WANTED– BUT I STILL GOT FIRST PRIZE!
UNDERWATER PHOTOS FIRST PRIZE
MY HERO!

© 1987 The Walt Disney Company


FRANK AND ERNEST®
VIDEOMART
I LOVE TO BROWSE AMONG THESE EDUCATIONAL VIDEOTAPES! LOOK AT THIS ONE...
..A REFRESHER COURSE FOR SURGEONS, CALLED "BACK TO THE SUTURE"!
AND HERE'S A FILM TRACING THE LEADERS OF OLD RUSSIA, CALLED "CZAR TREK"!
ONE ON HOME TV REPAIR.. "GHOSTADJUSTERS"!
ONE ON HOSPITAL RECORD-KEEPING... "LOST IN TRACTION"!
AND LOOK! A TAPE ON HOW TO GO ABOUT ORDERING CONSTRUCTION EQUIPMENT....
"DIAL 'G' FOR GIRDER"!
THAVES 1-25

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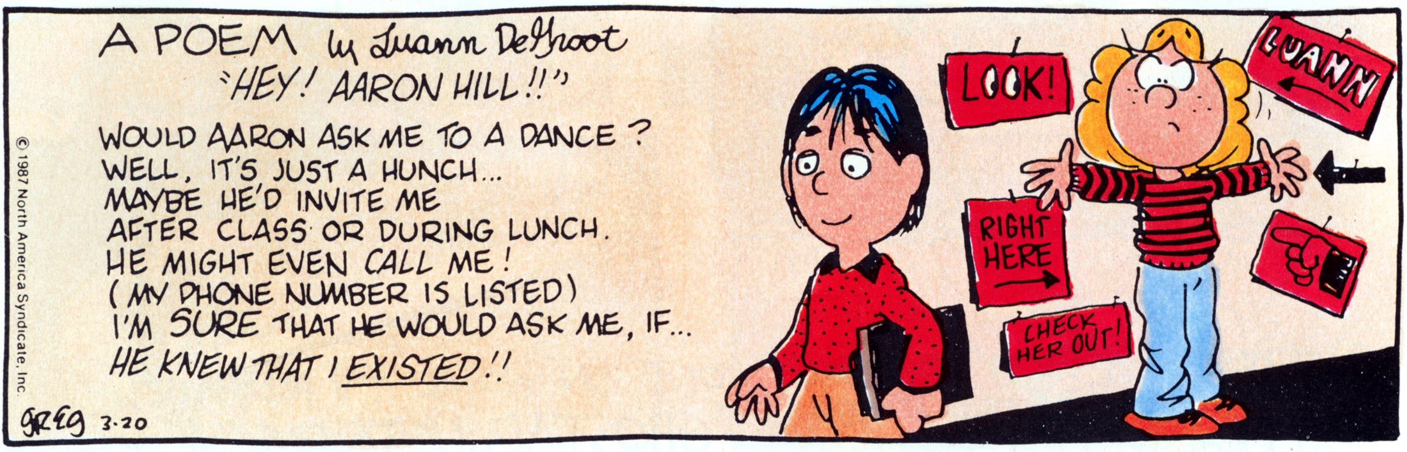
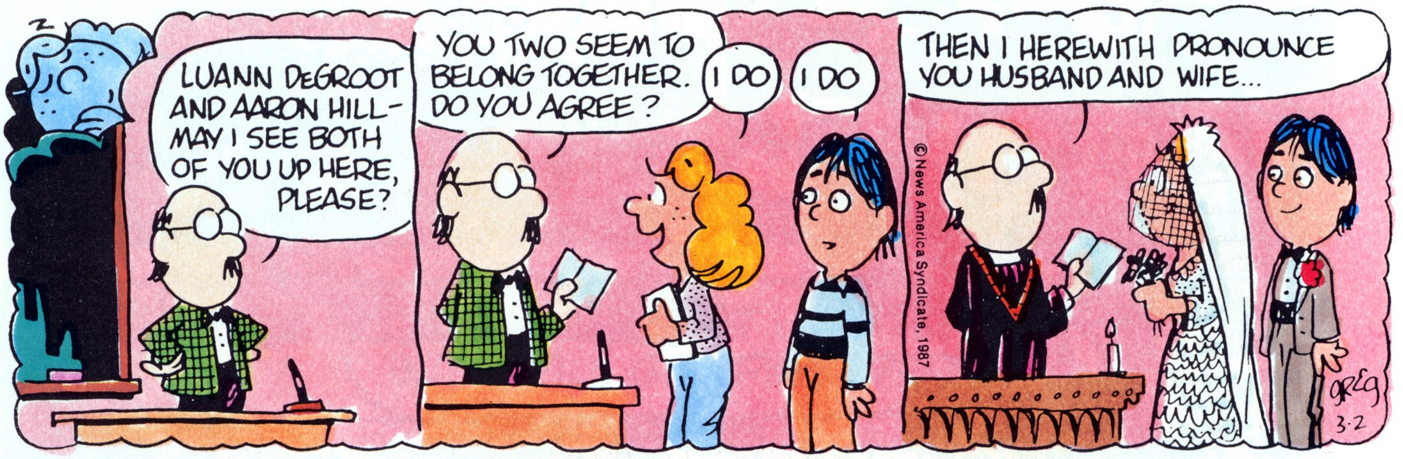
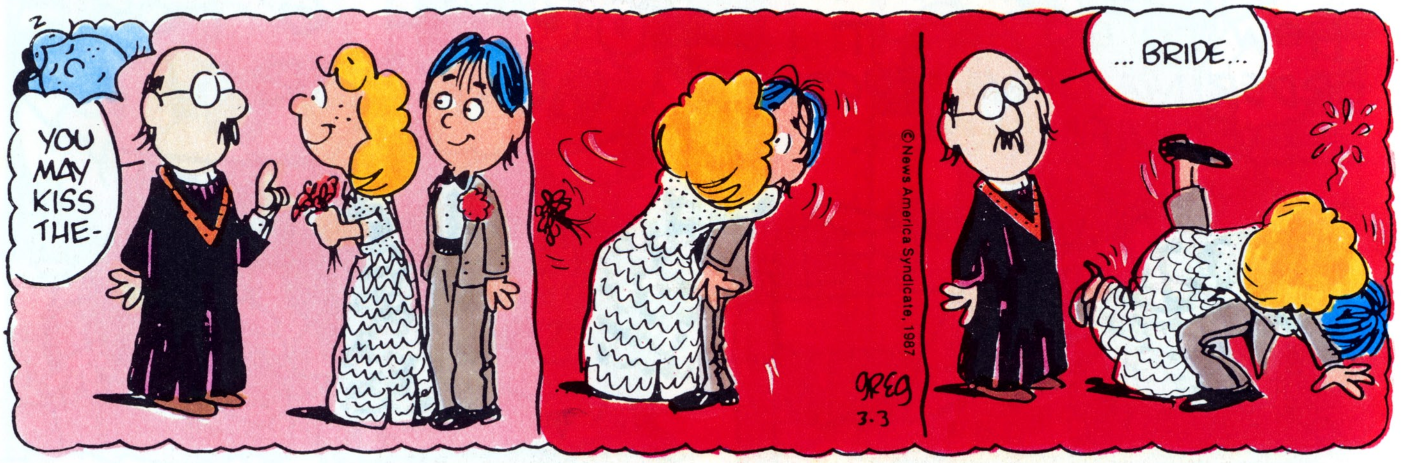
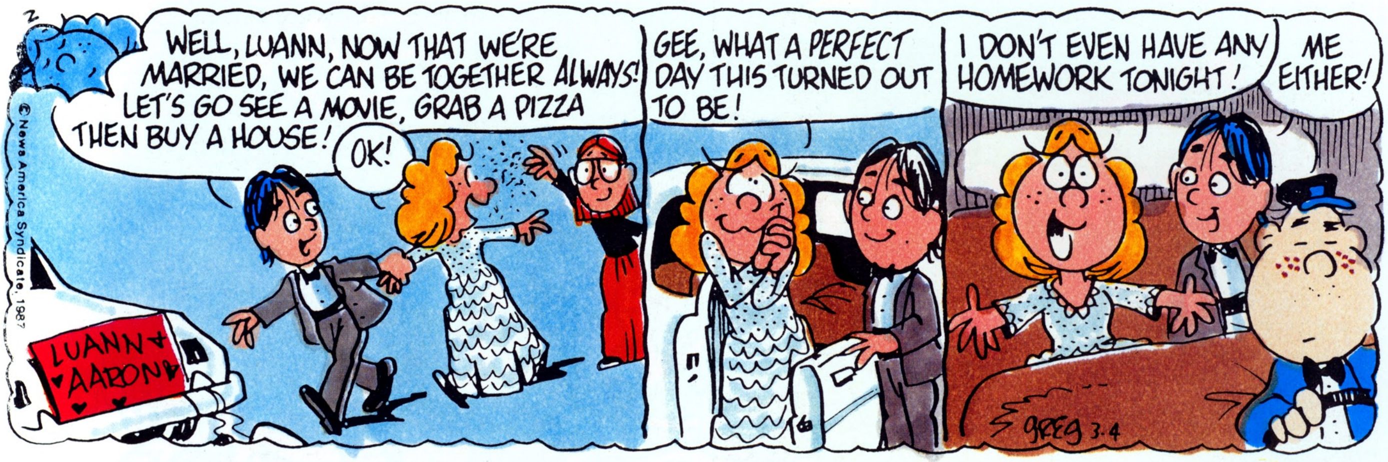
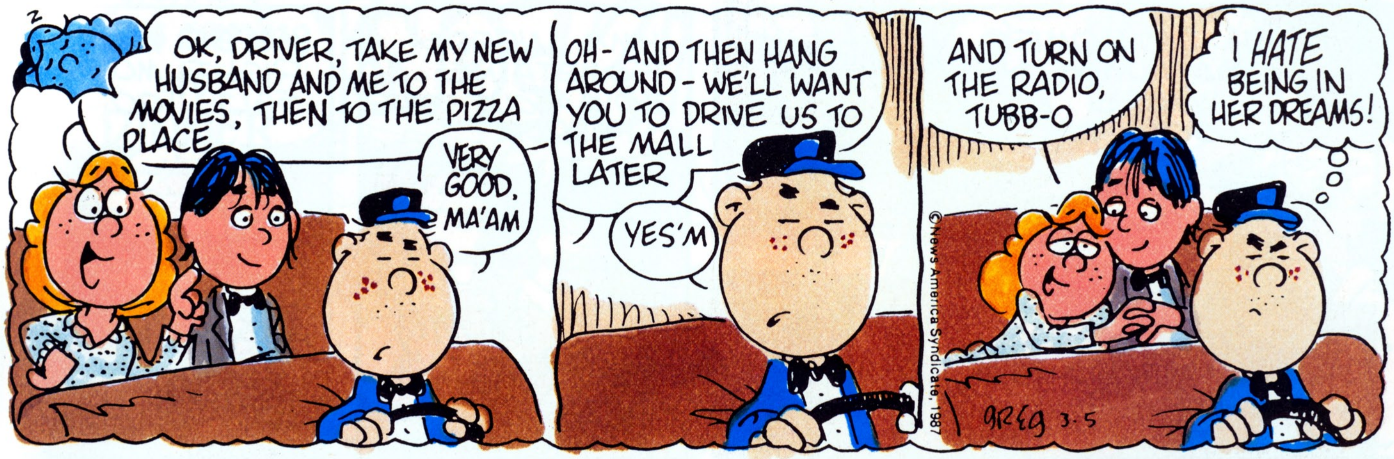
Luann
DEAR DIARY...
GREG

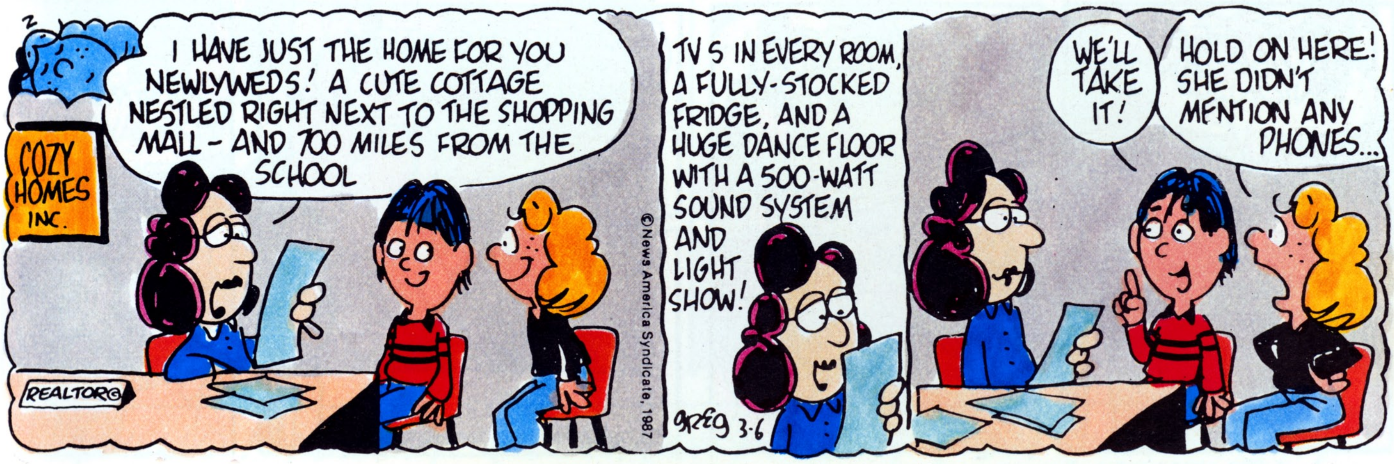

A POEM by Luann DeGroot
"HEY! AARON HILL!!"
WOULD AARON ASK ME TO A DANCE?
WELL, IT'S JUST A HUNCH...
MAYBE HE'D INVITE ME
AFTER CLASS OR DURING LUNCH.
HE MIGHT EVEN CALL ME!
(MY PHONE NUMBER IS LISTED)
I'M SURE THAT HE WOULD ASK ME, IF...
HE KNEW THAT I EXISTED!!
LOOK!
LUANN
RIGHT HERE
CHECK HER OUT!
© 1987 North America Syndicate, Inc.
GREG 3-20

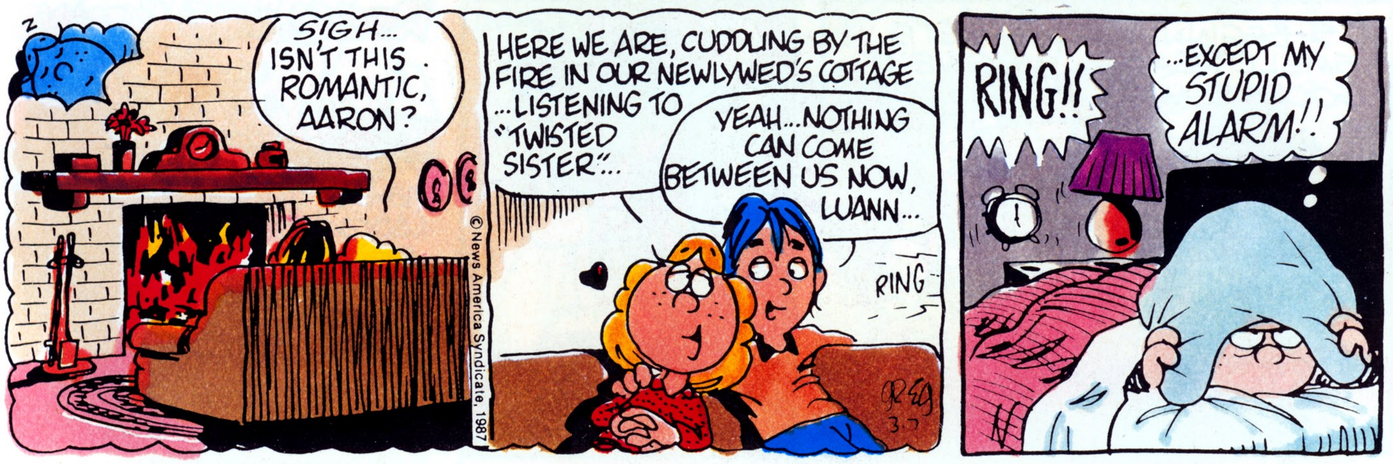

LUANN DEGROOT AND AARON HILL- MAY I SEE BOTH OF YOU UP HERE, PLEASE?
YOU TWO SEEM TO BELONG TOGETHER. DO YOU AGREE?
I DO
I DO
THEN I HEREWITH PRONOUNCE YOU HUSBAND AND WIFE...
© News America Syndicate, 1987
GREG 3-2

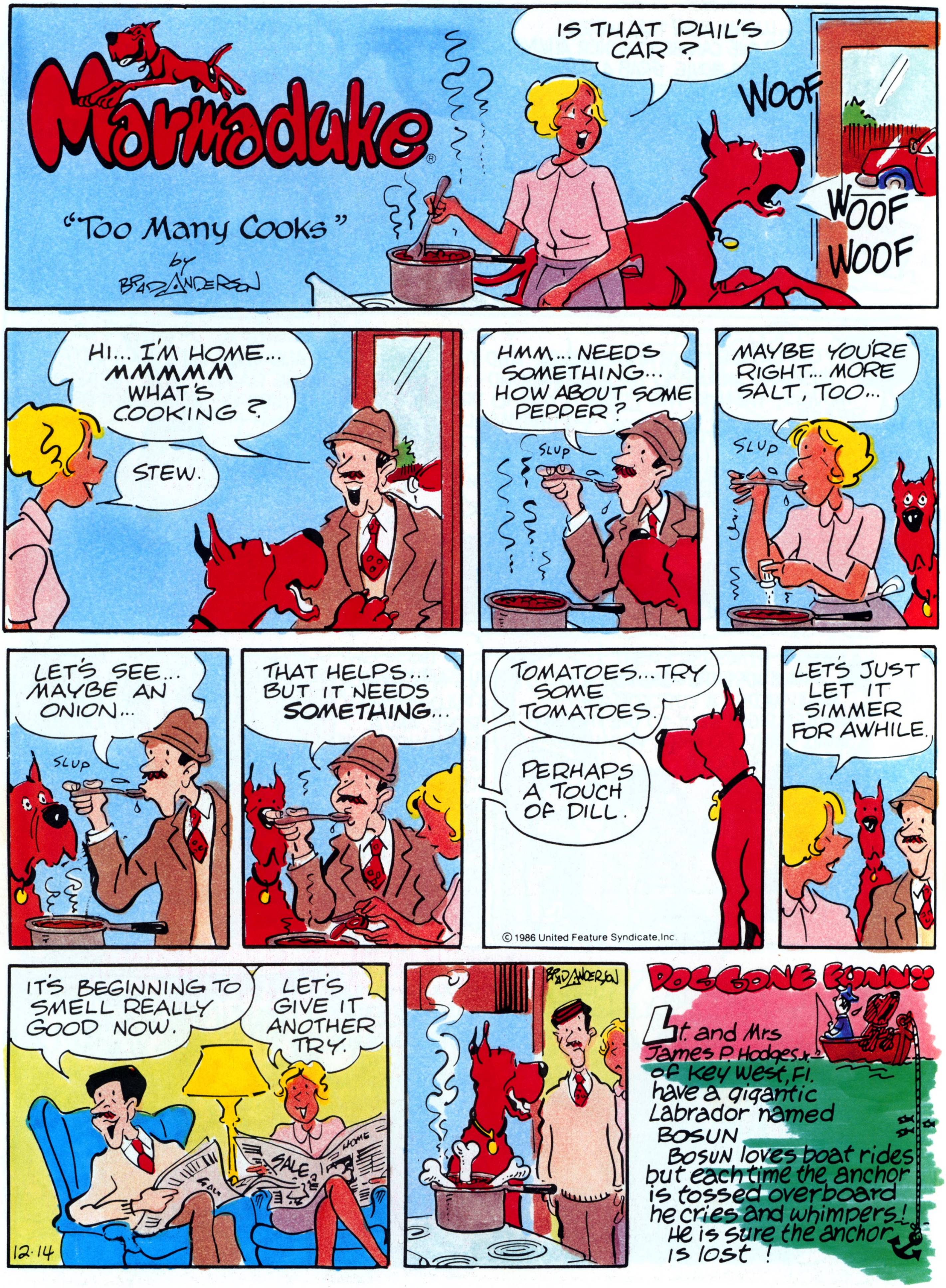

YOU MAY KISS THE-
...BRIDE...
© News America Syndicate, 1987
GREG 3-3


WELL, LUANN, NOW THAT WE'RE MARRIED, WE CAN BE TOGETHER ALWAYS! LET'S GO SEE A MOVIE, GRAB A PIZZA THEN BUY A HOUSE!
OK!
LUANN ♥ AARON ♥
© News America Syndicate, 1987
GEE, WHAT A PERFECT DAY THIS TURNED OUT TO BE!
I DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY HOMEWORK TONIGHT!
ME EITHER!
GREG 3·4


OK, DRIVER, TAKE MY NEW HUSBAND AND ME TO THE MOVIES, THEN TO THE PIZZA PLACE
VERY GOOD, MA'AM
OH- AND THEN HANG AROUND - WE'LL WANT YOU TO DRIVE US TO THE MALL LATER
YES'M
© News America Syndicate, 1987
AND TURN ON THE RADIO, TUBB-O
I HATE BEING IN HER DREAMS!
GREG 3-5


I HAVE JUST THE HOME FOR YOU NEWLYWEDS! A CUTE COTTAGE NESTLED RIGHT NEXT TO THE SHOPPING MALL - AND 700 MILES FROM THE SCHOOL
COZY HOMES INC.
REALTOR®
© News America Syndicate, 1987
TV'S IN EVERY ROOM, A FULLY-STOCKED FRIDGE, AND A HUGE DANCE FLOOR WITH A 500-WATT SOUND SYSTEM AND LIGHT SHOW!
GREG 3-6
WE'LL TAKE IT!
HOLD ON HERE! SHE DIDN'T MENTION ANY PHONES...


SIGH... ISN'T THIS ROMANTIC, AARON?
© News America Syndicate, 1987
HERE WE ARE, CUDDLING BY THE FIRE IN OUR NEWLYWED'S COTTAGE ...LISTENING TO "TWISTED SISTER"...
YEAH...NOTHING CAN COME BETWEEN US NOW, LUANN...
RING
GREG 3-7
RING!!
...EXCEPT MY STUPID ALARM!!


Marmaduke®
"Too Many Cooks"
by Brad Anderson
IS THAT PHIL'S CAR ?
WOOF
WOOF WOOF
HI... I'M HOME... MMMMM WHAT'S COOKING ?
STEW.
HMM... NEEDS SOMETHING... HOW ABOUT SOME PEPPER ?
SLUP
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT... MORE SALT, TOO...
SLUP
LET'S SEE... MAYBE AN ONION...
SLUP
THAT HELPS... BUT IT NEEDS SOMETHING...
TOMATOES...TRY SOME TOMATOES.
PERHAPS A TOUCH OF DILL.
LET'S JUST LET IT SIMMER FOR AWHILE.
IT'S BEGINNING TO SMELL REALLY GOOD NOW.
LET'S GIVE IT ANOTHER TRY.
SALE
HOME
12·14
Brad Anderson
DOG GONE FUNNY
Lt. and Mrs James P. Hodges Jr. of Key West, Fl. have a gigantic Labrador named BOSUN
Bosun loves boat rides but each time the anchor is tossed overboard he cries and whimpers! He is sure the anchor is lost !
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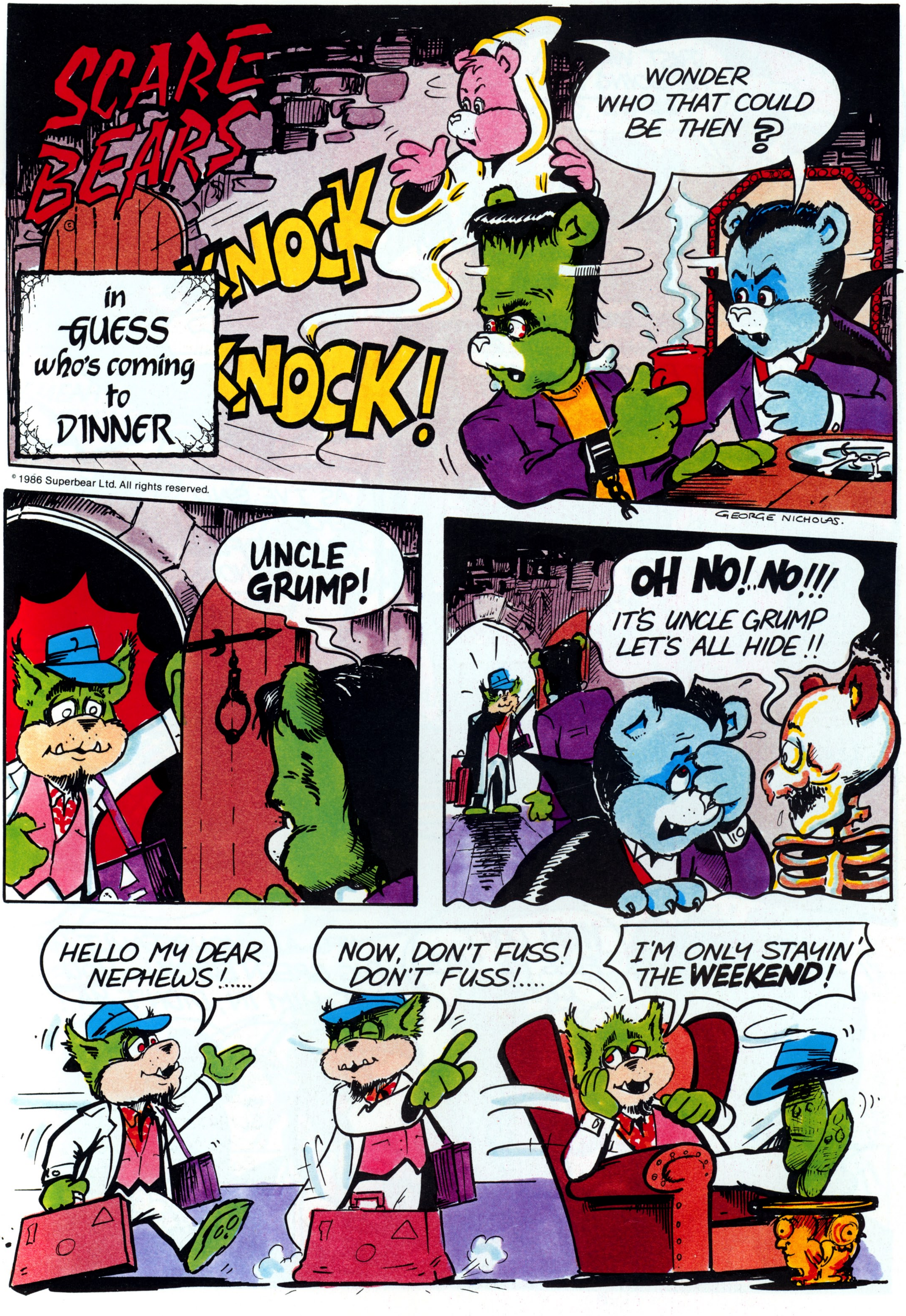
SCARE BEARS
in GUESS who's coming to DINNER
KNOCK KNOCK!
WONDER WHO THAT COULD BE THEN ?
GEORGE NICHOLAS.
UNCLE GRUMP!
OH NO!..NO!!! IT'S UNCLE GRUMP LET'S ALL HIDE !!
HELLO MY DEAR NEPHEWS!......
NOW, DON'T FUSS! DON'T FUSS!....
I'M ONLY STAYIN' THE WEEKEND!

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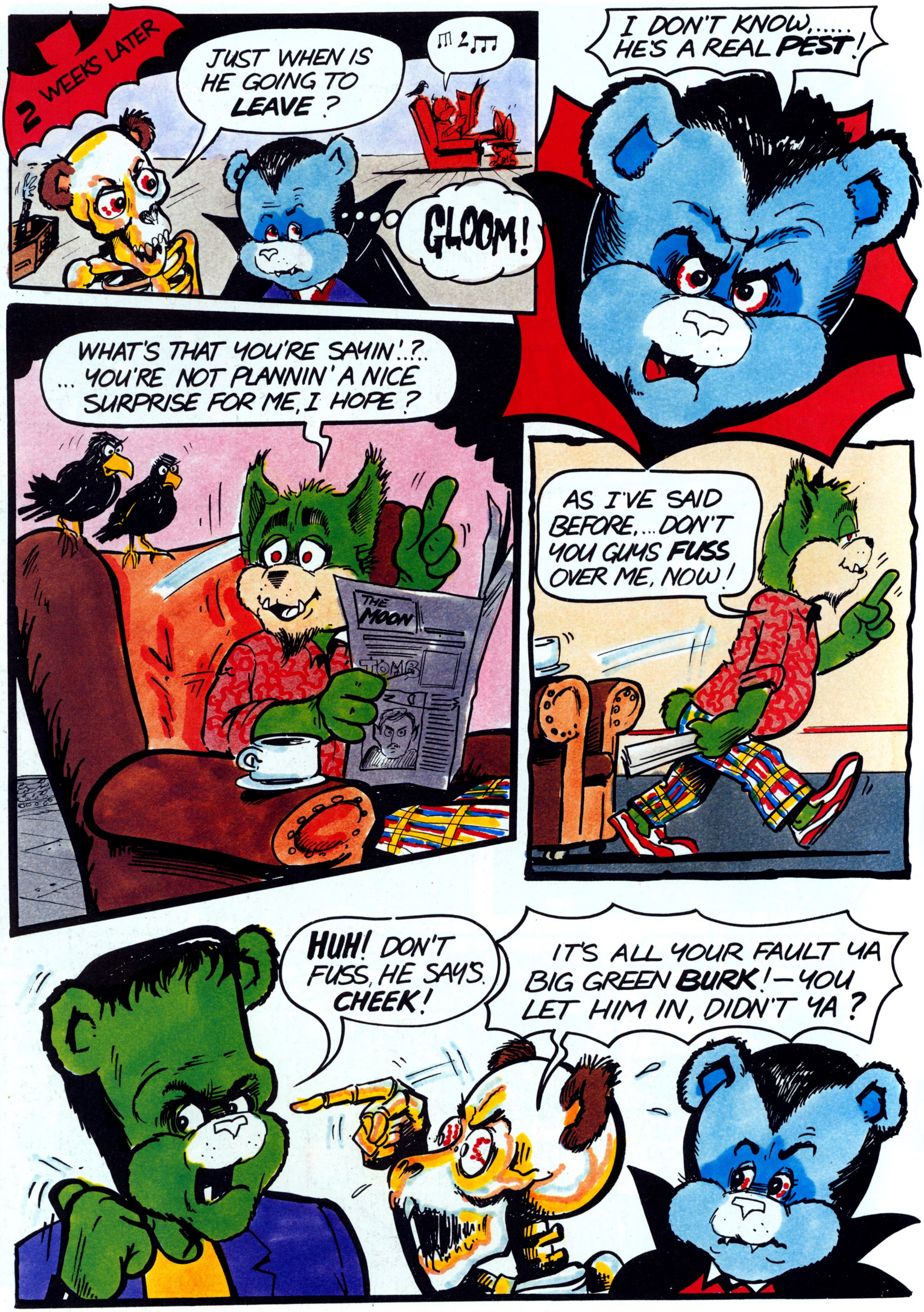
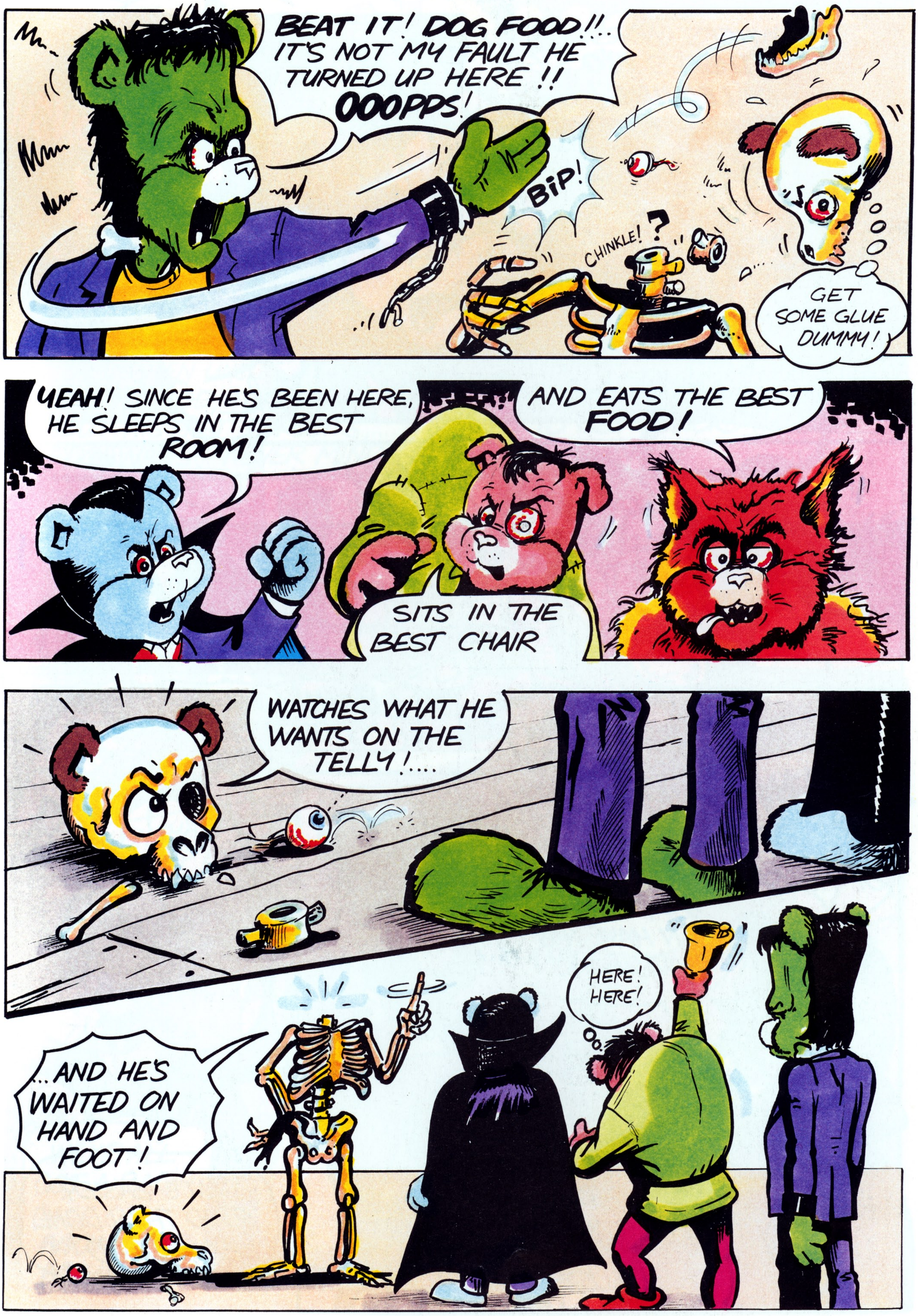
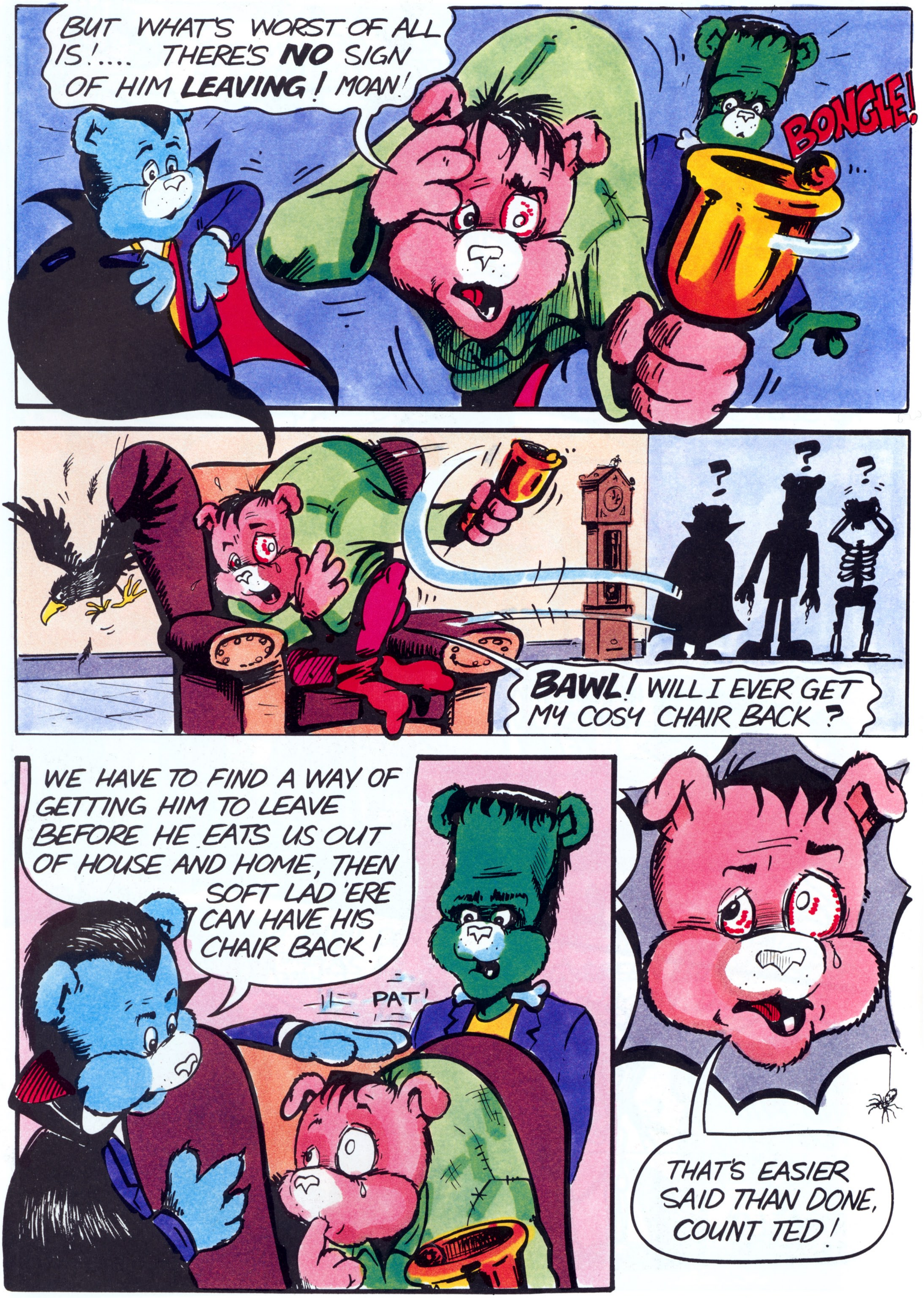
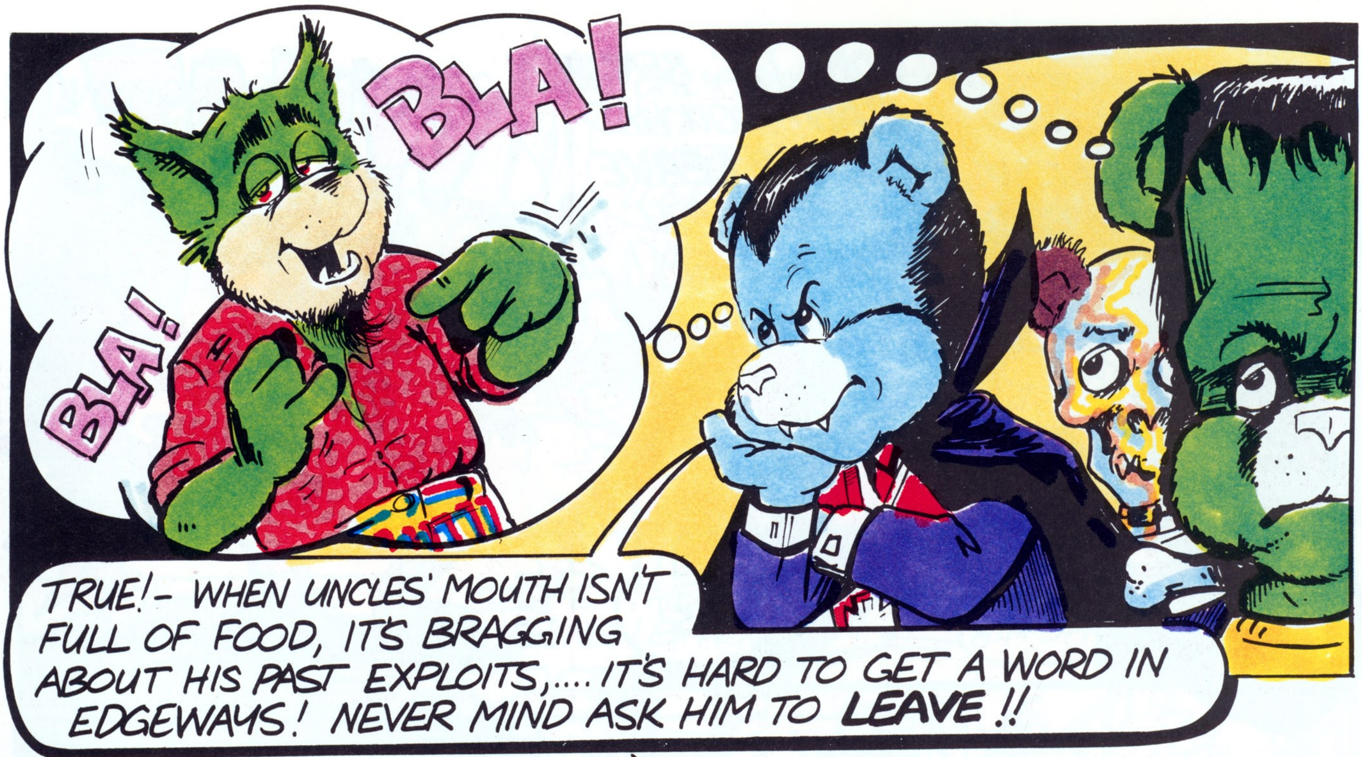
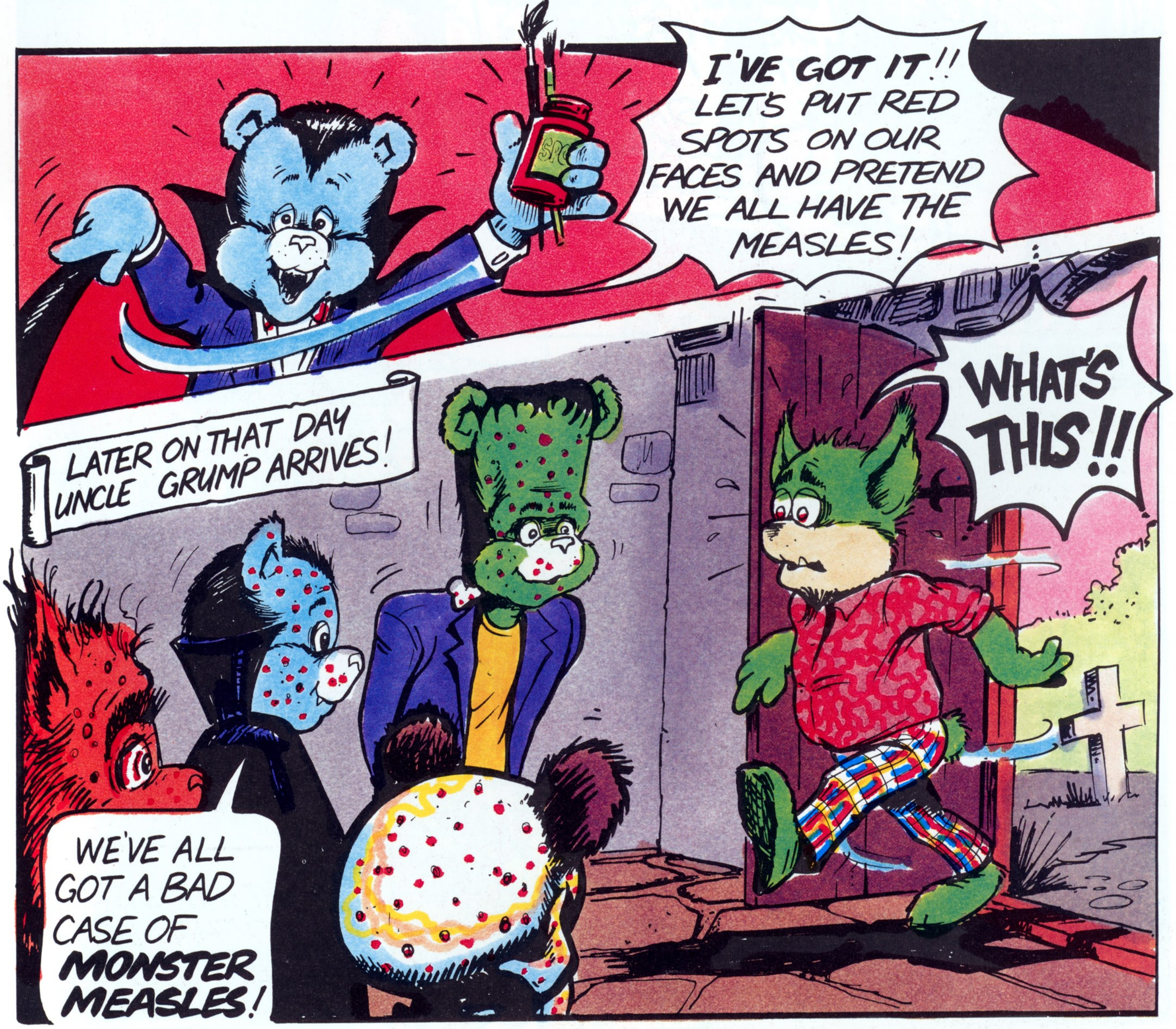
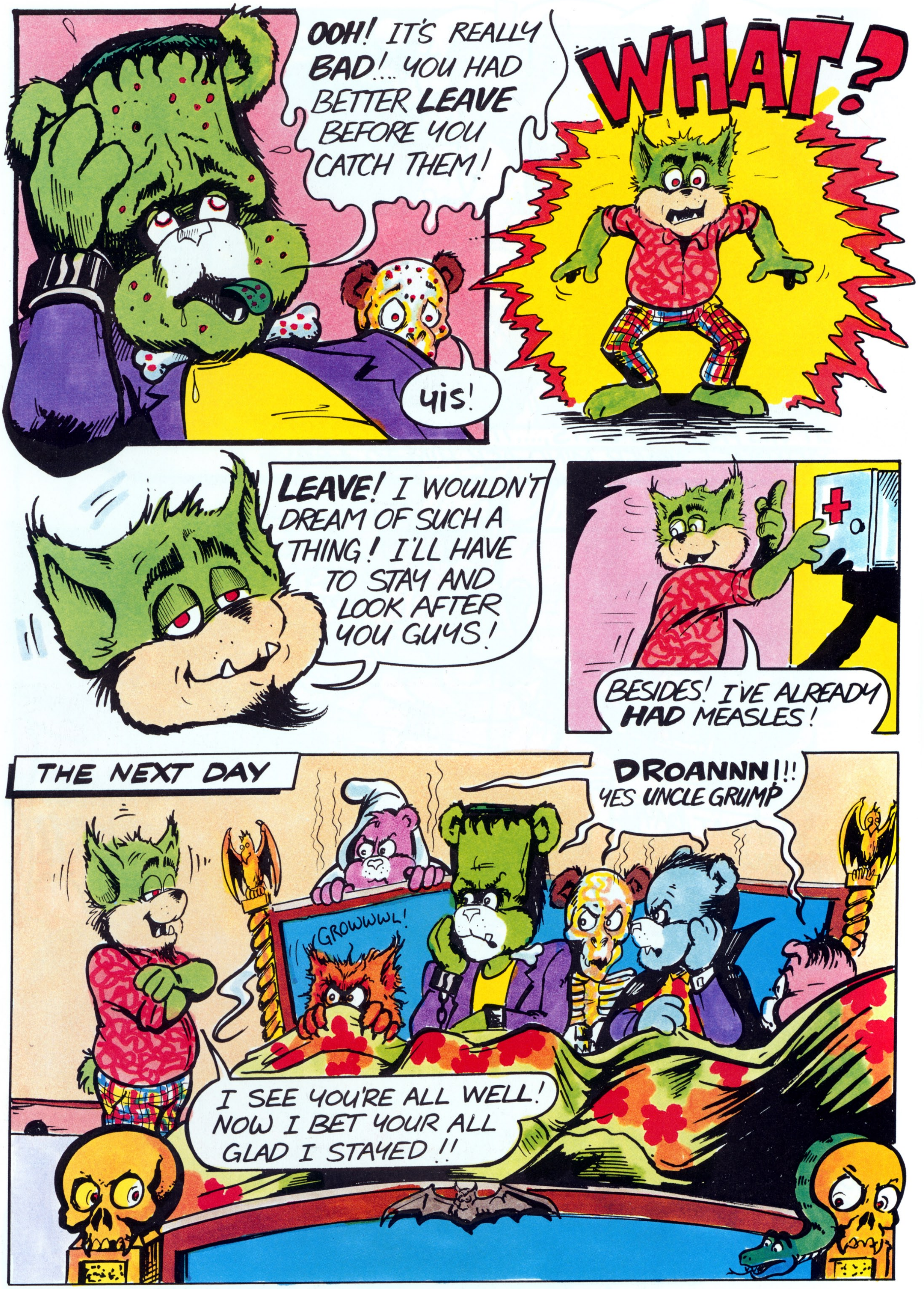

2 WEEKS LATER
JUST WHEN IS HE GOING TO LEAVE?
♫ 2 ♫
GLOOM!
I DON'T KNOW,...... HE'S A REAL PEST!
WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE SAYIN'..?.. ... YOU'RE NOT PLANNIN' A NICE SURPRISE FOR ME, I HOPE?
THE MOON
TOMB
AS I'VE SAID BEFORE,... DON'T YOU GUYS FUSS OVER ME, NOW!
HUH! DON'T FUSS, HE SAYS. CHEEK!
IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT YA BIG GREEN BURK! — YOU LET HIM IN, DIDN'T YA?

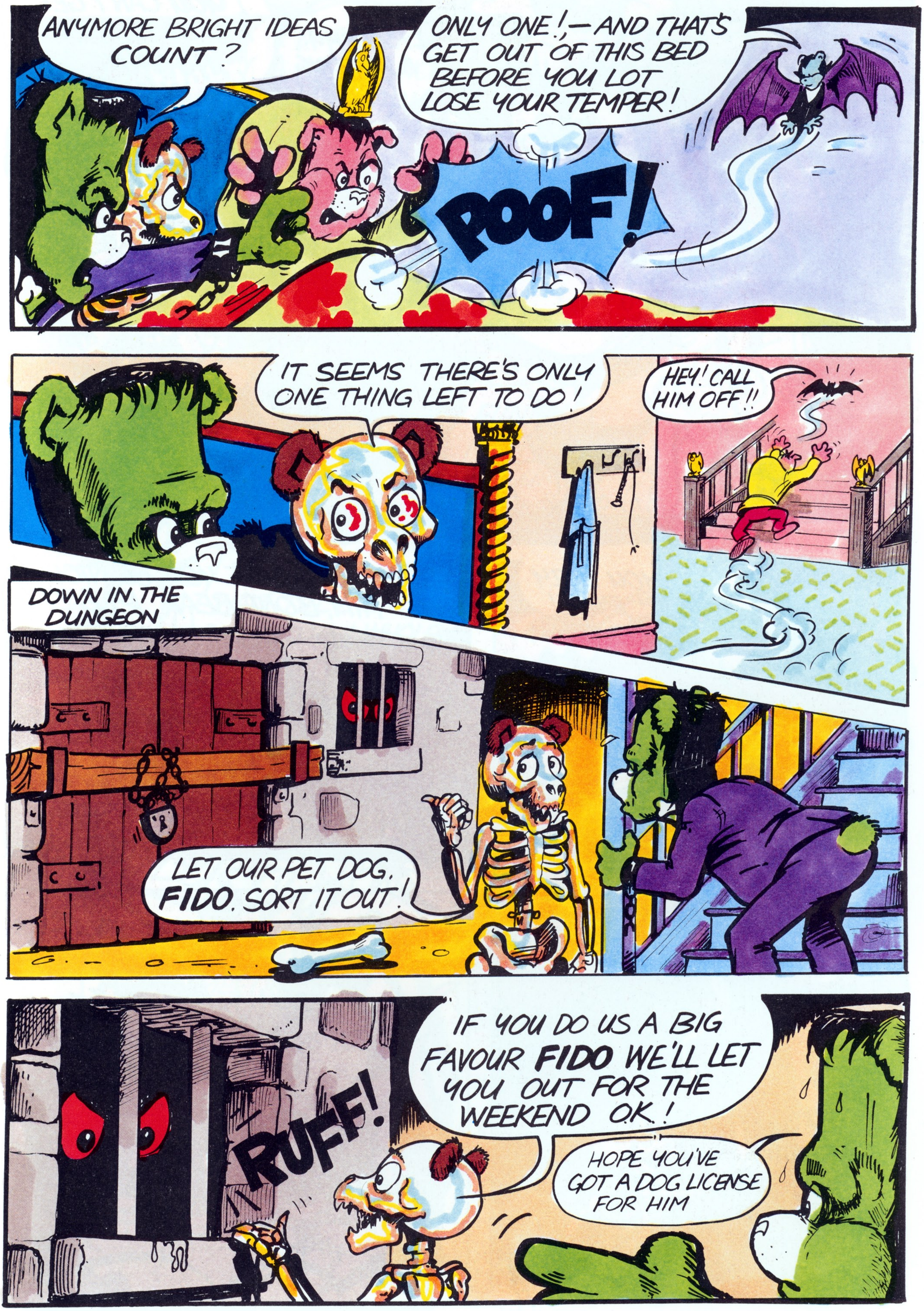

BEAT IT! DOG FOOD!!.. IT'S NOT MY FAULT HE TURNED UP HERE!! OOOPPS!
BIP!
CHINKLE!
?
GET SOME GLUE DUMMY!
YEAH! SINCE HE'S BEEN HERE, HE SLEEPS IN THE BEST ROOM!
AND EATS THE BEST FOOD!
SITS IN THE BEST CHAIR
WATCHES WHAT HE WANTS ON THE TELLY!....
HERE! HERE!
...AND HE'S WAITED ON HAND AND FOOT!

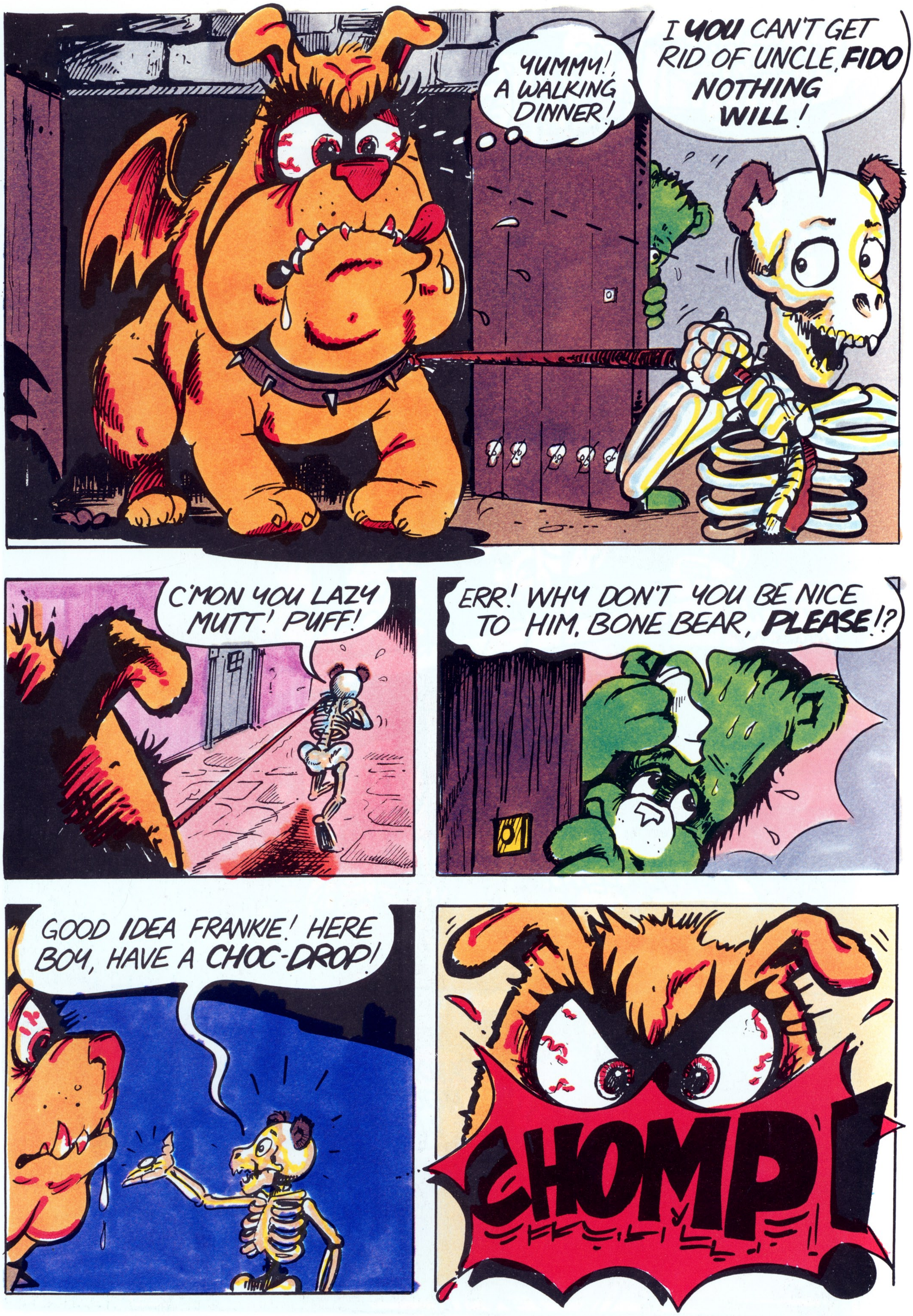

BUT WHAT'S WORST OF ALL IS!.... THERE'S **NO** SIGN OF HIM **LEAVING**! MOAN!
BONGLE!
BAWL! WILL I EVER GET MY COSY CHAIR BACK?
?
?
?
WE HAVE TO FIND A WAY OF GETTING HIM TO LEAVE BEFORE HE EATS US OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME, THEN SOFT LAD 'ERE CAN HAVE HIS CHAIR BACK!
PAT!
THAT'S EASIER SAID THAN DONE, COUNT TED!

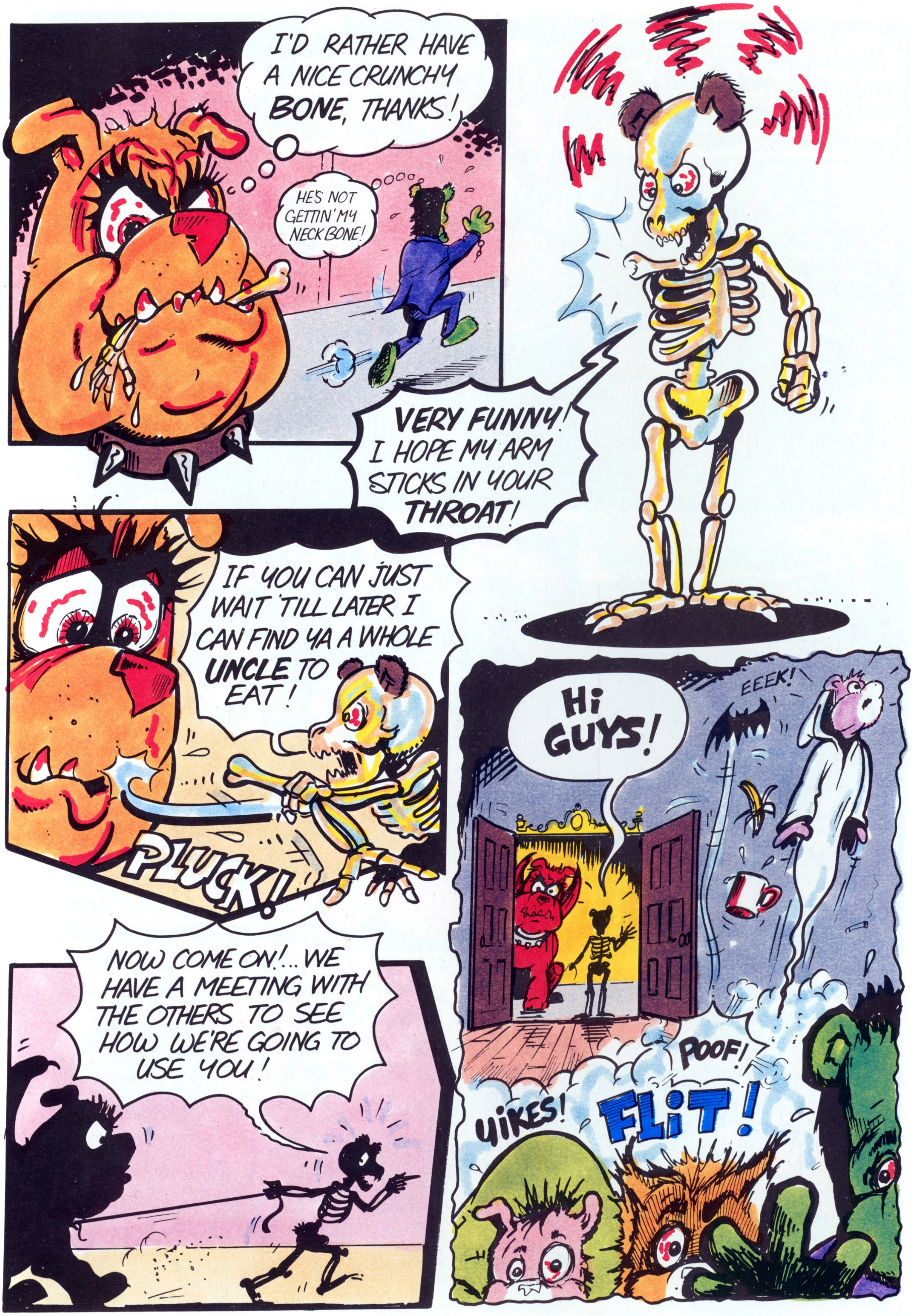

BLA!
BLA!
TRUE!- WHEN UNCLES' MOUTH ISN'T FULL OF FOOD, IT'S BRAGGING ABOUT HIS PAST EXPLOITS,.... IT'S HARD TO GET A WORD IN EDGEWAYS! NEVER MIND ASK HIM TO **LEAVE** !!

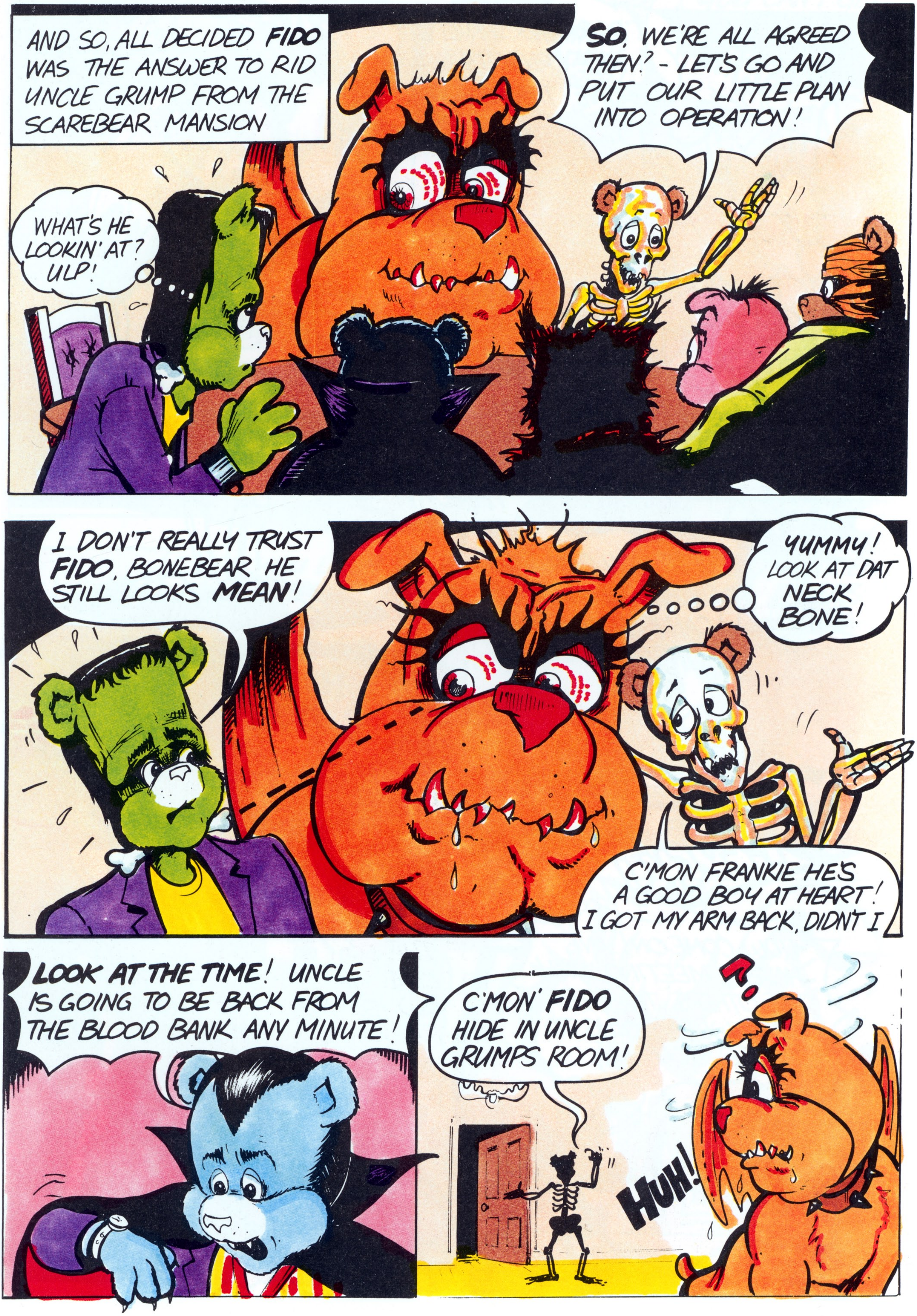

I'VE GOT IT!! LET'S PUT RED SPOTS ON OUR FACES AND PRETEND WE ALL HAVE THE MEASLES!
LATER ON THAT DAY UNCLE GRUMP ARRIVES!
WHAT'S THIS!!
WE'VE ALL GOT A BAD CASE OF **MONSTER MEASLES**!

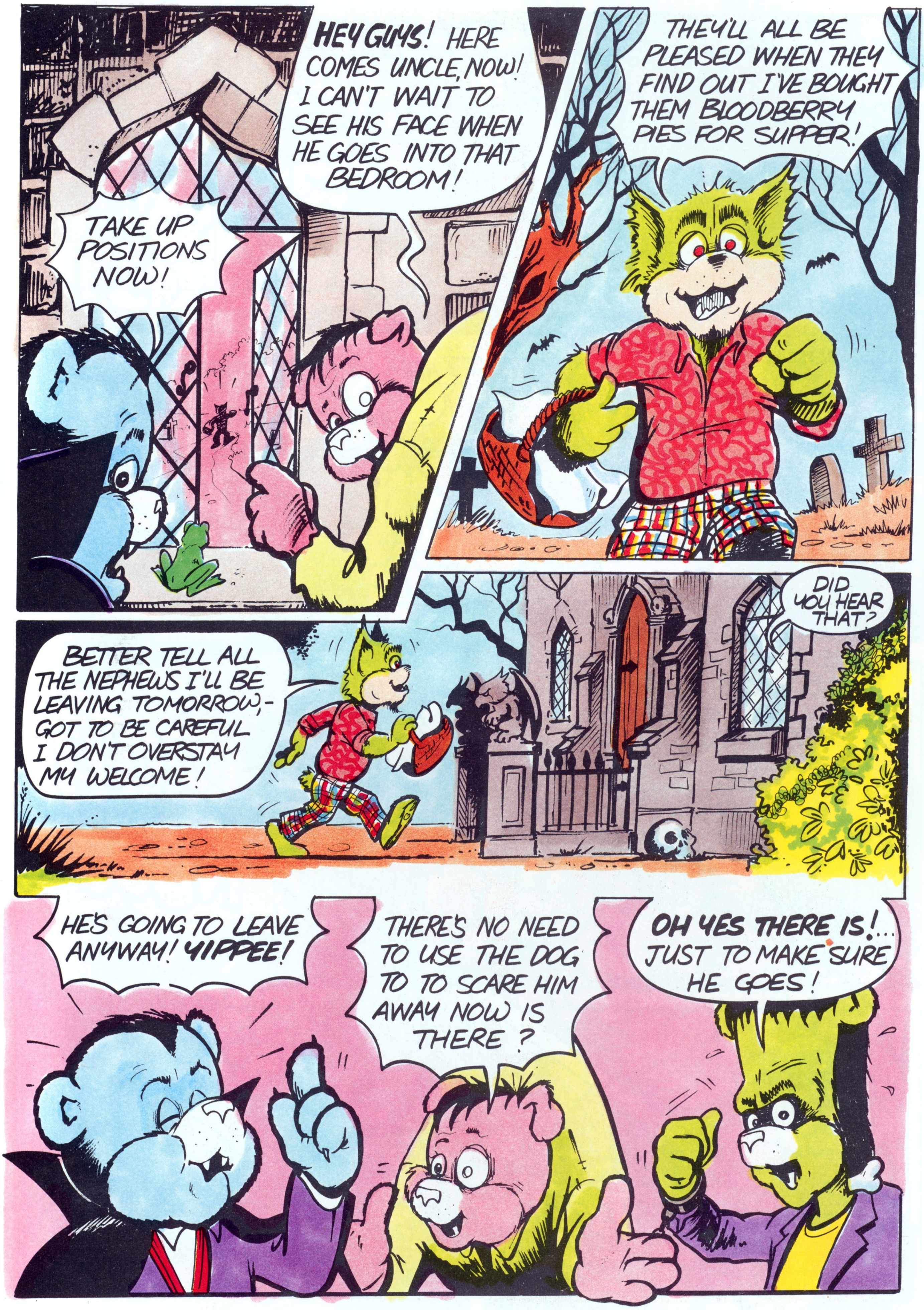

OOH! IT'S REALLY BAD!... YOU HAD BETTER LEAVE BEFORE YOU CATCH THEM!
YIS!
WHAT?
LEAVE! I WOULDN'T DREAM OF SUCH A THING! I'LL HAVE TO STAY AND LOOK AFTER YOU GUYS!
BESIDES! I'VE ALREADY HAD MEASLES!
THE NEXT DAY
DROANNN!!! YES UNCLE GRUMP
GROWWWL!
I SEE YOU'RE ALL WELL! NOW I BET YOUR ALL GLAD I STAYED!!

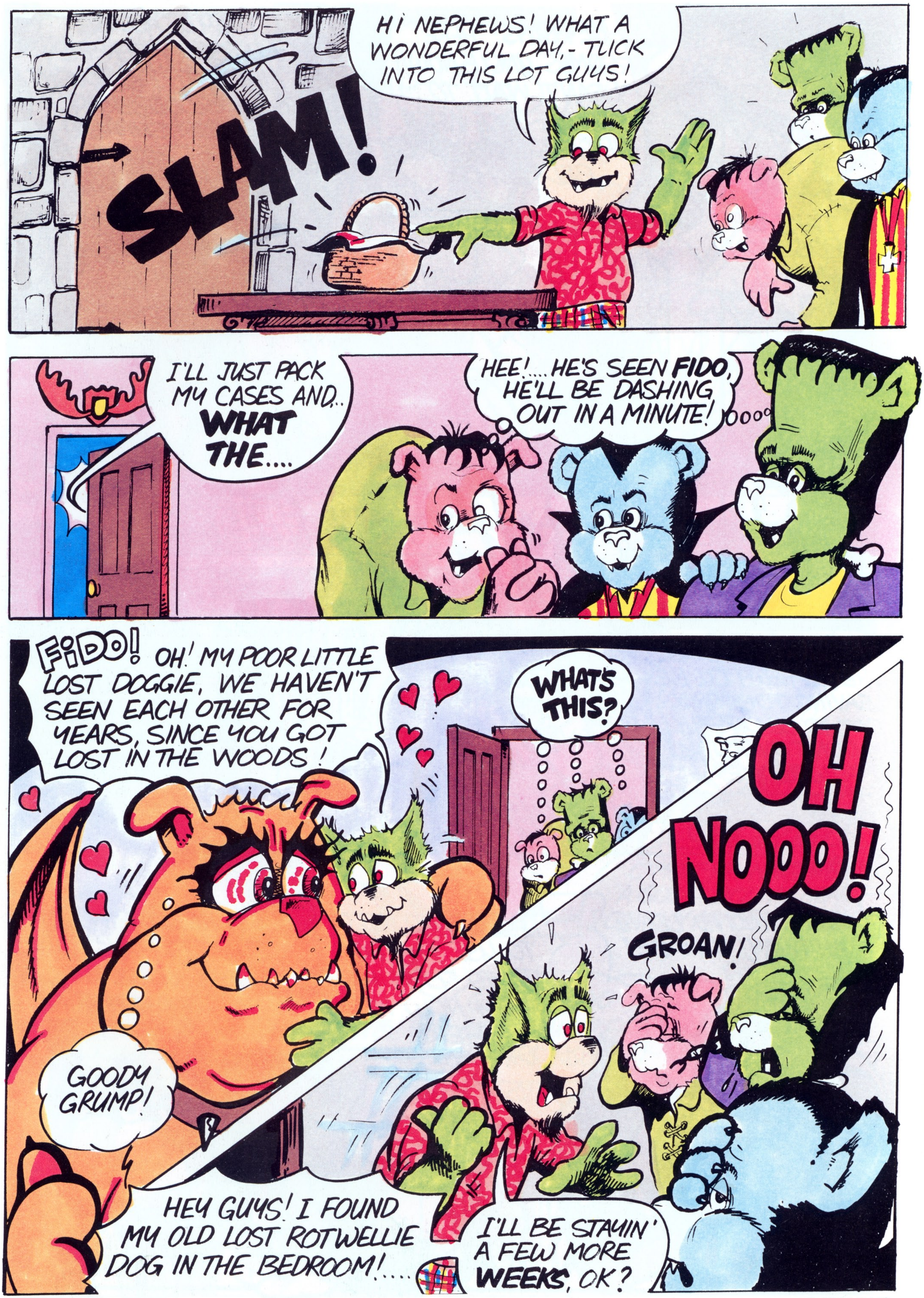

ANYMORE BRIGHT IDEAS COUNT?
ONLY ONE!,— AND THAT'S GET OUT OF THIS BED BEFORE YOU LOT LOSE YOUR TEMPER!
POOF!
IT SEEMS THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO!
HEY! CALL HIM OFF!!
DOWN IN THE DUNGEON
LET OUR PET DOG, FIDO, SORT IT OUT!
RUFF!
IF YOU DO US A BIG FAVOUR FIDO WE'LL LET YOU OUT FOR THE WEEKEND O.K.!
HOPE YOU'VE GOT A DOG LICENSE FOR HIM


YUMMY! A WALKING DINNER!
I **YOU** CAN'T GET RID OF UNCLE, **FIDO** **NOTHING WILL**!
C'MON YOU LAZY MUTT! PUFF!
ERR! WHY DON'T YOU BE NICE TO HIM, BONE BEAR, **PLEASE**!?
GOOD **IDEA** FRANKIE! HERE BOY, HAVE A **CHOC-DROP**!
CHOMP!


I'D RATHER HAVE A NICE CRUNCHY BONE, THANKS!
HE'S NOT GETTIN' MY NECK BONE!
VERY FUNNY! I HOPE MY ARM STICKS IN YOUR THROAT!
IF YOU CAN JUST WAIT 'TILL LATER I CAN FIND YA A WHOLE UNCLE TO EAT!
PLUCK!
NOW COME ON!... WE HAVE A MEETING WITH THE OTHERS TO SEE HOW WE'RE GOING TO USE YOU!
Hi GUYS!
EEEK!
POOF!
YIKES!
FLIT!


AND SO, ALL DECIDED **FIDO** WAS THE ANSWER TO RID UNCLE GRUMP FROM THE SCAREBEAR MANSION
SO, WE'RE ALL AGREED THEN? - LET'S GO AND PUT OUR LITTLE PLAN INTO OPERATION!
WHAT'S HE LOOKIN' AT? ULP!
I DON'T REALLY TRUST **FIDO**, BONEBEAR HE STILL LOOKS **MEAN**!
YUMMY! LOOK AT DAT NECK BONE!
C'MON FRANKIE HE'S A GOOD BOY AT HEART! I GOT MY ARM BACK, DIDNT I
LOOK AT THE TIME! UNCLE IS GOING TO BE BACK FROM THE BLOOD BANK ANY MINUTE!
C'MON' **FIDO** HIDE IN UNCLE GRUMPS ROOM!
HUH!


HEY GUYS! HERE COMES UNCLE, NOW! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HIS FACE WHEN HE GOES INTO THAT BEDROOM!
TAKE UP POSITIONS NOW!
THEY'LL ALL BE PLEASED WHEN THEY FIND OUT I'VE BOUGHT THEM BLOODBERRY PIES FOR SUPPER!
BETTER TELL ALL THE NEPHEWS I'LL BE LEAVING TOMORROW; - GOT TO BE CAREFUL I DON'T OVERSTAY MY WELCOME!
DID YOU HEAR THAT?
HE'S GOING TO LEAVE ANYWAY! YIPPEE!
THERE'S NO NEED TO USE THE DOG TO TO SCARE HIM AWAY NOW IS THERE ?
OH YES THERE IS!... JUST TO MAKE SURE HE GOES!


HI NEPHEWS! WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY, - TUCK INTO THIS LOT GUYS!
SLAM!
I'LL JUST PACK MY CASES AND.. **WHAT THE....**
HEE!....HE'S SEEN **FIDO**, HE'LL BE DASHING OUT IN A MINUTE!
FIDO! OH! MY POOR LITTLE LOST DOGGIE, WE HAVEN'T SEEN EACH OTHER FOR YEARS, SINCE YOU GOT LOST IN THE WOODS!
WHAT'S THIS?
GOODY GRUMP!
OH NOOO!
GROAN!
HEY GUYS! I FOUND MY OLD LOST ROTWELLIE DOG IN THE BEDROOM!....
I'LL BE STAYIN' A FEW MORE **WEEKS**, OK?

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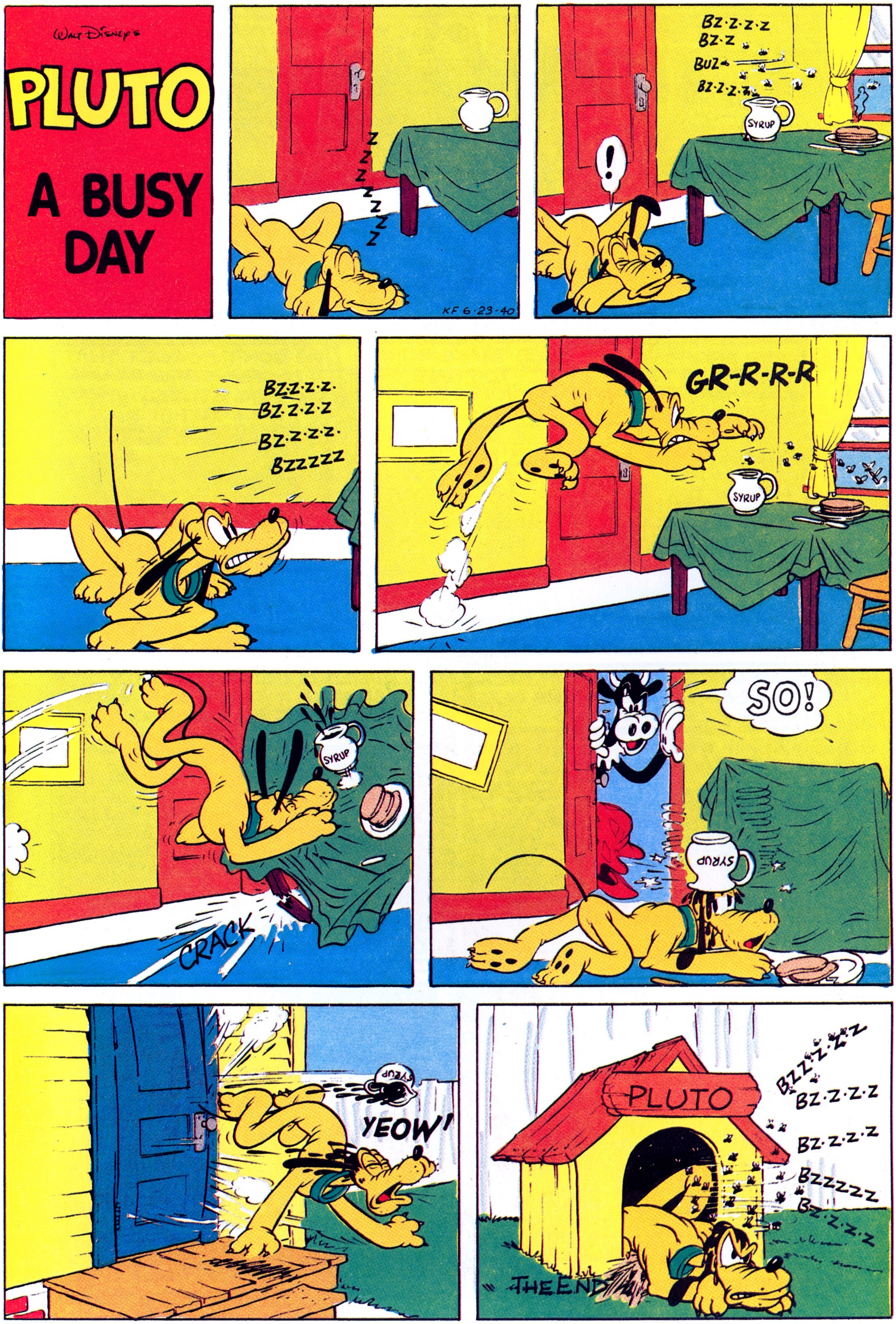
WALT DISNEY'S
PLUTO
A BUSY DAY
Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z
KF 6-23-40
BZ-Z-Z-Z
BZ-Z
BUZ
BZ-Z-Z-Z
SYRUP
!
BZ-Z-Z-Z-
BZ-Z-Z-Z
BZ-Z-Z-Z-
BZZZZZ
GR-R-R-R
SYRUP
SYRUP
CRACK
SO!
SYRUP
SYRUP
YEOW!
PLUTO
BZZ-Z-Z-Z
BZ-Z-Z-Z
BZ-Z-Z-Z
BZZZZZ
BZ-Z-Z-Z
THE END

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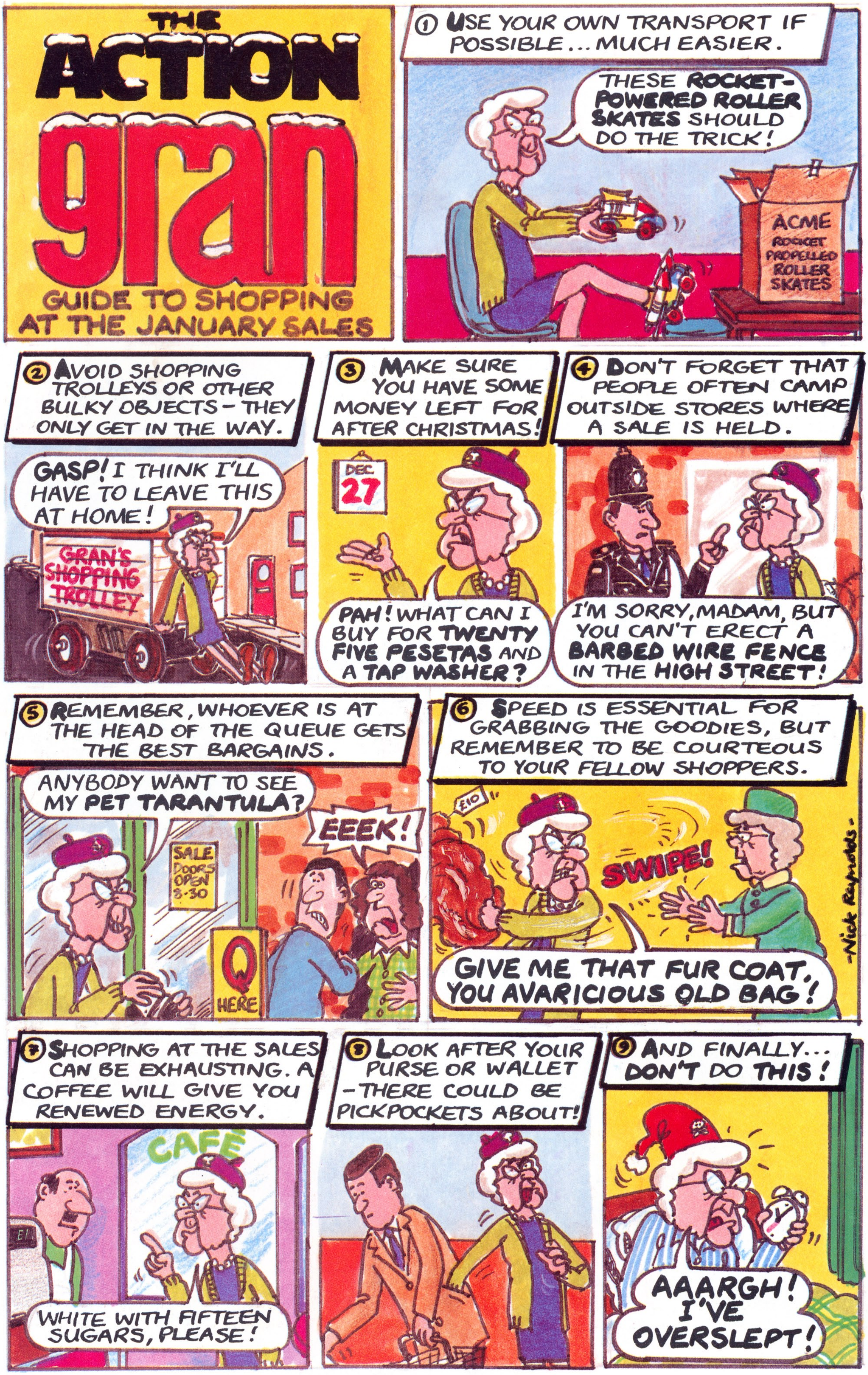
THE ACTION gran
GUIDE TO SHOPPING AT THE JANUARY SALES
① USE YOUR OWN TRANSPORT IF POSSIBLE... MUCH EASIER.
THESE ROCKET-POWERED ROLLER SKATES SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
ACME ROCKET PROPELLED ROLLER SKATES
② AVOID SHOPPING TROLLEYS OR OTHER BULKY OBJECTS – THEY ONLY GET IN THE WAY.
GASP! I THINK I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THIS AT HOME!
GRAN'S SHOPPING TROLLEY
③ MAKE SURE YOU HAVE SOME MONEY LEFT FOR AFTER CHRISTMAS!
DEC. 27
PAH! WHAT CAN I BUY FOR TWENTY FIVE PESETAS AND A TAP WASHER?
④ DON'T FORGET THAT PEOPLE OFTEN CAMP OUTSIDE STORES WHERE A SALE IS HELD.
I'M SORRY, MADAM, BUT YOU CAN'T ERECT A BARBED WIRE FENCE IN THE HIGH STREET!
⑤ REMEMBER, WHOEVER IS AT THE HEAD OF THE QUEUE GETS THE BEST BARGAINS.
ANYBODY WANT TO SEE MY PET TARANTULA?
EEEK!
SALE DOORS OPEN 8.30
Q HERE
⑥ SPEED IS ESSENTIAL FOR GRABBING THE GOODIES, BUT REMEMBER TO BE COURTEOUS TO YOUR FELLOW SHOPPERS.
£10
SWIPE!
GIVE ME THAT FUR COAT, YOU AVARICIOUS OLD BAG!
-Nick Reynolds-
⑦ SHOPPING AT THE SALES CAN BE EXHAUSTING. A COFFEE WILL GIVE YOU RENEWED ENERGY.
CAFÉ
WHITE WITH FIFTEEN SUGARS, PLEASE!
⑧ LOOK AFTER YOUR PURSE OR WALLET – THERE COULD BE PICKPOCKETS ABOUT!
⑨ AND FINALLY... DON'T DO THIS!
AAARGH! I'VE OVERSLEPT!

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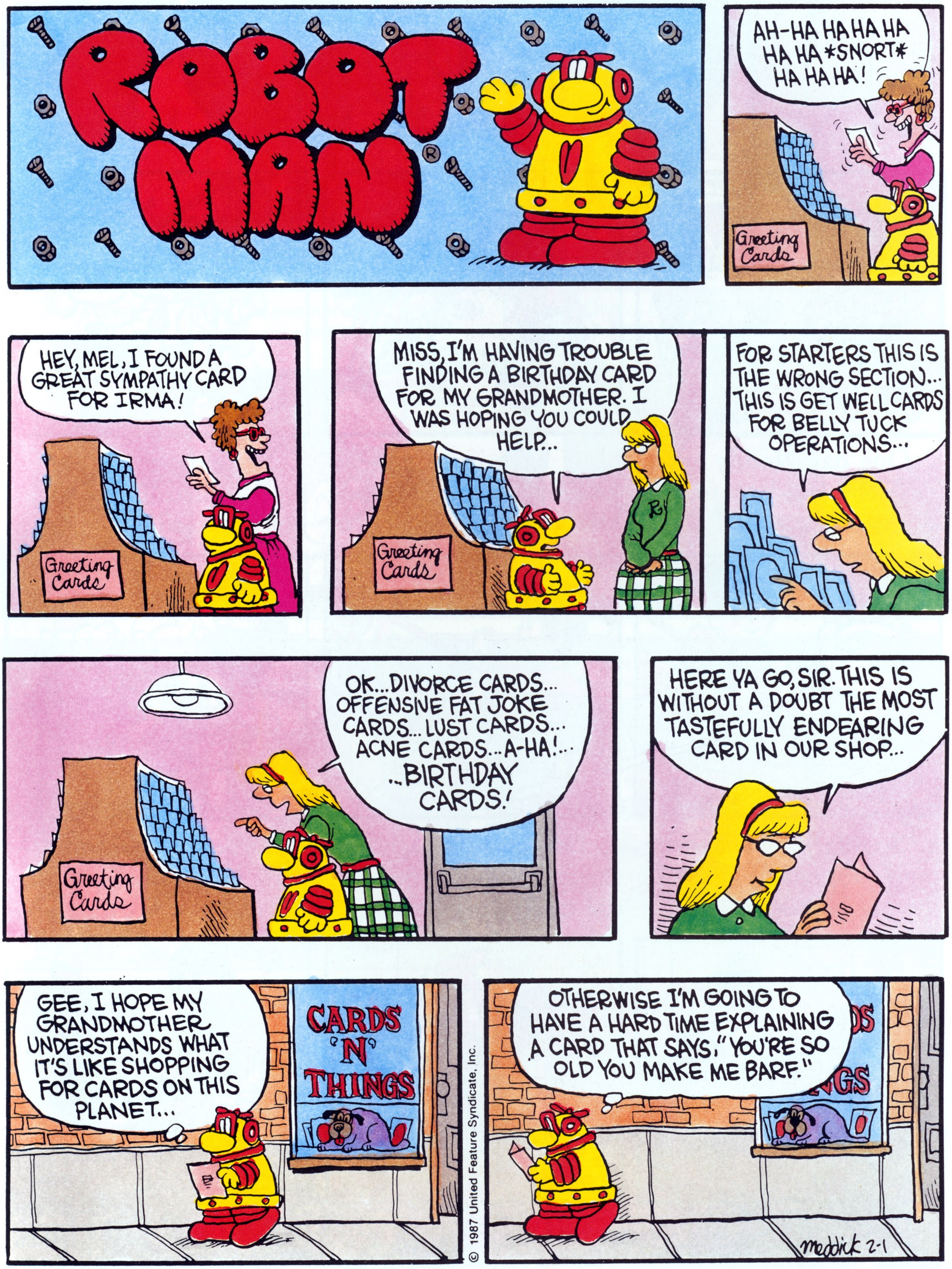
ROBOT MAN
AH-HA HA HA HA HA HA *SNORT* HA HA HA!
Greeting Cards
HEY, MEL, I FOUND A GREAT SYMPATHY CARD FOR IRMA!
Greeting Cards
MISS, I'M HAVING TROUBLE FINDING A BIRTHDAY CARD FOR MY GRANDMOTHER. I WAS HOPING YOU COULD HELP...
Greeting Cards
FOR STARTERS THIS IS THE WRONG SECTION... THIS IS GET WELL CARDS FOR BELLY TUCK OPERATIONS...
OK...DIVORCE CARDS... OFFENSIVE FAT JOKE CARDS... LUST CARDS... ACNE CARDS...A-HA!... ..BIRTHDAY CARDS!
Greeting Cards
HERE YA GO, SIR. THIS IS WITHOUT A DOUBT THE MOST TASTEFULLY ENDEARING CARD IN OUR SHOP...
GEE, I HOPE MY GRANDMOTHER UNDERSTANDS WHAT IT'S LIKE SHOPPING FOR CARDS ON THIS PLANET...
CARDS 'N' THINGS
OTHERWISE I'M GOING TO HAVE A HARD TIME EXPLAINING A CARD THAT SAYS, "YOU'RE SO OLD YOU MAKE ME BARF."
meddick 2-1

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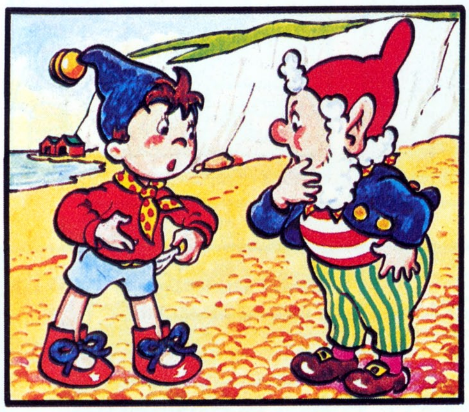
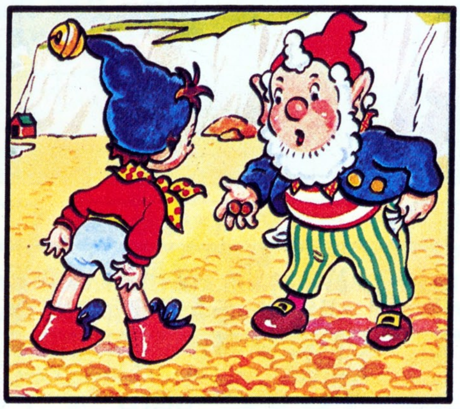
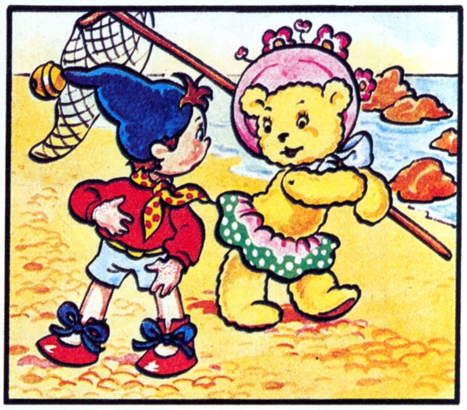
NODDY



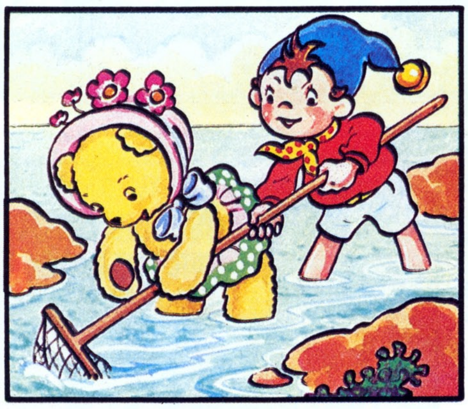
1. One day Noddy asked his friend Big-Ears to lend him money.



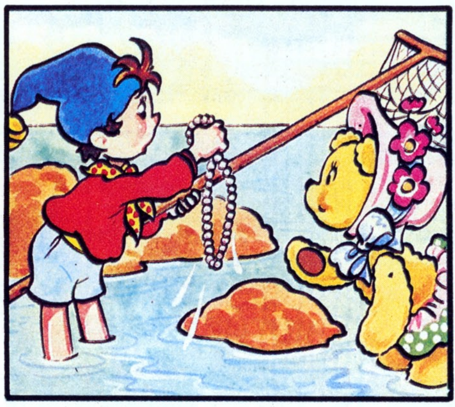
2. "I have none myself," said Big-Ears. "My pockets are empty!"



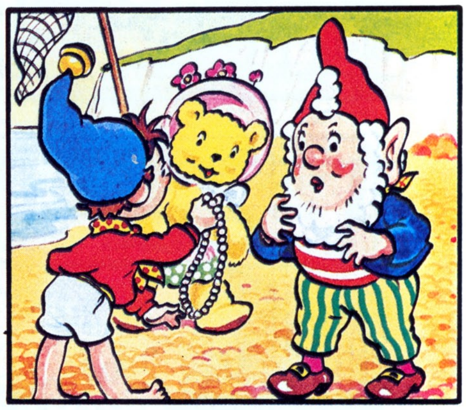
3. "Noddy, come shrimping!" called Tessie. "Do not look sad!"



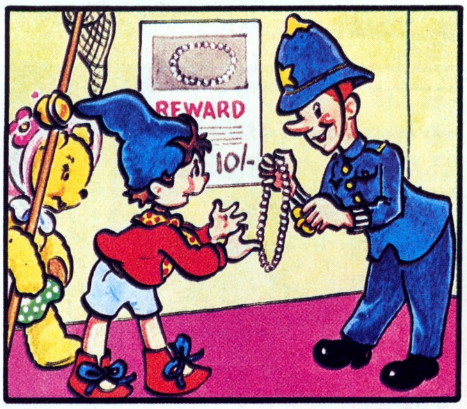
4. So off they went shrimping together, pushing the big net along.



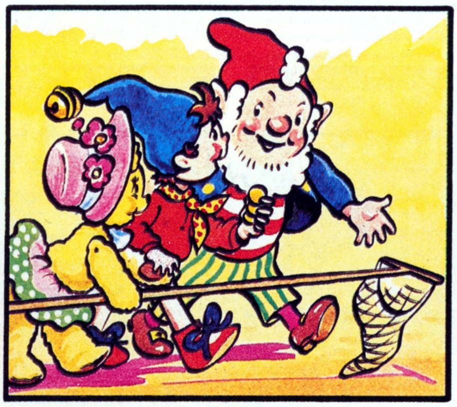
5. Did they catch any shrimps? No! But they did catch a necklace!



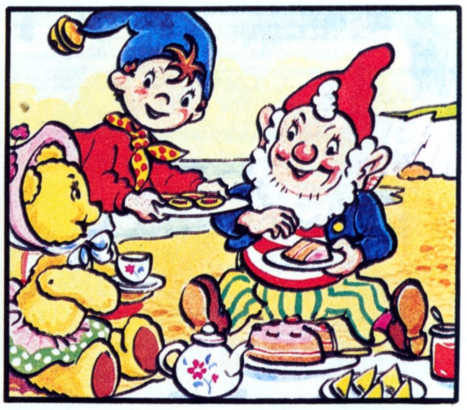
6. "There is a reward for that. Come on!" said Big-Ears.



7. They went to the police station. There was ten shillings reward.



8. HOW pleased they were. They took Big-Ears with them.



9. Just look at the lovely tea they had! Well done, little Noddy!

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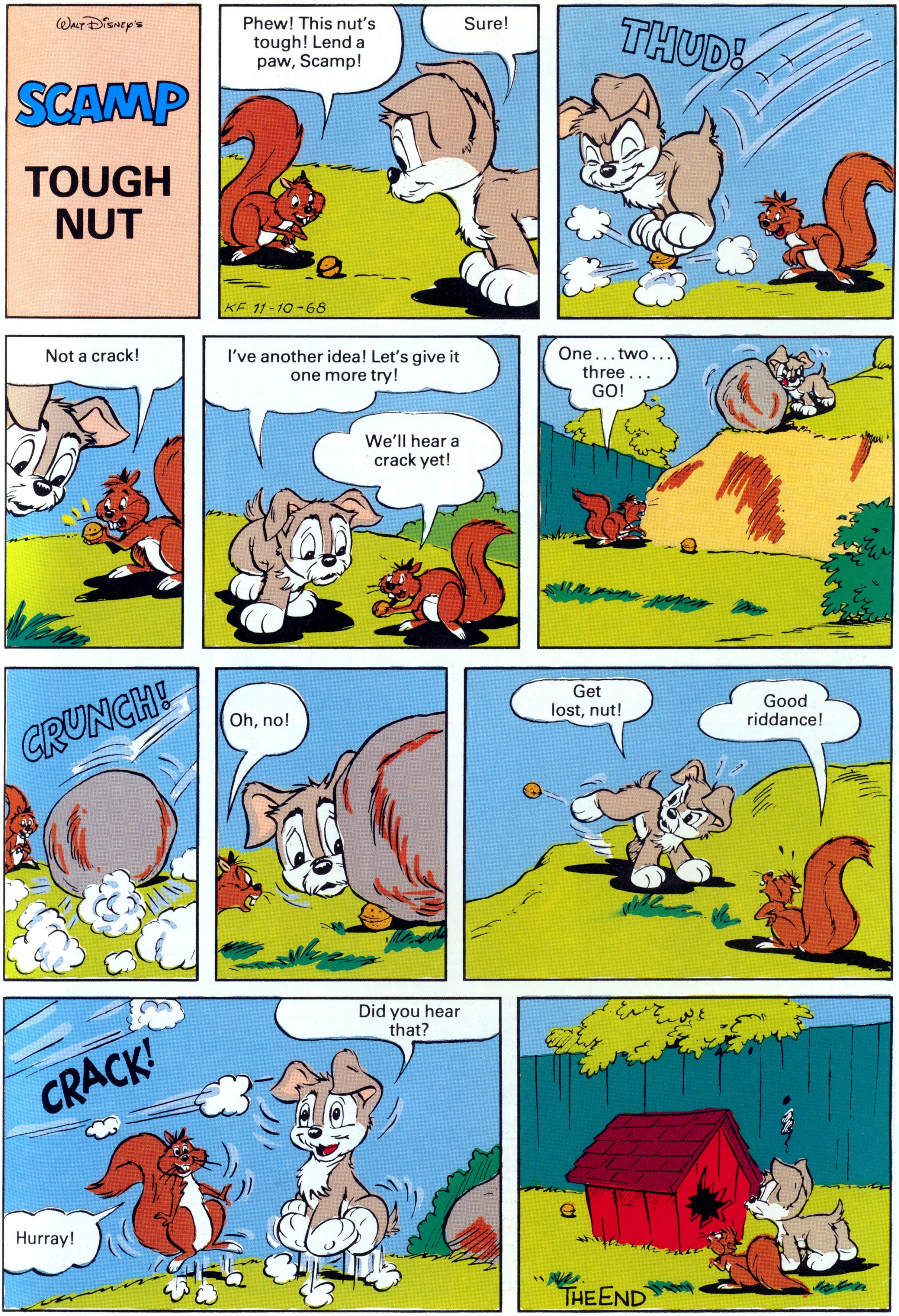
WALT DISNEY'S

SCAMP

TOUGH NUT


Phew! This nut's tough! Lend a paw, Scamp!
Sure!
KF 11-10-68
THUD!
Not a crack!
I've another idea! Let's give it one more try!
We'll hear a crack yet!
One . . . two . . . three . . . GO!
CRUNCH!
Oh, no!
Get lost, nut!
Good riddance!
CRACK!
Did you hear that?
Hurray!
THE END

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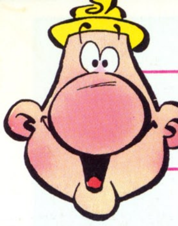
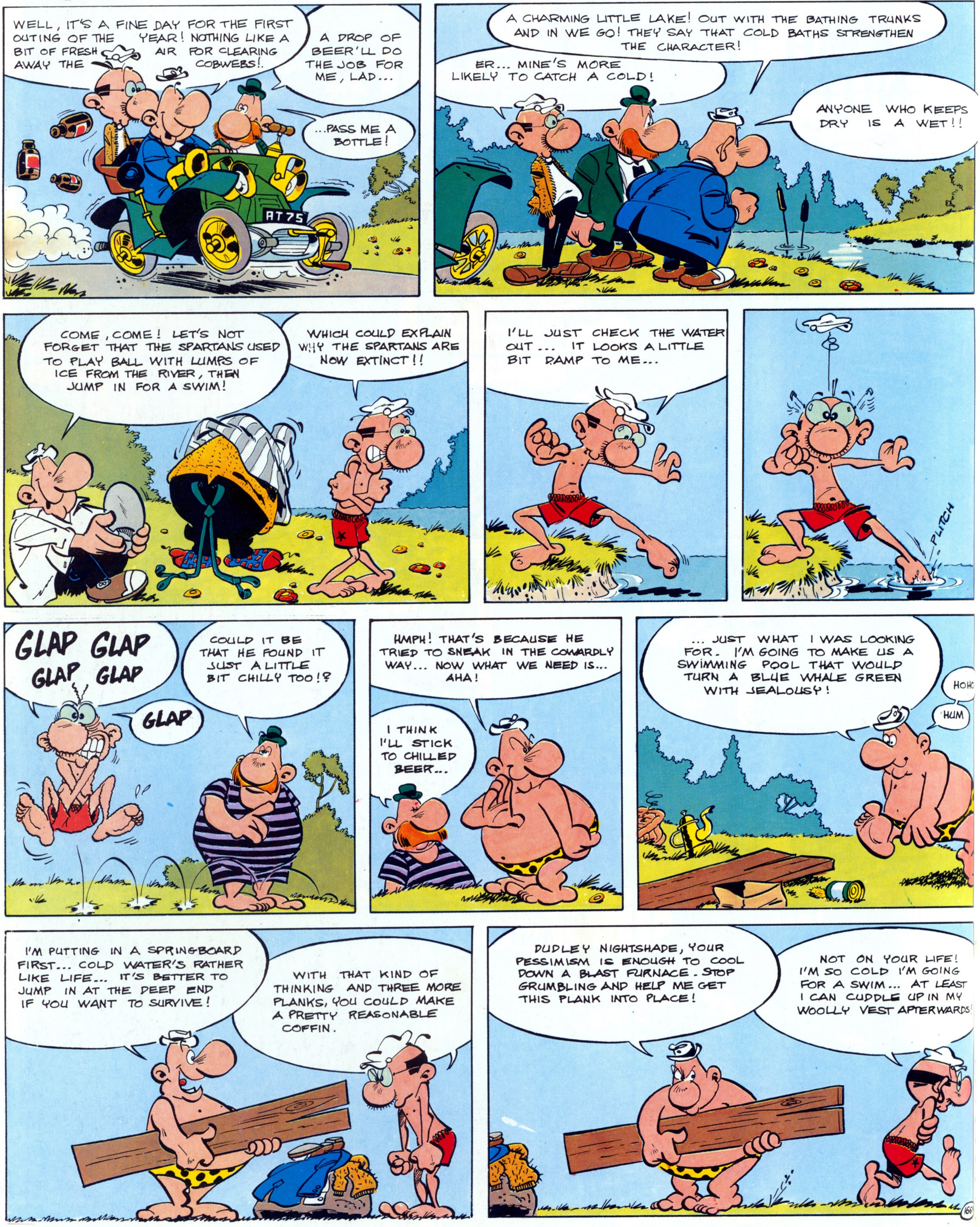


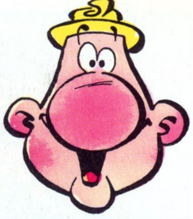
COLD (DIS) COMFORT

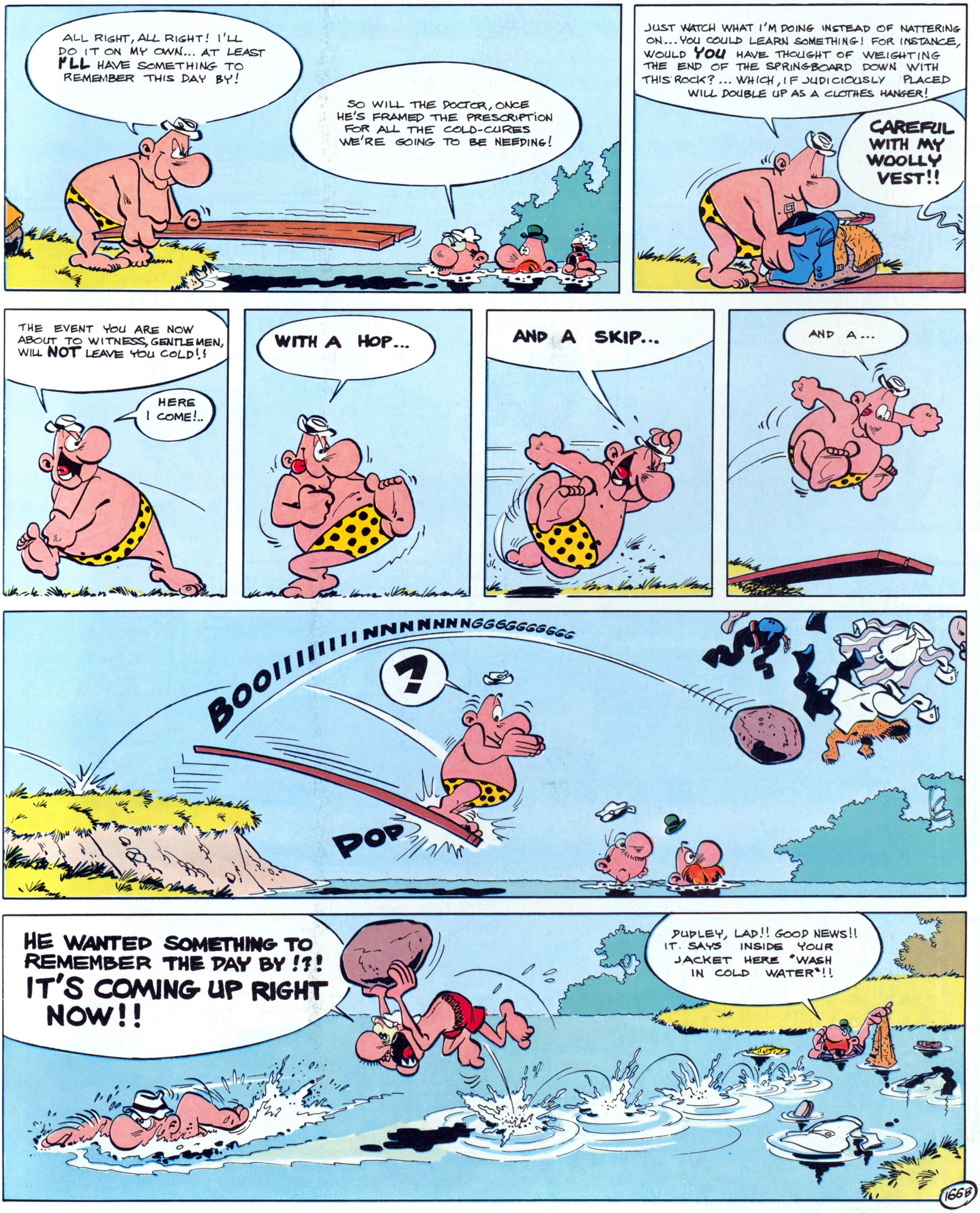

WELL, IT'S A FINE DAY FOR THE FIRST OUTING OF THE YEAR! NOTHING LIKE A BIT OF FRESH AIR FOR CLEARING AWAY THE COBWEBS!.
A DROP OF BEER'LL DO THE JOB FOR ME, LAD...
...PASS ME A BOTTLE!
AT 75
A CHARMING LITTLE LAKE! OUT WITH THE BATHING TRUNKS AND IN WE GO! THEY SAY THAT COLD BATHS STRENGTHEN THE CHARACTER!
ER... MINE'S MORE LIKELY TO CATCH A COLD!
ANYONE WHO KEEPS DRY IS A WET!!
COME, COME! LET'S NOT FORGET THAT THE SPARTANS USED TO PLAY BALL WITH LUMPS OF ICE FROM THE RIVER, THEN JUMP IN FOR A SWIM!
WHICH COULD EXPLAIN WHY THE SPARTANS ARE NOW EXTINCT!!
I'LL JUST CHECK THE WATER OUT... IT LOOKS A LITTLE BIT DAMP TO ME...
PLITCH
GLAP GLAP GLAP GLAP
GLAP
COULD IT BE THAT HE FOUND IT JUST A LITTLE BIT CHILLY TOO!?
HMPH! THAT'S BECAUSE HE TRIED TO SNEAK IN THE COWARDLY WAY... NOW WHAT WE NEED IS... AHA!
I THINK I'LL STICK TO CHILLED BEER...
... JUST WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR. I'M GOING TO MAKE US A SWIMMING POOL THAT WOULD TURN A BLUE WHALE GREEN WITH JEALOUSY!
HOHO
HUM
I'M PUTTING IN A SPRINGBOARD FIRST... COLD WATER'S RATHER LIKE LIFE... IT'S BETTER TO JUMP IN AT THE DEEP END IF YOU WANT TO SURVIVE!
WITH THAT KIND OF THINKING AND THREE MORE PLANKS, YOU COULD MAKE A PRETTY REASONABLE COFFIN.
DUDLEY NIGHTSHADE, YOUR PESSIMISM IS ENOUGH TO COOL DOWN A BLAST FURNACE. STOP GRUMBLING AND HELP ME GET THIS PLANK INTO PLACE!
NOT ON YOUR LIFE! I'M SO COLD I'M GOING FOR A SWIM... AT LEAST I CAN CUDDLE UP IN MY WOOLLY VEST AFTERWARDS!

DARGAUD Story and Illustrations: GREG © 1986 Dargaud

ACHILLE TALON

GREG




ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! I'LL DO IT ON MY OWN... AT LEAST I'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER THIS DAY BY!
SO WILL THE DOCTOR, ONCE HE'S FRAMED THE PRESCRIPTION FOR ALL THE COLD-CURES WE'RE GOING TO BE NEEDING!
JUST WATCH WHAT I'M DOING INSTEAD OF NATTERING ON... YOU COULD LEARN SOMETHING! FOR INSTANCE, WOULD YOU HAVE THOUGHT OF WEIGHTING THE END OF THE SPRINGBOARD DOWN WITH THIS ROCK?... WHICH, IF JUDICIOUSLY PLACED WILL DOUBLE UP AS A CLOTHES HANGER!
CAREFUL WITH MY WOOLLY VEST!!
THE EVENT YOU ARE NOW ABOUT TO WITNESS, GENTLEMEN, WILL NOT LEAVE YOU COLD!!
HERE I COME!..
WITH A HOP...
AND A SKIP...
AND A...
BOOIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGG
?
POP
HE WANTED SOMETHING TO REMEMBER THE DAY BY!?! IT'S COMING UP RIGHT NOW!!
DUDLEY, LAD!! GOOD NEWS!! IT SAYS INSIDE YOUR JACKET HERE "WASH IN COLD WATER"!!
166B

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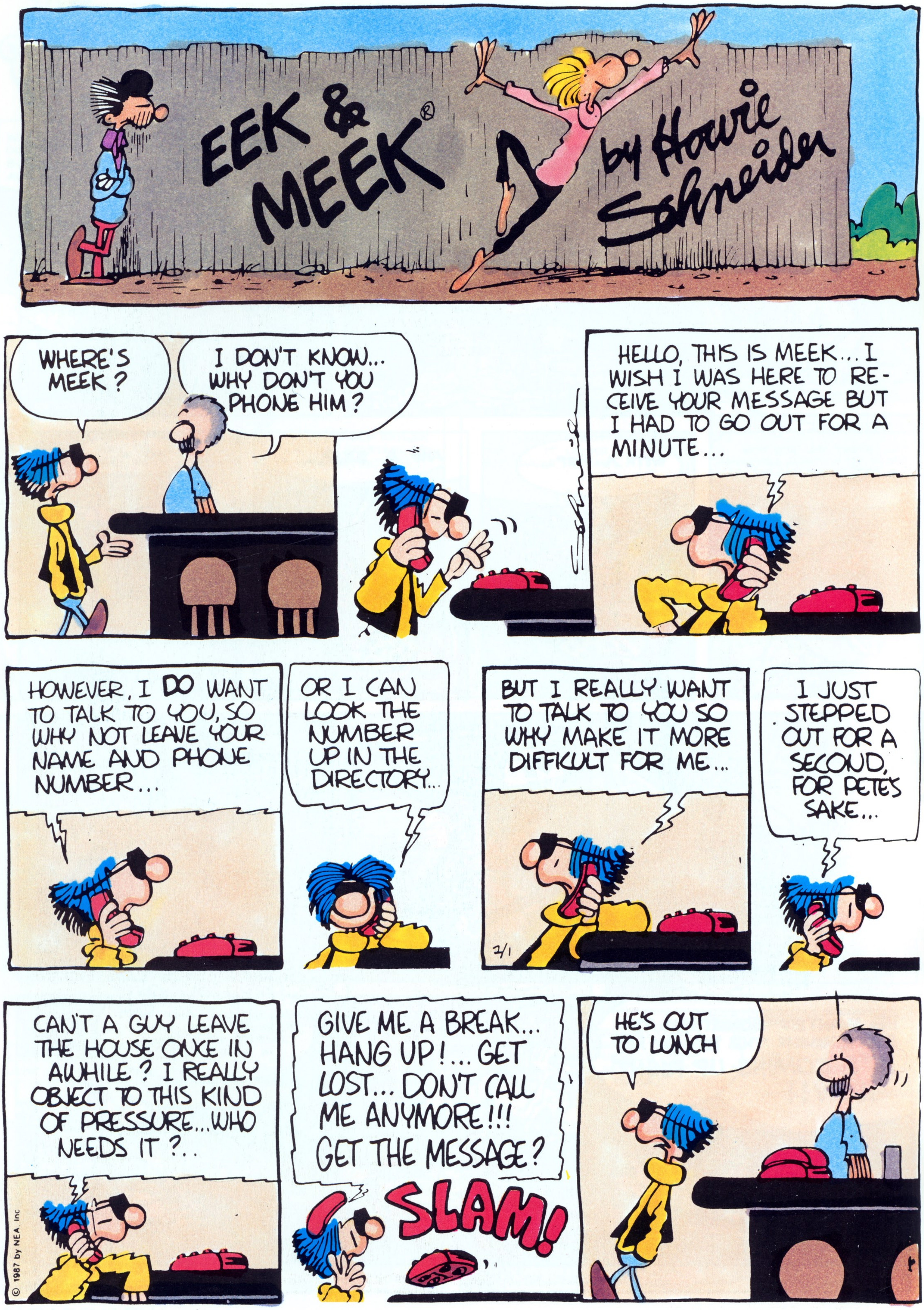
EEK & MEEK®
by Howie Schneider
WHERE'S MEEK?
I DON'T KNOW... WHY DON'T YOU PHONE HIM?
HELLO, THIS IS MEEK... I WISH I WAS HERE TO RECEIVE YOUR MESSAGE BUT I HAD TO GO OUT FOR A MINUTE...
HOWEVER, I DO WANT TO TALK TO YOU, SO WHY NOT LEAVE YOUR NAME AND PHONE NUMBER...
OR I CAN LOOK THE NUMBER UP IN THE DIRECTORY...
BUT I REALLY WANT TO TALK TO YOU SO WHY MAKE IT MORE DIFFICULT FOR ME...
2/1
I JUST STEPPED OUT FOR A SECOND, FOR PETE'S SAKE...
CAN'T A GUY LEAVE THE HOUSE ONCE IN AWHILE? I REALLY OBJECT TO THIS KIND OF PRESSURE...WHO NEEDS IT?..
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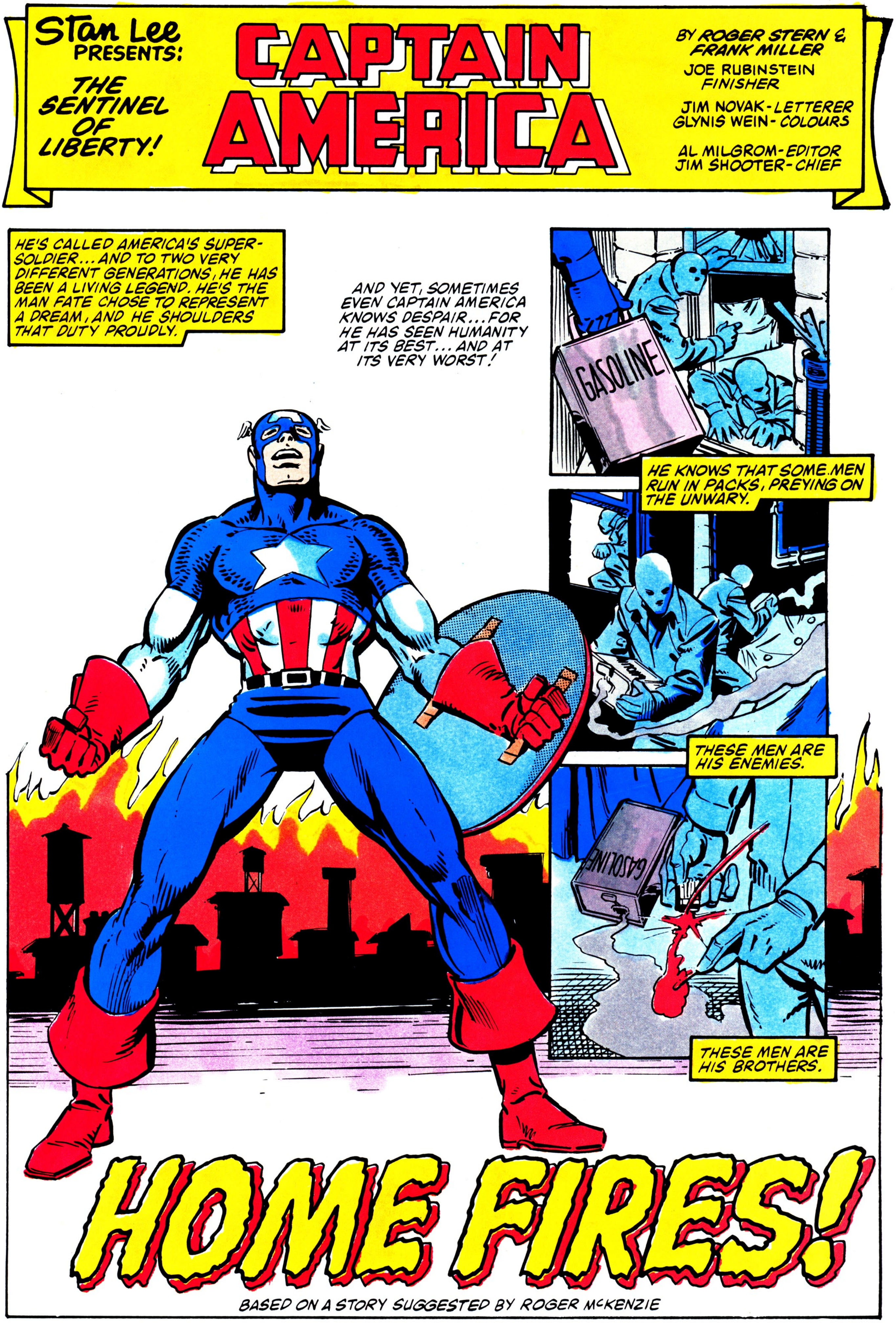
GIVE ME A BREAK... HANG UP!... GET LOST... DON'T CALL ME ANYMORE!!! GET THE MESSAGE?
SLAM!
HE'S OUT TO LUNCH


Stan Lee PRESENTS:
THE SENTINEL OF LIBERTY!
CAPTAIN AMERICA
BY ROGER STERN & FRANK MILLER
JOE RUBINSTEIN FINISHER
JIM NOVAK - LETTERER
GLYNIS WEIN - COLOURS
AL MILGROM - EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER - CHIEF
HE'S CALLED AMERICA'S SUPER-SOLDIER... AND TO TWO VERY DIFFERENT GENERATIONS, HE HAS BEEN A LIVING LEGEND. HE'S THE MAN FATE CHOSE TO REPRESENT A DREAM, AND HE SHOULDERS THAT DUTY PROUDLY.
AND YET, SOMETIMES EVEN CAPTAIN AMERICA KNOWS DESPAIR... FOR HE HAS SEEN HUMANITY AT ITS BEST... AND AT ITS VERY WORST!
GASOLINE
HE KNOWS THAT SOME MEN RUN IN PACKS, PREYING ON THE UNWARY.
THESE MEN ARE HIS ENEMIES.
GASOLINE
THESE MEN ARE HIS BROTHERS.
HOME FIRES!
BASED ON A STORY SUGGESTED BY ROGER McKENZIE

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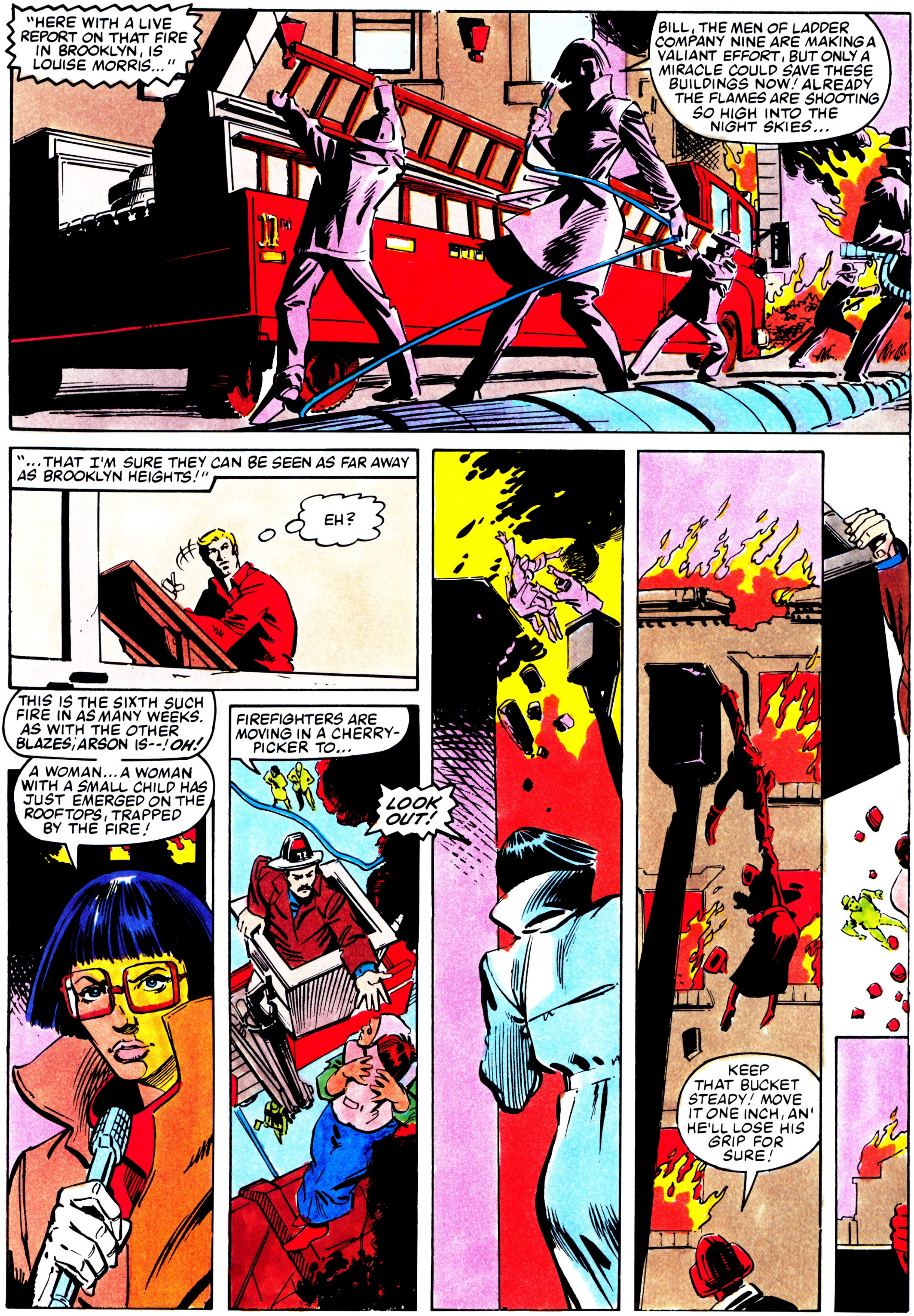
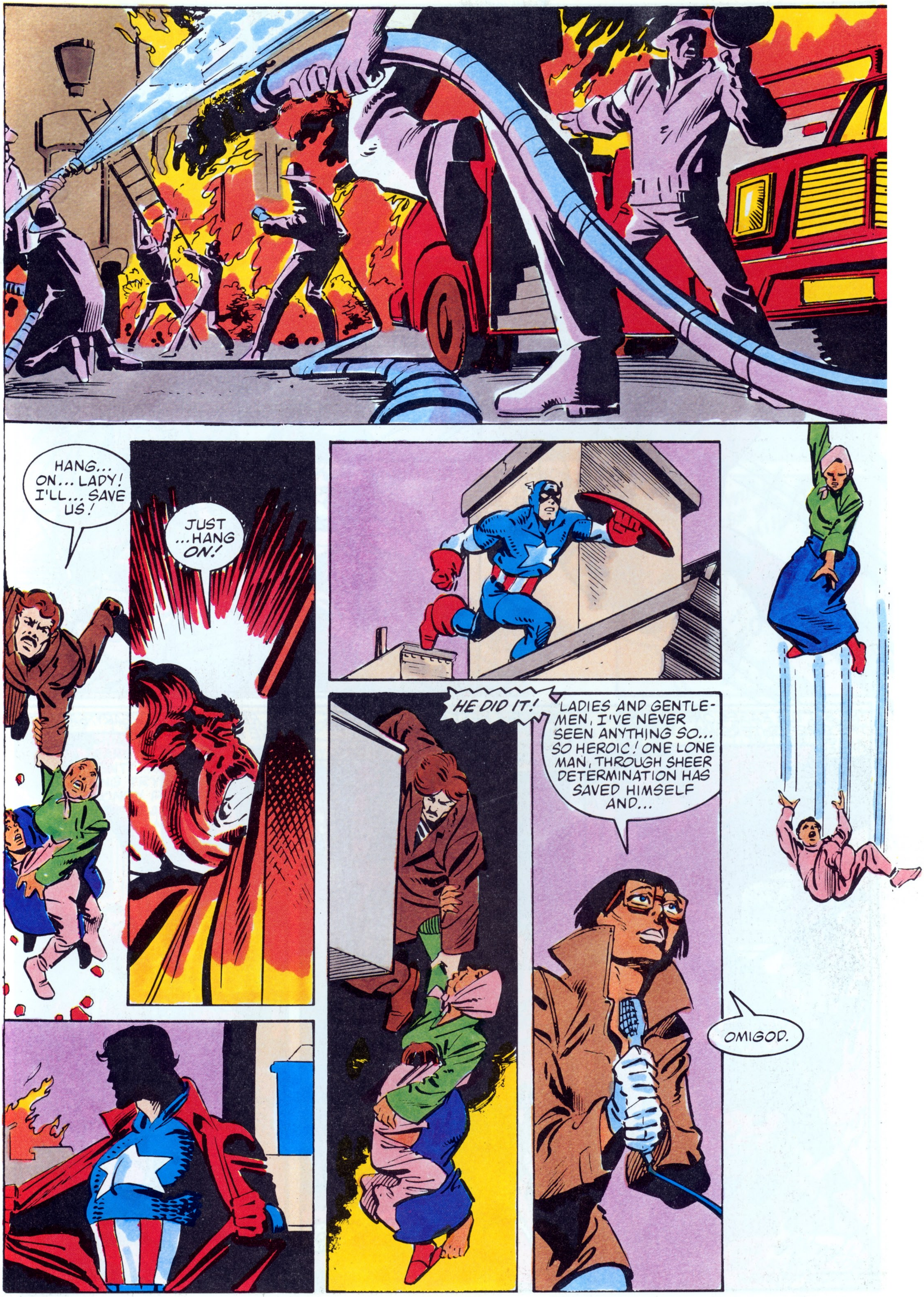
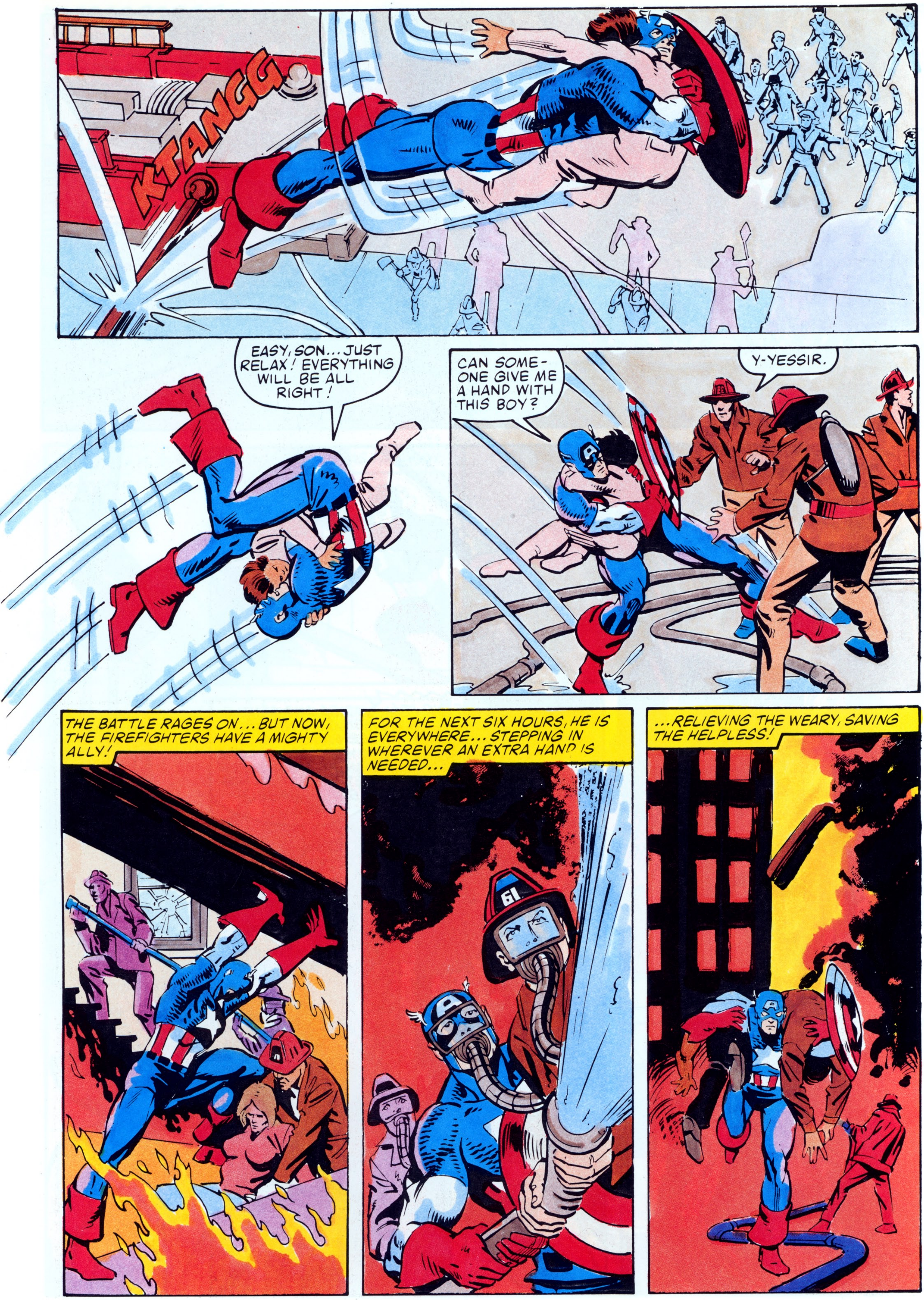
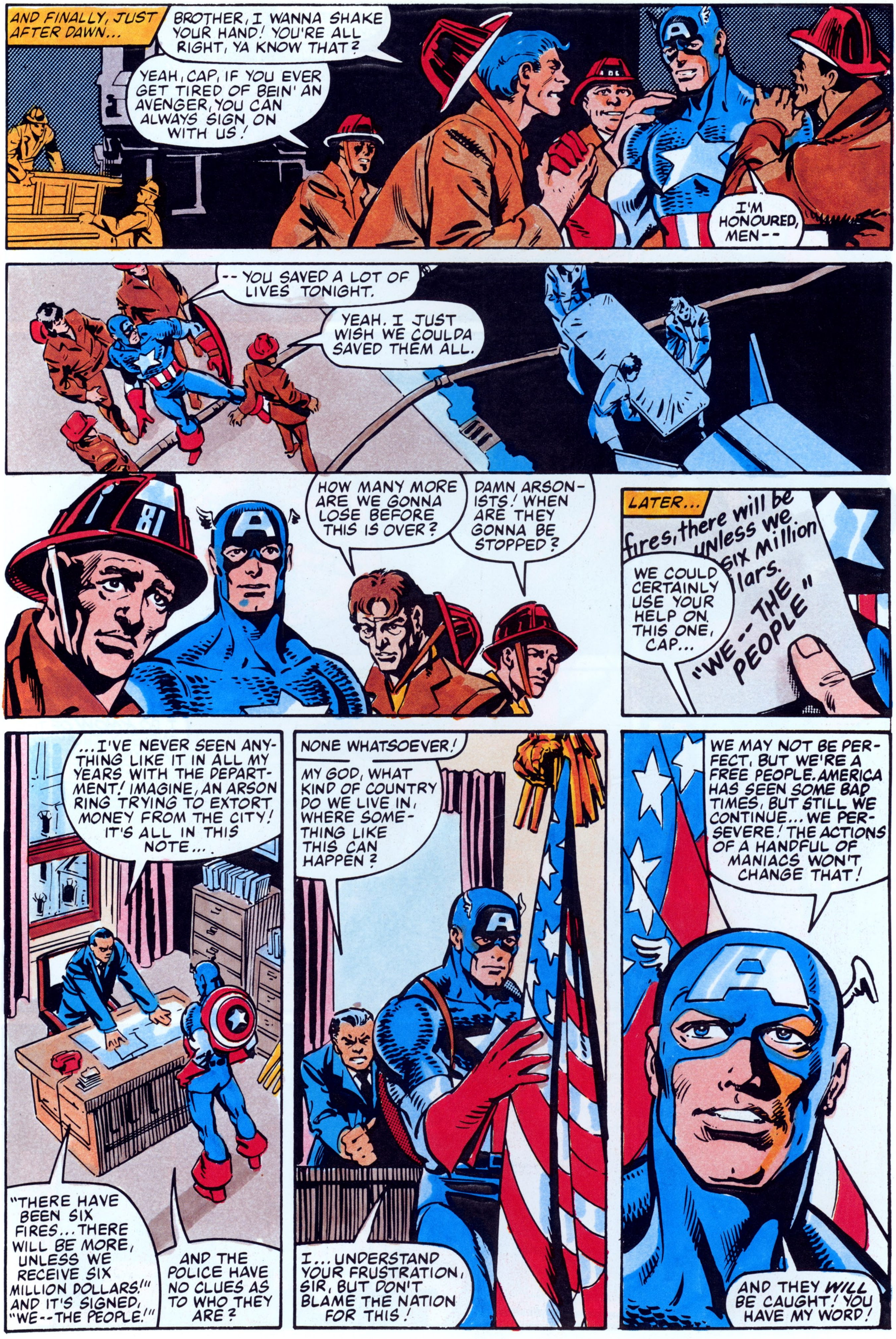
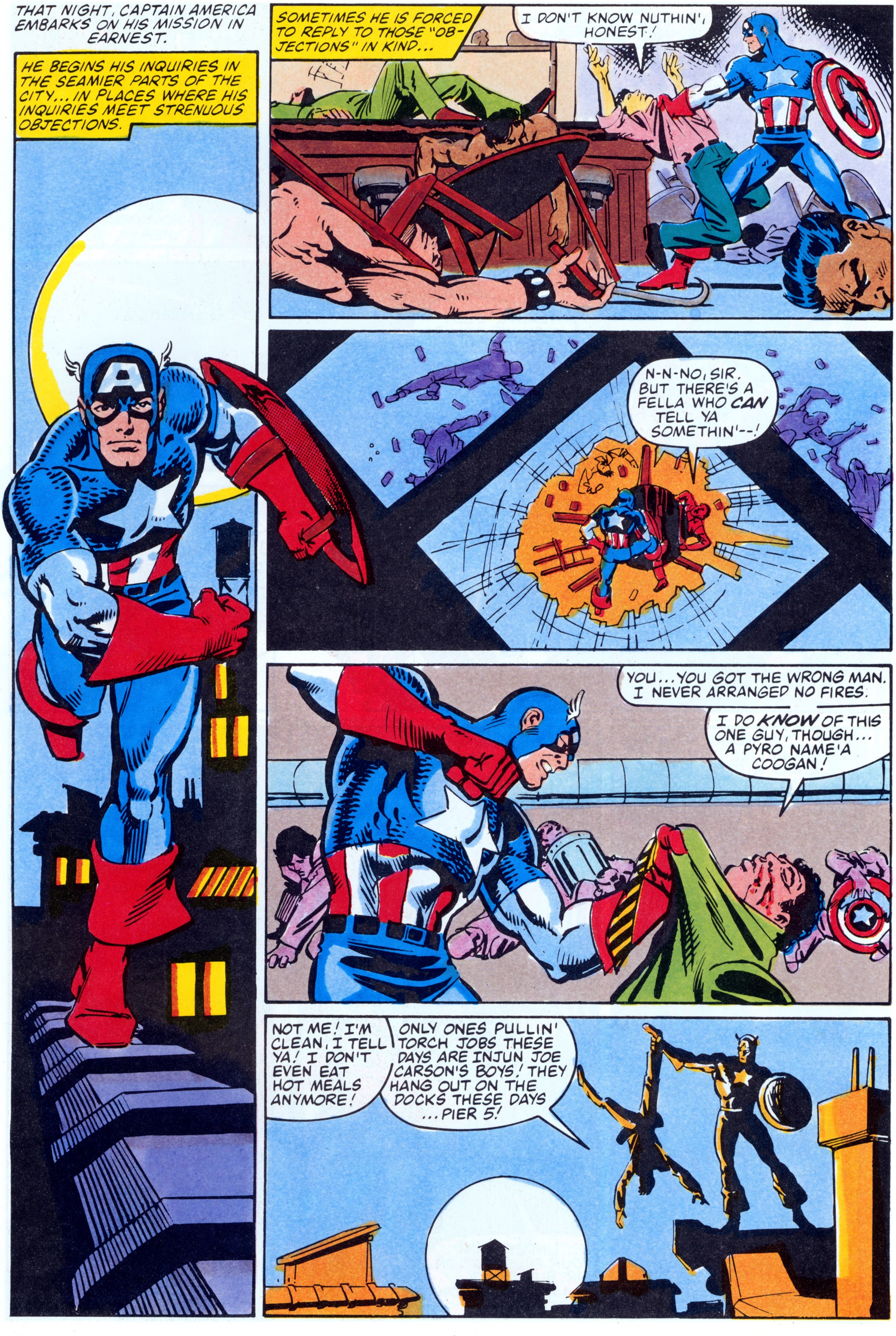
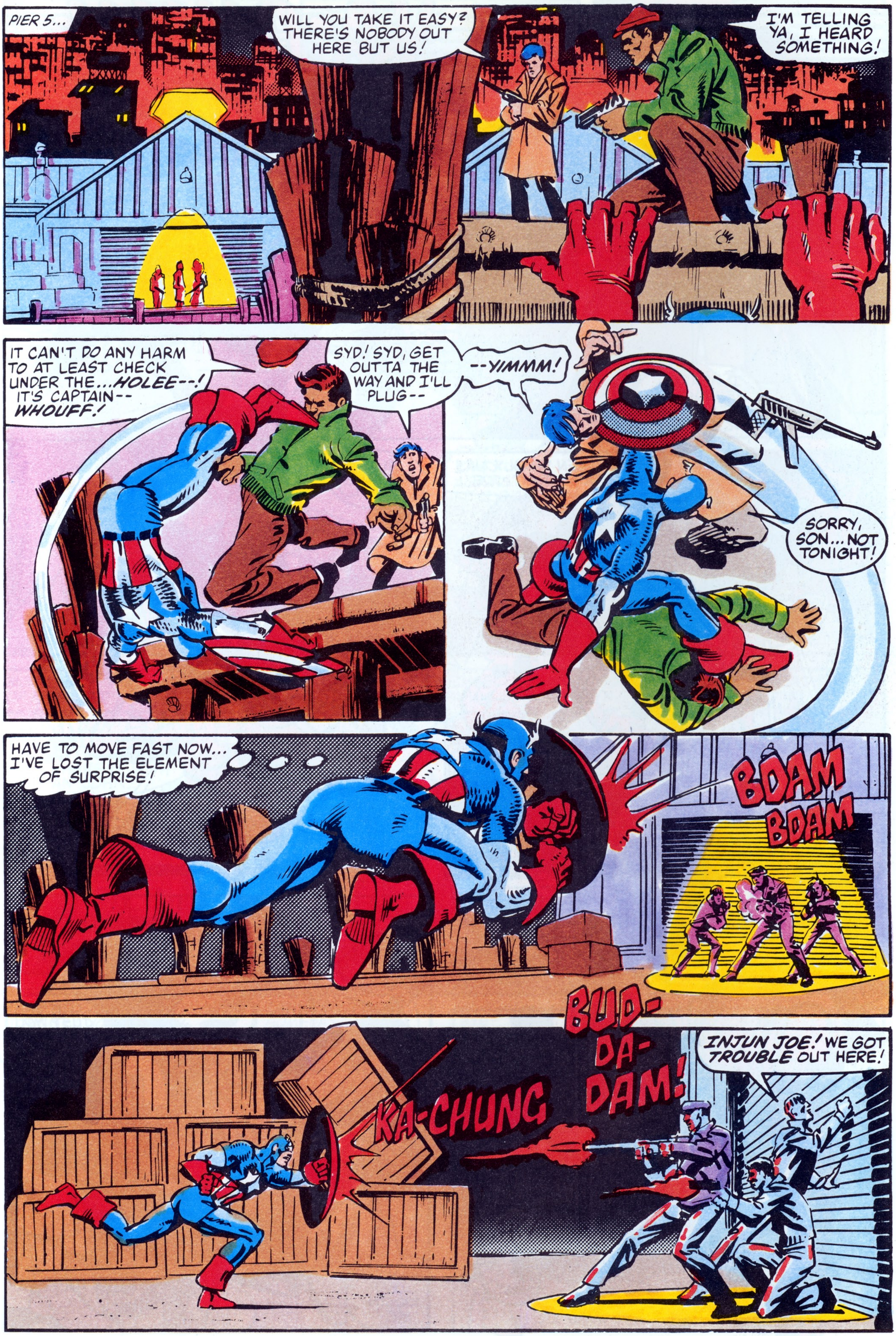

"HERE WITH A LIVE REPORT ON THAT FIRE IN BROOKLYN, IS LOUISE MORRIS..."
BILL, THE MEN OF LADDER COMPANY NINE ARE MAKING A VALIANT EFFORT, BUT ONLY A MIRACLE COULD SAVE THESE BUILDINGS NOW! ALREADY THE FLAMES ARE SHOOTING SO HIGH INTO THE NIGHT SKIES...
"...THAT I'M SURE THEY CAN BE SEEN AS FAR AWAY AS BROOKLYN HEIGHTS!"
EH?
THIS IS THE SIXTH SUCH FIRE IN AS MANY WEEKS. AS WITH THE OTHER BLAZES, ARSON IS--! OH!
A WOMAN... A WOMAN WITH A SMALL CHILD HAS JUST EMERGED ON THE ROOFTOPS, TRAPPED BY THE FIRE!
FIREFIGHTERS ARE MOVING IN A CHERRY-PICKER TO...
LOOK OUT!
KEEP THAT BUCKET STEADY! MOVE IT ONE INCH, AN' HE'LL LOSE HIS GRIP FOR SURE!

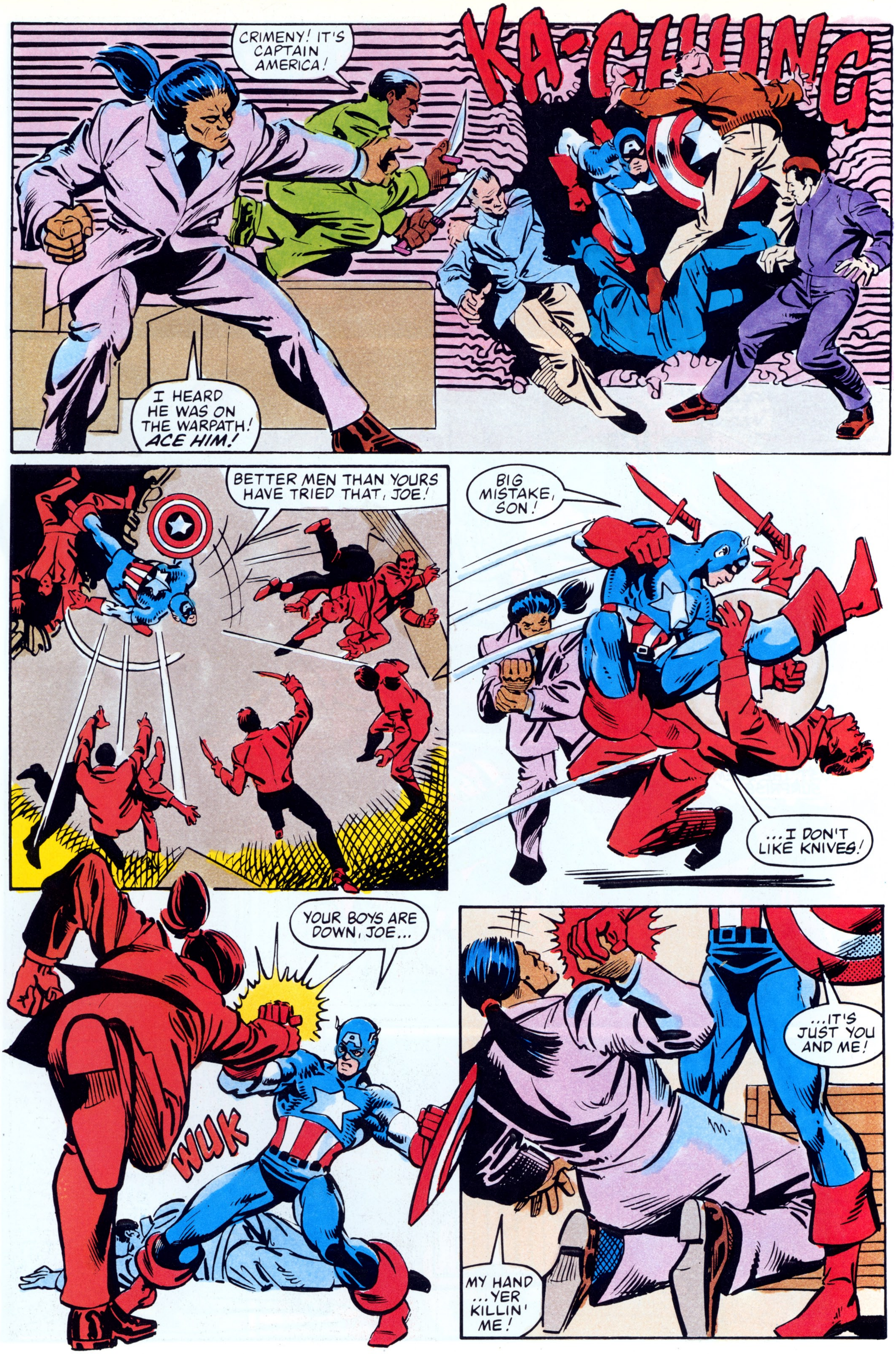

HANG... ON... LADY! I'LL... SAVE US!
JUST ...HANG ON!
HE DID IT!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO... SO HEROIC! ONE LONE MAN, THROUGH SHEER DETERMINATION HAS SAVED HIMSELF AND...
OMIGOD.

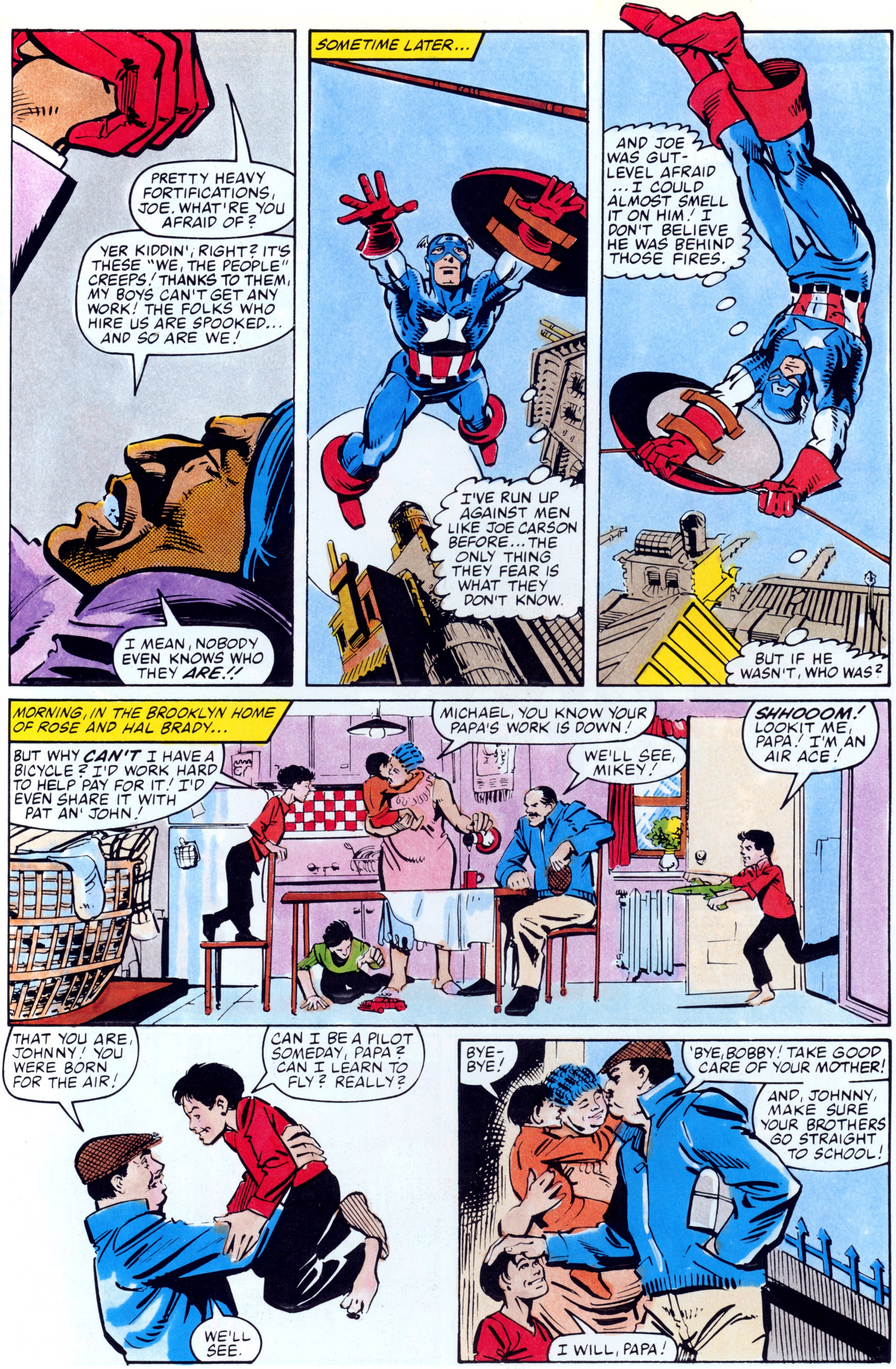

KTANGG
EASY, SON... JUST RELAX! EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT!
CAN SOME-ONE GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS BOY?
Y-YESSIR.
THE BATTLE RAGES ON... BUT NOW, THE FIREFIGHTERS HAVE A MIGHTY ALLY!
FOR THE NEXT SIX HOURS, HE IS EVERYWHERE... STEPPING IN WHEREVER AN EXTRA HAND IS NEEDED...
...RELIEVING THE WEARY, SAVING THE HELPLESS!
61

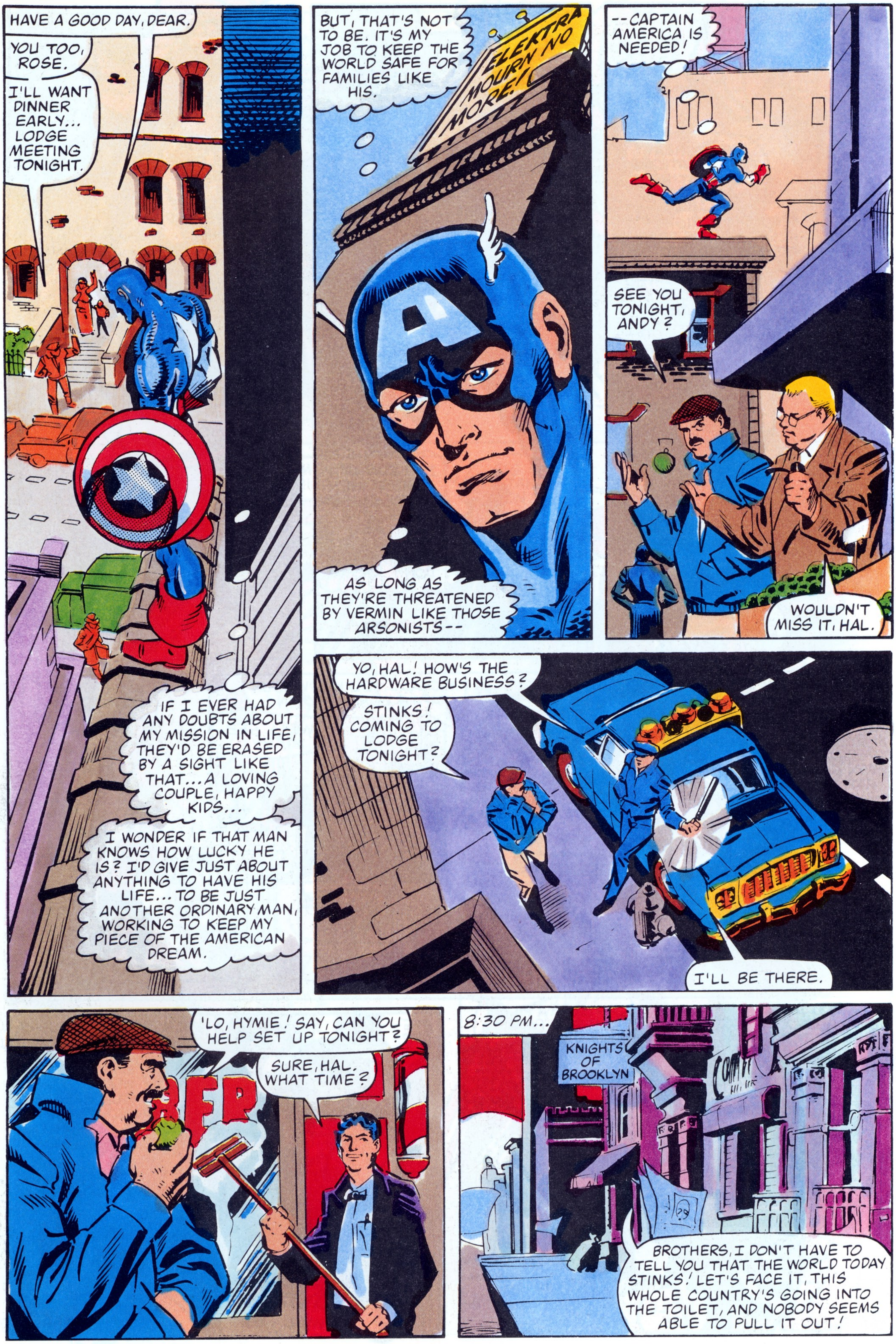

AND FINALLY, JUST AFTER DAWN...
BROTHER, I WANNA SHAKE YOUR HAND! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, YA KNOW THAT?
YEAH, CAP, IF YOU EVER GET TIRED OF BEIN' AN AVENGER, YOU CAN ALWAYS SIGN ON WITH US!
I'M HONOURED, MEN--
-- YOU SAVED A LOT OF LIVES TONIGHT.
YEAH. I JUST WISH WE COULDA SAVED THEM ALL.
81
HOW MANY MORE ARE WE GONNA LOSE BEFORE THIS IS OVER?
DAMN ARSONISTS! WHEN ARE THEY GONNA BE STOPPED?
LATER...
fires, there will be unless we six Million lars.
"WE--THE PEOPLE"
WE COULD CERTAINLY USE YOUR HELP ON THIS ONE, CAP...
...I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT IN ALL MY YEARS WITH THE DEPARTMENT! IMAGINE, AN ARSON RING TRYING TO EXTORT MONEY FROM THE CITY! IT'S ALL IN THIS NOTE...
"THERE HAVE BEEN SIX FIRES... THERE WILL BE MORE, UNLESS WE RECEIVE SIX MILLION DOLLARS!" AND IT'S SIGNED, "WE--THE PEOPLE!"
AND THE POLICE HAVE NO CLUES AS TO WHO THEY ARE?
NONE WHATSOEVER!
MY GOD, WHAT KIND OF COUNTRY DO WE LIVE IN, WHERE SOMETHING LIKE THIS CAN HAPPEN?
I... UNDERSTAND YOUR FRUSTRATION, SIR, BUT DON'T BLAME THE NATION FOR THIS!
WE MAY NOT BE PERFECT, BUT WE'RE A FREE PEOPLE. AMERICA HAS SEEN SOME BAD TIMES, BUT STILL WE CONTINUE... WE PERSEVERE! THE ACTIONS OF A HANDFUL OF MANIACS WON'T CHANGE THAT!
AND THEY *WILL* BE CAUGHT! YOU HAVE MY WORD!

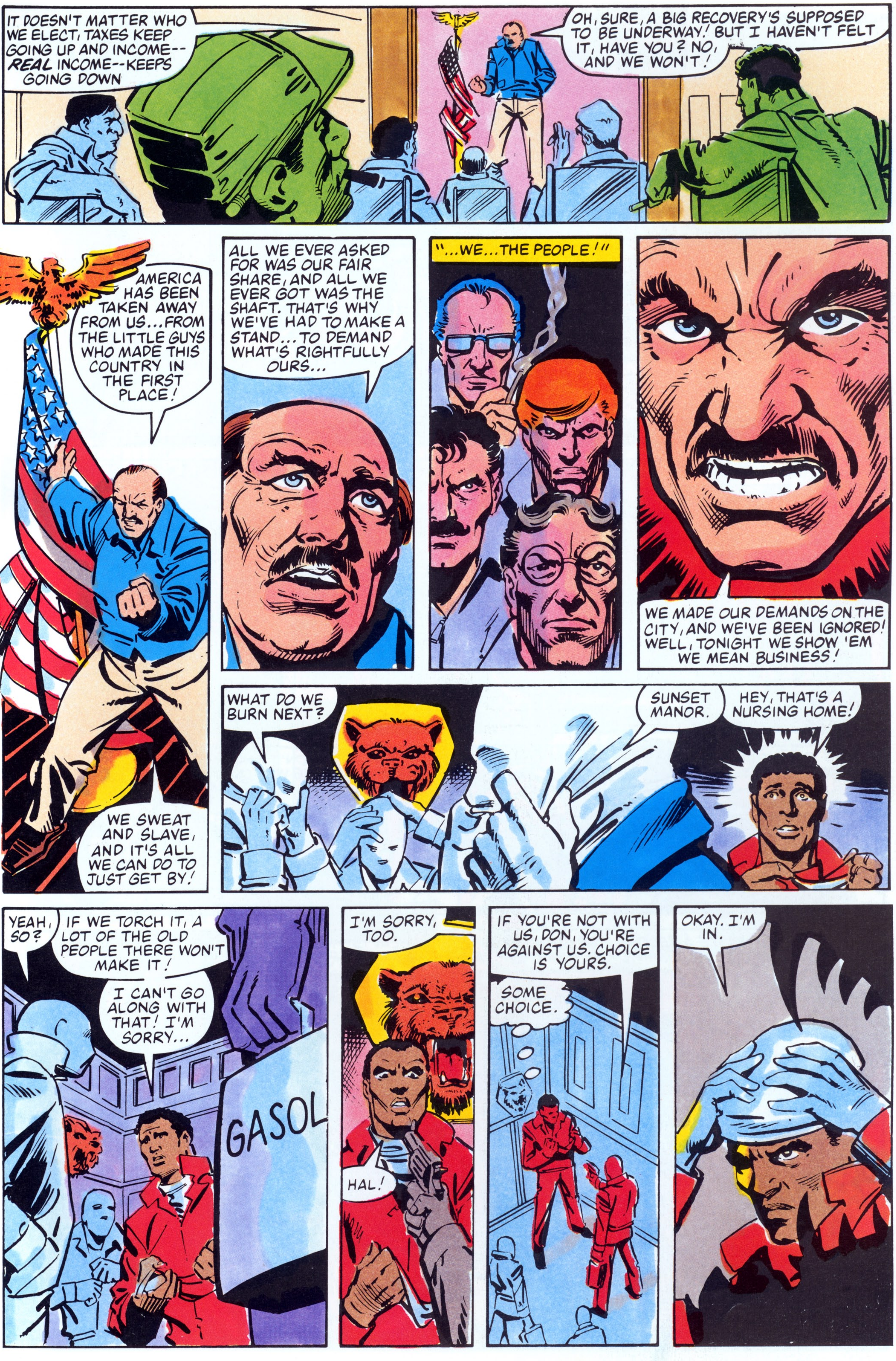

THAT NIGHT, CAPTAIN AMERICA EMBARKS ON HIS MISSION IN EARNEST.
HE BEGINS HIS INQUIRIES IN THE SEAMIER PARTS OF THE CITY... IN PLACES WHERE HIS INQUIRIES MEET STRENUOUS OBJECTIONS.
SOMETIMES HE IS FORCED TO REPLY TO THOSE "OBJECTIONS" IN KIND...
I DON'T KNOW NUTHIN', HONEST!
N-N-NO, SIR. BUT THERE'S A FELLA WHO CAN TELL YA SOMETHIN'--!
YOU... YOU GOT THE WRONG MAN. I NEVER ARRANGED NO FIRES.
I DO KNOW OF THIS ONE GUY, THOUGH... A PYRO NAME'A COOGAN!
NOT ME! I'M CLEAN, I TELL YA! I DON'T EVEN EAT HOT MEALS ANYMORE!
ONLY ONES PULLIN' TORCH JOBS THESE DAYS ARE INJUN JOE CARSON'S BOYS! THEY HANG OUT ON THE DOCKS THESE DAYS ...PIER 5!

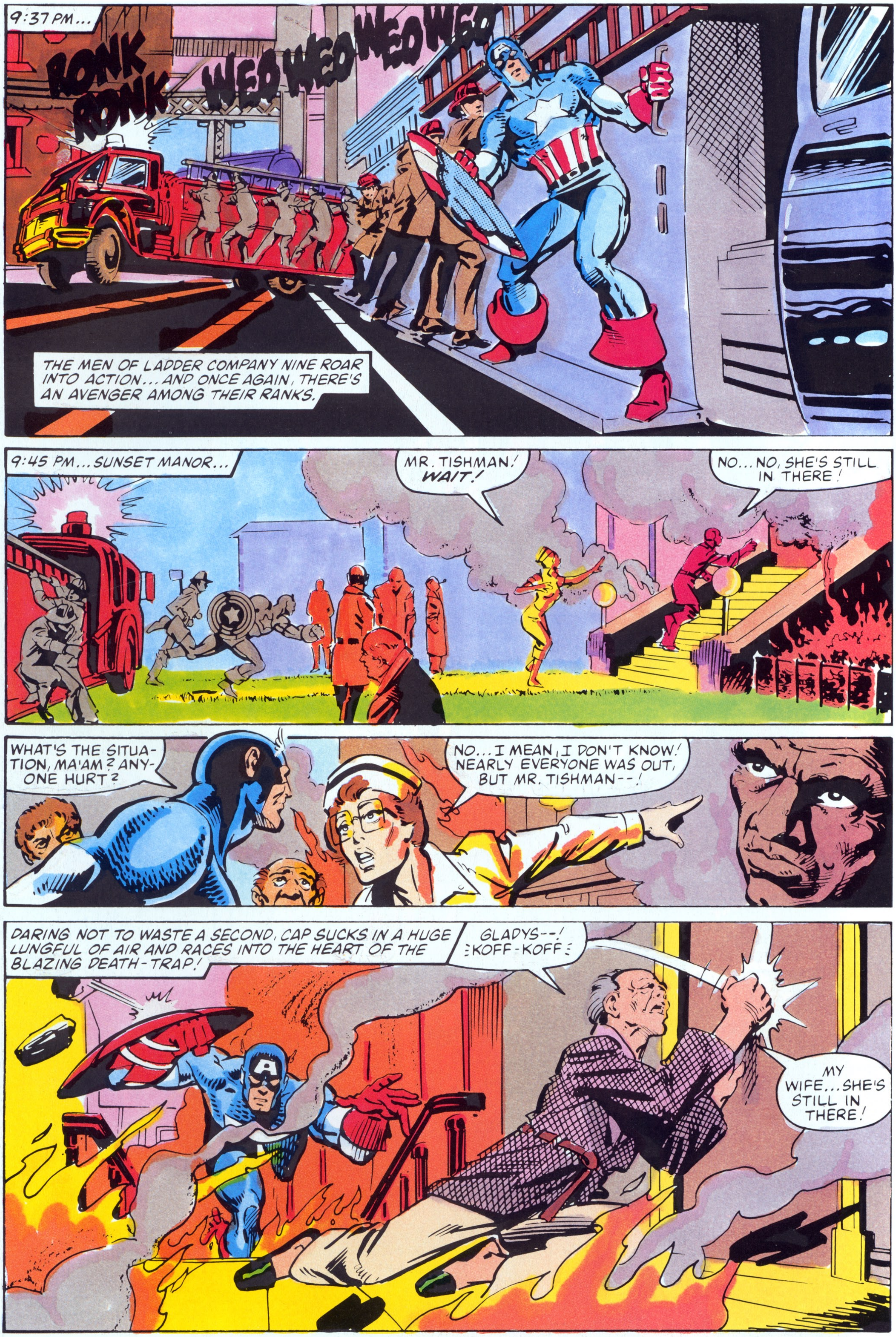

PIER 5...
WILL YOU TAKE IT EASY? THERE'S NOBODY OUT HERE BUT US!
I'M TELLING YA, I HEARD SOMETHING!
IT CAN'T DO ANY HARM TO AT LEAST CHECK UNDER THE... HOLEE--! IT'S CAPTAIN-- WHOUFF!
SYD! SYD, GET OUTTA THE WAY AND I'LL PLUG--
--YIMMM!
SORRY, SON... NOT TONIGHT!
HAVE TO MOVE FAST NOW... I'VE LOST THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE!
BDAM
BDAM
BUD-DA-DAM!
KA-CHUNG
INJUN JOE! WE GOT TROUBLE OUT HERE!

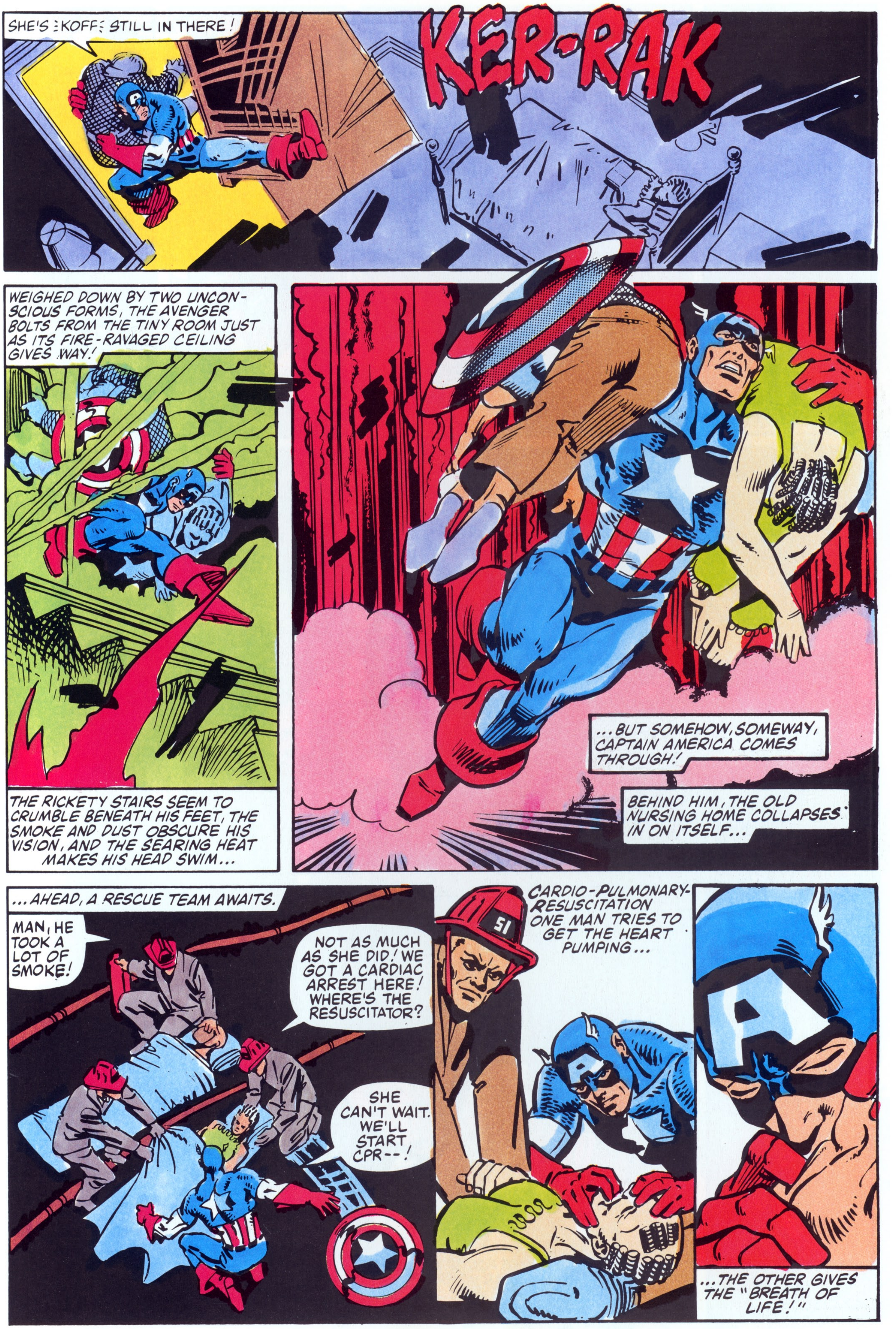

CRIMENY! IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!
KA-CHUNG
I HEARD HE WAS ON THE WARPATH! *ACE HIM!*
BETTER MEN THAN YOURS HAVE TRIED THAT, JOE!
BIG MISTAKE, SON!
...I DON'T LIKE KNIVES!
YOUR BOYS ARE DOWN, JOE...
WUK
...IT'S JUST YOU AND ME!
MY HAND ...YER KILLIN' ME!

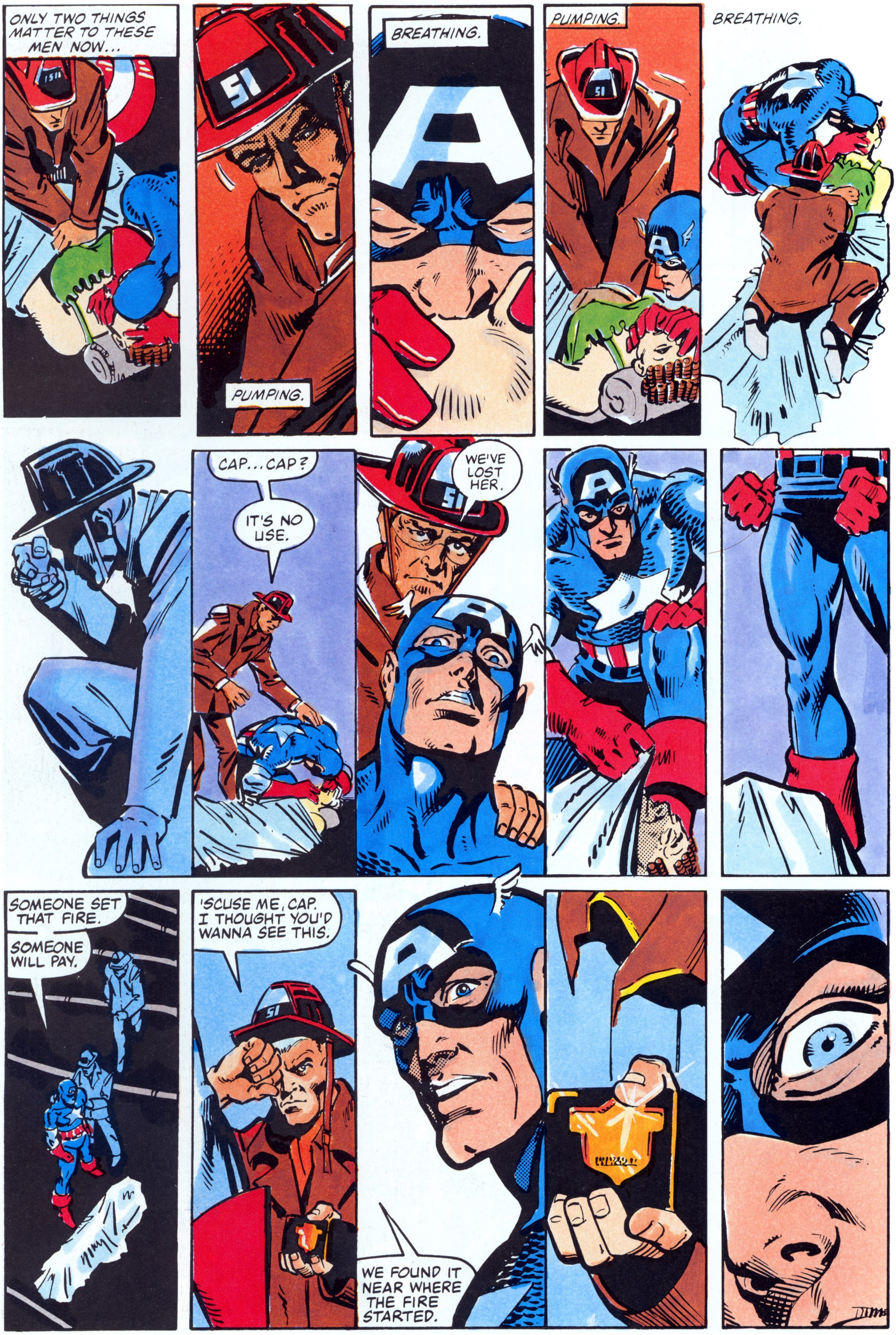

PRETTY HEAVY FORTIFICATIONS, JOE. WHAT'RE YOU AFRAID OF?
YER KIDDIN', RIGHT? IT'S THESE "WE, THE PEOPLE" CREEPS! THANKS TO THEM, MY BOYS CAN'T GET ANY WORK! THE FOLKS WHO HIRE US ARE SPOOKED... AND SO ARE WE!
I MEAN, NOBODY EVEN KNOWS WHO THEY *ARE*!!
SOMETIME LATER...
I'VE RUN UP AGAINST MEN LIKE JOE CARSON BEFORE... THE ONLY THING THEY FEAR IS WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW.
AND JOE WAS GUT-LEVEL AFRAID ...I COULD ALMOST SMELL IT ON HIM! I DON'T BELIEVE HE WAS BEHIND THOSE FIRES.
BUT IF HE WASN'T, WHO WAS?
MORNING, IN THE BROOKLYN HOME OF ROSE AND HAL BRADY...
BUT WHY *CAN'T* I HAVE A BICYCLE? I'D WORK HARD TO HELP PAY FOR IT! I'D EVEN SHARE IT WITH PAT AN' JOHN!
MICHAEL, YOU KNOW YOUR PAPA'S WORK IS DOWN!
WE'LL SEE, MIKEY!
SHHOOOM! LOOKIT ME, PAPA! I'M AN AIR ACE!
THAT YOU ARE, JOHNNY! YOU WERE BORN FOR THE AIR!
CAN I BE A PILOT SOMEDAY, PAPA? CAN I LEARN TO FLY? REALLY?
WE'LL SEE.
BYE-BYE!
'BYE, BOBBY! TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOUR MOTHER!
AND, JOHNNY, MAKE SURE YOUR BROTHERS GO STRAIGHT TO SCHOOL!
I WILL, PAPA!

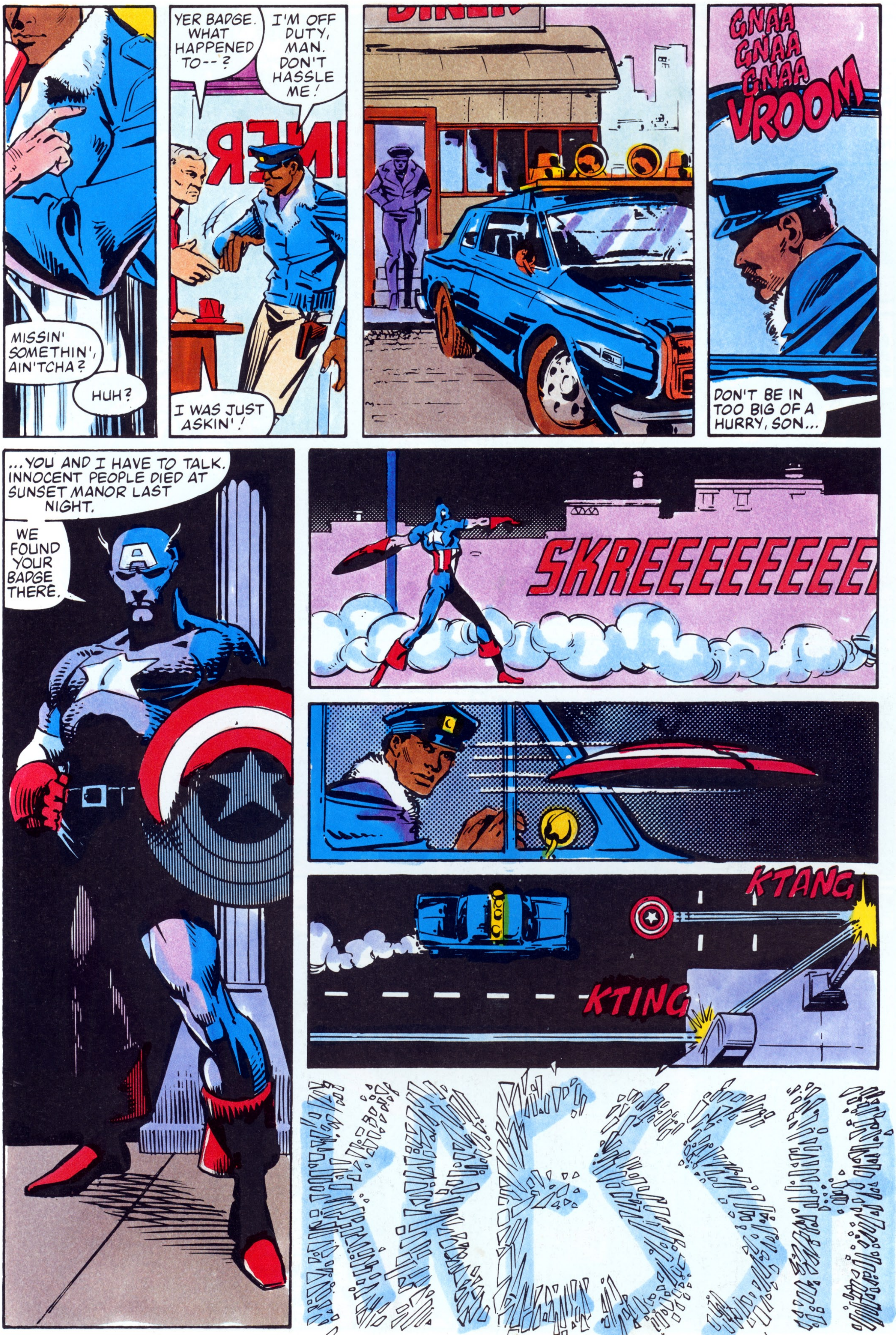

HAVE A GOOD DAY, DEAR.
YOU TOO, ROSE.
I'LL WANT DINNER EARLY... LODGE MEETING TONIGHT.
IF I EVER HAD ANY DOUBTS ABOUT MY MISSION IN LIFE, THEY'D BE ERASED BY A SIGHT LIKE THAT... A LOVING COUPLE, HAPPY KIDS...
I WONDER IF THAT MAN KNOWS HOW LUCKY HE IS? I'D GIVE JUST ABOUT ANYTHING TO HAVE HIS LIFE... TO BE JUST ANOTHER ORDINARY MAN, WORKING TO KEEP MY PIECE OF THE AMERICAN DREAM.
BUT, THAT'S NOT TO BE. IT'S MY JOB TO KEEP THE WORLD SAFE FOR FAMILIES LIKE HIS.
ELEKTRA MOURN NO MORE!!
AS LONG AS THEY'RE THREATENED BY VERMIN LIKE THOSE ARSONISTS--
--CAPTAIN AMERICA IS NEEDED!
SEE YOU TONIGHT, ANDY?
WOULDN'T MISS IT, HAL.
YO, HAL! HOW'S THE HARDWARE BUSINESS?
STINKS! COMING TO LODGE TONIGHT?
I'LL BE THERE.
'LO, HYMIE! SAY, CAN YOU HELP SET UP TONIGHT?
SURE, HAL. WHAT TIME?
8:30 PM...
KNIGHTS OF BROOKLYN
BROTHERS, I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT THE WORLD TODAY STINKS! LET'S FACE IT, THIS WHOLE COUNTRY'S GOING INTO THE TOILET, AND NOBODY SEEMS ABLE TO PULL IT OUT!

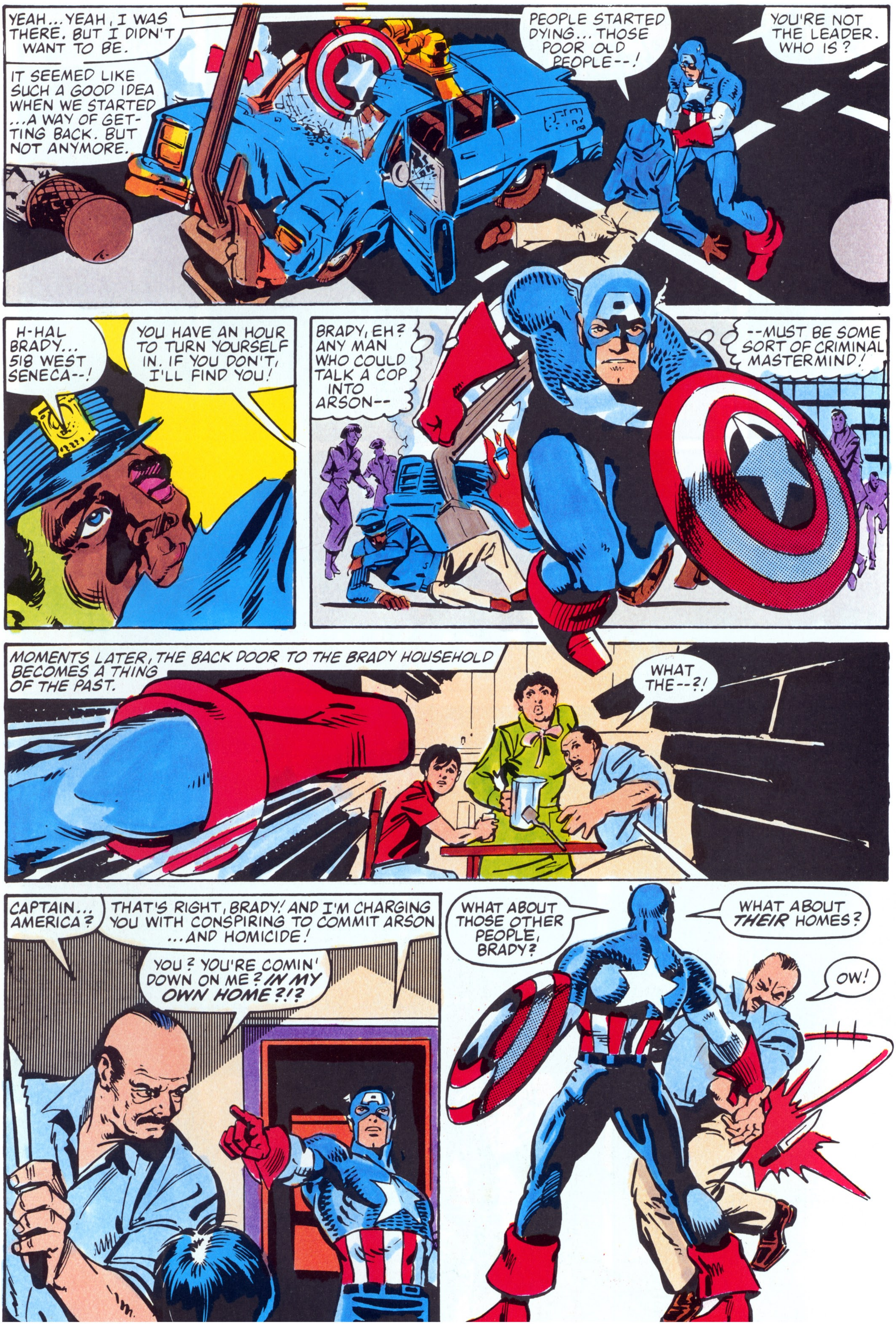

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO WE ELECT, TAXES KEEP GOING UP AND INCOME-- *REAL* INCOME--KEEPS GOING DOWN
OH, SURE, A BIG RECOVERY'S SUPPOSED TO BE UNDERWAY! BUT I HAVEN'T FELT IT, HAVE YOU? NO, AND WE WON'T!
AMERICA HAS BEEN TAKEN AWAY FROM US...FROM THE LITTLE GUYS WHO MADE THIS COUNTRY IN THE FIRST PLACE!
WE SWEAT AND SLAVE, AND IT'S ALL WE CAN DO TO JUST GET BY!
ALL WE EVER ASKED FOR WAS OUR FAIR SHARE, AND ALL WE EVER GOT WAS THE SHAFT. THAT'S WHY WE'VE HAD TO MAKE A STAND...TO DEMAND WHAT'S RIGHTFULLY OURS...
"...WE...THE PEOPLE!"
WE MADE OUR DEMANDS ON THE CITY, AND WE'VE BEEN IGNORED! WELL, TONIGHT WE SHOW 'EM WE MEAN BUSINESS!
WHAT DO WE BURN NEXT?
SUNSET MANOR.
HEY, THAT'S A NURSING HOME!
YEAH, SO?
IF WE TORCH IT, A LOT OF THE OLD PEOPLE THERE WON'T MAKE IT!
I CAN'T GO ALONG WITH THAT! I'M SORRY...
GASOL
I'M SORRY, TOO.
HAL!
IF YOU'RE NOT WITH US, DON, YOU'RE AGAINST US. CHOICE IS YOURS.
SOME CHOICE.
OKAY. I'M IN.

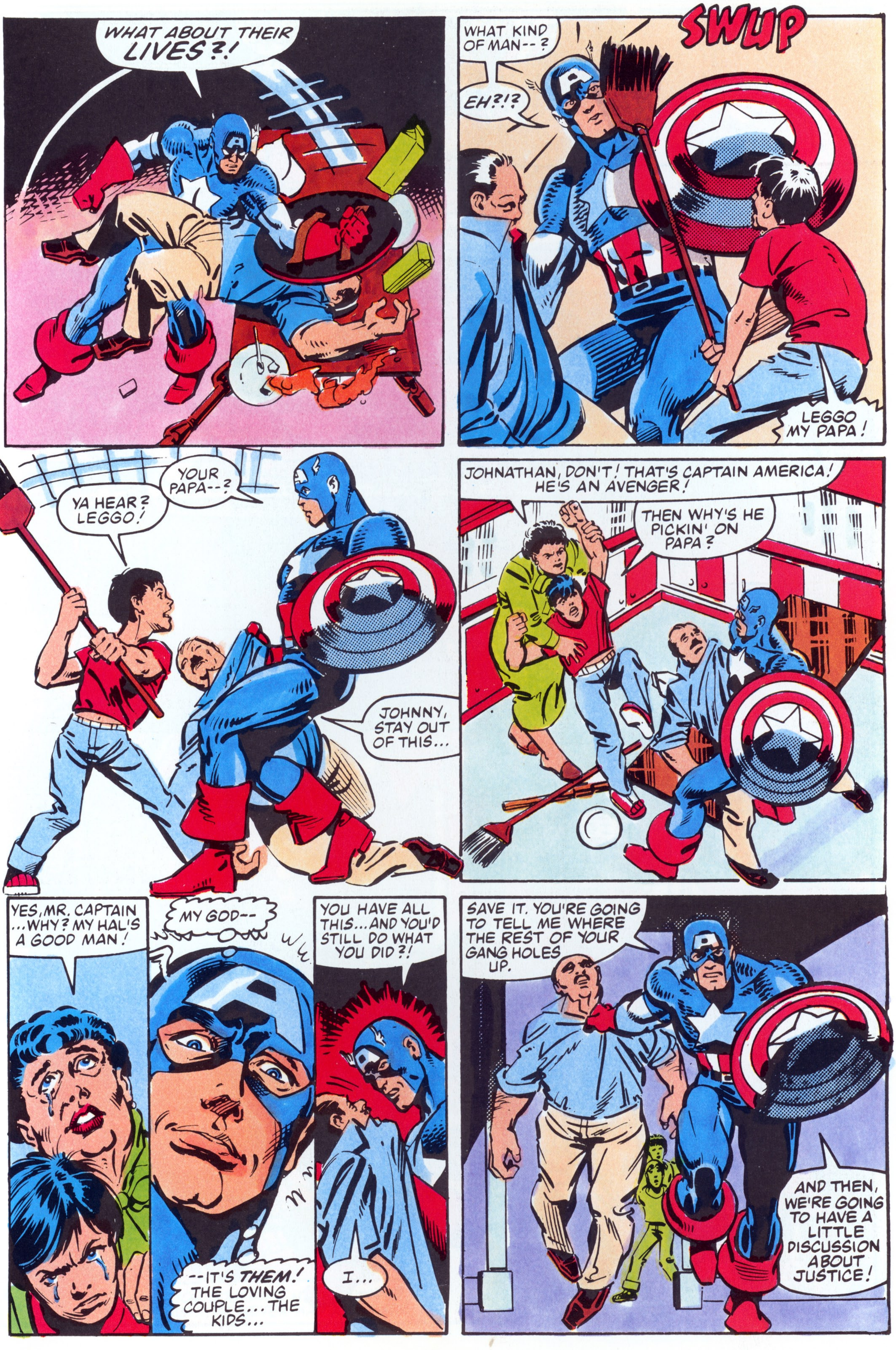

9:37 PM...
RONK RONK
WEO WEO WEO WEO WEO
THE MEN OF LADDER COMPANY NINE ROAR INTO ACTION... AND ONCE AGAIN, THERE'S AN AVENGER AMONG THEIR RANKS.
9:45 PM... SUNSET MANOR...
MR. TISHMAN! WAIT!
NO... NO, SHE'S STILL IN THERE!
WHAT'S THE SITUATION, MA'AM? ANYONE HURT?
NO... I MEAN, I DON'T KNOW! NEARLY EVERYONE WAS OUT, BUT MR. TISHMAN--!
DARING NOT TO WASTE A SECOND, CAP SUCKS IN A HUGE LUNGFUL OF AIR AND RACES INTO THE HEART OF THE BLAZING DEATH-TRAP!
GLADYS--! KOFF-KOFF
MY WIFE... SHE'S STILL IN THERE!

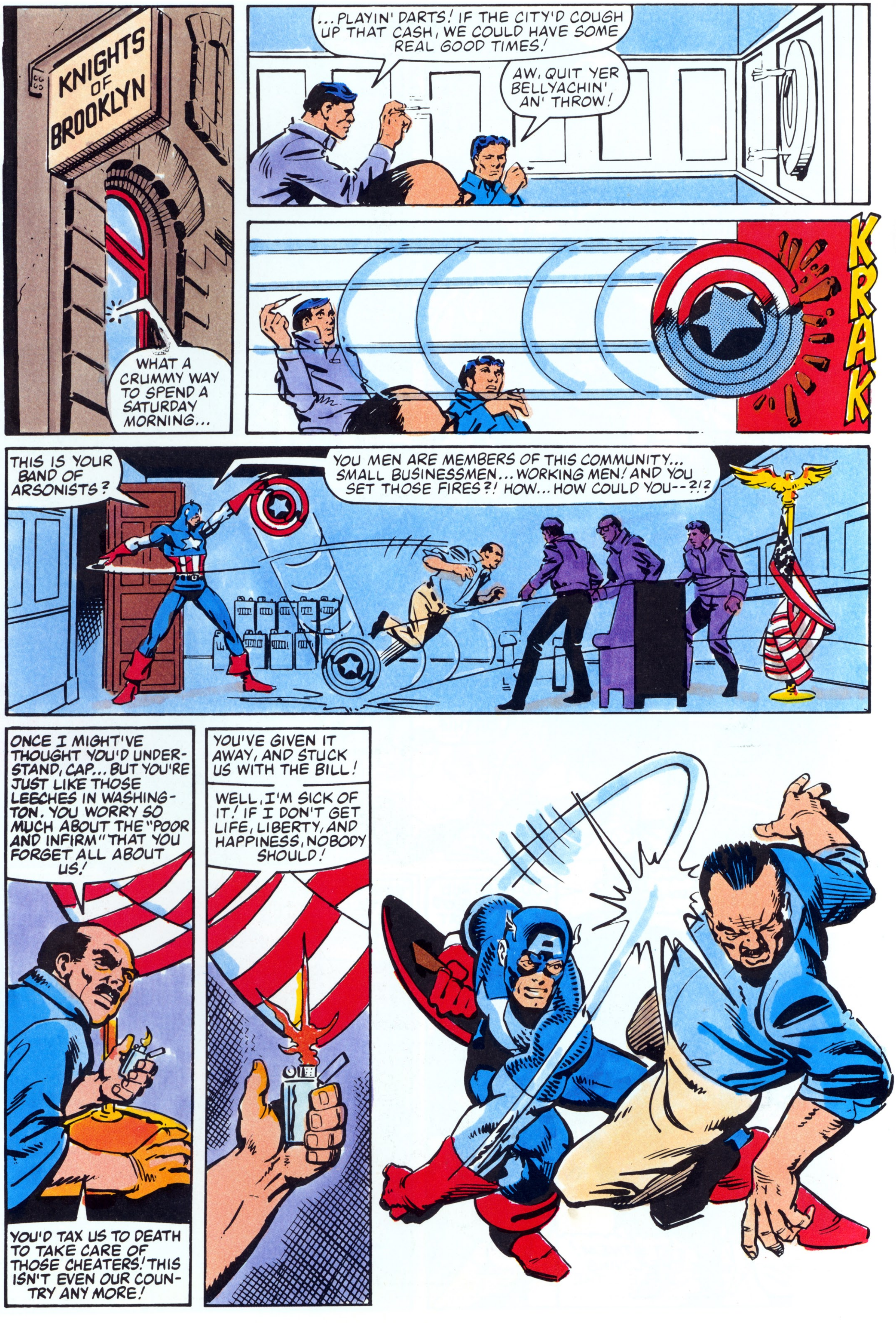

SHE'S :KOFF: STILL IN THERE!
KER-RAK
WEIGHED DOWN BY TWO UNCONSCIOUS FORMS, THE AVENGER BOLTS FROM THE TINY ROOM JUST AS ITS FIRE-RAVAGED CEILING GIVES WAY!
THE RICKETY STAIRS SEEM TO CRUMBLE BENEATH HIS FEET, THE SMOKE AND DUST OBSCURE HIS VISION, AND THE SEARING HEAT MAKES HIS HEAD SWIM...
...BUT SOMEHOW, SOMEWAY, CAPTAIN AMERICA COMES THROUGH!
BEHIND HIM, THE OLD NURSING HOME COLLAPSES IN ON ITSELF...
...AHEAD, A RESCUE TEAM AWAITS.
MAN, HE TOOK A LOT OF SMOKE!
NOT AS MUCH AS SHE DID! WE GOT A CARDIAC ARREST HERE! WHERE'S THE RESUSCITATOR?
SHE CAN'T WAIT. WE'LL START CPR--!
CARDIO-PULMONARY-RESUSCITATION ONE MAN TRIES TO GET THE HEART PUMPING...
51
...THE OTHER GIVES THE "BREATH OF LIFE!"

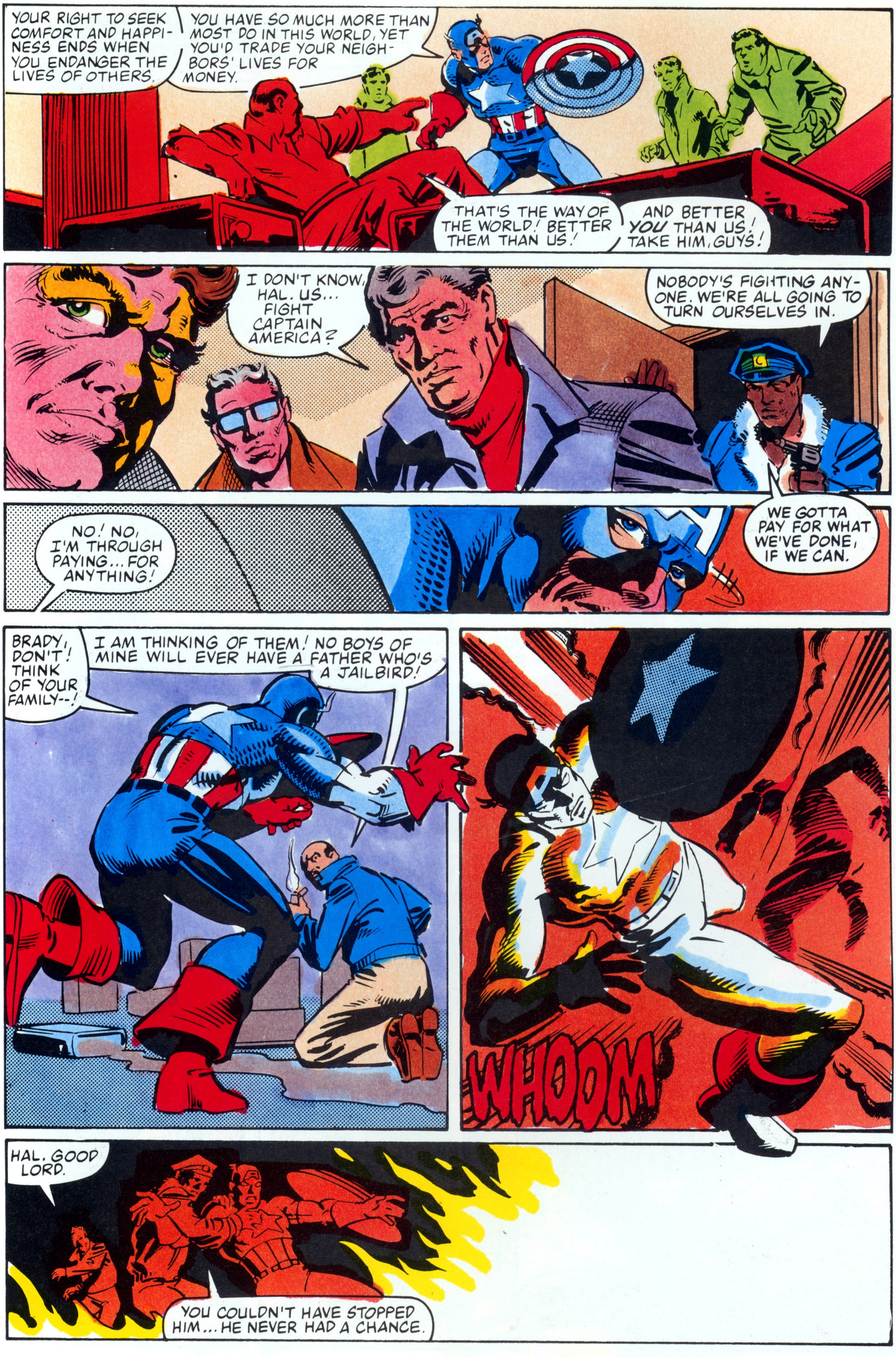

ONLY TWO THINGS MATTER TO THESE MEN NOW...
PUMPING.
BREATHING.
PUMPING.
BREATHING.
CAP...CAP?
IT'S NO USE.
WE'VE LOST HER.
SOMEONE SET THAT FIRE.
SOMEONE WILL PAY.
'SCUSE ME, CAP. I THOUGHT YOU'D WANNA SEE THIS.
WE FOUND IT NEAR WHERE THE FIRE STARTED.

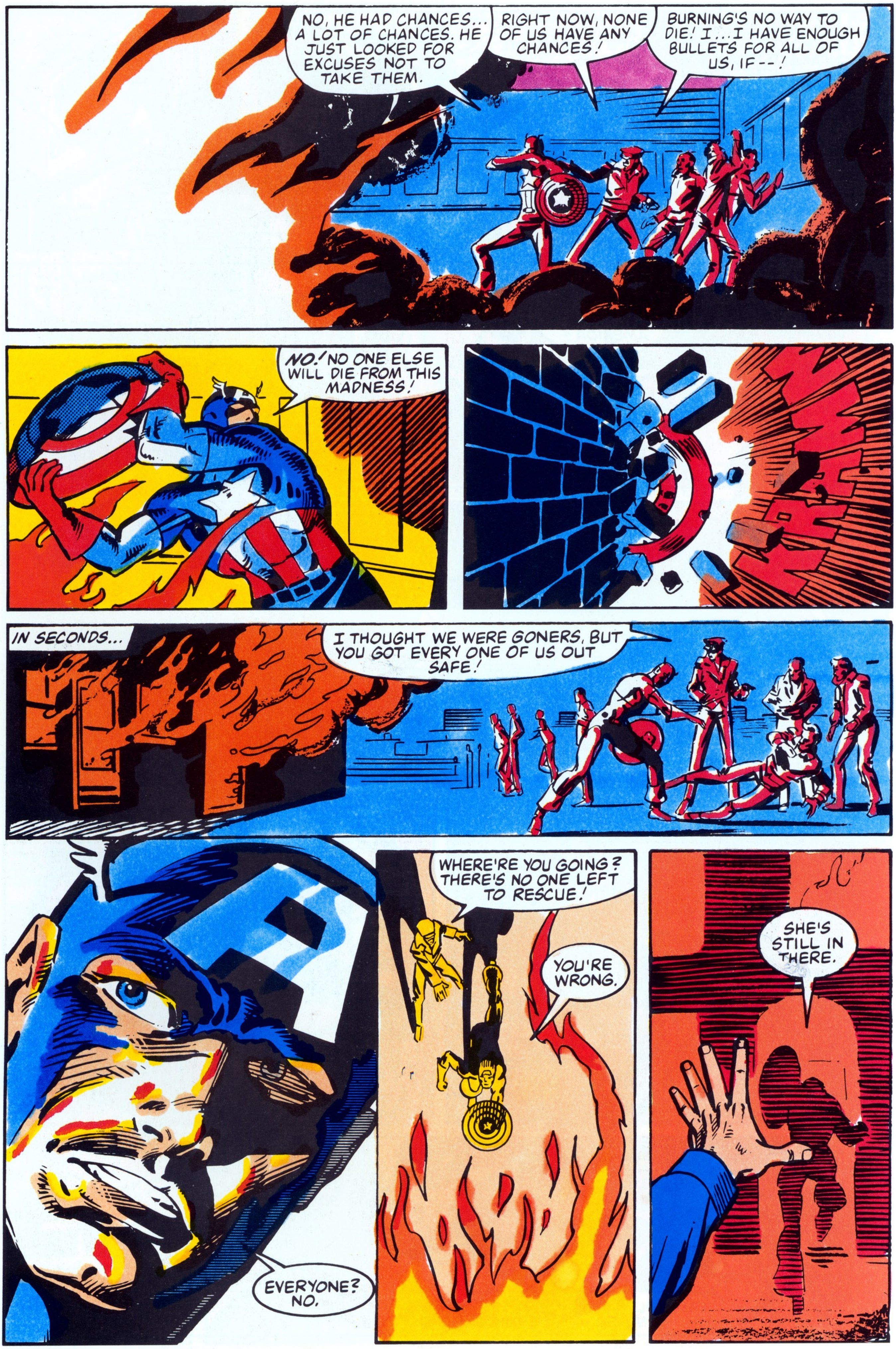

MISSIN' SOMETHIN', AIN'TCHA?
HUH?
YER BADGE. WHAT HAPPENED TO--?
I'M OFF DUTY, MAN. DON'T HASSLE ME!
I WAS JUST ASKIN'!
DINER
GNAA GNAA GNAA VROOM
DON'T BE IN TOO BIG OF A HURRY, SON...
...YOU AND I HAVE TO TALK. INNOCENT PEOPLE DIED AT SUNSET MANOR LAST NIGHT.
WE FOUND YOUR BADGE THERE.
SKREEEEEEEEEE
KTANG
KTING
KRESSH

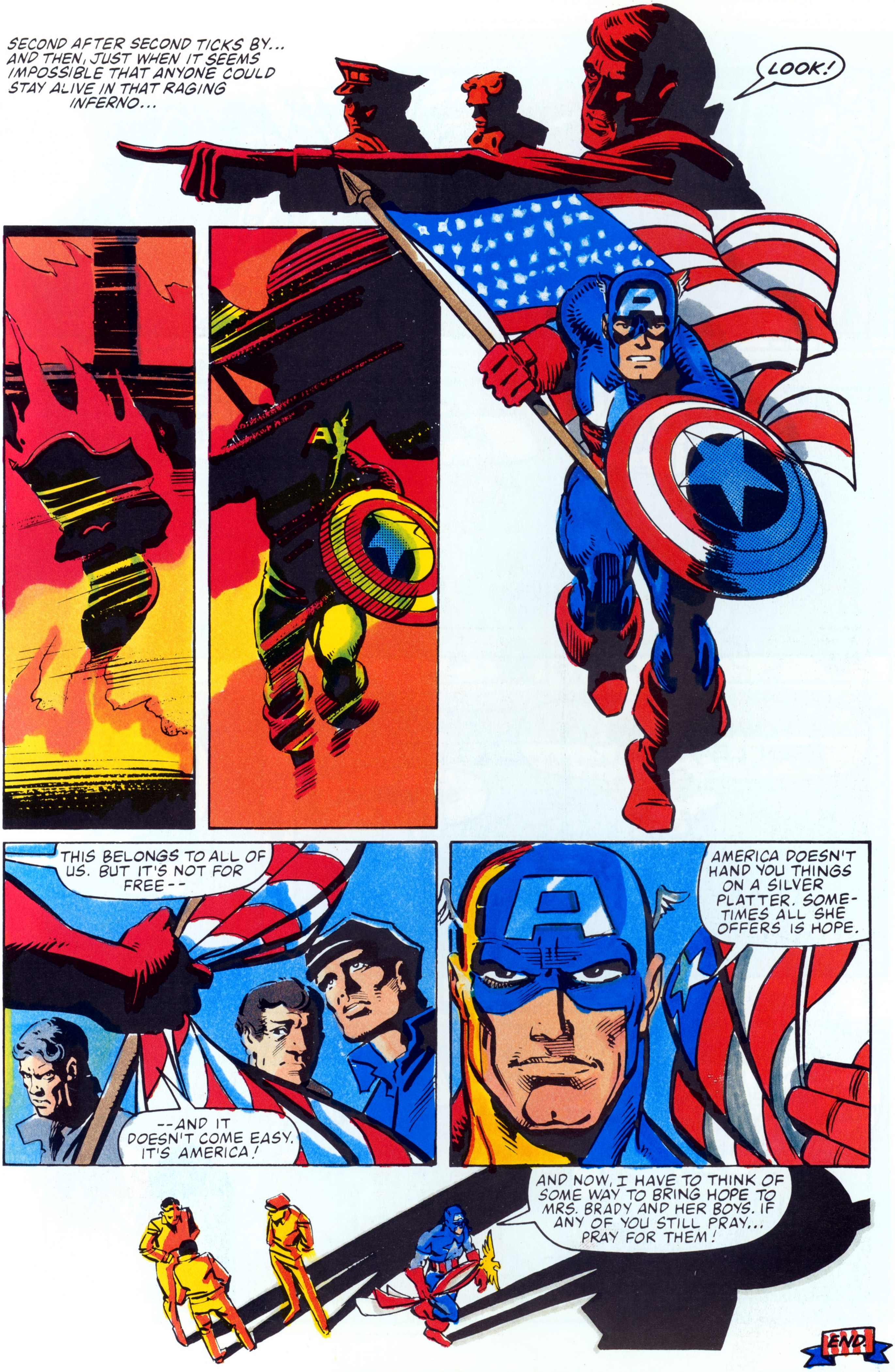

YEAH... YEAH, I WAS THERE. BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO BE.
IT SEEMED LIKE SUCH A GOOD IDEA WHEN WE STARTED ...A WAY OF GETTING BACK. BUT NOT ANYMORE.
PEOPLE STARTED DYING... THOSE POOR OLD PEOPLE--!
YOU'RE NOT THE LEADER. WHO IS?
H-HAL BRADY... 518 WEST SENECA--!
YOU HAVE AN HOUR TO TURN YOURSELF IN. IF YOU DON'T, I'LL FIND YOU!
BRADY, EH? ANY MAN WHO COULD TALK A COP INTO ARSON--
--MUST BE SOME SORT OF CRIMINAL MASTERMIND!
MOMENTS LATER, THE BACK DOOR TO THE BRADY HOUSEHOLD BECOMES A THING OF THE PAST.
WHAT THE--?!
CAPTAIN... AMERICA?
THAT'S RIGHT, BRADY! AND I'M CHARGING YOU WITH CONSPIRING TO COMMIT ARSON ...AND HOMICIDE!
YOU? YOU'RE COMIN' DOWN ON ME? *IN MY OWN HOME?!?*
WHAT ABOUT THOSE OTHER PEOPLE, BRADY?
WHAT ABOUT *THEIR* HOMES?
OW!

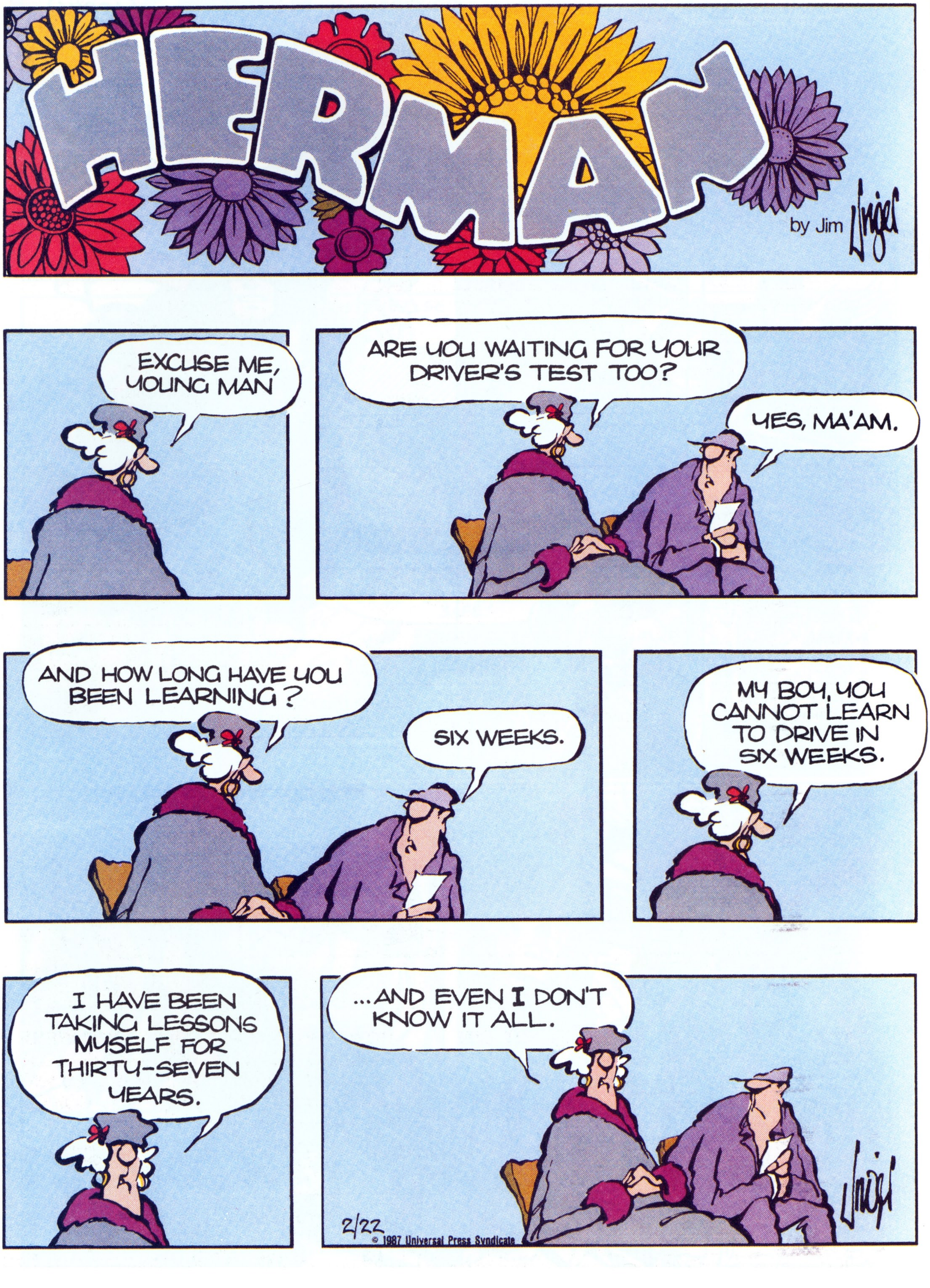

WHAT ABOUT THEIR *LIVES* ?!
SWUP
WHAT KIND OF MAN-- ?
EH?!?
LEGGO MY PAPA!
YA HEAR? LEGGO!
YOUR PAPA--?
JOHNNY, STAY OUT OF THIS...
JOHNATHAN, DON'T! THAT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA! HE'S AN AVENGER!
THEN WHY'S HE PICKIN' ON PAPA?
YES, MR. CAPTAIN ...WHY? MY HAL'S A GOOD MAN!
MY GOD--
--IT'S *THEM*! THE LOVING COUPLE... THE KIDS...
YOU HAVE ALL THIS... AND YOU'D STILL DO WHAT YOU DID?!
I...
SAVE IT. YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME WHERE THE REST OF YOUR GANG HOLES UP.
AND THEN, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE DISCUSSION ABOUT JUSTICE!


KNIGHTS OF BROOKLYN
WHAT A CRUMMY WAY TO SPEND A SATURDAY MORNING...
...PLAYIN' DARTS! IF THE CITY'D COUGH UP THAT CASH, WE COULD HAVE SOME REAL GOOD TIMES!
AW, QUIT YER BELLYACHIN' AN' THROW!
KRAK
THIS IS YOUR BAND OF ARSONISTS?
YOU MEN ARE MEMBERS OF THIS COMMUNITY... SMALL BUSINESSMEN... WORKING MEN! AND YOU SET THOSE FIRES?! HOW... HOW COULD YOU--?!?
ONCE I MIGHT'VE THOUGHT YOU'D UNDERSTAND, CAP... BUT YOU'RE JUST LIKE THOSE LEECHES IN WASHINGTON. YOU WORRY SO MUCH ABOUT THE "POOR AND INFIRM" THAT YOU FORGET ALL ABOUT US!
YOU'D TAX US TO DEATH TO TAKE CARE OF THOSE CHEATERS! THIS ISN'T EVEN OUR COUNTRY ANY MORE!
YOU'VE GIVEN IT AWAY, AND STUCK US WITH THE BILL!
WELL, I'M SICK OF IT! IF I DON'T GET LIFE, LIBERTY, AND HAPPINESS, NOBODY SHOULD!


YOUR RIGHT TO SEEK COMFORT AND HAPPINESS ENDS WHEN YOU ENDANGER THE LIVES OF OTHERS.
YOU HAVE SO MUCH MORE THAN MOST DO IN THIS WORLD, YET YOU'D TRADE YOUR NEIGHBORS' LIVES FOR MONEY.
THAT'S THE WAY OF THE WORLD! BETTER THEM THAN US!
AND BETTER YOU THAN US! TAKE HIM, GUYS!
I DON'T KNOW, HAL. US... FIGHT CAPTAIN AMERICA?
NOBODY'S FIGHTING ANYONE. WE'RE ALL GOING TO TURN OURSELVES IN.
NO! NO, I'M THROUGH PAYING... FOR ANYTHING!
WE GOTTA PAY FOR WHAT WE'VE DONE, IF WE CAN.
BRADY, DON'T! THINK OF YOUR FAMILY--!
I AM THINKING OF THEM! NO BOYS OF MINE WILL EVER HAVE A FATHER WHO'S A JAILBIRD!
WHOOM
HAL. GOOD LORD.
YOU COULDN'T HAVE STOPPED HIM... HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE.


NO, HE HAD CHANCES... A LOT OF CHANCES. HE JUST LOOKED FOR EXCUSES NOT TO TAKE THEM.
RIGHT NOW, NONE OF US HAVE ANY CHANCES!
BURNING'S NO WAY TO DIE! I... I HAVE ENOUGH BULLETS FOR ALL OF US, IF--!
NO! NO ONE ELSE WILL DIE FROM THIS MADNESS!
IN SECONDS...
I THOUGHT WE WERE GONERS, BUT YOU GOT EVERY ONE OF US OUT SAFE!
EVERYONE? NO.
WHERE'RE YOU GOING? THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO RESCUE!
YOU'RE WRONG.
SHE'S STILL IN THERE.


SECOND AFTER SECOND TICKS BY... AND THEN, JUST WHEN IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE THAT ANYONE COULD STAY ALIVE IN THAT RAGING INFERNO...
LOOK!
THIS BELONGS TO ALL OF US. BUT IT'S NOT FOR FREE--
--AND IT DOESN'T COME EASY. IT'S AMERICA!
AMERICA DOESN'T HAND YOU THINGS ON A SILVER PLATTER. SOMETIMES ALL SHE OFFERS IS HOPE.
AND NOW, I HAVE TO THINK OF SOME WAY TO BRING HOPE TO MRS. BRADY AND HER BOYS. IF ANY OF YOU STILL PRAY... PRAY FOR THEM!
END


HERMAN
by Jim Unger
EXCUSE ME, YOUNG MAN
ARE YOU WAITING FOR YOUR DRIVER'S TEST TOO?
YES, MA'AM.
AND HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN LEARNING?
SIX WEEKS.
MY BOY, YOU CANNOT LEARN TO DRIVE IN SIX WEEKS.
I HAVE BEEN TAKING LESSONS MYSELF FOR THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS.
...AND EVEN I DON'T KNOW IT ALL.
2/22
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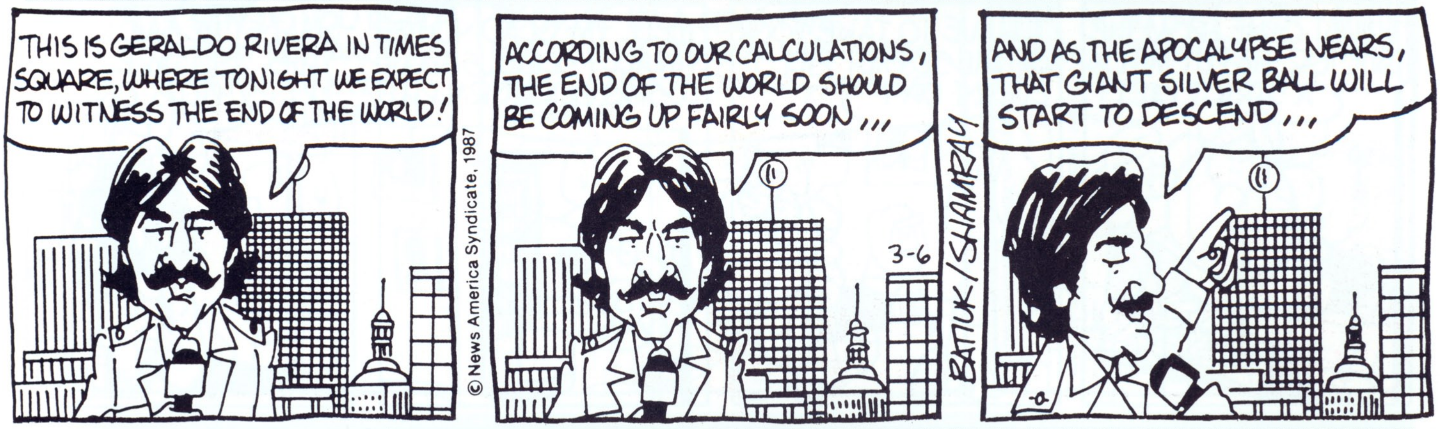
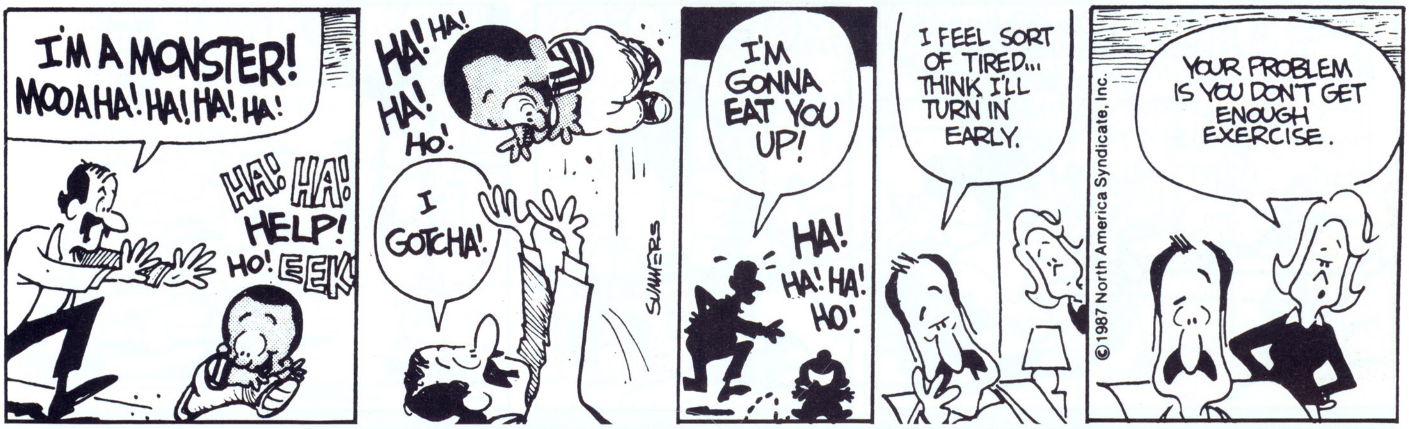
Unger

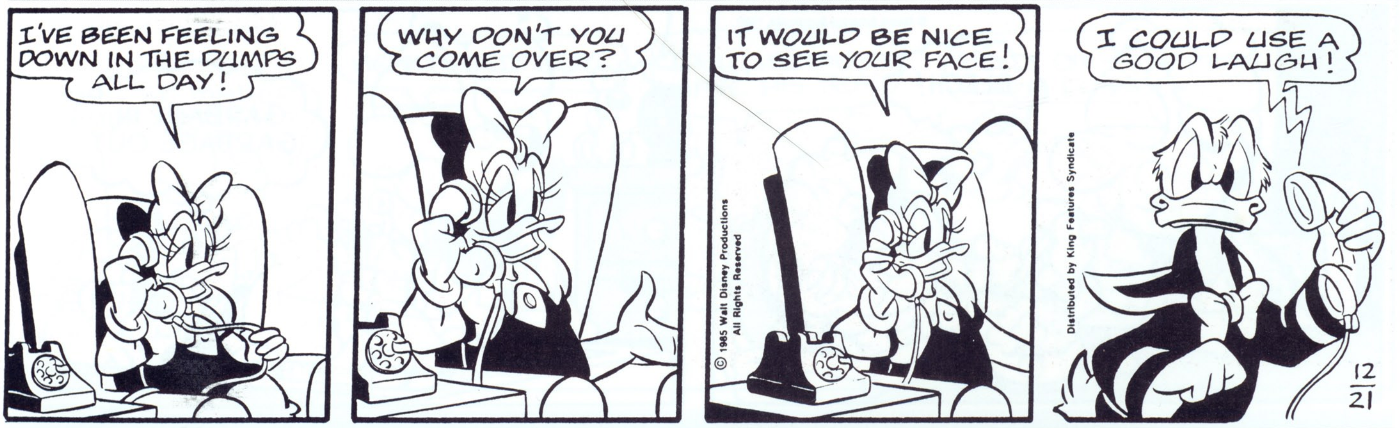
JOHN DARLING


THIS IS GERALDO RIVERA IN TIMES SQUARE, WHERE TONIGHT WE EXPECT TO WITNESS THE END OF THE WORLD!
© News America Syndicate, 1987
ACCORDING TO OUR CALCULATIONS, THE END OF THE WORLD SHOULD BE COMING UP FAIRLY SOON,,,
3-6
BATIUK/SHAMRAY
AND AS THE APOCALYPSE NEARS, THAT GIANT SILVER BALL WILL START TO DESCEND,,,

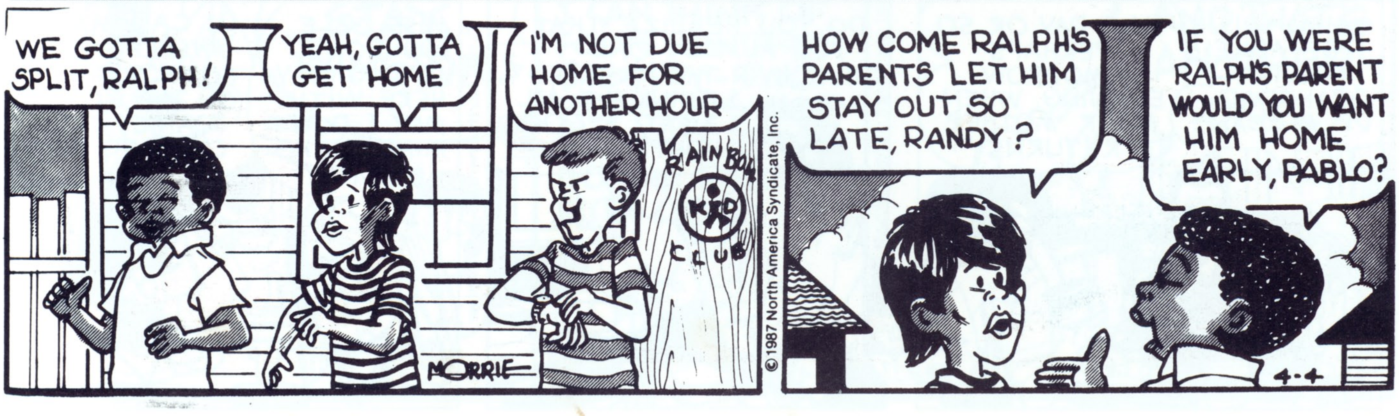
THE MIDDLETONS


I'M A MONSTER! MOOAHA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HELP! HO! EEK!
HA! HA! HA! HO!
I GOTCHA!
SUMMERS
I'M GONNA EAT YOU UP!
HA! HA! HA! HO!
I FEEL SORT OF TIRED... THINK I'LL TURN IN EARLY.
© 1987 North America Syndicate, Inc.
YOUR PROBLEM IS YOU DON'T GET ENOUGH EXERCISE.

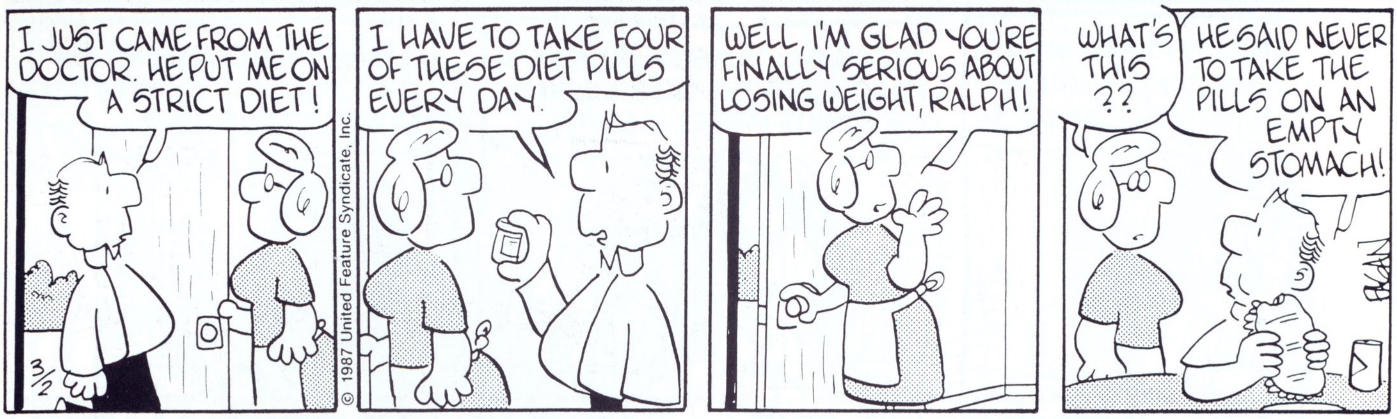
DAISY DUCK


I'VE BEEN FEELING DOWN IN THE DUMPS ALL DAY!
WHY DON'T YOU COME OVER?
© 1985 Walt Disney Productions All Rights Reserved
IT WOULD BE NICE TO SEE YOUR FACE!
Distributed by King Features Syndicate
I COULD USE A GOOD LAUGH!
12/21

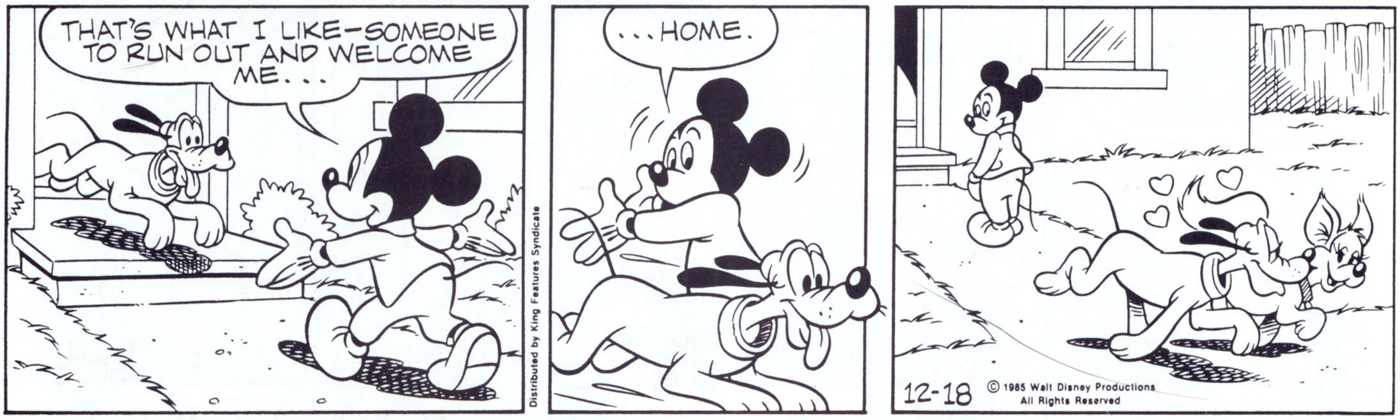
WEE PALS


WE GOTTA SPLIT, RALPH!
YEAH, GOTTA GET HOME
I'M NOT DUE HOME FOR ANOTHER HOUR
RAIN BOW KID CLUB
MORRIE
© 1987 North America Syndicate, Inc.
HOW COME RALPH'S PARENTS LET HIM STAY OUT SO LATE, RANDY?
IF YOU WERE RALPH'S PARENT WOULD YOU WANT HIM HOME EARLY, PABLO?
4-4

DRABBLE


I JUST CAME FROM THE DOCTOR. HE PUT ME ON A STRICT DIET!
3/2
© 1987 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
I HAVE TO TAKE FOUR OF THESE DIET PILLS EVERY DAY.
WELL, I'M GLAD YOU'RE FINALLY SERIOUS ABOUT LOSING WEIGHT, RALPH!
WHAT'S THIS ??
HE SAID NEVER TO TAKE THE PILLS ON AN EMPTY STOMACH!

MICKEY MOUSE


THAT'S WHAT I LIKE—SOMEONE TO RUN OUT AND WELCOME ME...
Distributed by King Features Syndicate
...HOME.
12-18
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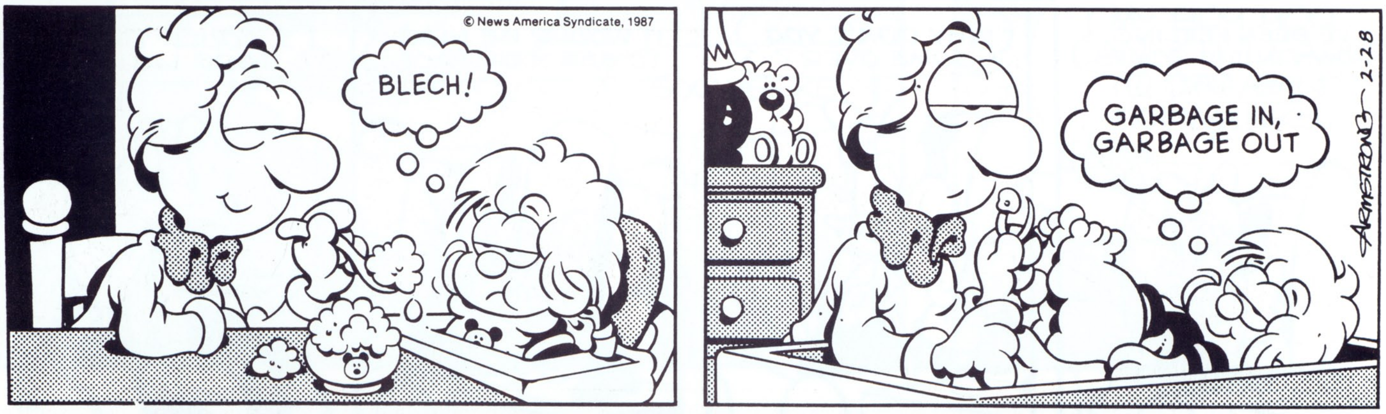
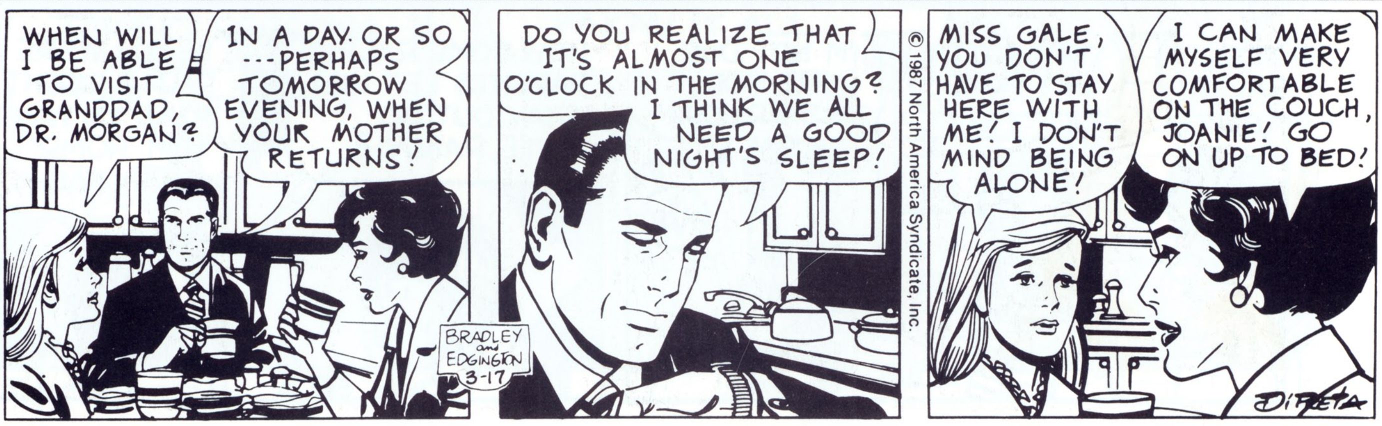
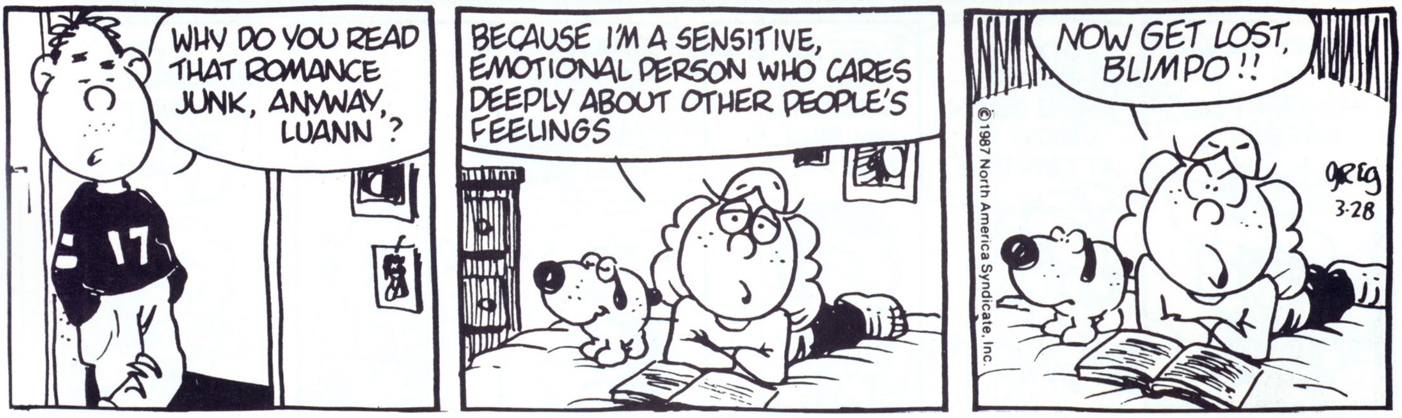
MARVIN


© News America Syndicate, 1987
BLECH!
GARBAGE IN, GARBAGE OUT
ARMSTRONG 2-28

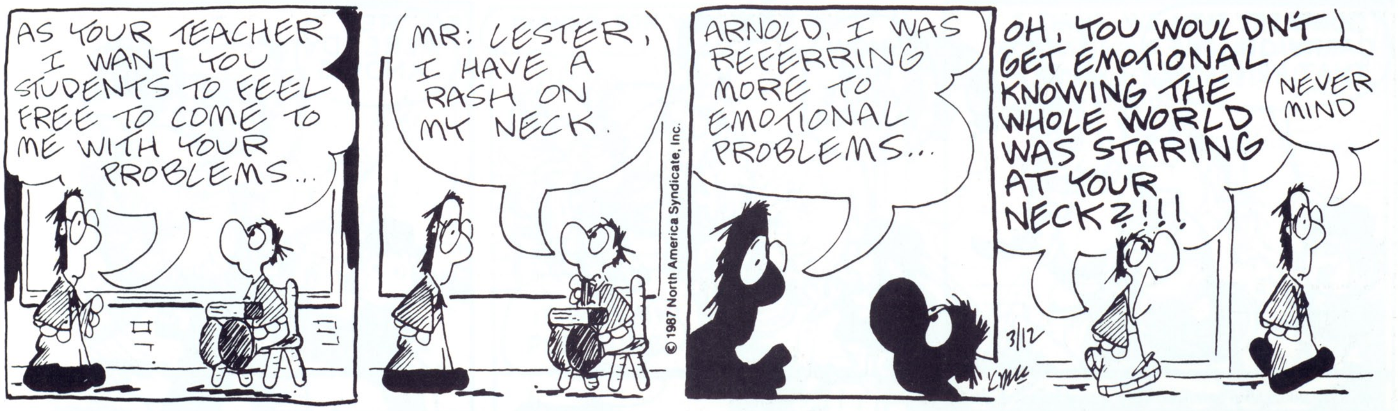
REX MORGAN M.D.


WHEN WILL I BE ABLE TO VISIT GRANDDAD, DR. MORGAN?
IN A DAY OR SO ---PERHAPS TOMORROW EVENING, WHEN YOUR MOTHER RETURNS!
BRADLEY and EDGINGTON 3-17
DO YOU REALIZE THAT IT'S ALMOST ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING? I THINK WE ALL NEED A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP!
© 1987 North America Syndicate, Inc.
MISS GALE, YOU DON'T HAVE TO STAY HERE WITH ME! I DON'T MIND BEING ALONE!
I CAN MAKE MYSELF VERY COMFORTABLE ON THE COUCH, JOANIE! GO ON UP TO BED!
DIPRETA

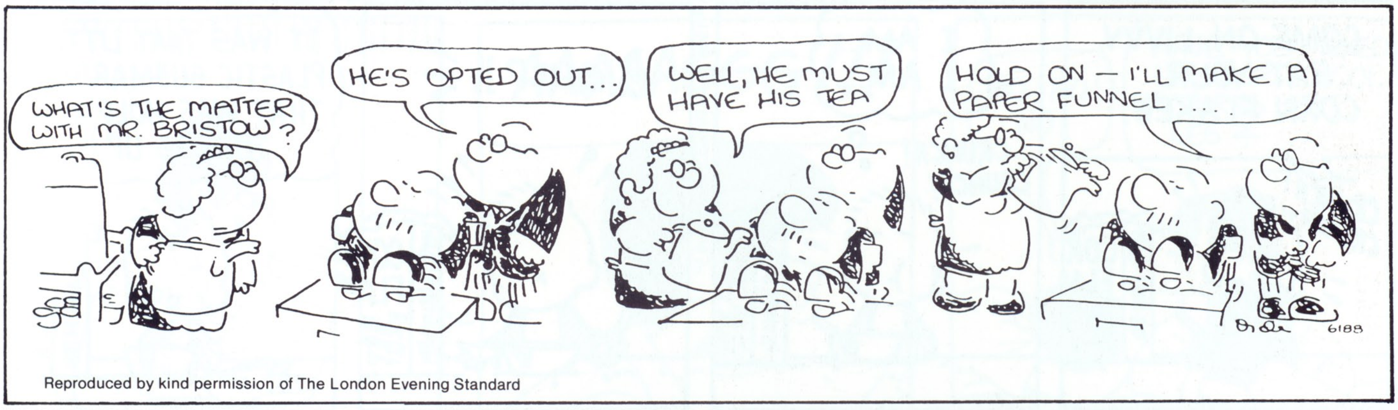
LUANN


WHY DO YOU READ THAT ROMANCE JUNK, ANYWAY, LUANN?
BECAUSE I'M A SENSITIVE, EMOTIONAL PERSON WHO CARES DEEPLY ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S FEELINGS
NOW GET LOST, BLIMPO!!
17
© 1987 North America Syndicate, Inc.
GREG
3-28

ARNOLD


AS YOUR TEACHER I WANT YOU STUDENTS TO FEEL FREE TO COME TO ME WITH YOUR PROBLEMS...
MR. LESTER, I HAVE A RASH ON MY NECK.
© 1987 North America Syndicate, Inc.
ARNOLD, I WAS REFERRING MORE TO EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS...
OH, YOU WOULDN'T GET EMOTIONAL KNOWING THE WHOLE WORLD WAS STARING AT YOUR NECKZ!!!
NEVER MIND
3/12
LYNKE

BRISTOW


WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MR. BRISTOW?
HE'S OPTED OUT...
WELL, HE MUST HAVE HIS TEA
HOLD ON — I'LL MAKE A PAPER FUNNEL.....
6188

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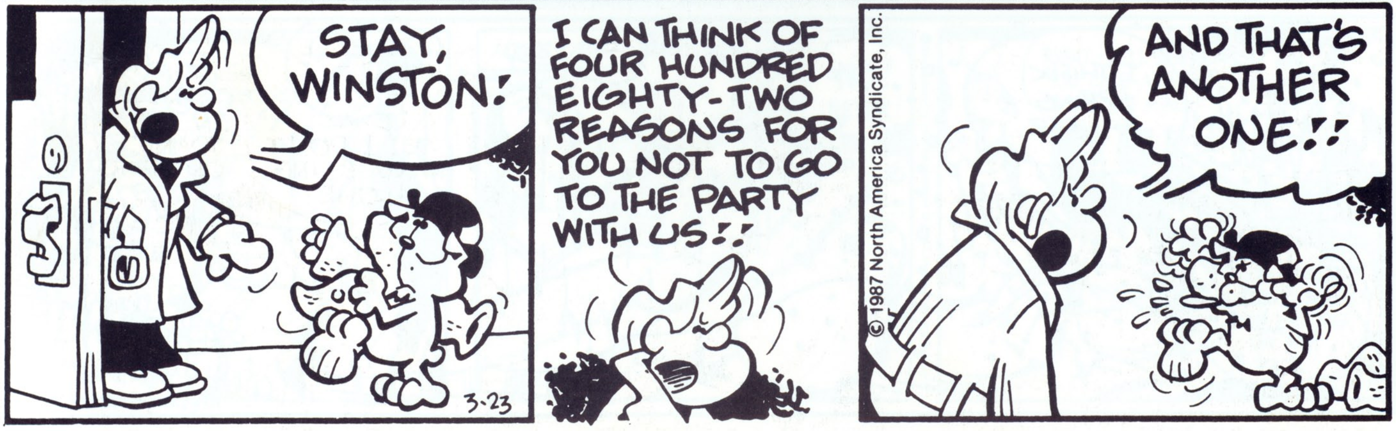
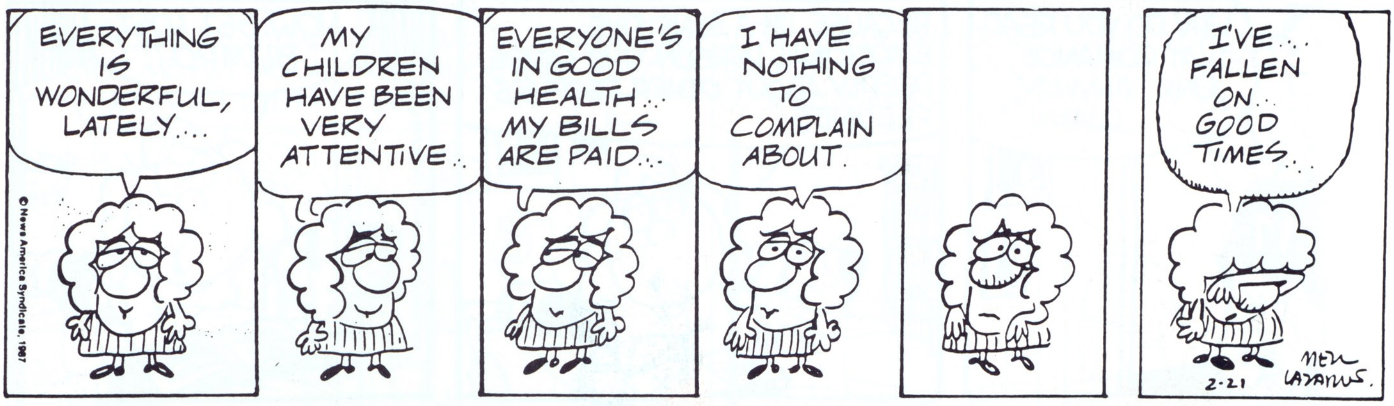
WINSTON


STAY, WINSTON!
3-23
I CAN THINK OF FOUR HUNDRED EIGHTY-TWO REASONS FOR YOU NOT TO GO TO THE PARTY WITH US!!
© 1987 North America Syndicate, Inc.
AND THAT'S ANOTHER ONE!!

MOMMA


EVERYTHING IS WONDERFUL, LATELY....
MY CHILDREN HAVE BEEN VERY ATTENTIVE...
EVERYONE'S IN GOOD HEALTH... MY BILLS ARE PAID...
I HAVE NOTHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT.
I'VE... FALLEN ON... GOOD TIMES...
MELL LAZARUS.
2-21

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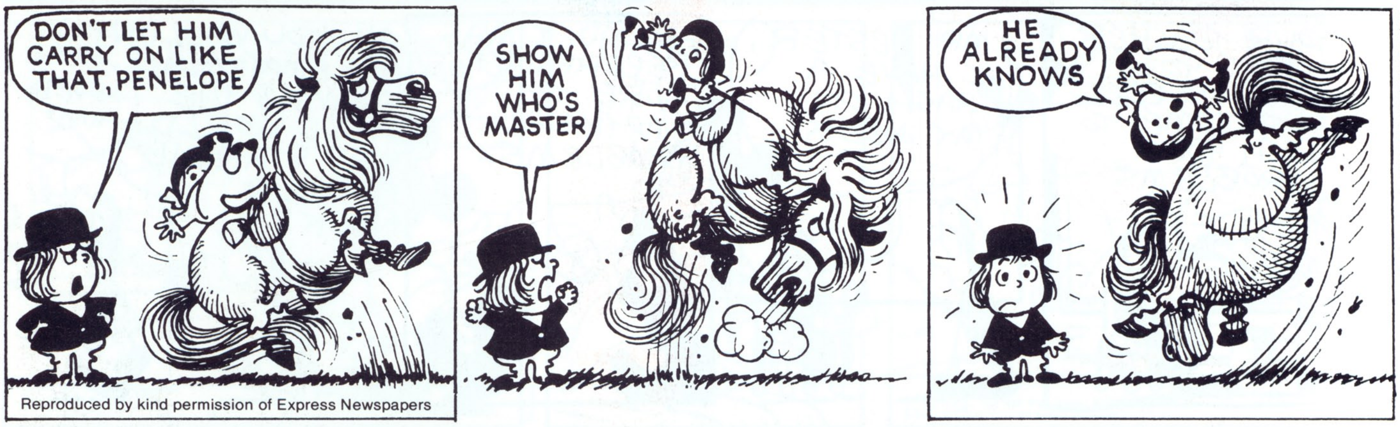
PENELOPE


DON'T LET HIM CARRY ON LIKE THAT, PENELOPE
SHOW HIM WHO'S MASTER
HE ALREADY KNOWS

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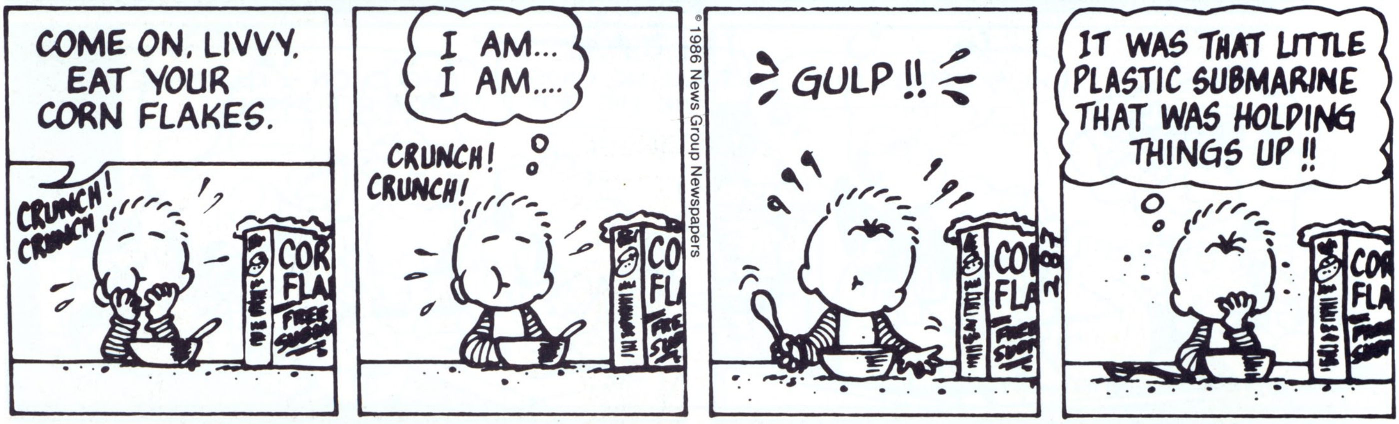
LIVVY


COME ON, LIVVY, EAT YOUR CORN FLAKES.
CRUNCH! CRUNCH!
I AM... I AM....
CRUNCH! CRUNCH!
GULP !!
IT WAS THAT LITTLE PLASTIC SUBMARINE THAT WAS HOLDING THINGS UP !!

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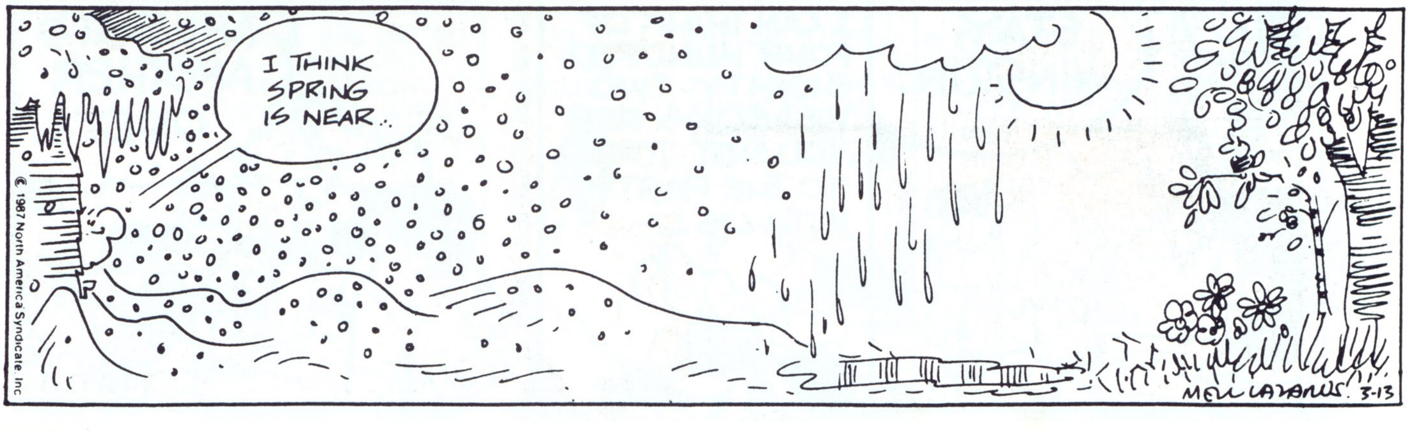
MISS PEACH


I THINK SPRING IS NEAR...
MELL LAZARUS.
3-13

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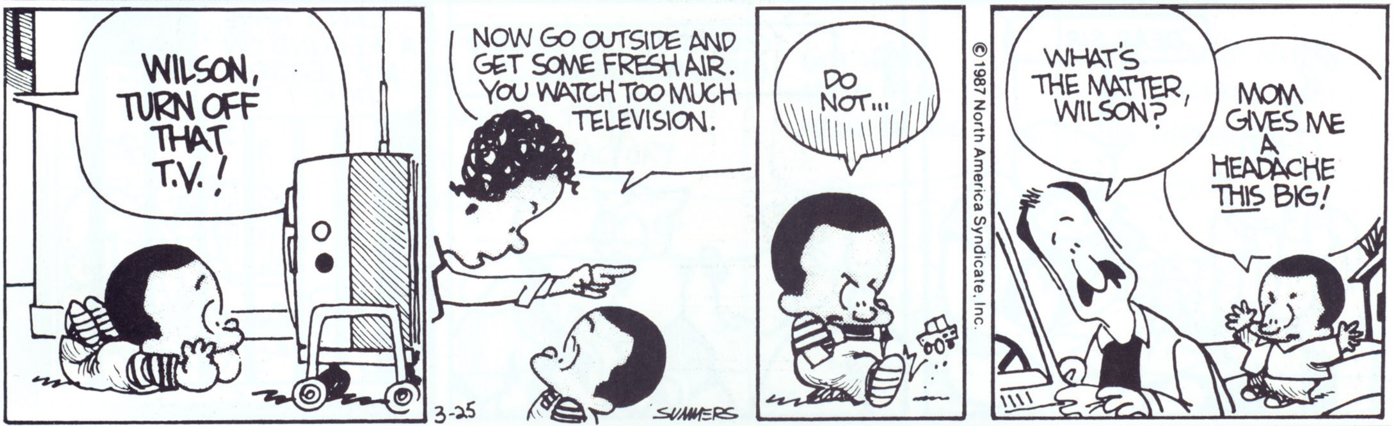
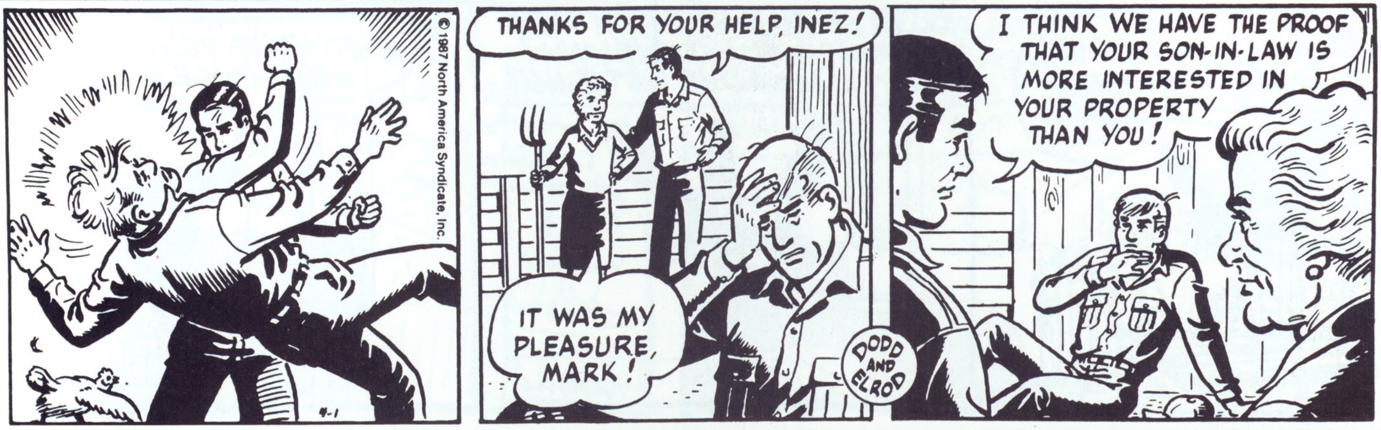
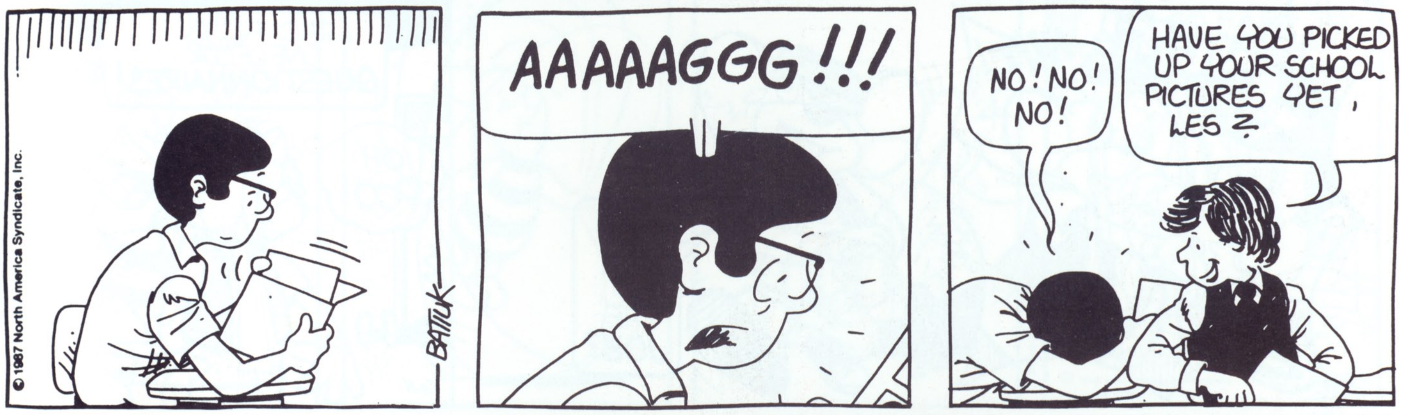
THE MIDDLETONS


WILSON, TURN OFF THAT T.V.!
NOW GO OUTSIDE AND GET SOME FRESH AIR. YOU WATCH TOO MUCH TELEVISION.
3-25
SUMMERS
DO NOT...
© 1987 North America Syndicate, Inc.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, WILSON?
MOM GIVES ME A HEADACHE THIS BIG!

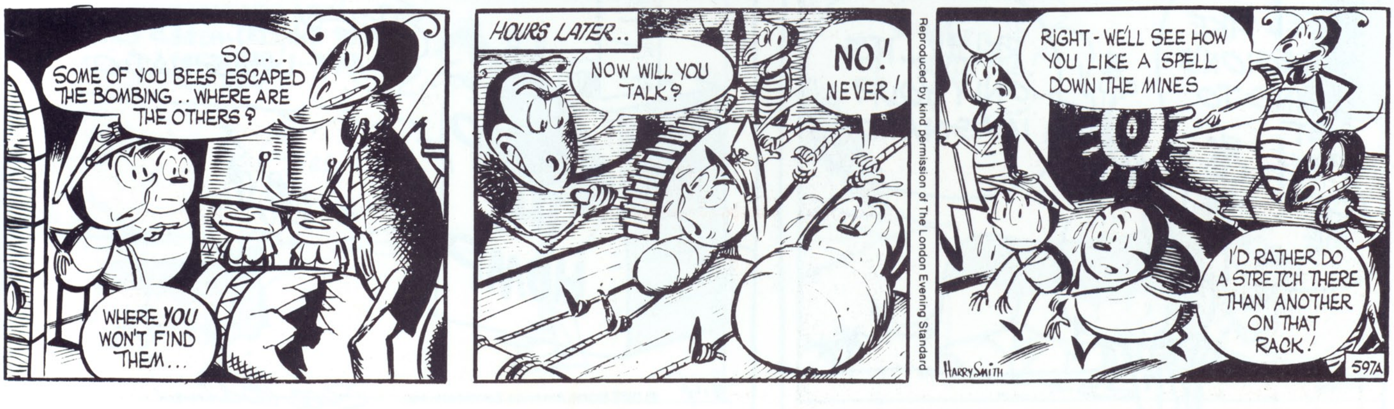
MARK TRAIL


© 1987 North America Syndicate, Inc.
4-1
THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, INEZ!
IT WAS MY PLEASURE, MARK!
DODD AND ELROD
I THINK WE HAVE THE PROOF THAT YOUR SON-IN-LAW IS MORE INTERESTED IN YOUR PROPERTY THAN YOU!

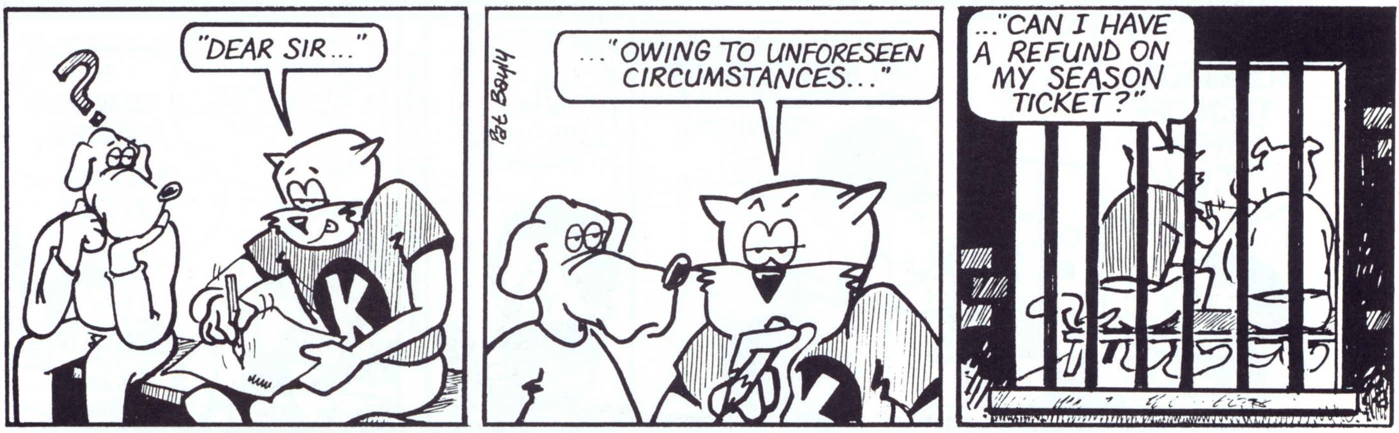
FUNKY WINKERBEAN


© 1987 North America Syndicate, Inc.
BATIUK
AAAAAGGG!!!
NO! NO! NO!
HAVE YOU PICKED UP YOUR SCHOOL PICTURES YET, LES?

BILLY THE BEE


SO.... SOME OF YOU BEES ESCAPED THE BOMBING.. WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
WHERE YOU WON'T FIND THEM...
HOURS LATER..
NOW WILL YOU TALK?
NO! NEVER!
Reproduced by kind permission of The London Evening Standard
RIGHT - WE'LL SEE HOW YOU LIKE A SPELL DOWN THE MINES
I'D RATHER DO A STRETCH THERE THAN ANOTHER ON THAT RACK!
HARRY SMITH
597A

KOP CAT


"DEAR SIR..."
..."OWING TO UNFORESEEN CIRCUMSTANCES..."
..."CAN I HAVE A REFUND ON MY SEASON TICKET?"

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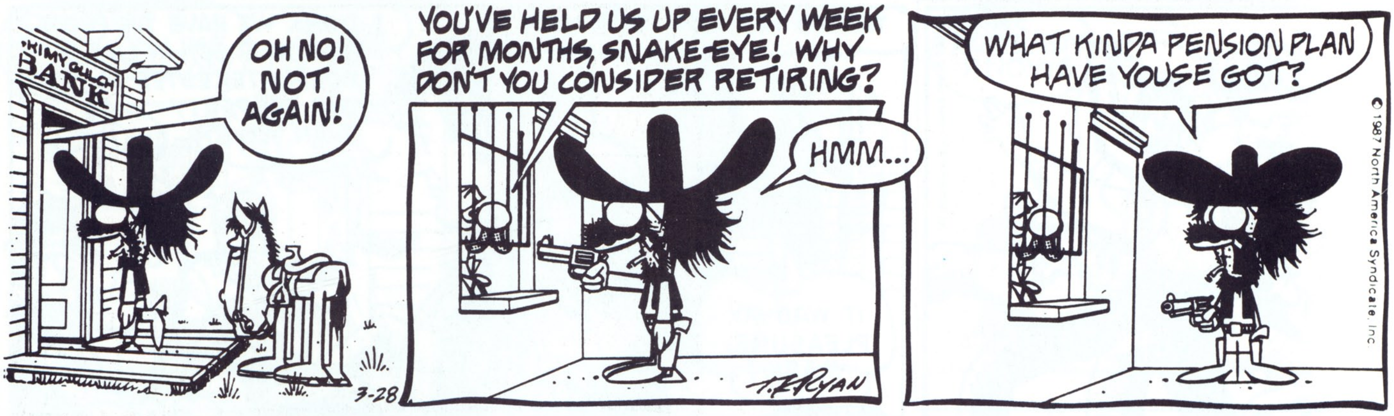
TUMBLEWEEDS


BANK
OH NO! NOT AGAIN!
YOU'VE HELD US UP EVERY WEEK FOR MONTHS, SNAKE-EYE! WHY DON'T YOU CONSIDER RETIRING?
HMM...
WHAT KINDA PENSION PLAN HAVE YOUSE GOT?
3-28
T.K.RYAN

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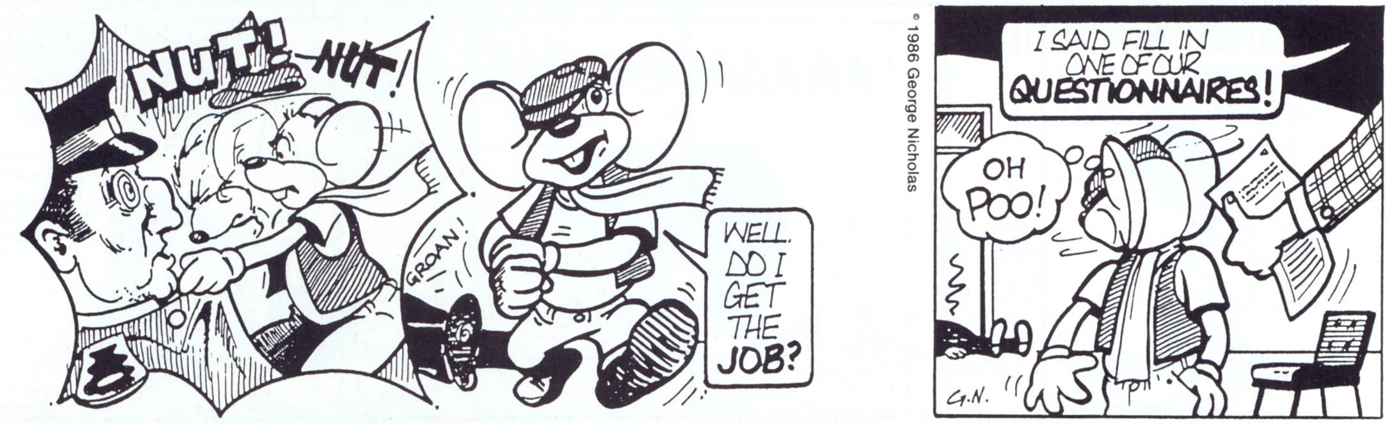
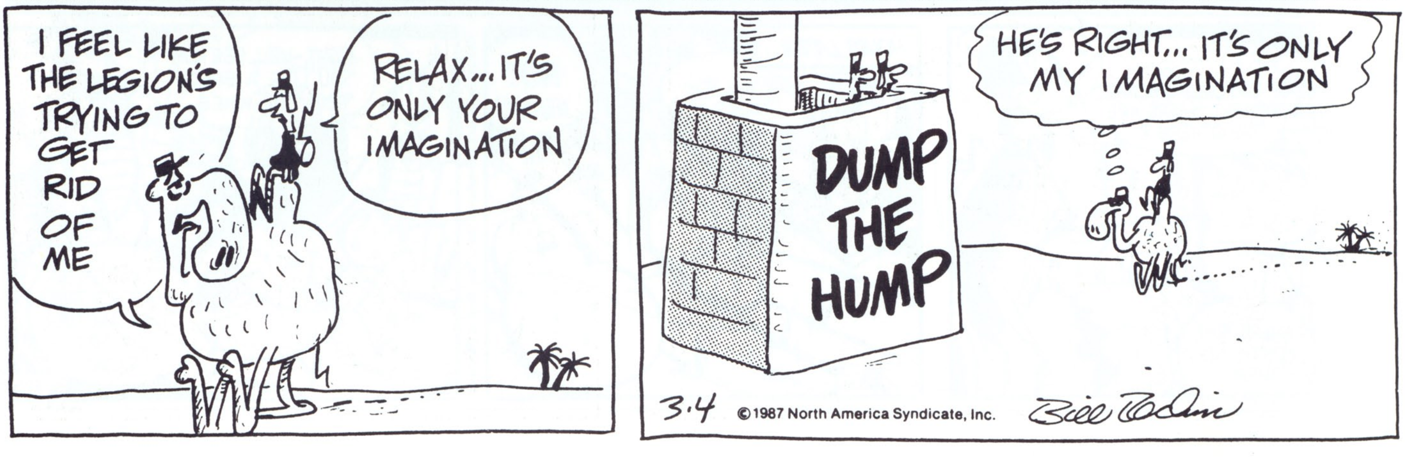
SCOUSE MOUSE


NUT! NUT!
GROAN!
WELL. DO I GET THE JOB?
I SAID FILL IN ONE OF OUR QUESTIONNAIRES!
OH POO!
G.N.

© 1986 George Nicholas

CROCK


I FEEL LIKE THE LEGION'S TRYING TO GET RID OF ME
RELAX... IT'S ONLY YOUR IMAGINATION
DUMP THE HUMP
HE'S RIGHT... IT'S ONLY MY IMAGINATION
3.4
Bill Rechin

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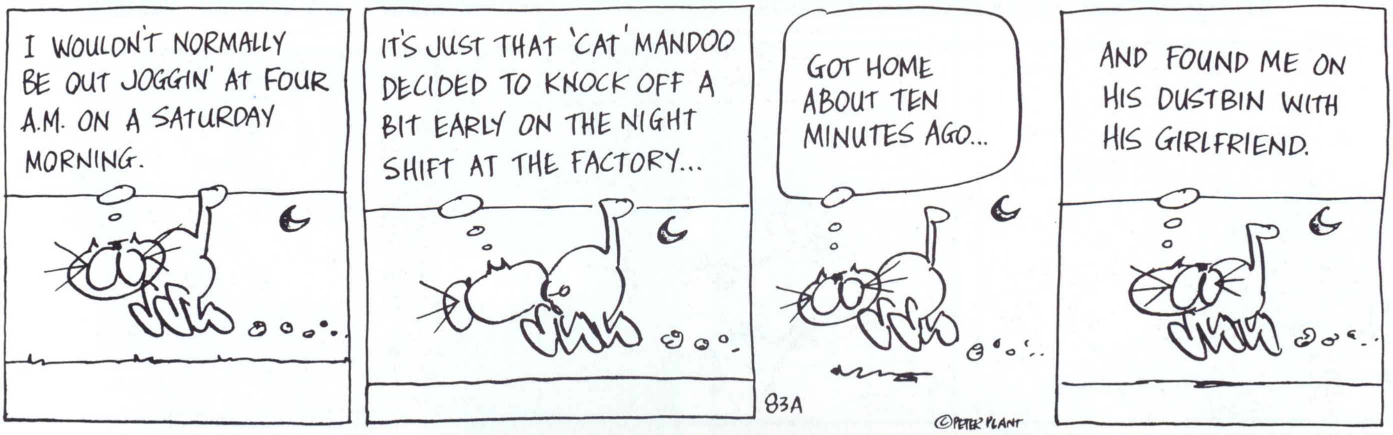
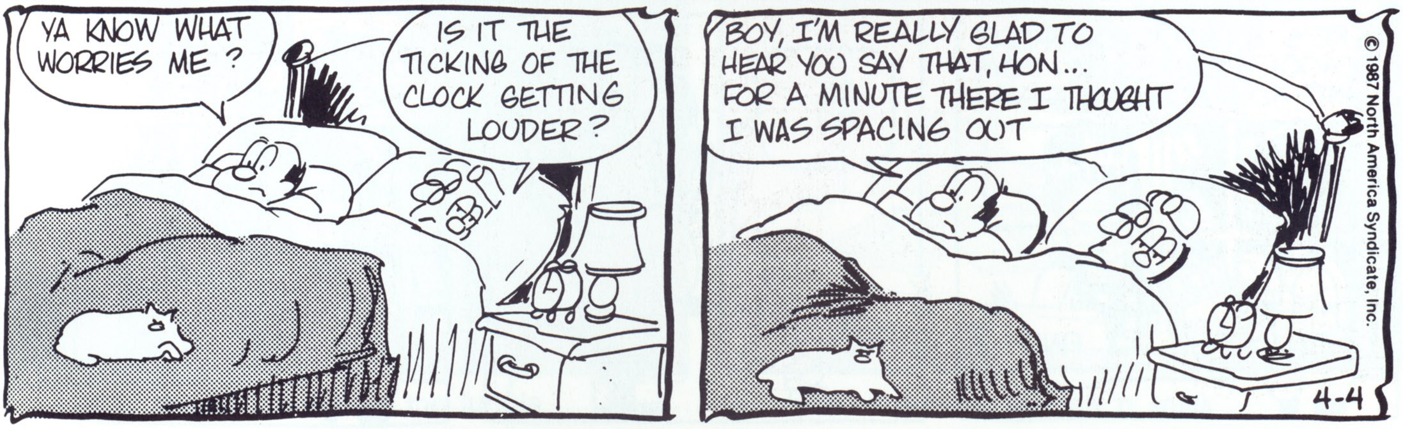
BOGART


I WOULDN'T NORMALLY BE OUT JOGGIN' AT FOUR A.M. ON A SATURDAY MORNING.
IT'S JUST THAT 'CAT' MANDOO DECIDED TO KNOCK OFF A BIT EARLY ON THE NIGHT SHIFT AT THE FACTORY...
GOT HOME ABOUT TEN MINUTES AGO...
AND FOUND ME ON HIS DUSTBIN WITH HIS GIRLFRIEND.
83A
©PETER PLANT

WILLY 'N' ETHEL


YA KNOW WHAT WORRIES ME ?
IS IT THE TICKING OF THE CLOCK GETTING LOUDER ?
BOY, I'M REALLY GLAD TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT, HON... FOR A MINUTE THERE I THOUGHT I WAS SPACING OUT
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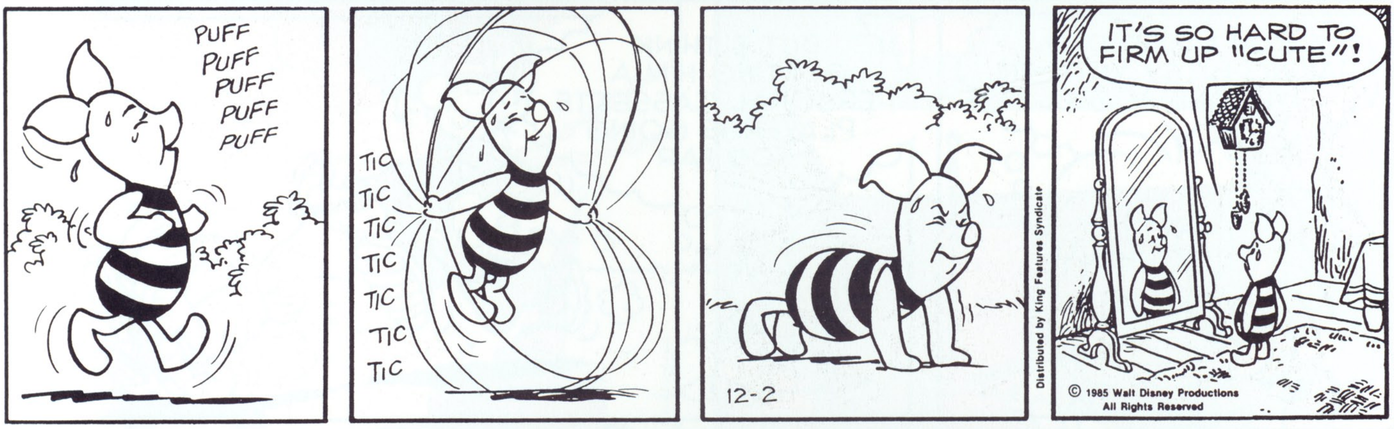
4-4

PIGLET


PUFF
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF
TIC
TIC
TIC
TIC
TIC
TIC
TIC
12-2
Distributed by King Features Syndicate
IT'S SO HARD TO FIRM UP "CUTE"!
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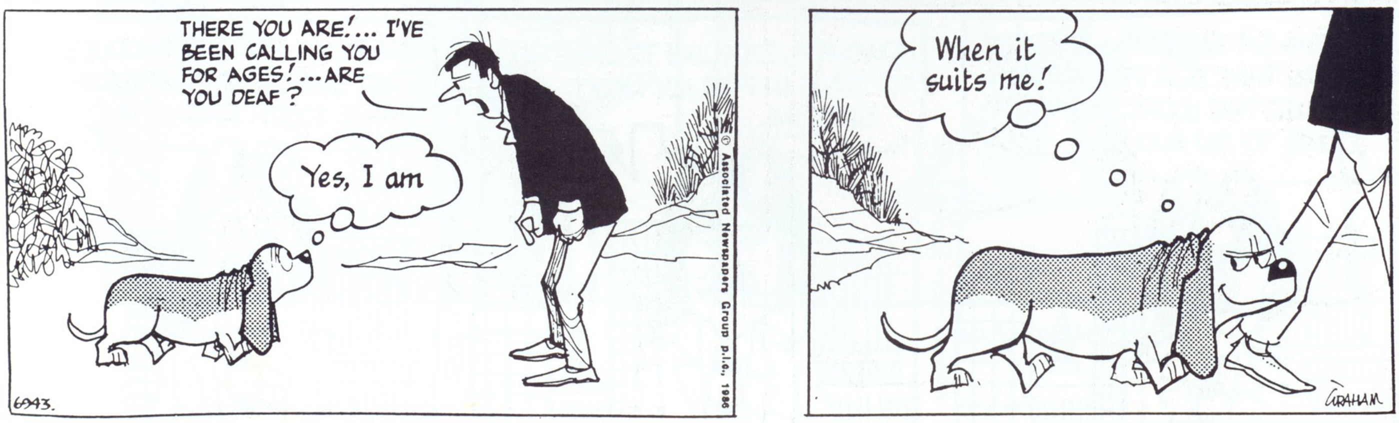
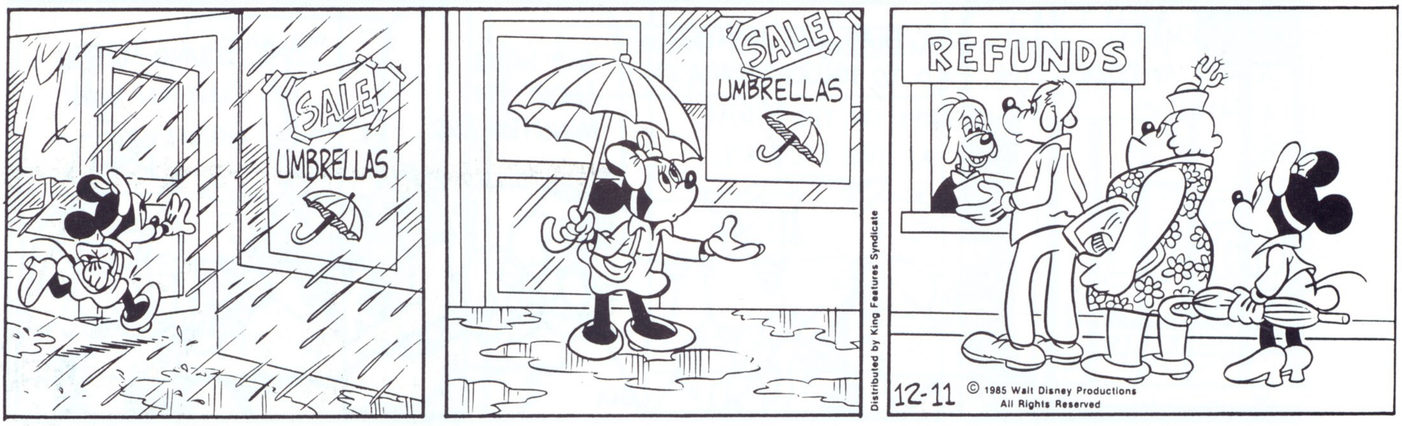
FRED BASSET


THERE YOU ARE!... I'VE BEEN CALLING YOU FOR AGES!...ARE YOU DEAF?
Yes, I am
© Associated Newspapers Group p.l.c., 1986
6943.
When it suits me!
GRAHAM

MINNIE MOUSE


SALE
UMBRELLAS
SALE
UMBRELLAS
REFUNDS
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12-11
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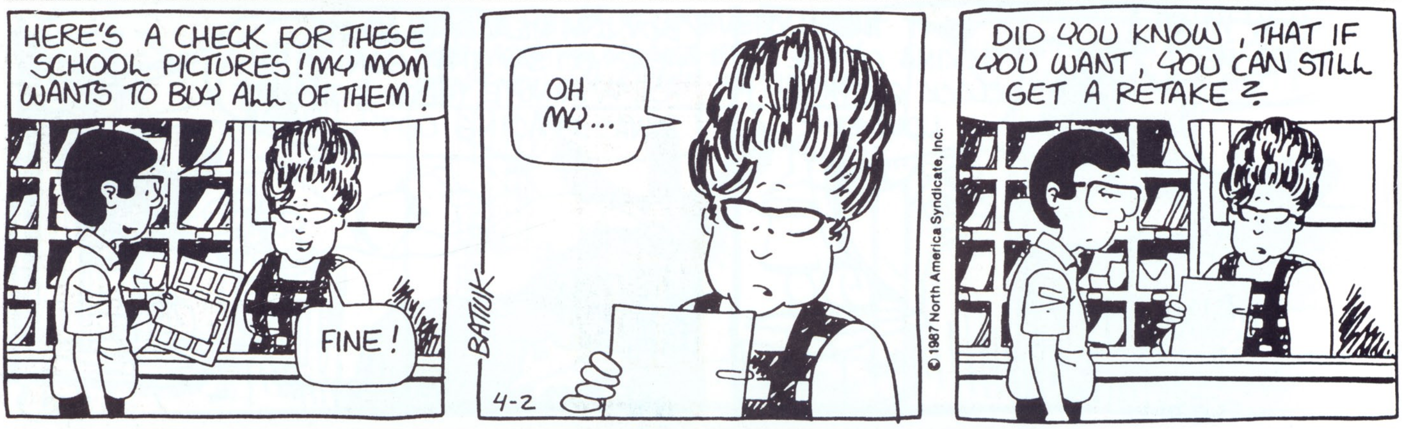
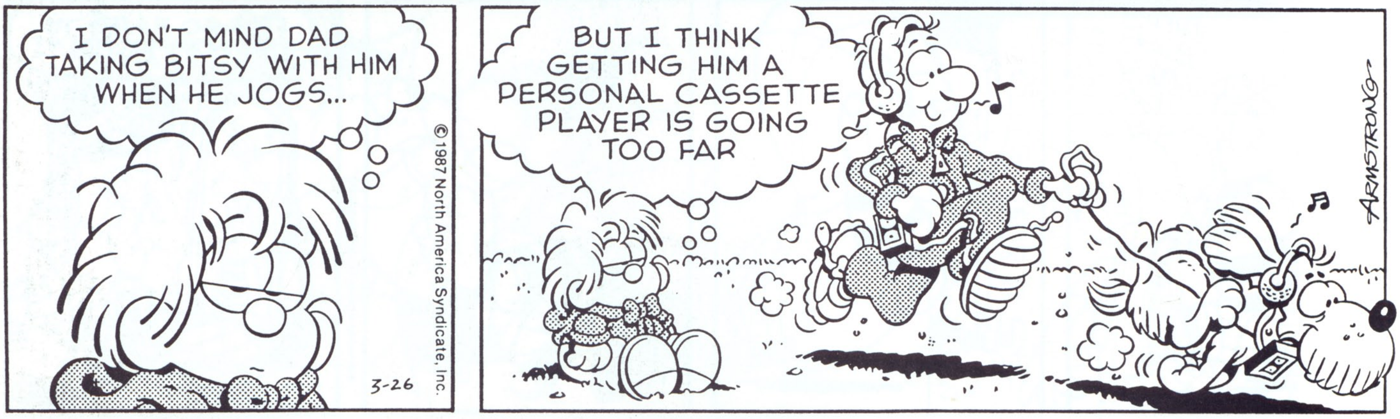
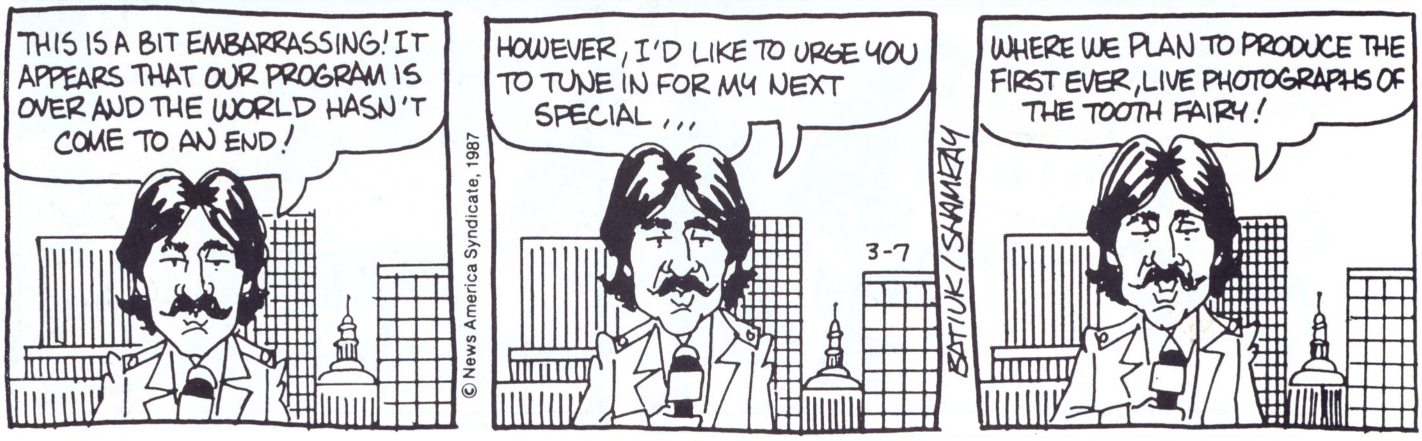
FUNKY WINKERBEAN


HERE'S A CHECK FOR THESE SCHOOL PICTURES! MY MOM WANTS TO BUY ALL OF THEM!
FINE!
OH MY...
BATIUK
4-2
© 1987 North America Syndicate, Inc.
DID YOU KNOW, THAT IF YOU WANT, YOU CAN STILL GET A RETAKE?

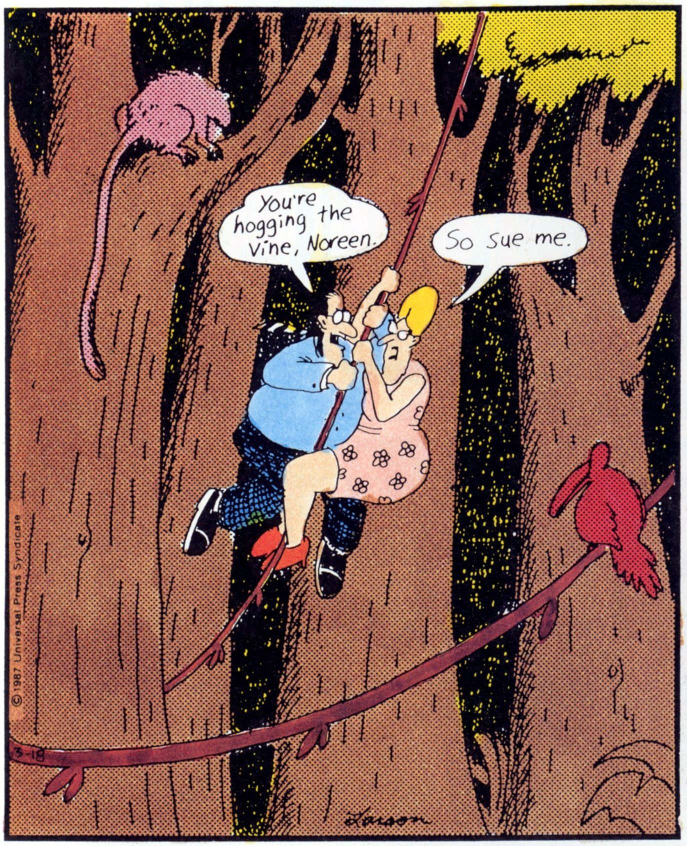
MARVIN


I DON'T MIND DAD TAKING BITSY WITH HIM WHEN HE JOGS...
© 1987 North America Syndicate, Inc.
3-26
BUT I THINK GETTING HIM A PERSONAL CASSETTE PLAYER IS GOING TOO FAR
ARMSTRONG

JOHN DARLING


THIS IS A BIT EMBARRASSING! IT APPEARS THAT OUR PROGRAM IS OVER AND THE WORLD HASN'T COME TO AN END!
© News America Syndicate, 1987
HOWEVER, I'D LIKE TO URGE YOU TO TUNE IN FOR MY NEXT SPECIAL ...
3-7
BATIUK / SHAMRAY
WHERE WE PLAN TO PRODUCE THE FIRST EVER, LIVE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE TOOTH FAIRY!

THE FAR SIDE By GARY LARSON


You're hogging the vine, Noreen.
So sue me.
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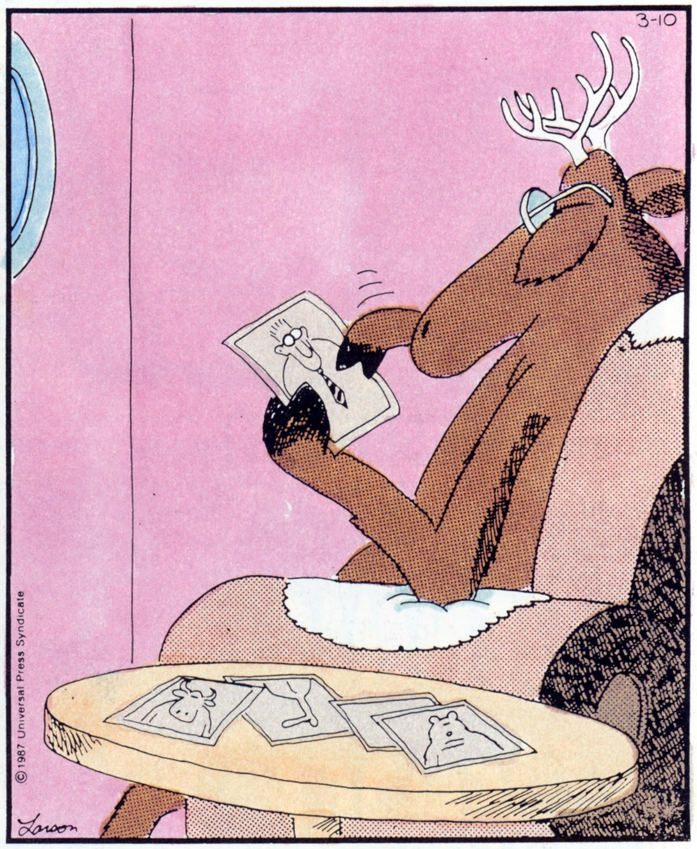
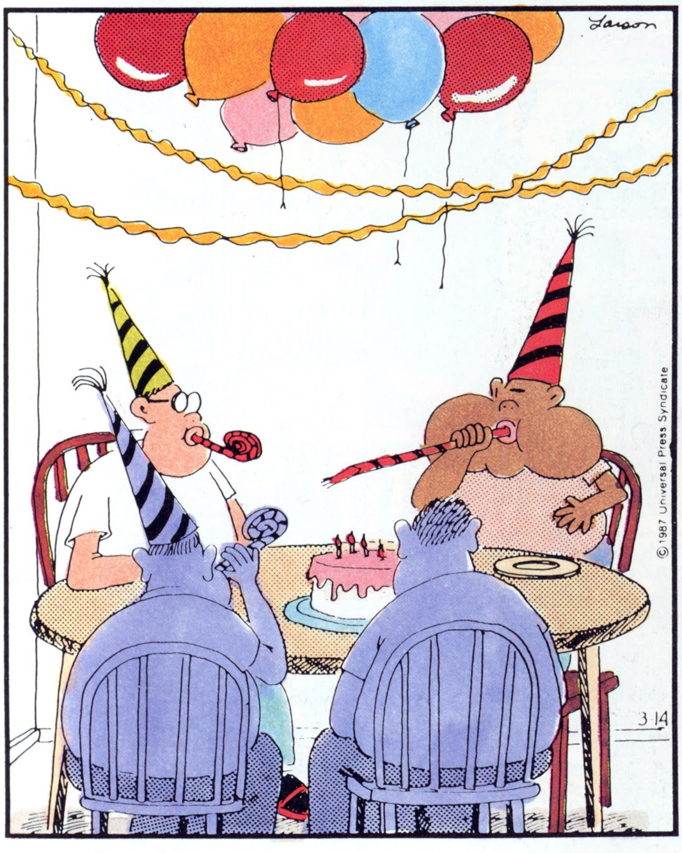
3-18
Larson

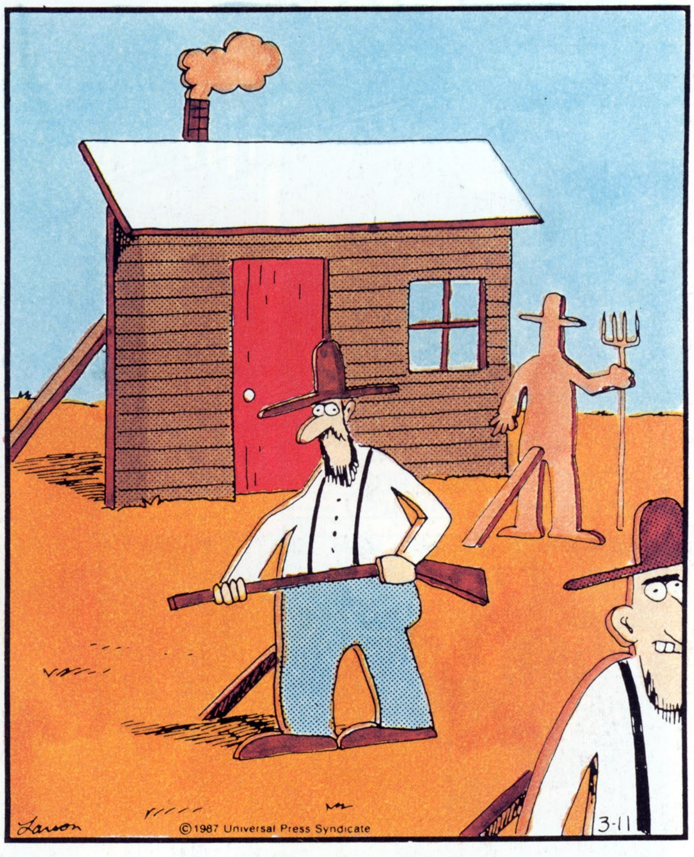
The Hendersons of the Jungle


3-10
© 1987 Universal Press Syndicate
Larson

Animal scratch 'n' sniffs


Larson
© 1987 Universal Press Syndicate
3-14

Dizzy Gillespie's seventh birthday party


Larson
© 1987 Universal Press Syndicate
3-11

The fake McCoys

THE FAR SIDE, by Gary Larson. Copyright, 1987, Universal Press Syndicate.
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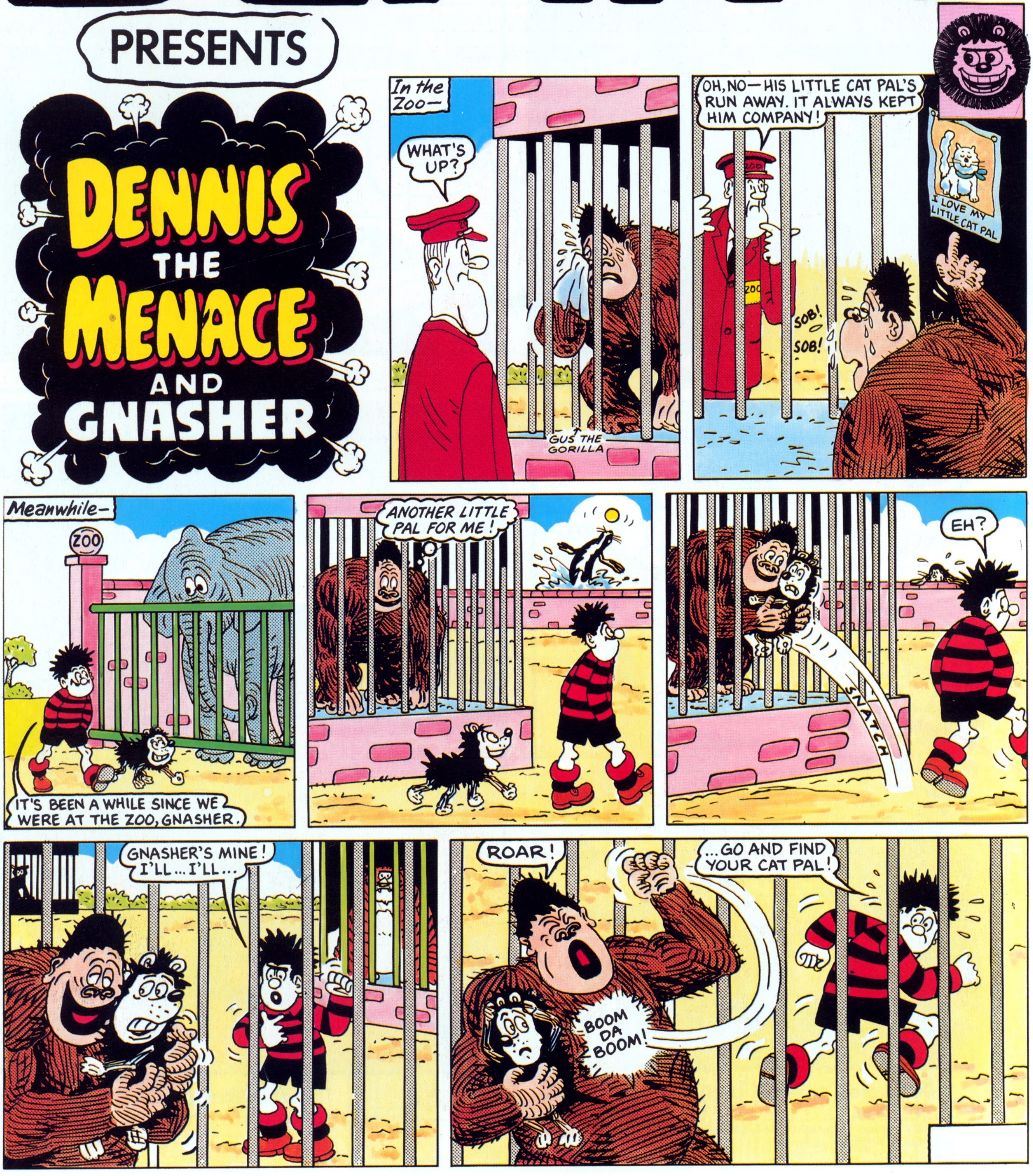
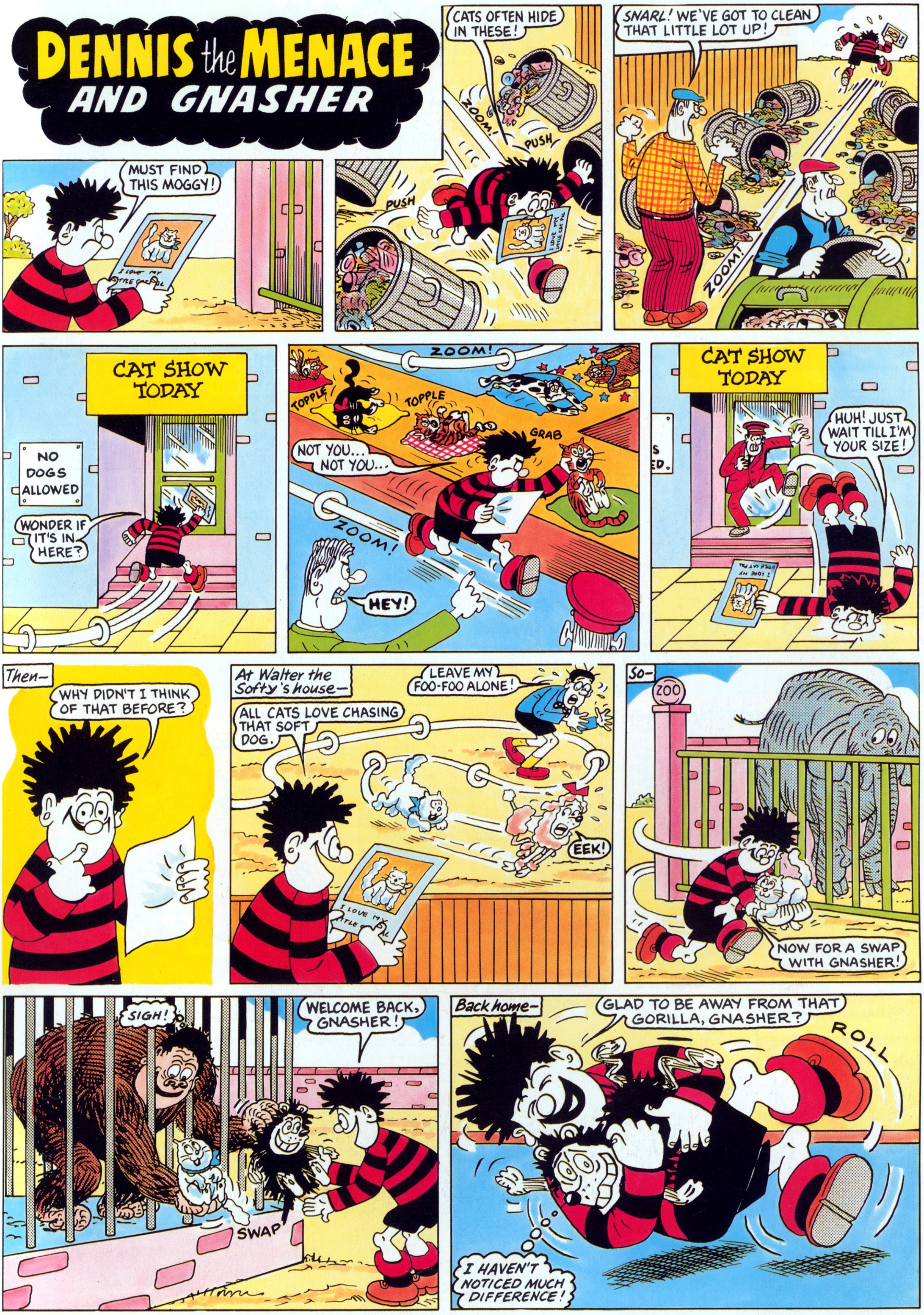
THE BEANO

PRESENTS

DENNIS THE MENACE AND GNASHER


In the Zoo—
WHAT'S UP?
GUS THE GORILLA
OH, NO—HIS LITTLE CAT PAL'S RUN AWAY. IT ALWAYS KEPT HIM COMPANY!
ZOO
SOB! SOB!
I LOVE MY LITTLE CAT PAL
Meanwhile—
ZOO
IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE WE WERE AT THE ZOO, GNASHER.
ANOTHER LITTLE PAL FOR ME!
SNATCH
EH?
GNASHER'S MINE! I'LL... I'LL...
ROAR!
...GO AND FIND YOUR CAT PAL!
BOOM DA BOOM!


DENNIS the MENACE
AND GNASHER
CATS OFTEN HIDE IN THESE!
ZOOM!
PUSH
PUSH
SNARL! WE'VE GOT TO CLEAN THAT LITTLE LOT UP!
ZOOM!
MUST FIND THIS MOGGY!
I LOVE MY LITTLE CAT PAL
CAT SHOW TODAY
NO DOGS ALLOWED
WONDER IF IT'S IN HERE?
ZOOM!
TOPPLE
TOPPLE
GRAB
NOT YOU... NOT YOU...
ZOOM!
HEY!
CAT SHOW TODAY
HUH! JUST WAIT TILL I'M YOUR SIZE!
Then—
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE?
At Walter the Softy's house—
LEAVE MY FOO-FOO ALONE!
ALL CATS LOVE CHASING THAT SOFT DOG.
EEK!
So—
ZOO
NOW FOR A SWAP WITH GNASHER!
SIGH!
WELCOME BACK, GNASHER!
SWAP
Back home—
GLAD TO BE AWAY FROM THAT GORILLA, GNASHER?
ROLL
I HAVEN'T NOTICED MUCH DIFFERENCE!

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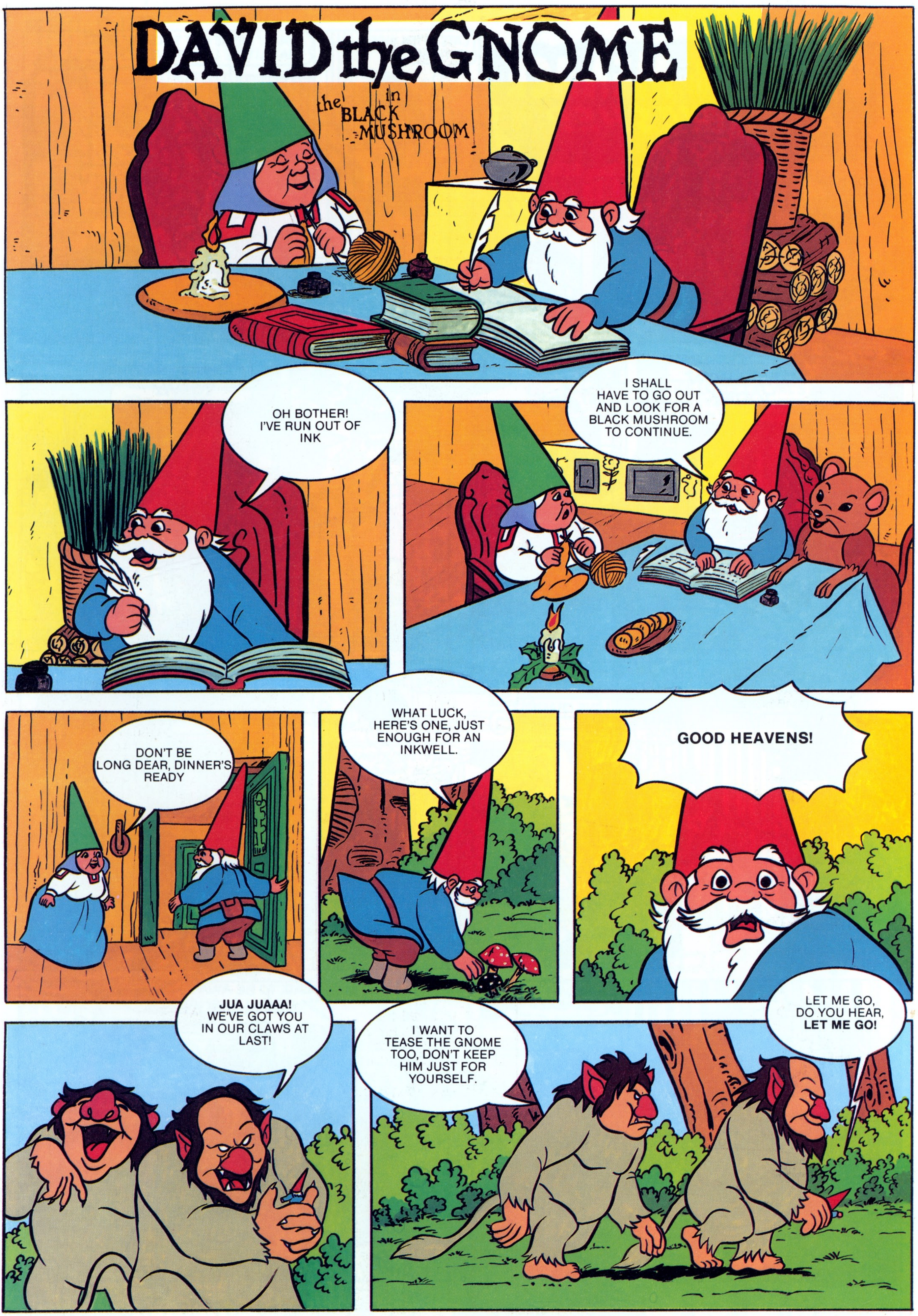
DAVID the GNOME
in the BLACK MUSHROOM
OH BOTHER! I'VE RUN OUT OF INK
I SHALL HAVE TO GO OUT AND LOOK FOR A BLACK MUSHROOM TO CONTINUE.
DON'T BE LONG DEAR, DINNER'S READY
WHAT LUCK, HERE'S ONE, JUST ENOUGH FOR AN INKWELL.
GOOD HEAVENS!
JUA JUAAA! WE'VE GOT YOU IN OUR CLAWS AT LAST!
I WANT TO TEASE THE GNOME TOO, DON'T KEEP HIM JUST FOR YOURSELF.
LET ME GO, DO YOU HEAR, LET ME GO!

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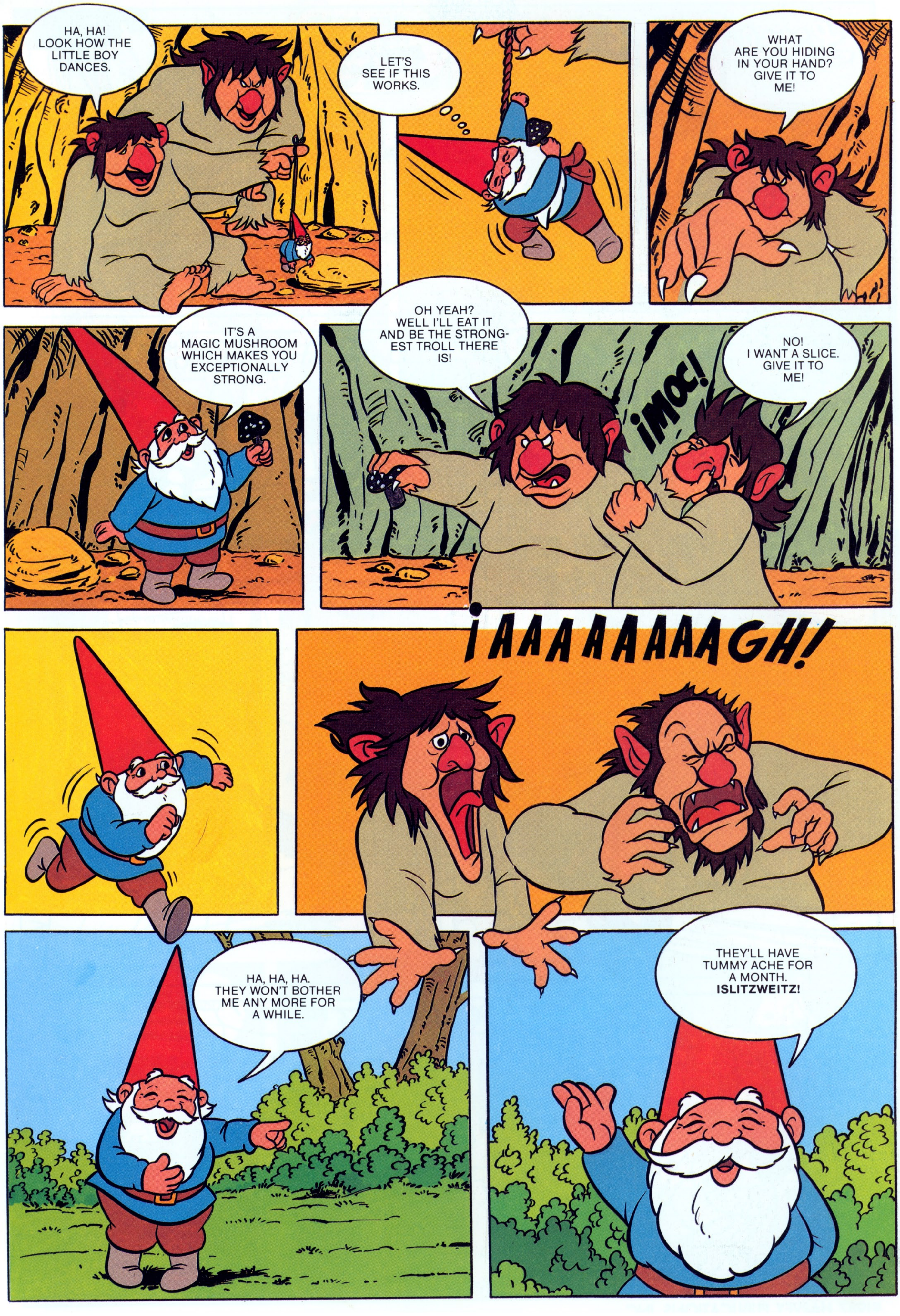
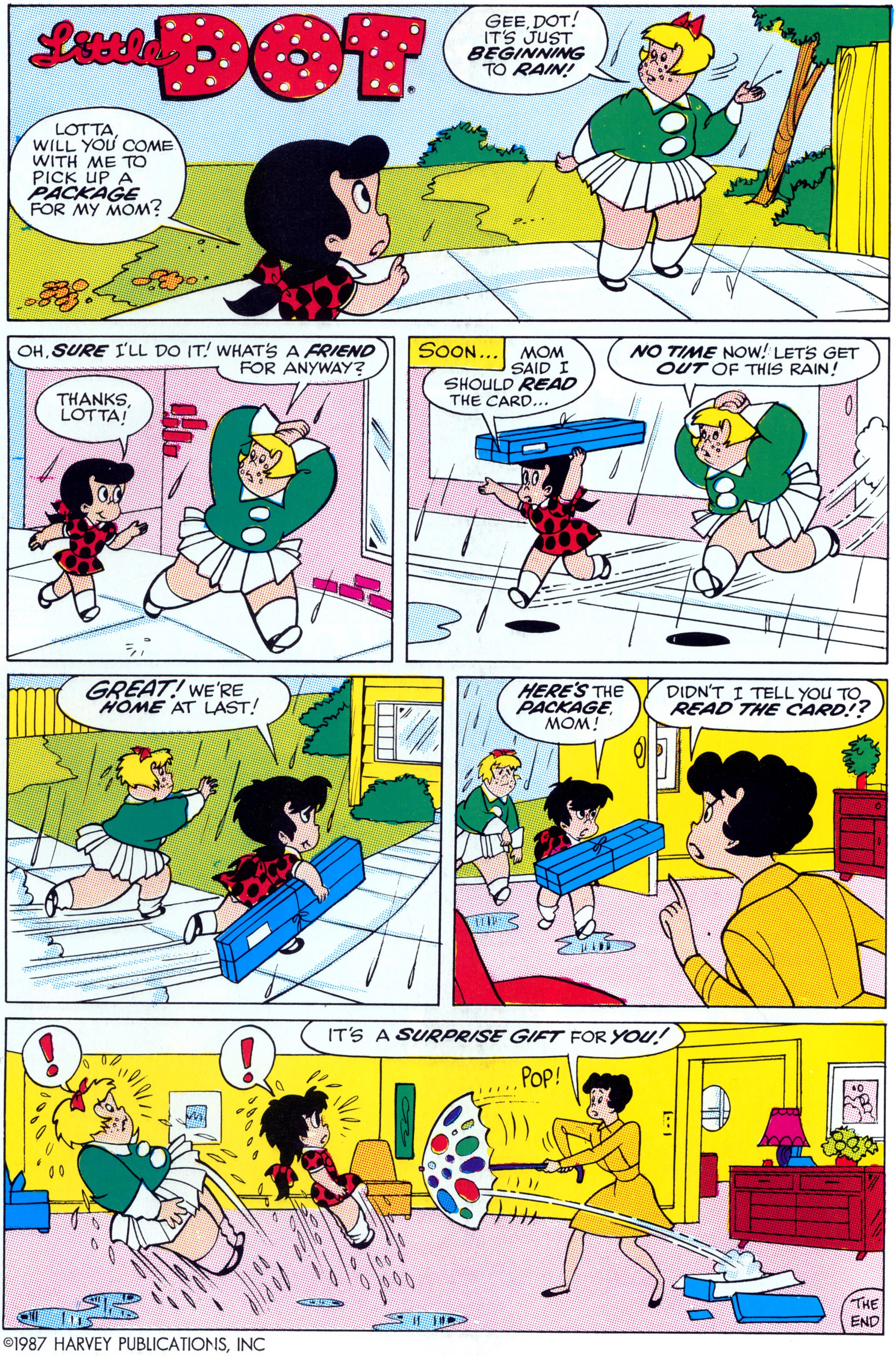

HA, HA! LOOK HOW THE LITTLE BOY DANCES.
LET'S SEE IF THIS WORKS.
WHAT ARE YOU HIDING IN YOUR HAND? GIVE IT TO ME!
IT'S A MAGIC MUSHROOM WHICH MAKES YOU EXCEPTIONALLY STRONG.
OH YEAH? WELL I'LL EAT IT AND BE THE STRONGEST TROLL THERE IS!
¡MOC!
NO! I WANT A SLICE. GIVE IT TO ME!
¡AAAAAAAAGH!
HA, HA, HA. THEY WON'T BOTHER ME ANY MORE FOR A WHILE.
THEY'LL HAVE TUMMY ACHE FOR A MONTH. **ISLITZWEITZ!**


Little DOT®
GEE, DOT! IT'S JUST BEGINNING TO RAIN!
LOTTA, WILL YOU COME WITH ME TO PICK UP A PACKAGE FOR MY MOM?
OH, SURE I'LL DO IT! WHAT'S A FRIEND FOR ANYWAY?
THANKS, LOTTA!
SOON...
MOM SAID I SHOULD READ THE CARD...
NO TIME NOW! LET'S GET OUT OF THIS RAIN!
GREAT! WE'RE HOME AT LAST!
HERE'S THE PACKAGE, MOM!
DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO READ THE CARD!?
IT'S A SURPRISE GIFT FOR YOU!
!
!
POP!
THE END

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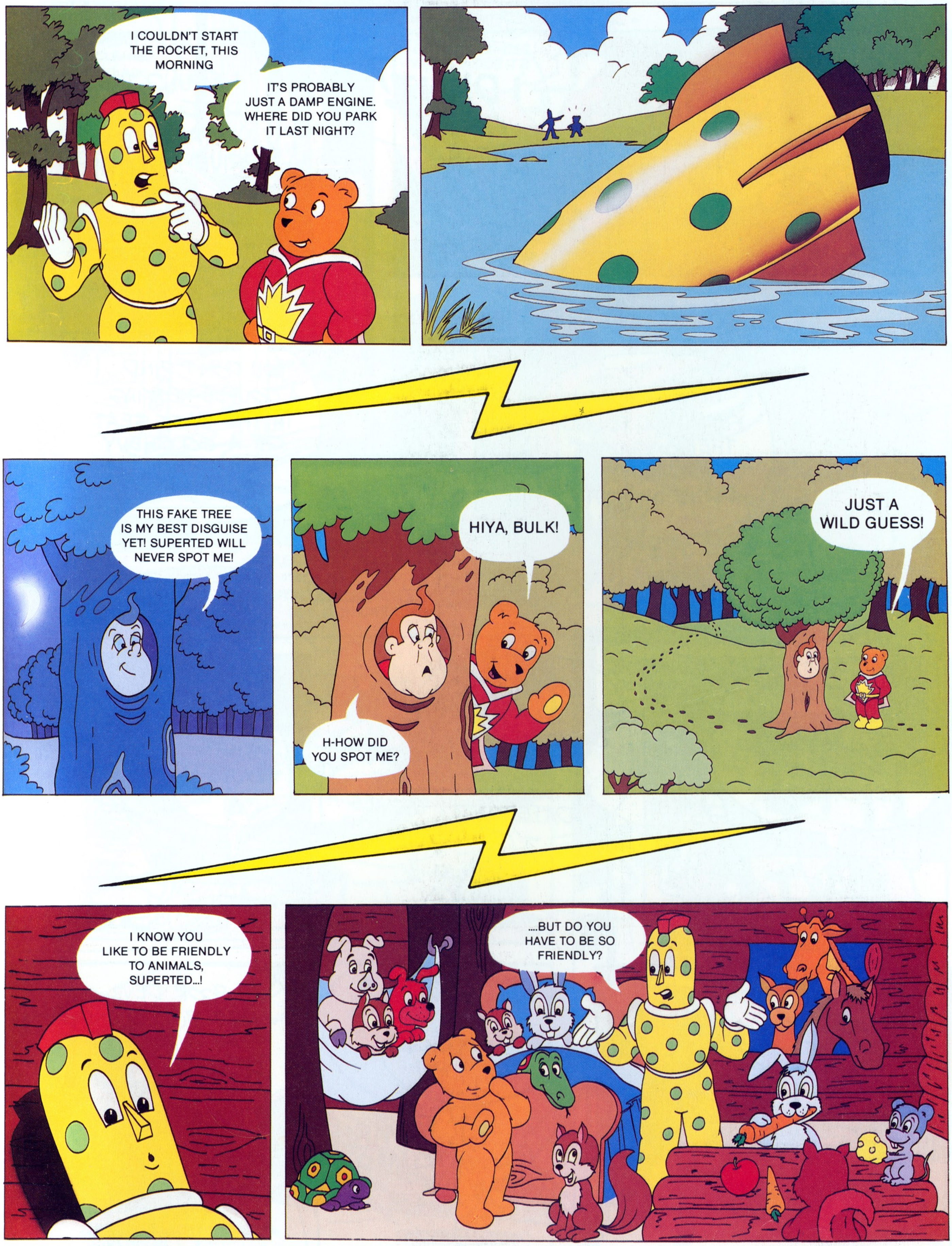
SUPERTED THE GENIE


I COULDN'T START THE ROCKET, THIS MORNING
IT'S PROBABLY JUST A DAMP ENGINE. WHERE DID YOU PARK IT LAST NIGHT?
THIS FAKE TREE IS MY BEST DISGUISE YET! SUPERTED WILL NEVER SPOT ME!
HIYA, BULK!
H-HOW DID YOU SPOT ME?
JUST A WILD GUESS!
I KNOW YOU LIKE TO BE FRIENDLY TO ANIMALS, SUPERTED...!
....BUT DO YOU HAVE TO BE SO FRIENDLY?

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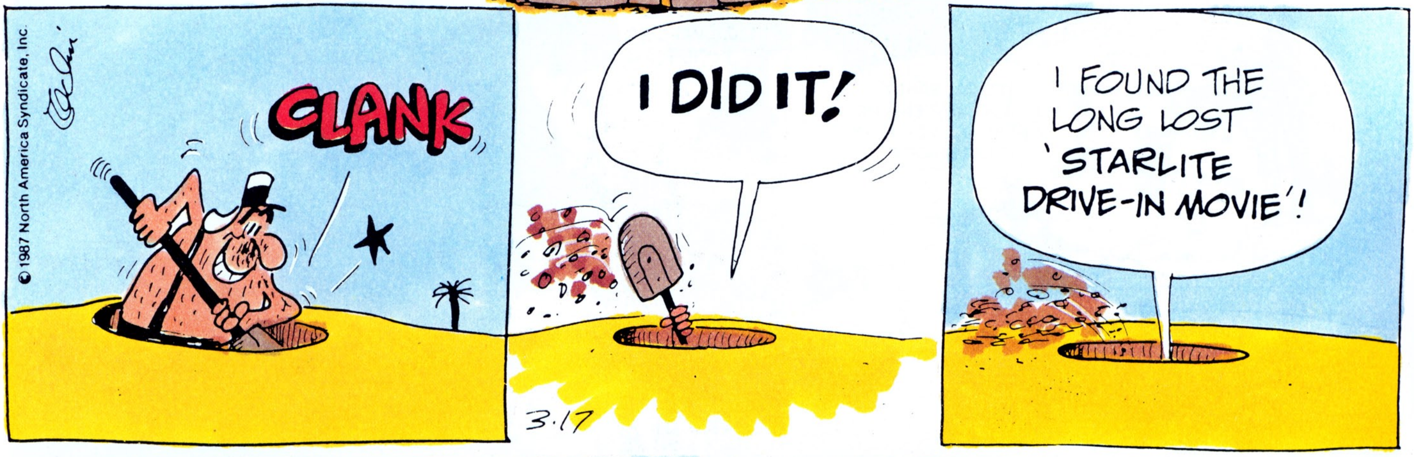
it's a CROCK

by Bill Rechin & Don Wilder


CLANK
I DID IT!
I FOUND THE LONG LOST 'STARLITE DRIVE-IN MOVIE'!

3.17

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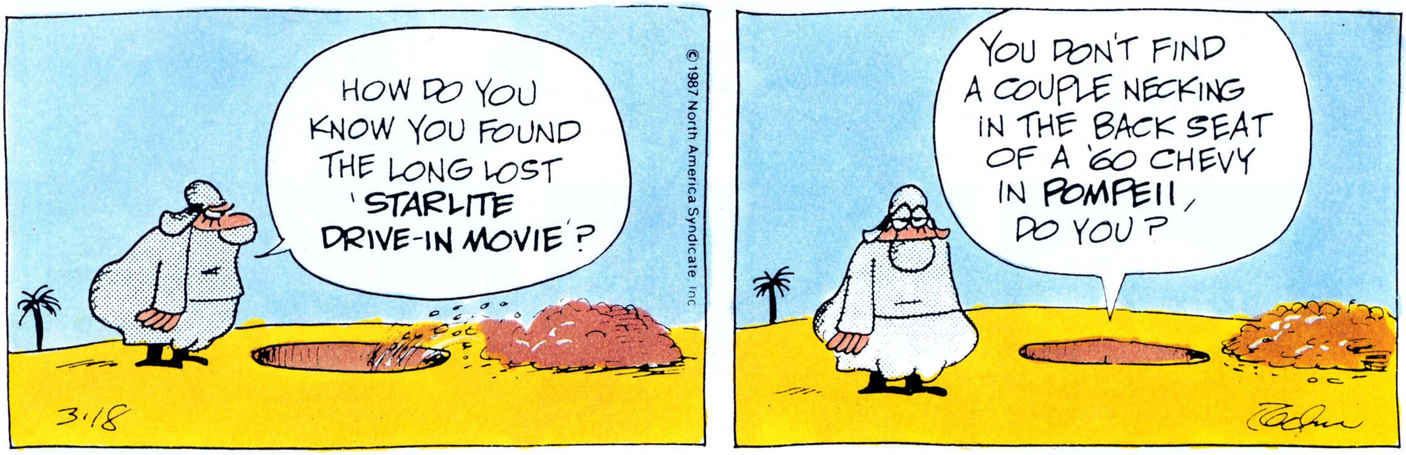
HOW DO YOU KNOW YOU FOUND THE LONG LOST 'STARLITE DRIVE-IN MOVIE'?
YOU DON'T FIND A COUPLE NECKING IN THE BACK SEAT OF A '60 CHEVY IN POMPEII, DO YOU?

3.18

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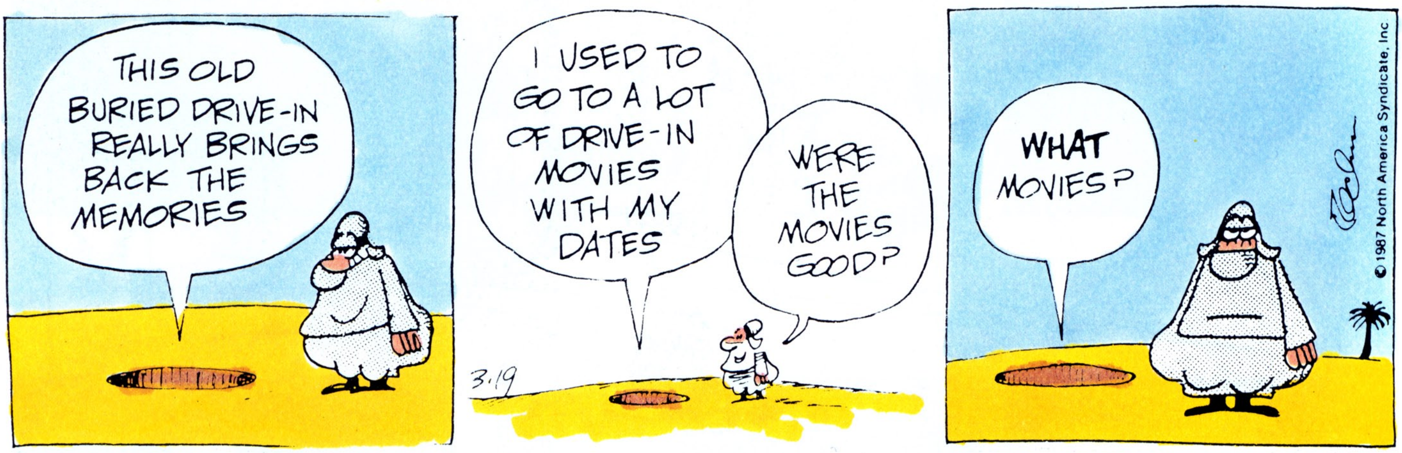
THIS OLD BURIED DRIVE-IN REALLY BRINGS BACK THE MEMORIES
I USED TO GO TO A LOT OF DRIVE-IN MOVIES WITH MY DATES
WERE THE MOVIES GOOD?
WHAT MOVIES?

3.19

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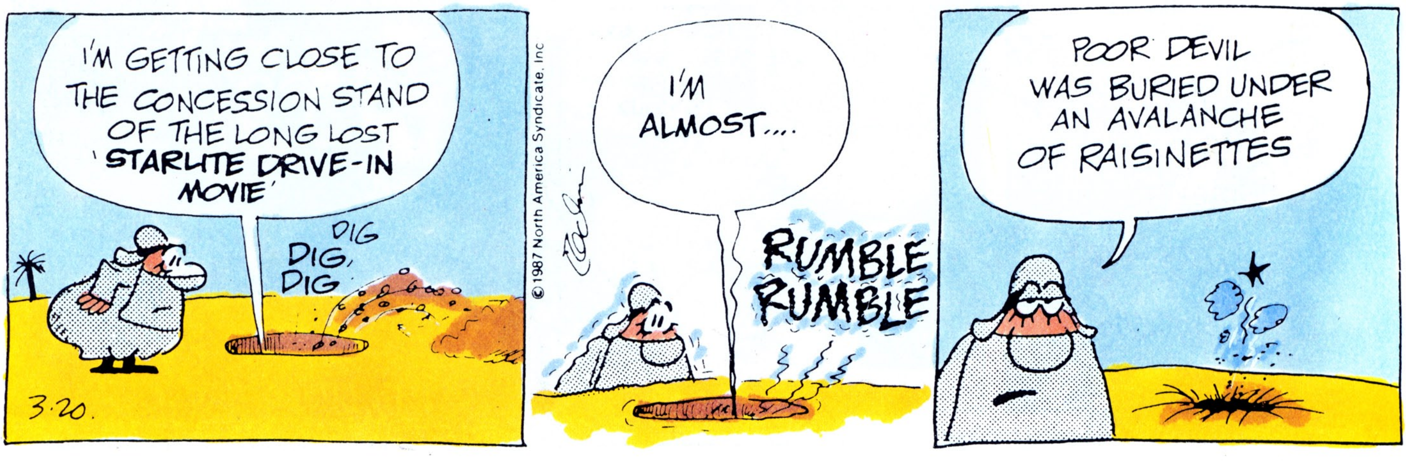
I'M GETTING CLOSE TO THE CONCESSION STAND OF THE LONG LOST 'STARLITE DRIVE-IN MOVIE'
DIG DIG DIG
I'M ALMOST....
RUMBLE RUMBLE
POOR DEVIL WAS BURIED UNDER AN AVALANCHE OF RAISINETTES

3.20

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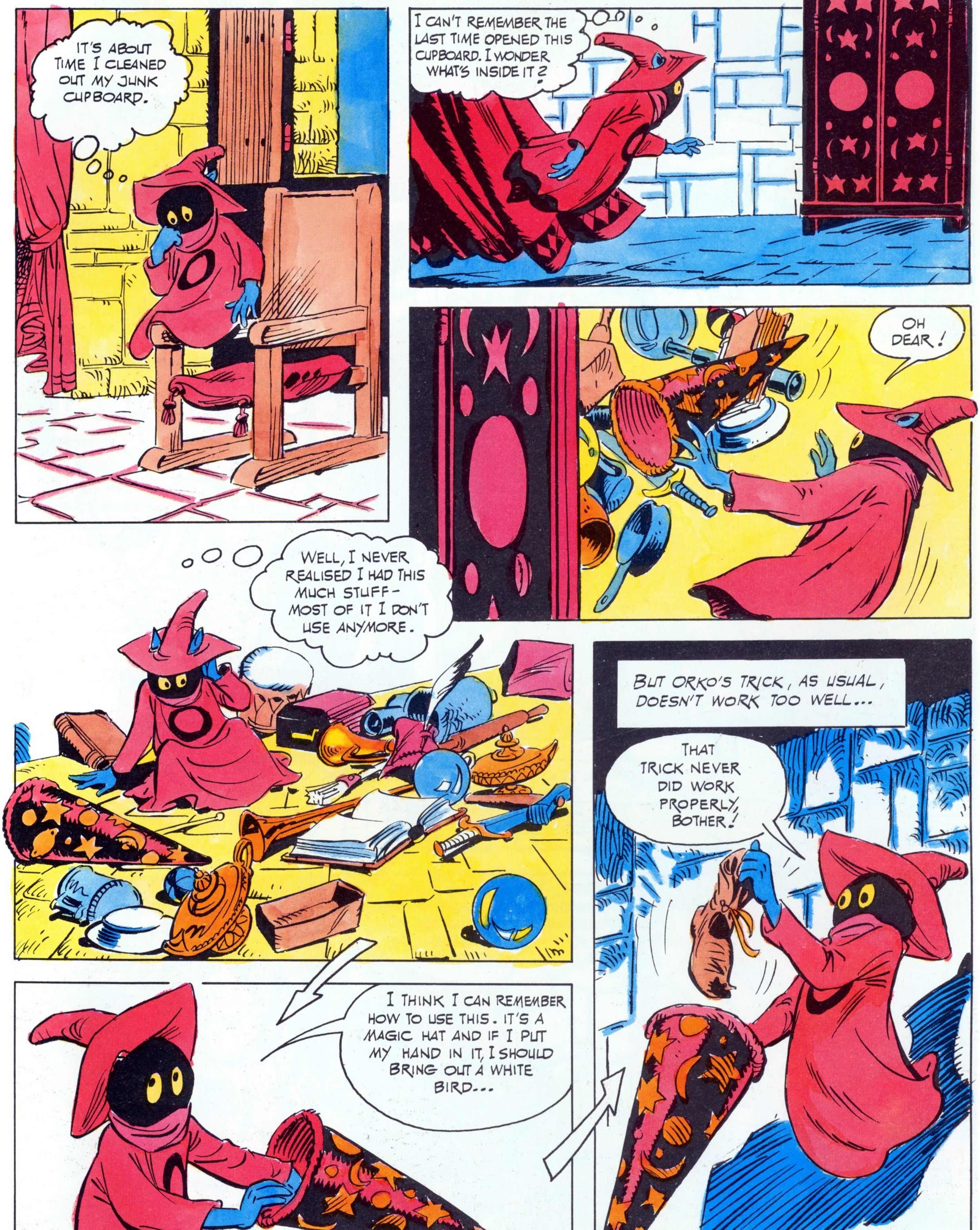
MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE

ORKO AND THE GENIE


IT'S ABOUT TIME I CLEANED OUT MY JUNK CUPBOARD.
I CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME OPENED THIS CUPBOARD. I WONDER WHAT'S INSIDE IT?
OH DEAR!
WELL, I NEVER REALISED I HAD THIS MUCH STUFF – MOST OF IT I DON'T USE ANYMORE.
I THINK I CAN REMEMBER HOW TO USE THIS. IT'S A MAGIC HAT AND IF I PUT MY HAND IN IT, I SHOULD BRING OUT A WHITE BIRD...
BUT ORKO'S TRICK, AS USUAL, DOESN'T WORK TOO WELL...
THAT TRICK NEVER DID WORK PROPERLY, BOTHER!

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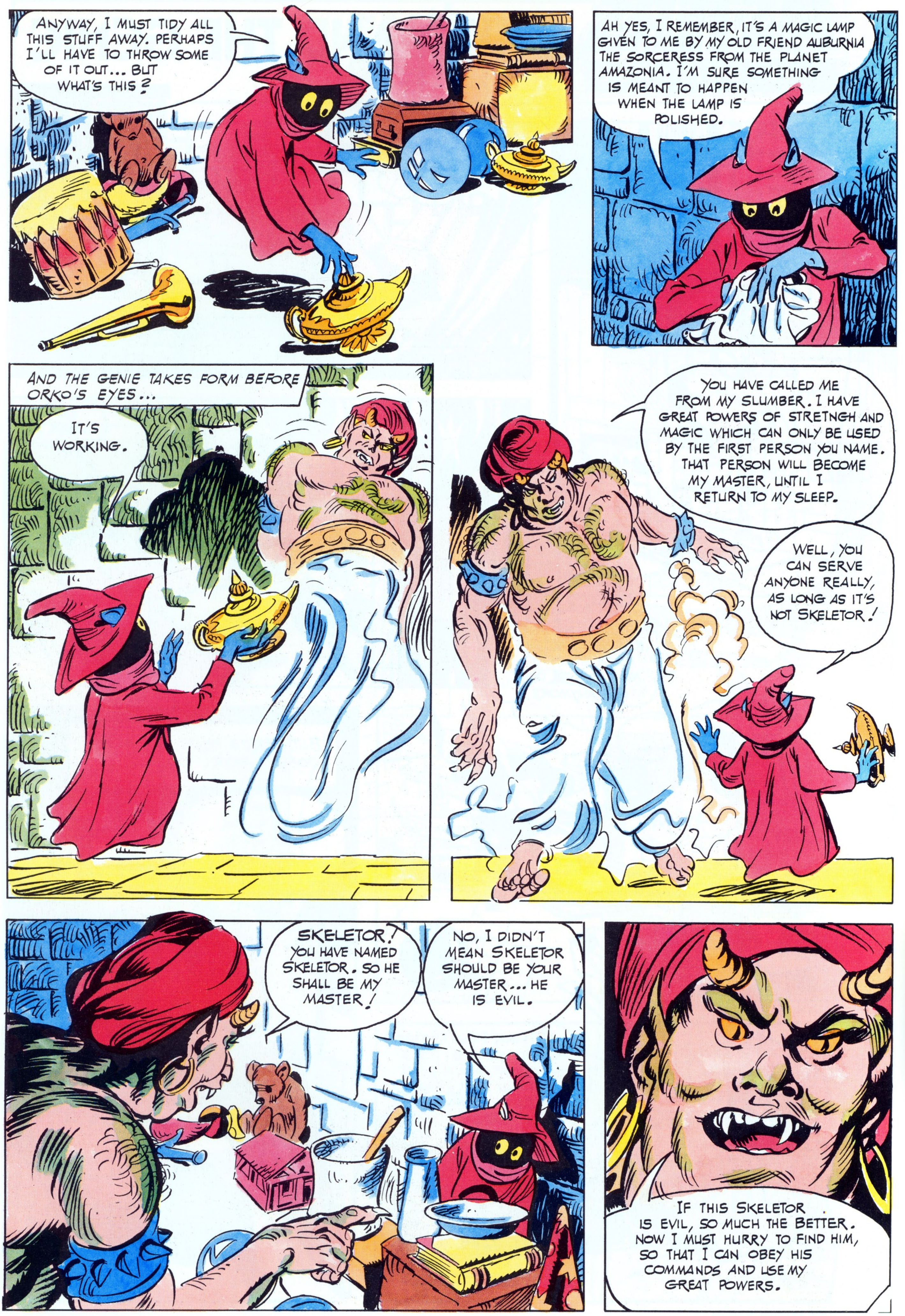
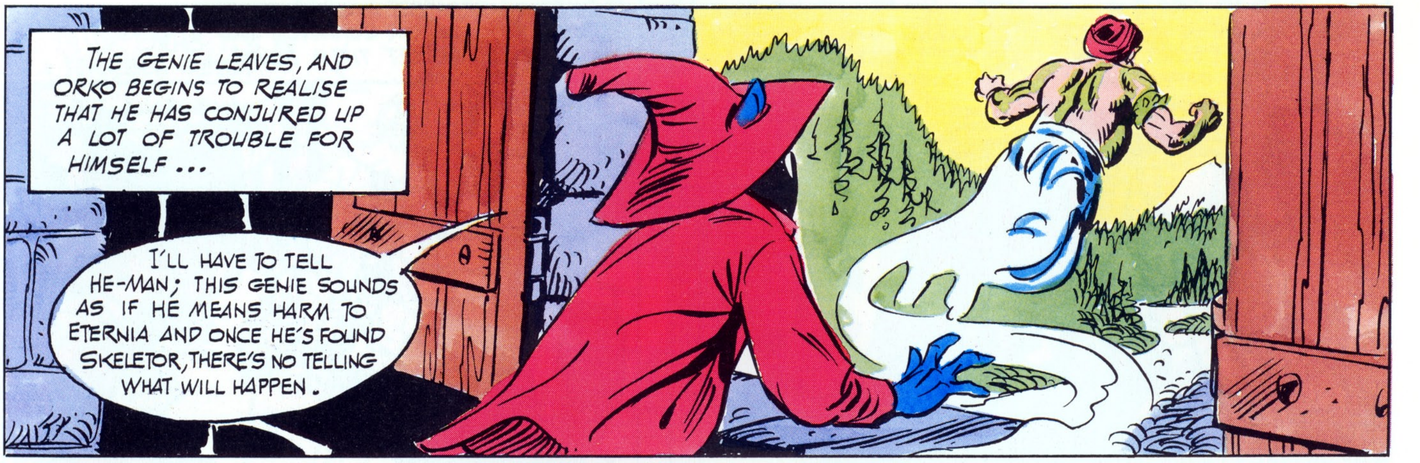
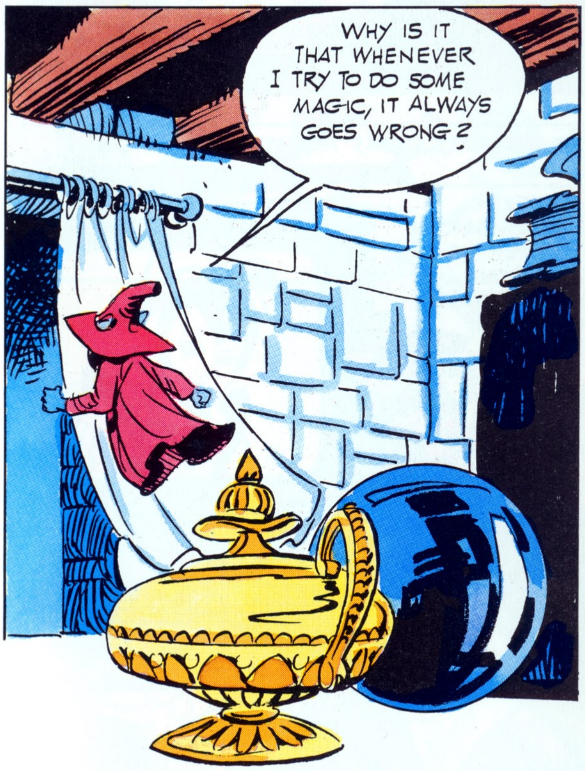
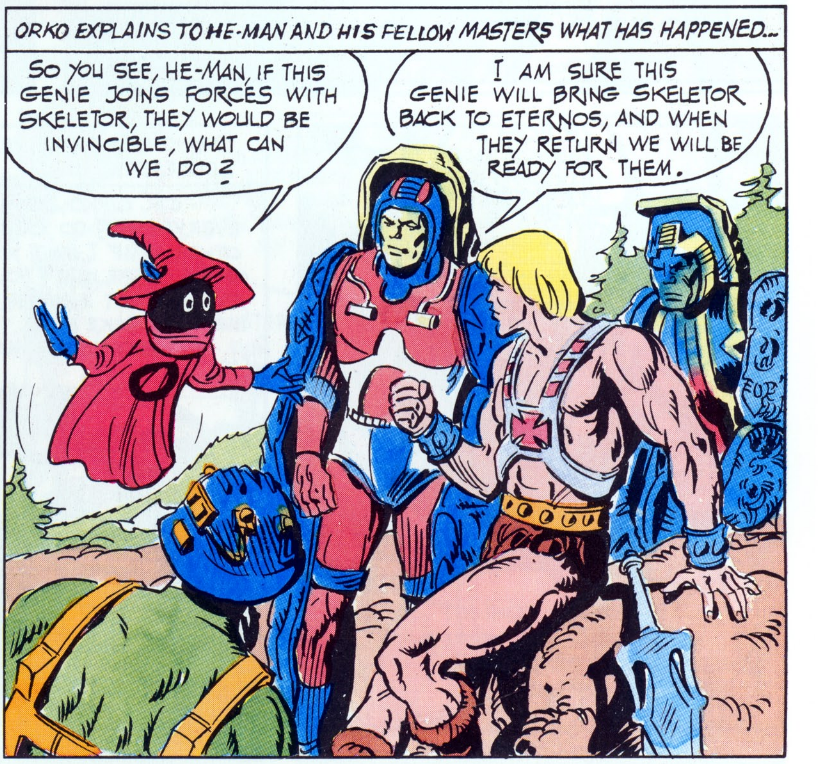
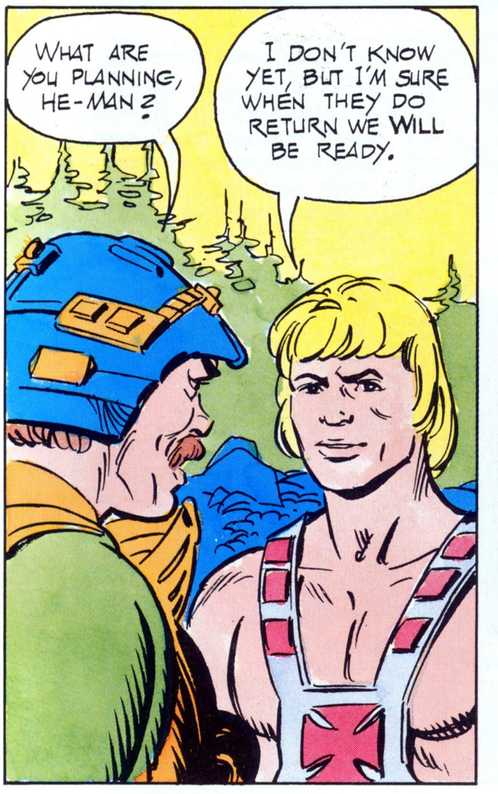
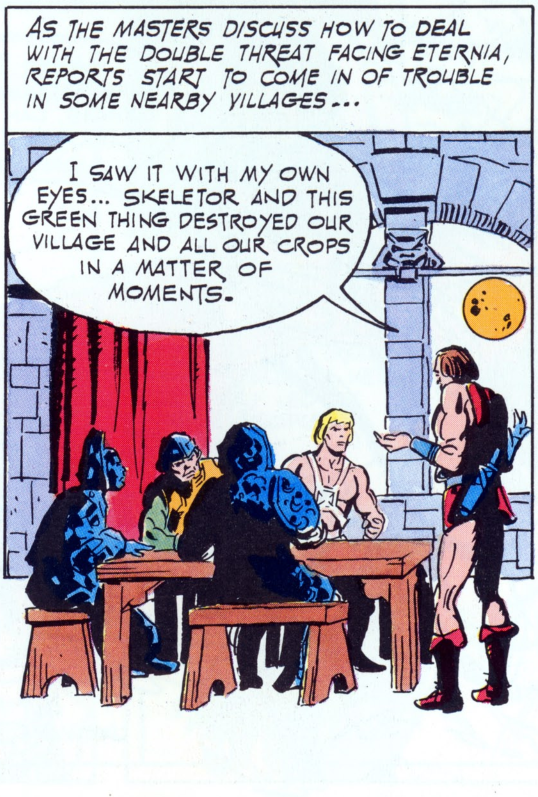

ANYWAY, I MUST TIDY ALL THIS STUFF AWAY. PERHAPS I'LL HAVE TO THROW SOME OF IT OUT... BUT WHAT'S THIS?
AH YES, I REMEMBER, IT'S A MAGIC LAMP GIVEN TO ME BY MY OLD FRIEND AUBURNIA THE SORCERESS FROM THE PLANET AMAZONIA. I'M SURE SOMETHING IS MEANT TO HAPPEN WHEN THE LAMP IS POLISHED.
AND THE GENIE TAKES FORM BEFORE ORKO'S EYES...
IT'S WORKING.
YOU HAVE CALLED ME FROM MY SLUMBER. I HAVE GREAT POWERS OF STRETNGH AND MAGIC WHICH CAN ONLY BE USED BY THE FIRST PERSON YOU NAME. THAT PERSON WILL BECOME MY MASTER, UNTIL I RETURN TO MY SLEEP.
WELL, YOU CAN SERVE ANYONE REALLY, AS LONG AS IT'S NOT SKELETOR!
SKELETOR! YOU HAVE NAMED SKELETOR. SO HE SHALL BE MY MASTER!
NO, I DIDN'T MEAN SKELETOR SHOULD BE YOUR MASTER... HE IS EVIL.
IF THIS SKELETOR IS EVIL, SO MUCH THE BETTER. NOW I MUST HURRY TO FIND HIM, SO THAT I CAN OBEY HIS COMMANDS AND USE MY GREAT POWERS.

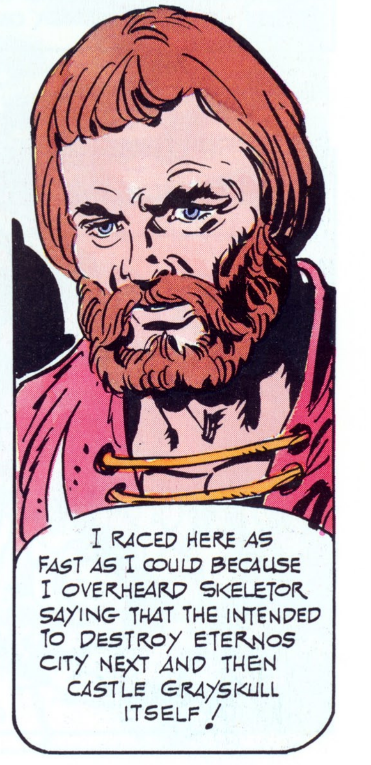

THE GENIE LEAVES, AND ORKO BEGINS TO REALISE THAT HE HAS CONJURED UP A LOT OF TROUBLE FOR HIMSELF ...
I'LL HAVE TO TELL HE-MAN; THIS GENIE SOUNDS AS IF HE MEANS HARM TO ETERNIA AND ONCE HE'S FOUND SKELETOR, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT WILL HAPPEN.

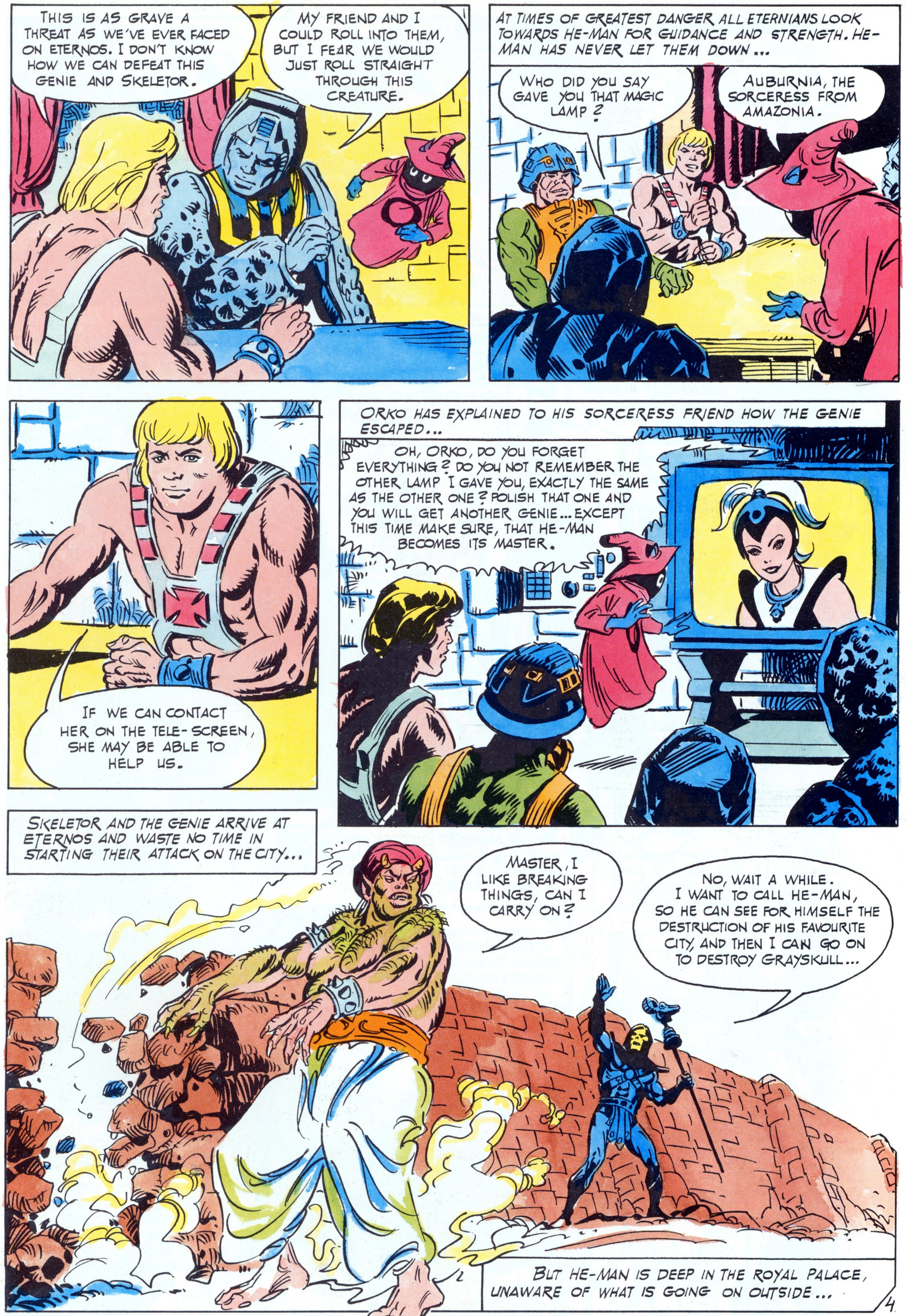

WHY IS IT THAT WHENEVER I TRY TO DO SOME MAGIC, IT ALWAYS GOES WRONG?

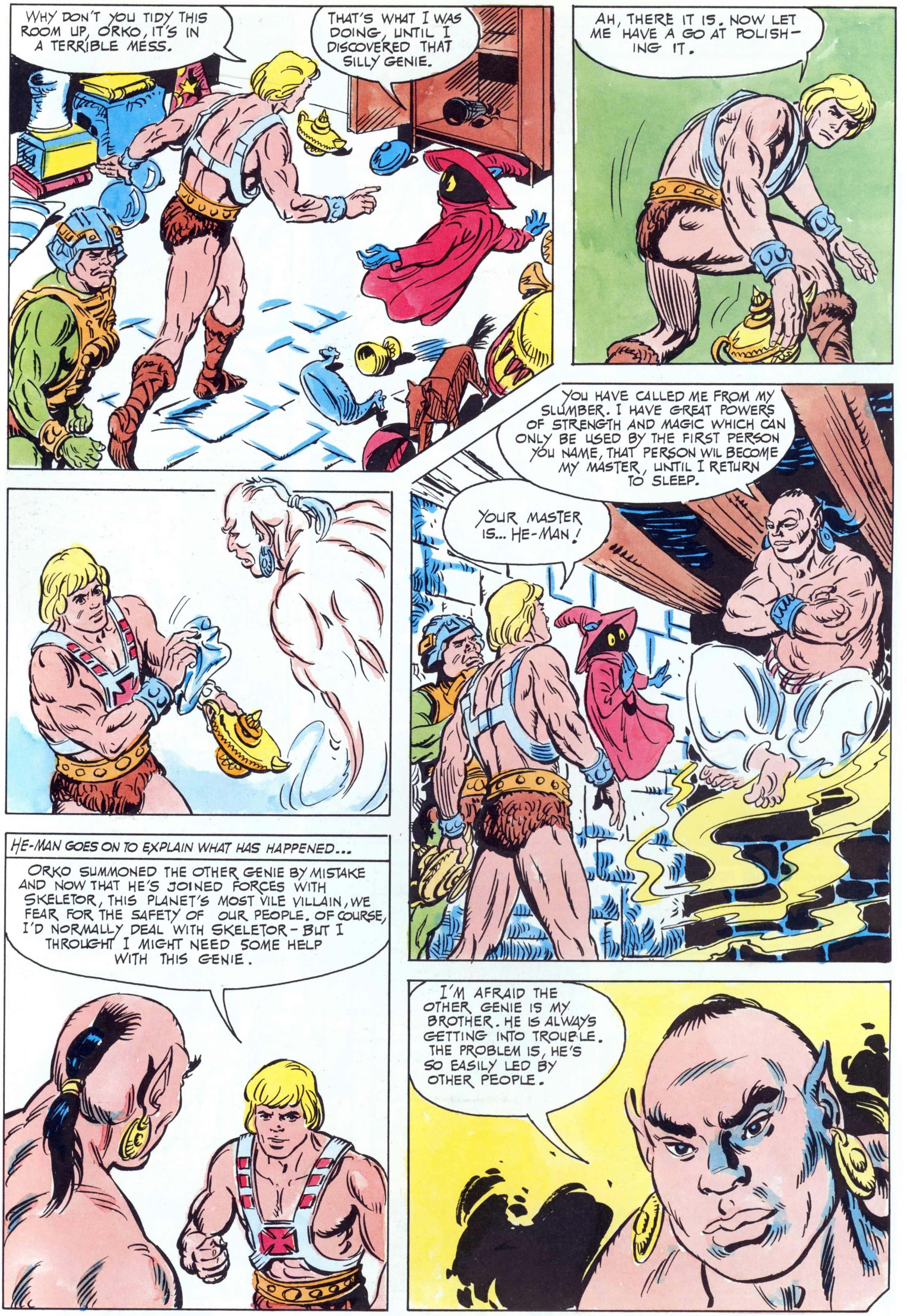

ORKO EXPLAINS TO HE-MAN AND HIS FELLOW MASTERS WHAT HAS HAPPENED...
SO YOU SEE, HE-MAN, IF THIS GENIE JOINS FORCES WITH SKELETOR, THEY WOULD BE INVINCIBLE, WHAT CAN WE DO?
I AM SURE THIS GENIE WILL BRING SKELETOR BACK TO ETERNOS, AND WHEN THEY RETURN WE WILL BE READY FOR THEM.

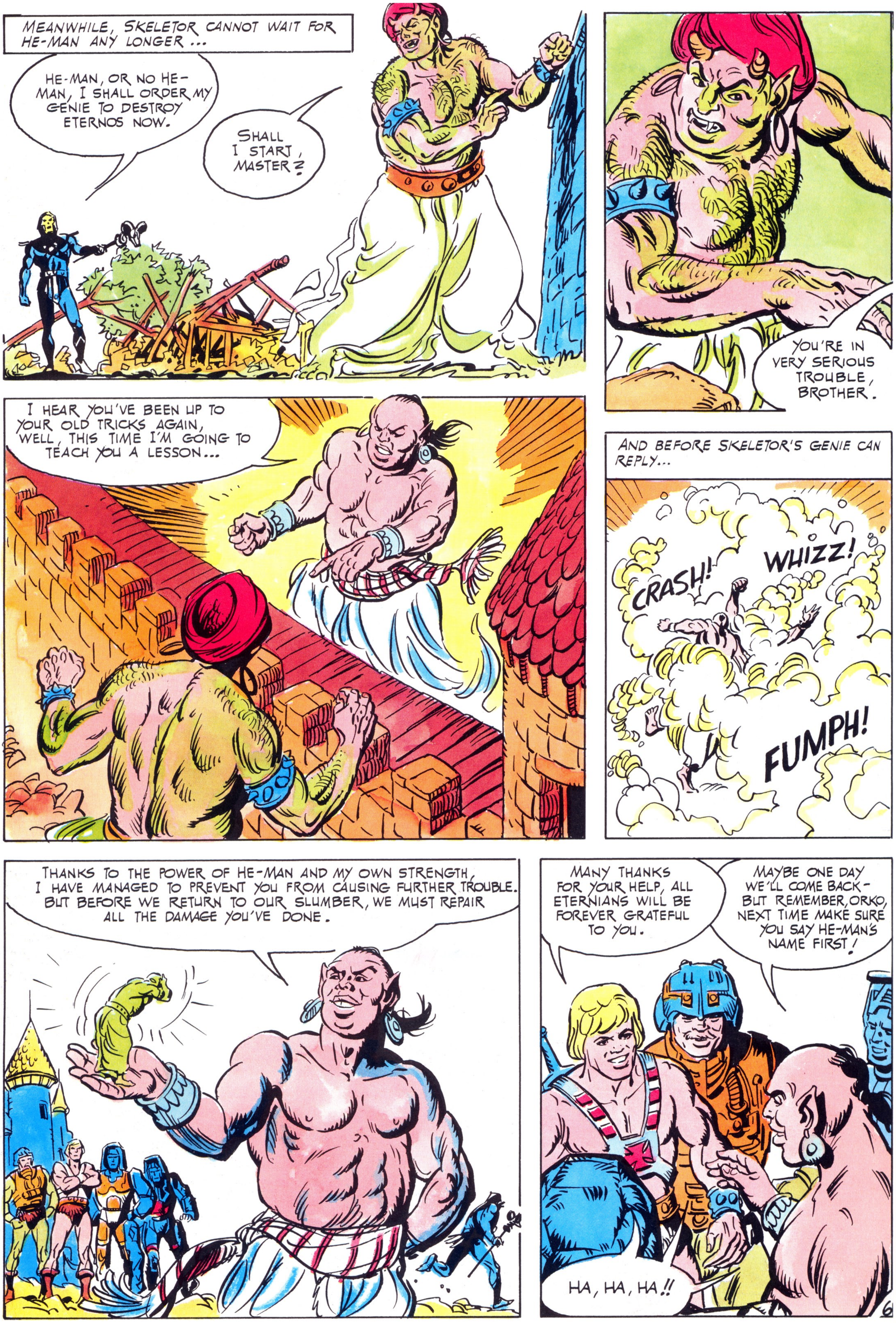

WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING, HE-MAN?
I DON'T KNOW YET, BUT I'M SURE WHEN THEY DO RETURN WE WILL BE READY.


AS THE MASTERS DISCUSS HOW TO DEAL WITH THE DOUBLE THREAT FACING ETERNIA, REPORTS START TO COME IN OF TROUBLE IN SOME NEARBY VILLAGES...
I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES... SKELETOR AND THIS GREEN THING DESTROYED OUR VILLAGE AND ALL OUR CROPS IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS.


I RACED HERE AS FAST AS I COULD BECAUSE I OVERHEARD SKELETOR SAYING THAT THE INTENDED TO DESTROY ETERNOS CITY NEXT AND THEN CASTLE GRAYSKULL ITSELF!

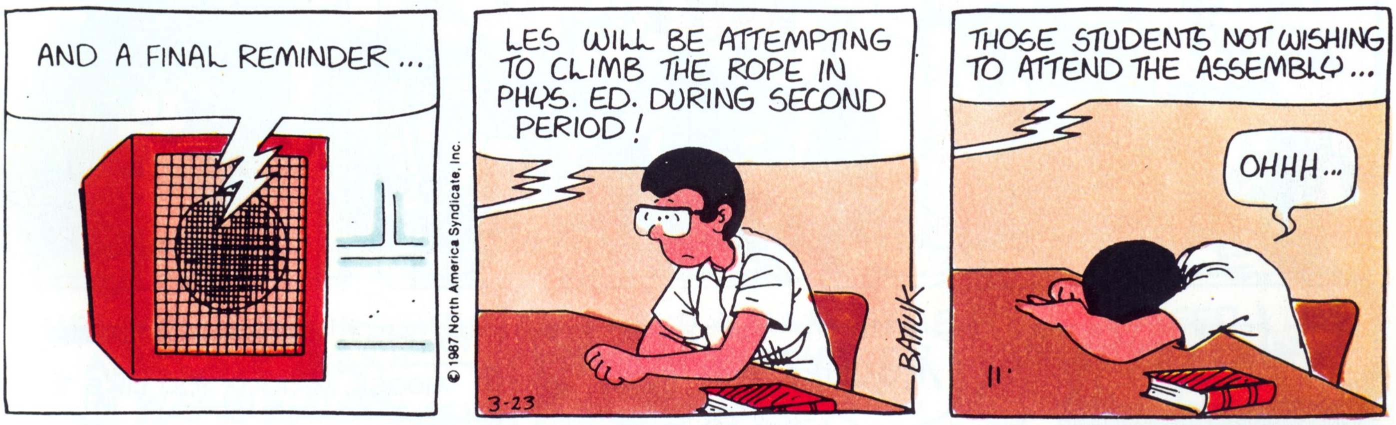

THIS IS AS GRAVE A THREAT AS WE'VE EVER FACED ON ETERNOS. I DON'T KNOW HOW WE CAN DEFEAT THIS GENIE AND SKELETOR.
MY FRIEND AND I COULD ROLL INTO THEM, BUT I FEAR WE WOULD JUST ROLL STRAIGHT THROUGH THIS CREATURE.
AT TIMES OF GREATEST DANGER ALL ETERNIANS LOOK TOWARDS HE-MAN FOR GUIDANCE AND STRENGTH. HE-MAN HAS NEVER LET THEM DOWN...
WHO DID YOU SAY GAVE YOU THAT MAGIC LAMP?
AUBURNIA, THE SORCERESS FROM AMAZONIA.
IF WE CAN CONTACT HER ON THE TELE-SCREEN, SHE MAY BE ABLE TO HELP US.
ORKO HAS EXPLAINED TO HIS SORCERESS FRIEND HOW THE GENIE ESCAPED...
OH, ORKO, DO YOU FORGET EVERYTHING? DO YOU NOT REMEMBER THE OTHER LAMP I GAVE YOU, EXACTLY THE SAME AS THE OTHER ONE? POLISH THAT ONE AND YOU WILL GET ANOTHER GENIE... EXCEPT THIS TIME MAKE SURE, THAT HE-MAN BECOMES ITS MASTER.
SKELETOR AND THE GENIE ARRIVE AT ETERNOS AND WASTE NO TIME IN STARTING THEIR ATTACK ON THE CITY...
MASTER, I LIKE BREAKING THINGS, CAN I CARRY ON?
NO, WAIT A WHILE. I WANT TO CALL HE-MAN, SO HE CAN SEE FOR HIMSELF THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS FAVOURITE CITY, AND THEN I CAN GO ON TO DESTROY GRAYSKULL...
BUT HE-MAN IS DEEP IN THE ROYAL PALACE, UNAWARE OF WHAT IS GOING ON OUTSIDE...


WHY DON'T YOU TIDY THIS ROOM UP, ORKO, IT'S IN A TERRIBLE MESS.
THAT'S WHAT I WAS DOING, UNTIL I DISCOVERED THAT SILLY GENIE.
AH, THERE IT IS. NOW LET ME HAVE A GO AT POLISHING IT.
YOU HAVE CALLED ME FROM MY SLUMBER. I HAVE GREAT POWERS OF STRENGTH AND MAGIC WHICH CAN ONLY BE USED BY THE FIRST PERSON YOU NAME, THAT PERSON WIL BECOME MY MASTER, UNTIL I RETURN TO SLEEP.
YOUR MASTER IS... HE-MAN!
HE-MAN GOES ON TO EXPLAIN WHAT HAS HAPPENED...
ORKO SUMMONED THE OTHER GENIE BY MISTAKE AND NOW THAT HE'S JOINED FORCES WITH SKELETOR, THIS PLANET'S MOST VILE VILLAIN, WE FEAR FOR THE SAFETY OF OUR PEOPLE. OF COURSE, I'D NORMALLY DEAL WITH SKELETOR - BUT I THROUGHT I MIGHT NEED SOME HELP WITH THIS GENIE.
I'M AFRAID THE OTHER GENIE IS MY BROTHER. HE IS ALWAYS GETTING INTO TROUBLE. THE PROBLEM IS, HE'S SO EASILY LED BY OTHER PEOPLE.


MEANWHILE, SKELETOR CANNOT WAIT FOR HE-MAN ANY LONGER ...
HE-MAN, OR NO HE-MAN, I SHALL ORDER MY GENIE TO DESTROY ETERNOS NOW.
SHALL I START, MASTER?
YOU'RE IN VERY SERIOUS TROUBLE, BROTHER.
I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS AGAIN, WELL, THIS TIME I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU A LESSON...
AND BEFORE SKELETOR'S GENIE CAN REPLY...
CRASH!
WHIZZ!
FUMPH!
THANKS TO THE POWER OF HE-MAN AND MY OWN STRENGTH, I HAVE MANAGED TO PREVENT YOU FROM CAUSING FURTHER TROUBLE. BUT BEFORE WE RETURN TO OUR SLUMBER, WE MUST REPAIR ALL THE DAMAGE YOU'VE DONE.
MANY THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, ALL ETERNIANS WILL BE FOREVER GRATEFUL TO YOU.
MAYBE ONE DAY WE'LL COME BACK - BUT REMEMBER, ORKO, NEXT TIME MAKE SURE YOU SAY HE-MAN'S NAME FIRST!
HA, HA, HA!!

FUNKY WINKERBEAN

by TOM BATIUK ®


AND A FINAL REMINDER ...
LES WILL BE ATTEMPTING TO CLIMB THE ROPE IN PHYS. ED. DURING SECOND PERIOD!
THOSE STUDENTS NOT WISHING TO ATTEND THE ASSEMBLY ...
OHHH...
BATIUK
3-23
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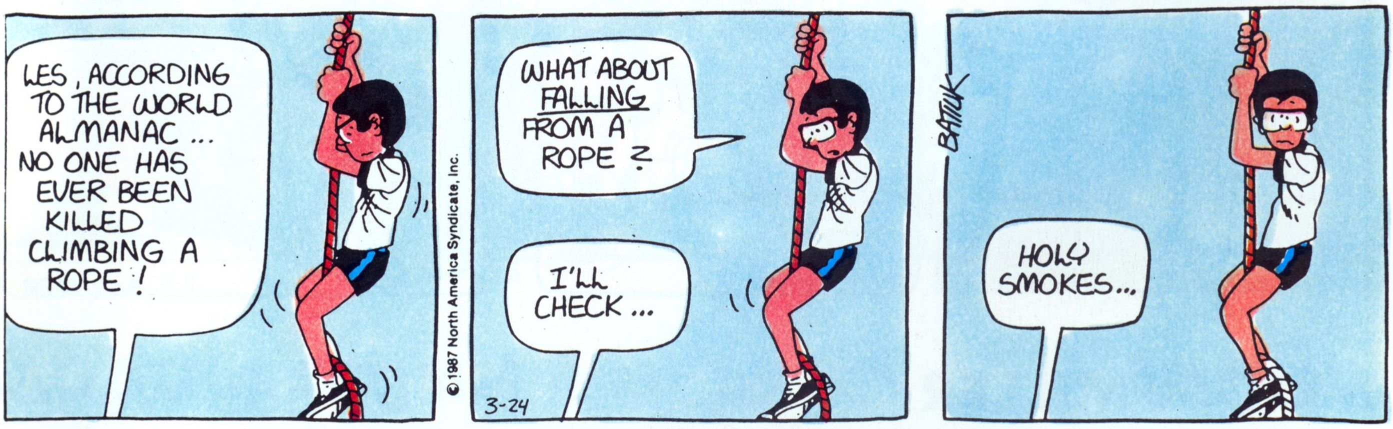
LES, ACCORDING TO THE WORLD ALMANAC ... NO ONE HAS EVER BEEN KILLED CLIMBING A ROPE!
WHAT ABOUT FALLING FROM A ROPE?
I'LL CHECK ...
HOLY SMOKES...
BATIUK
3-24
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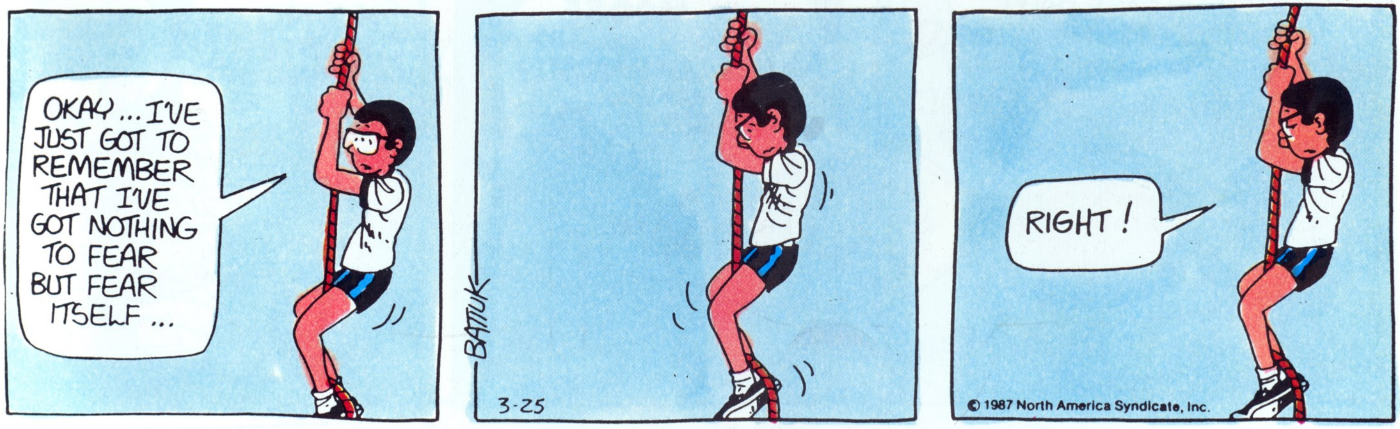
OKAY ... I'VE JUST GOT TO REMEMBER THAT I'VE GOT NOTHING TO FEAR BUT FEAR ITSELF ...
RIGHT!
BATIUK
3-25
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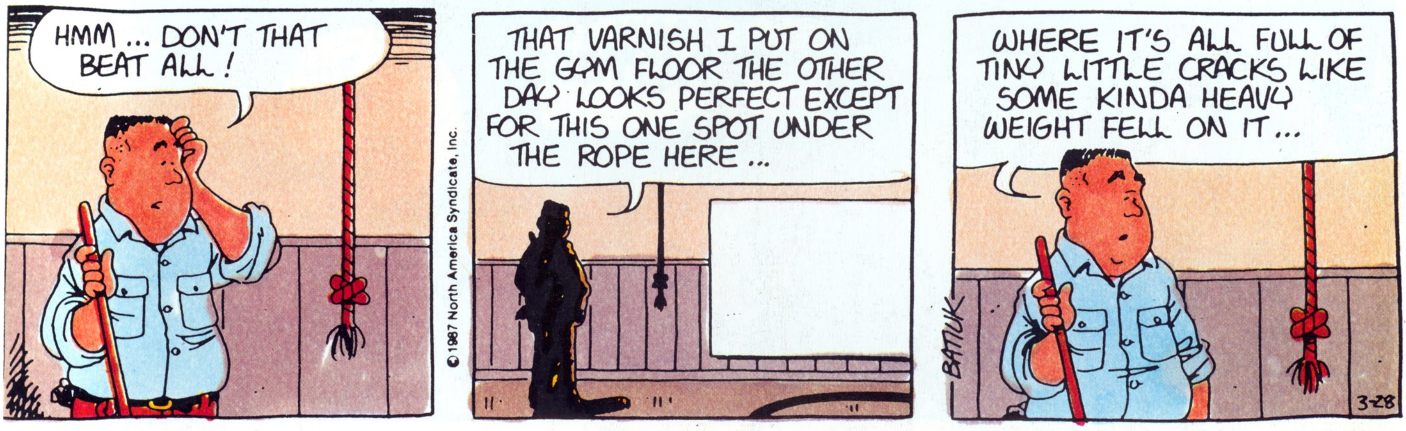
HMM ... DON'T THAT BEAT ALL!
THAT VARNISH I PUT ON THE GYM FLOOR THE OTHER DAY LOOKS PERFECT EXCEPT FOR THIS ONE SPOT UNDER THE ROPE HERE ...
WHERE IT'S ALL FULL OF TINY LITTLE CRACKS LIKE SOME KINDA HEAVY WEIGHT FELL ON IT ...
BATIUK
3-28
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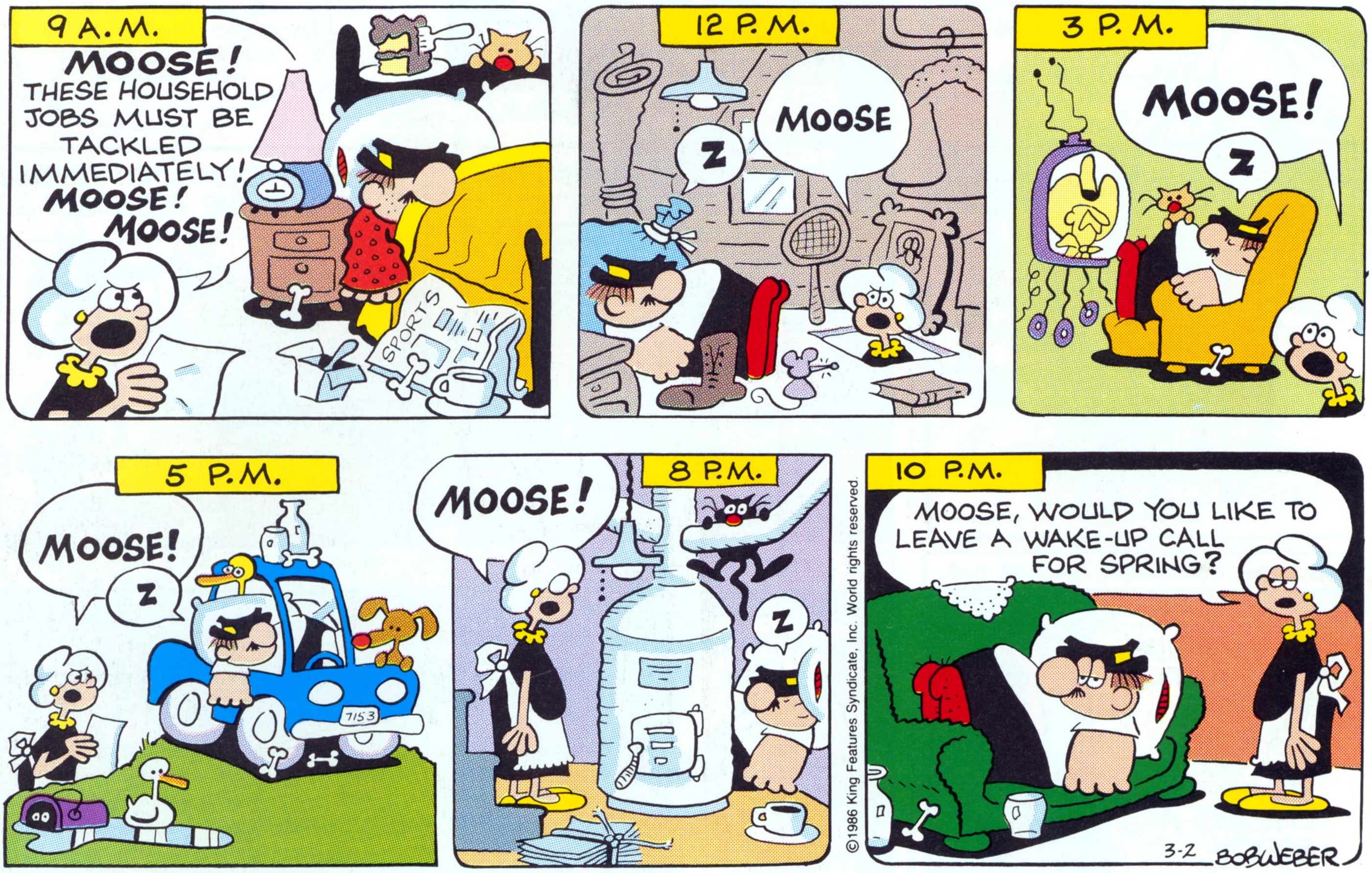
MOOSE MILLER

by Bob Weber


9 A.M.
MOOSE! THESE HOUSEHOLD JOBS MUST BE TACKLED IMMEDIATELY! MOOSE! MOOSE!
SPORTS
12 P.M.
Z
MOOSE
3 P.M.
MOOSE!
Z
5 P.M.
MOOSE!
Z
7153
8 P.M.
MOOSE!
Z
10 P.M.
MOOSE, WOULD YOU LIKE TO LEAVE A WAKE-UP CALL FOR SPRING?
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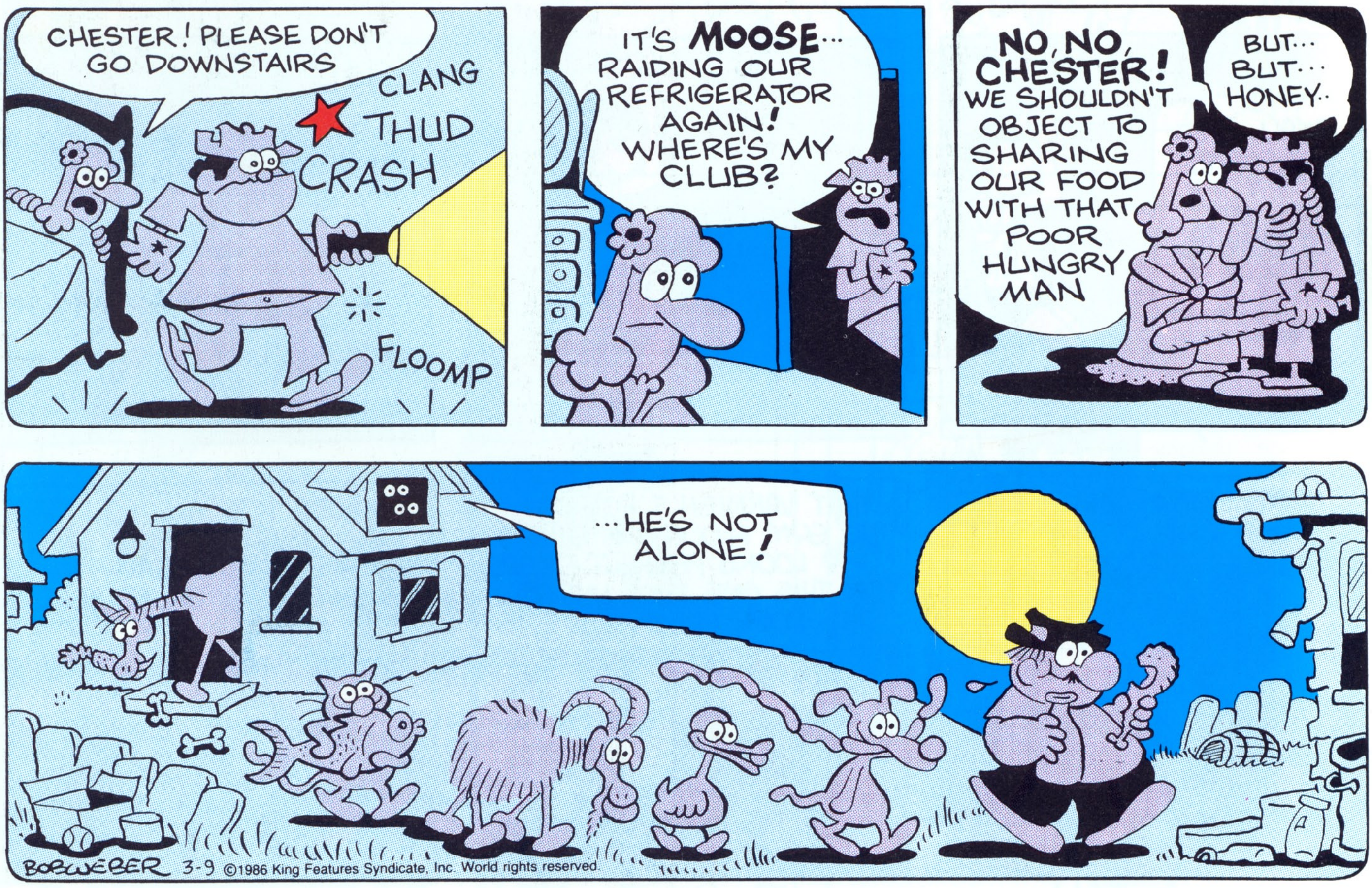
3-2
BOBWEBER

MOOSE MILLER

by Bob Weber


CHESTER! PLEASE DON'T GO DOWNSTAIRS
CLANG
THUD
CRASH
FLOOMP
IT'S MOOSE... RAIDING OUR REFRIGERATOR AGAIN! WHERE'S MY CLUB?
NO, NO, CHESTER! WE SHOULDN'T OBJECT TO SHARING OUR FOOD WITH THAT POOR HUNGRY MAN
BUT... BUT... HONEY..
...HE'S NOT ALONE!
BOBWEBER
3-9
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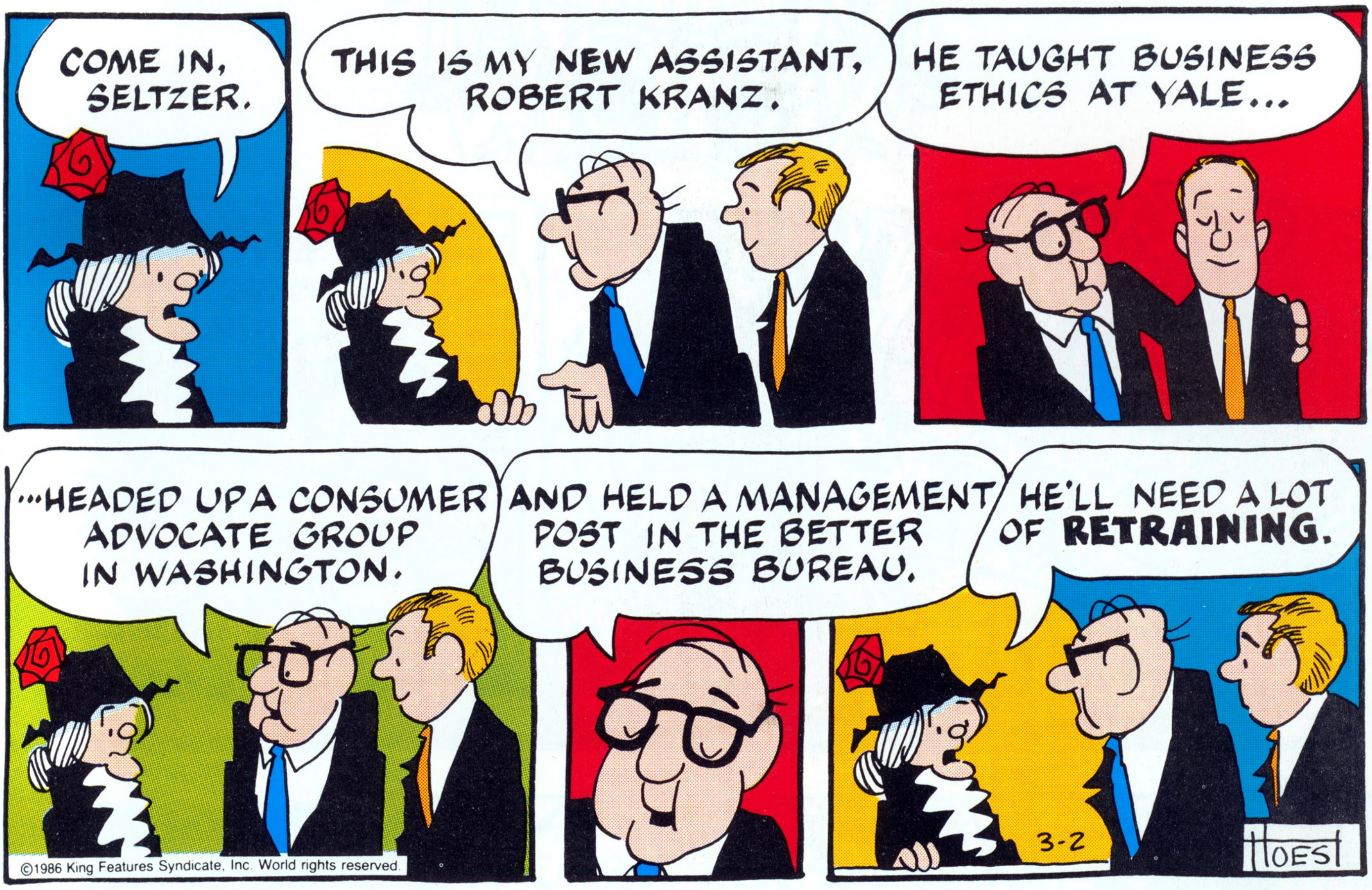
AGATHA CRUMM

by Bill Hoest


COME IN, SELTZER.
THIS IS MY NEW ASSISTANT, ROBERT KRANZ.
HE TAUGHT BUSINESS ETHICS AT YALE...
...HEADED UP A CONSUMER ADVOCATE GROUP IN WASHINGTON.
AND HELD A MANAGEMENT POST IN THE BETTER BUSINESS BUREAU.
HE'LL NEED A LOT OF **RETRAINING.**
3-2
HOEST

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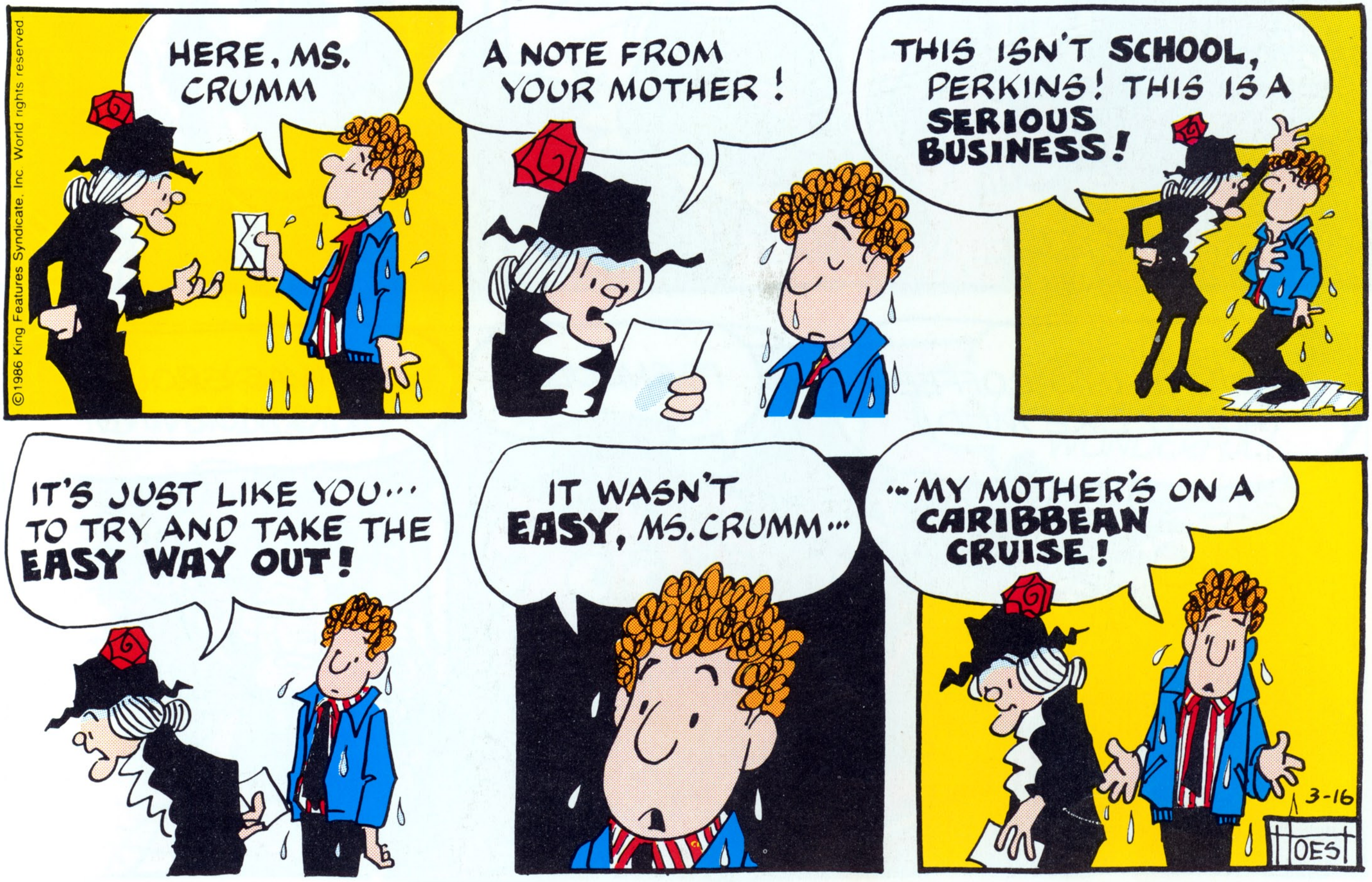
AGATHA CRUMM

by Bill Hoest


HERE, MS. CRUMM
A NOTE FROM YOUR MOTHER!
THIS ISN'T **SCHOOL,** PERKINS! THIS IS A **SERIOUS BUSINESS!**
IT'S JUST LIKE YOU... TO TRY AND TAKE THE **EASY WAY OUT!**
IT WASN'T **EASY,** MS. CRUMM...
...MY MOTHER'S ON A **CARIBBEAN CRUISE!**
3-16
HOEST

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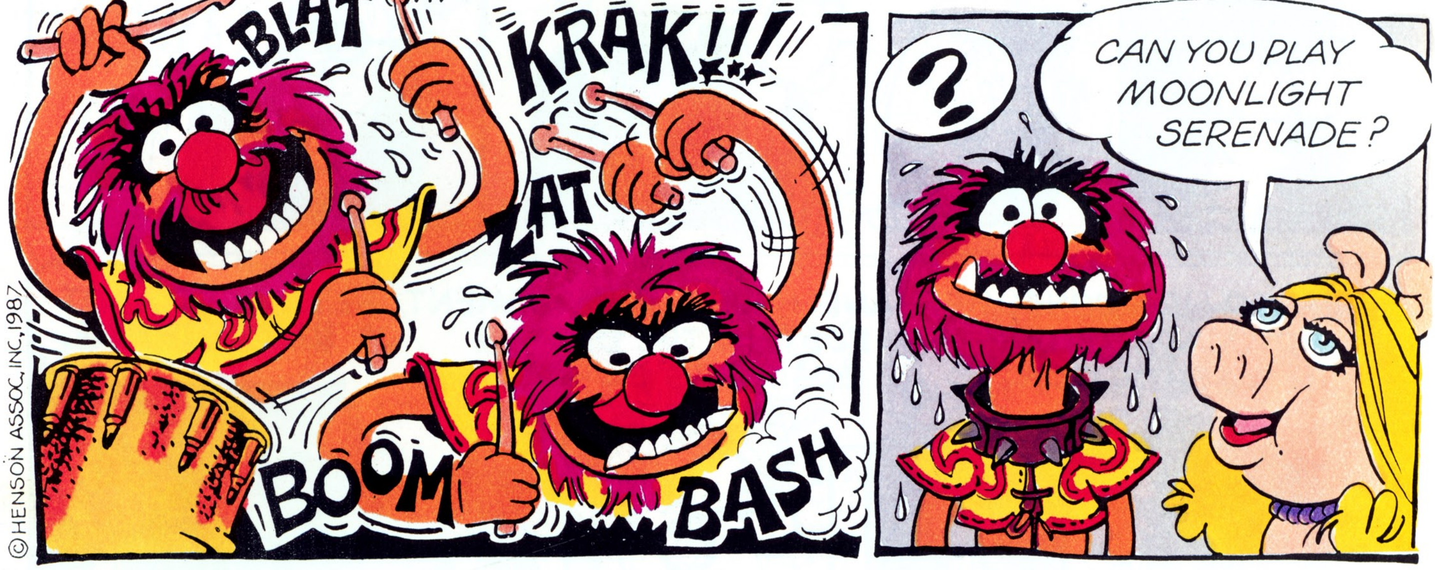
Jim Henson's
MUPPET SHOW™


BLAT
KRAK!!!!
ZAT
BOOM
BASH
?
CAN YOU PLAY MOONLIGHT SERENADE?

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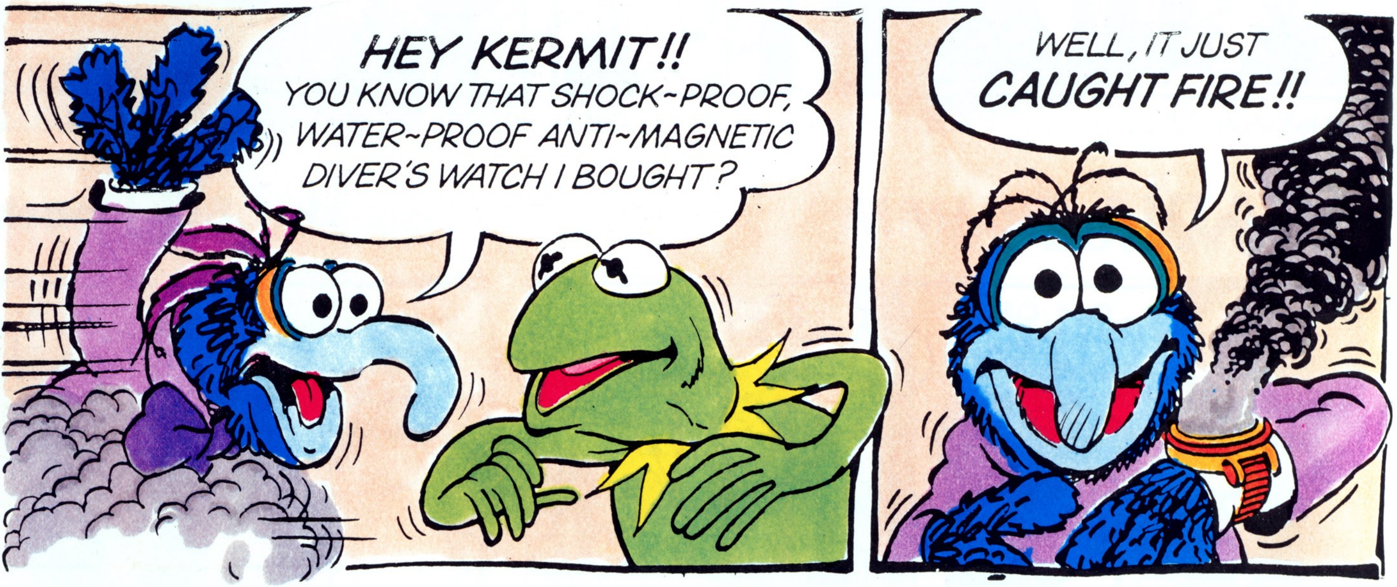
HEY KERMIT!! YOU KNOW THAT SHOCK~PROOF, WATER~PROOF ANTI~MAGNETIC DIVER'S WATCH I BOUGHT?
WELL, IT JUST CAUGHT FIRE!!

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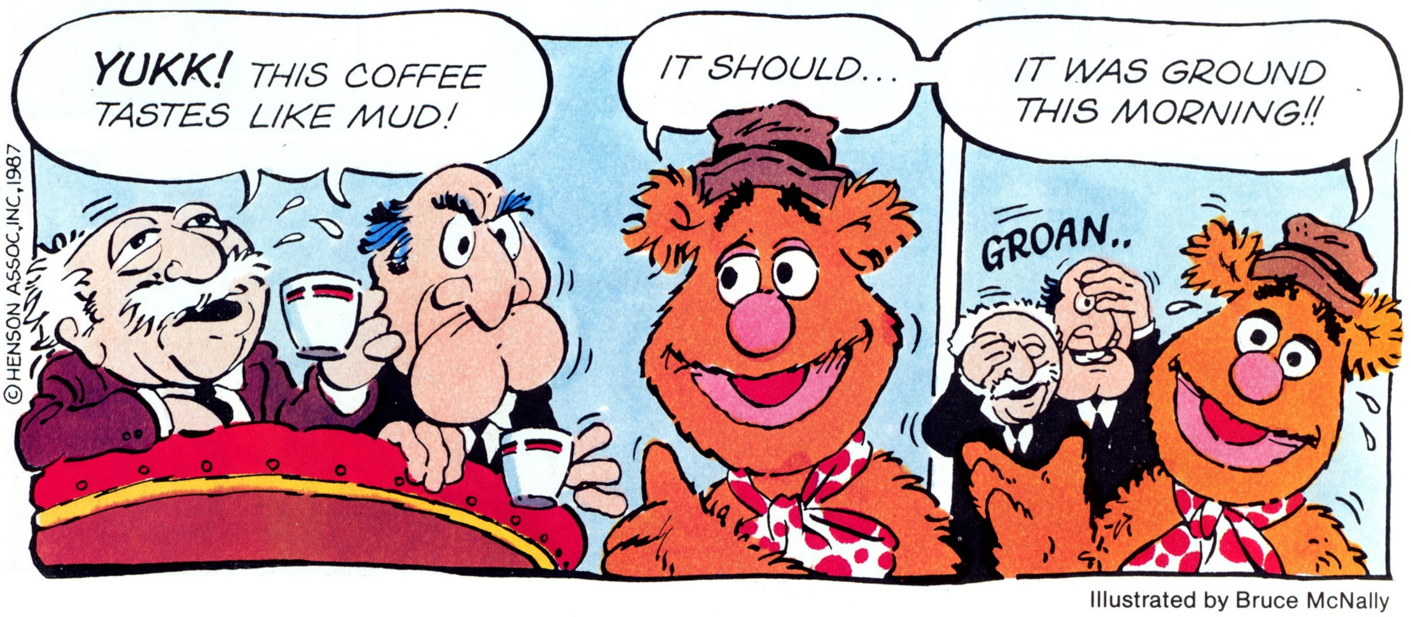
YUKK! THIS COFFEE TASTES LIKE MUD!
IT SHOULD...
IT WAS GROUND THIS MORNING!!
GROAN..

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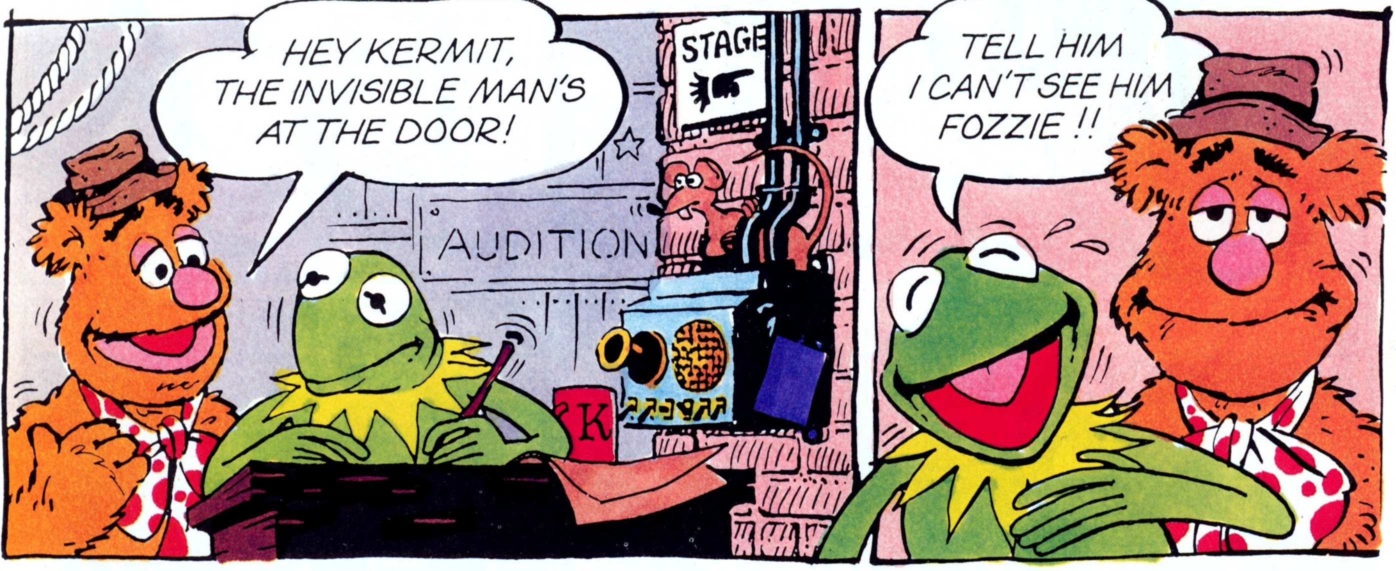
Illustrated by Bruce McNally

Jim Henson's

MUPPET SHOW™


HEY KERMIT, THE INVISIBLE MAN'S AT THE DOOR!
STAGE
AUDITION
K
TELL HIM I CAN'T SEE HIM FOZZIE !!

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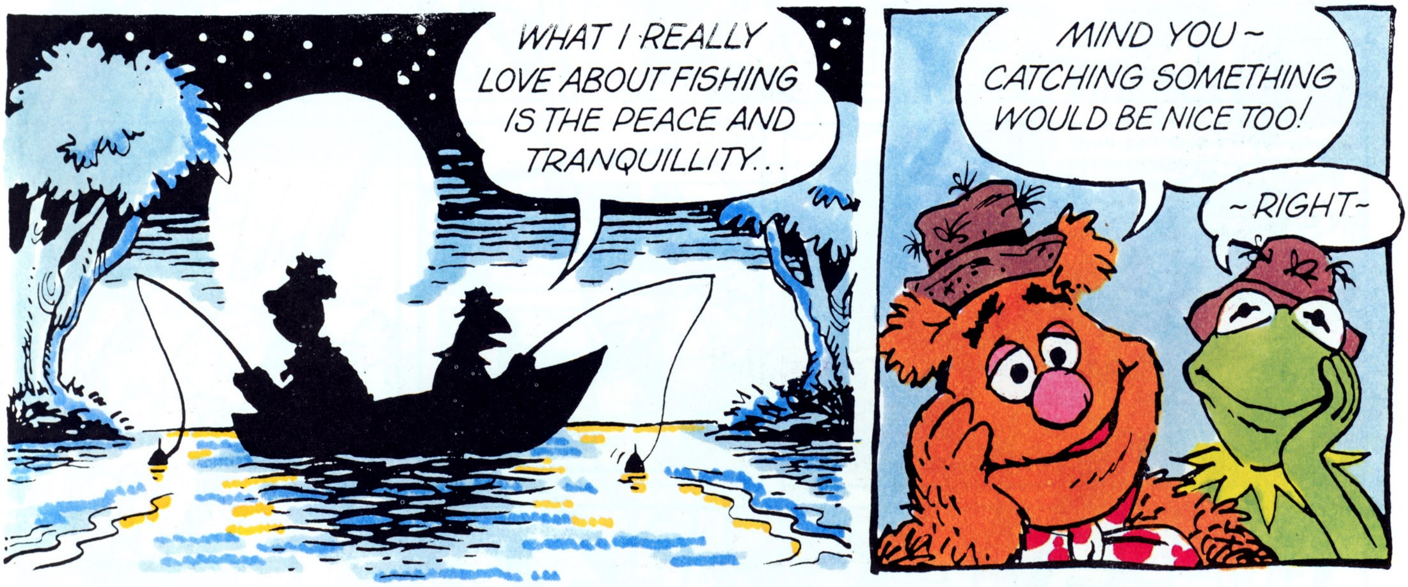
WHAT I REALLY LOVE ABOUT FISHING IS THE PEACE AND TRANQUILLITY...
MIND YOU ~ CATCHING SOMETHING WOULD BE NICE TOO!
~ RIGHT ~

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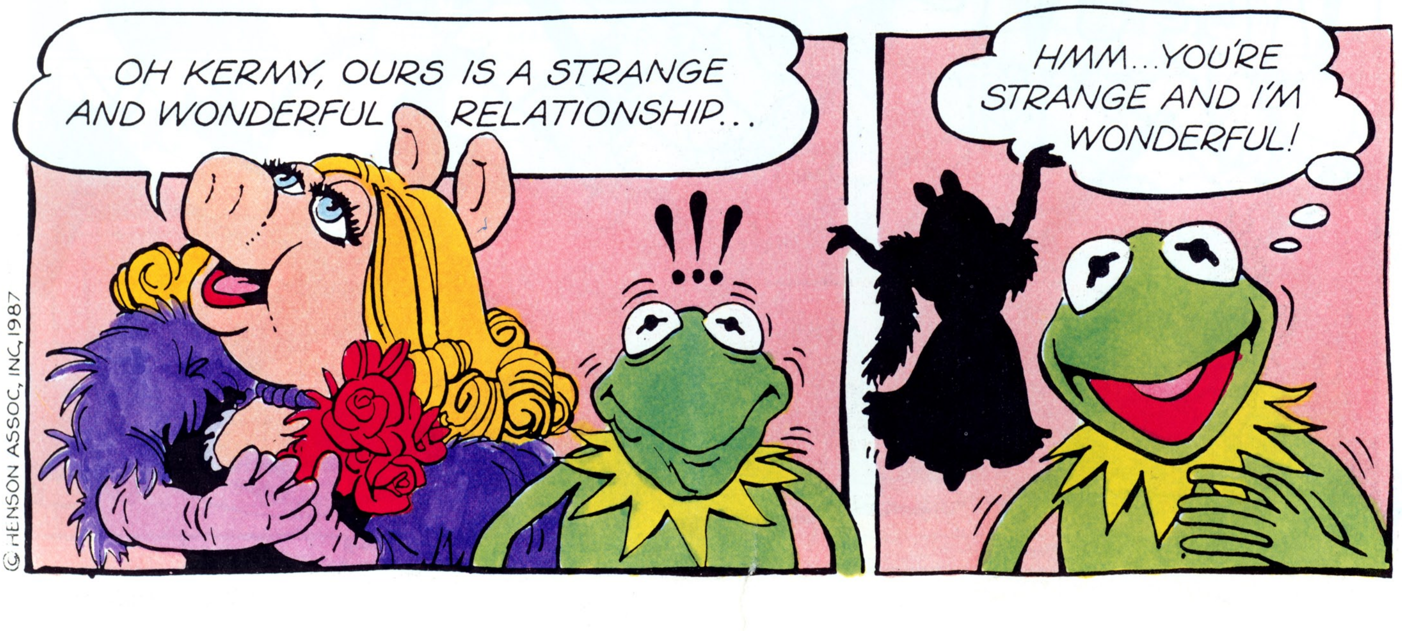
OH KERMY, OURS IS A STRANGE AND WONDERFUL RELATIONSHIP...
!!!
HMM... YOU'RE STRANGE AND I'M WONDERFUL!

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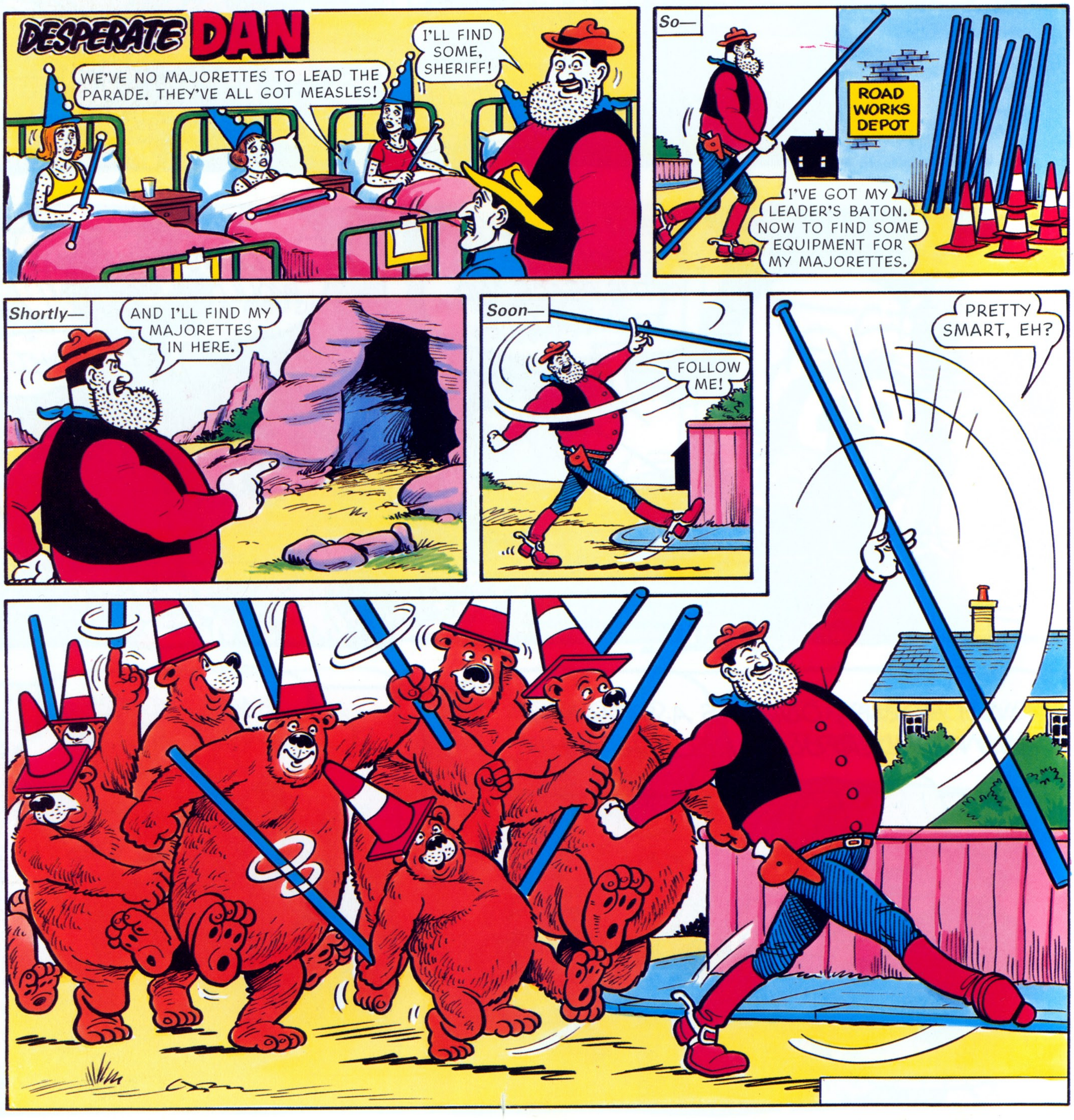
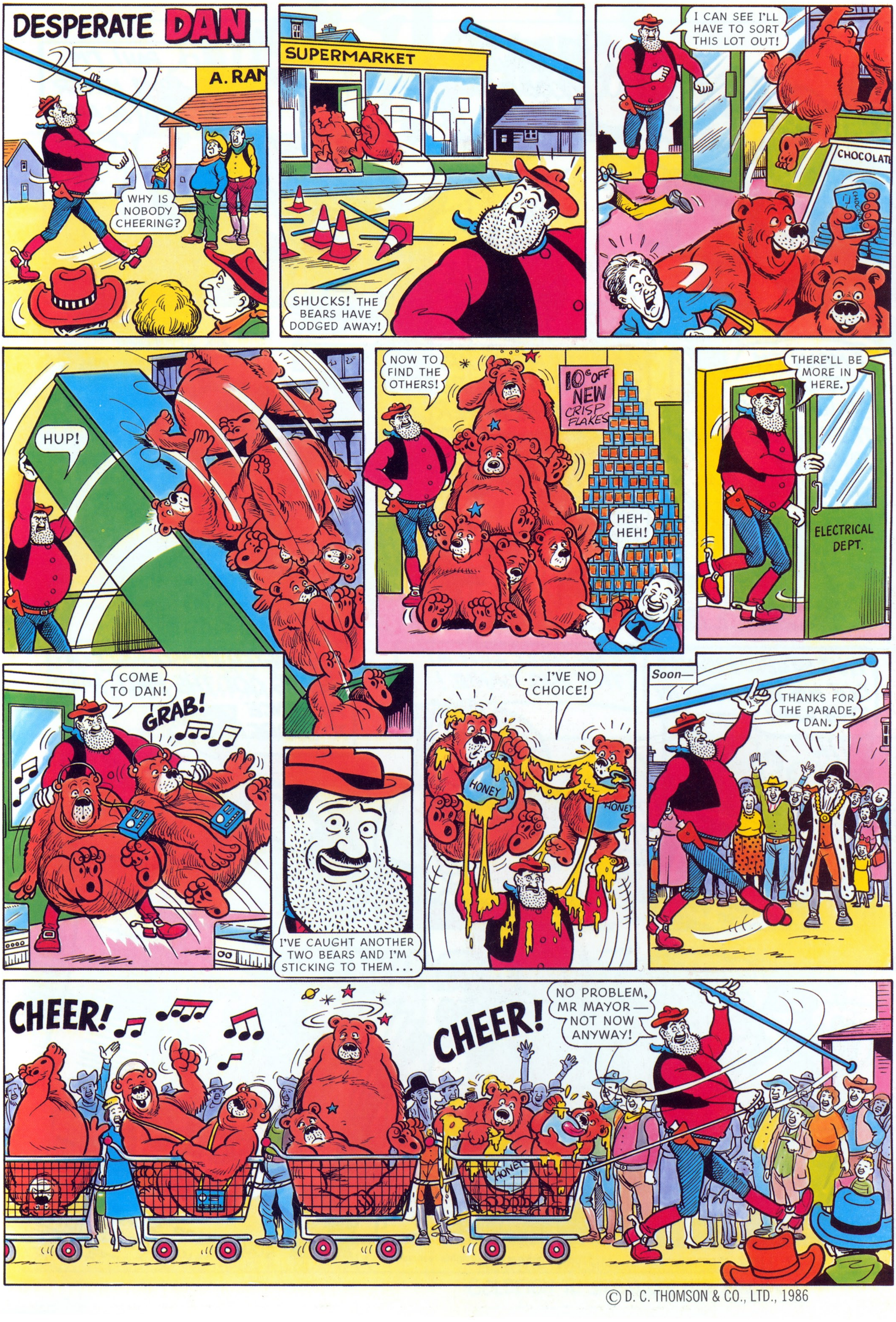
THE DANDY

PRESENTS


DESPERATE DAN
WE'VE NO MAJORETTES TO LEAD THE PARADE. THEY'VE ALL GOT MEASLES!
I'LL FIND SOME, SHERIFF!
So—
ROAD WORKS DEPOT
I'VE GOT MY LEADER'S BATON. NOW TO FIND SOME EQUIPMENT FOR MY MAJORETTES.
Shortly—
AND I'LL FIND MY MAJORETTES IN HERE.
Soon—
FOLLOW ME!
PRETTY SMART, EH?


DESPERATE DAN
A. RAN
WHY IS NOBODY CHEERING?
SUPERMARKET
SHUCKS! THE BEARS HAVE DODGED AWAY!
I CAN SEE I'LL HAVE TO SORT THIS LOT OUT!
CHOCOLATE
HUP!
NOW TO FIND THE OTHERS!
10p OFF NEW CRISP FLAKES
HEH-HEH!
THERE'LL BE MORE IN HERE.
ELECTRICAL DEPT.
COME TO DAN!
GRAB!
I'VE CAUGHT ANOTHER TWO BEARS AND I'M STICKING TO THEM . . .
. . . I'VE NO CHOICE!
HONEY
HONEY
Soon—
THANKS FOR THE PARADE, DAN.
CHEER!
CHEER!
NO PROBLEM, MR MAYOR— NOT NOW ANYWAY!
HONEY

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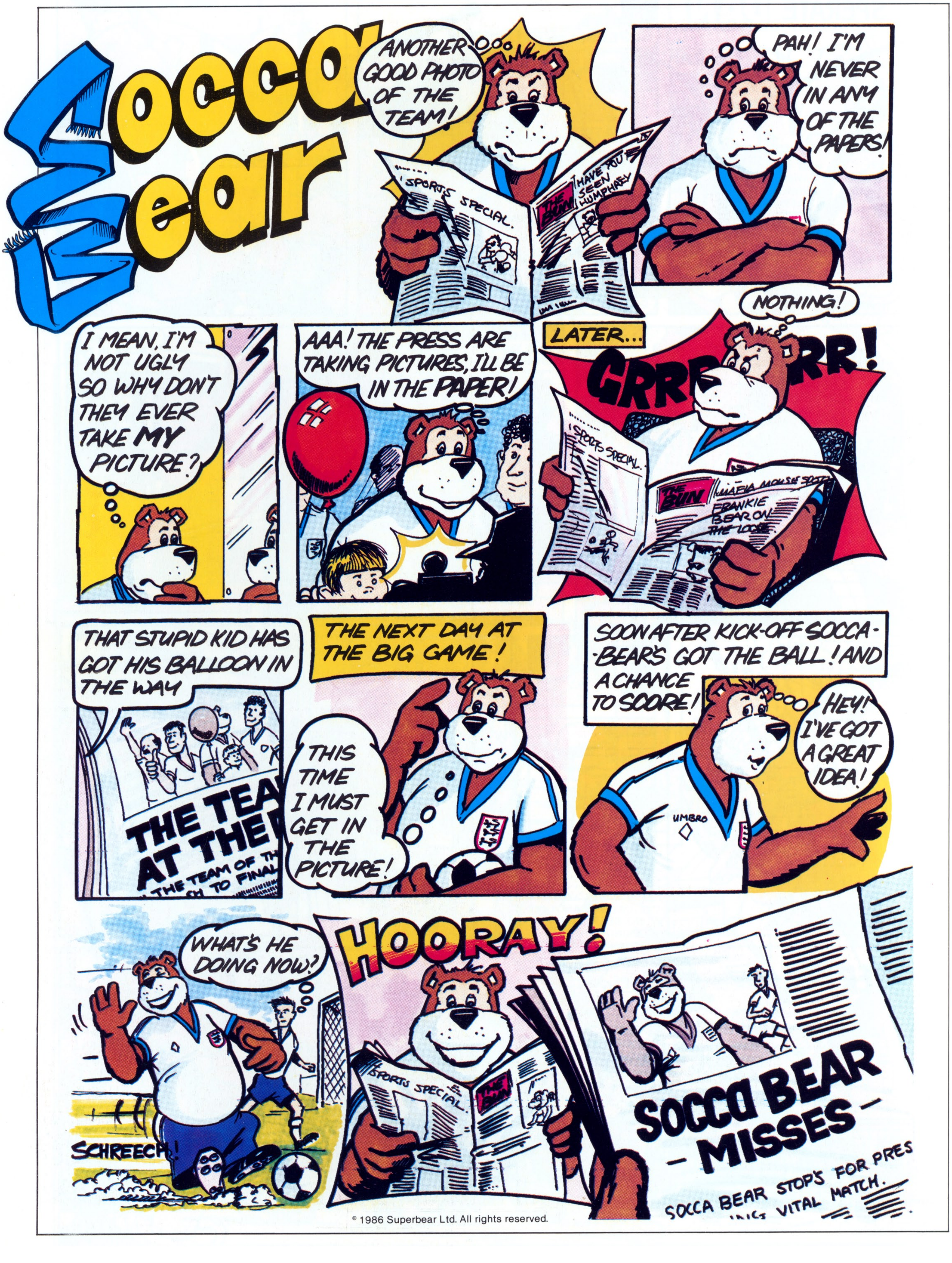
Socca Bear
ANOTHER GOOD PHOTO OF THE TEAM!
SPORTS SPECIAL
THE BUN
HAVE YOU SEEN HUMPHREY
PAH! I'M NEVER IN ANY OF THE PAPERS!
I MEAN, I'M NOT UGLY SO WHY DON'T THEY EVER TAKE MY PICTURE?
AAA! THE PRESS ARE TAKING PICTURES, I'LL BE IN THE PAPER!
LATER...
NOTHING!
GRRRRRR!
SPORTS SPECIAL
THE BUN
MAFIA MOUSE SPOTS
FRANKIE BEAR ON THE LOOSE
THAT STUPID KID HAS GOT HIS BALLOON IN THE WAY
THE TEA
AT THE
THE TEAM OF TH
TO FINAL
THE NEXT DAY AT THE BIG GAME!
THIS TIME I MUST GET IN THE PICTURE!
SOON AFTER KICK-OFF SOCCA-BEAR'S GOT THE BALL! AND A CHANCE TO SCORE!
HEY! I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA!
UMBRO
WHAT'S HE DOING NOW?
SCHREECH!
HOORAY!
SPORTS SPECIAL
THE BUN
SOCCA BEAR
- MISSES -
SOCCA BEAR STOP'S FOR PRES
ING VITAL MATCH.

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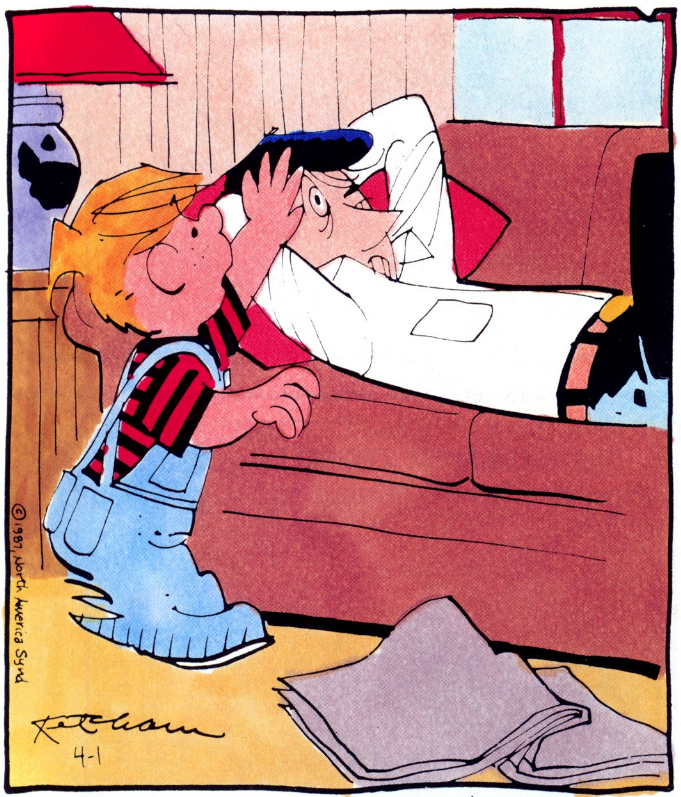
Just Dennis®

by Hank Ketcham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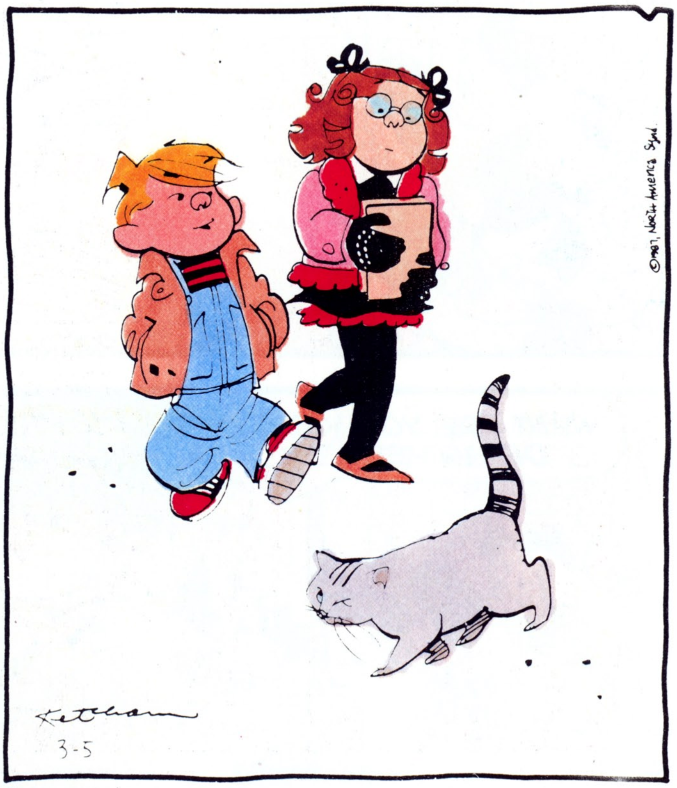
4-1

"WHICH IS THE EYE YOU SAID YOU'D KEEP OUT FOR THE ICE-CREAM MAN?"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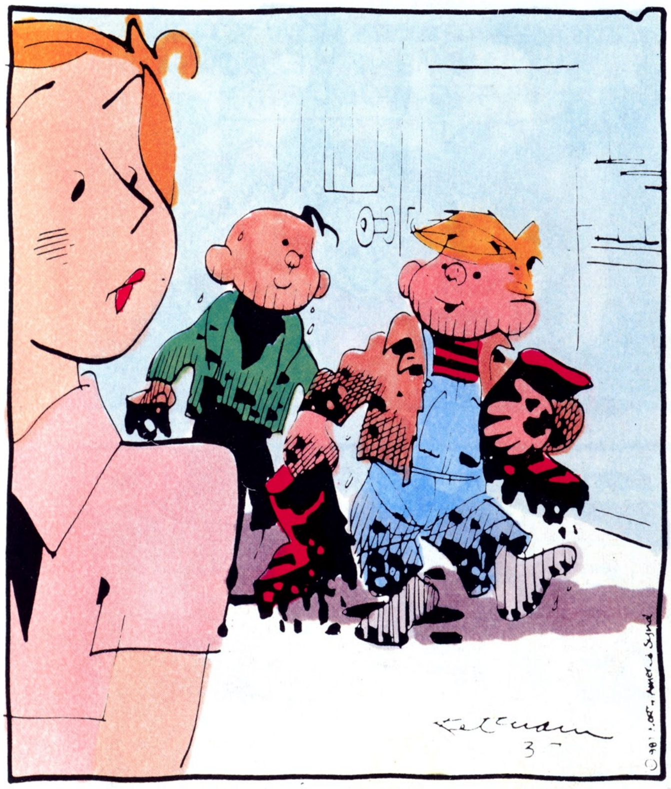
"DOGS DON'T MESS WITH HIM 'CAUSE HE'S GOT SHARP FEET."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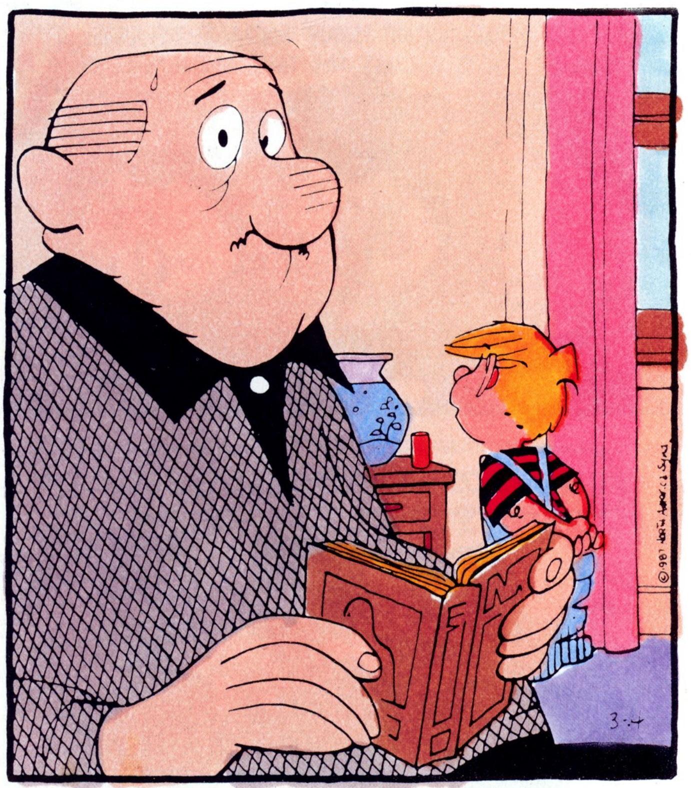
3-

"THE SNOW MELTED, SO WE MADE A *MUDMAN*!"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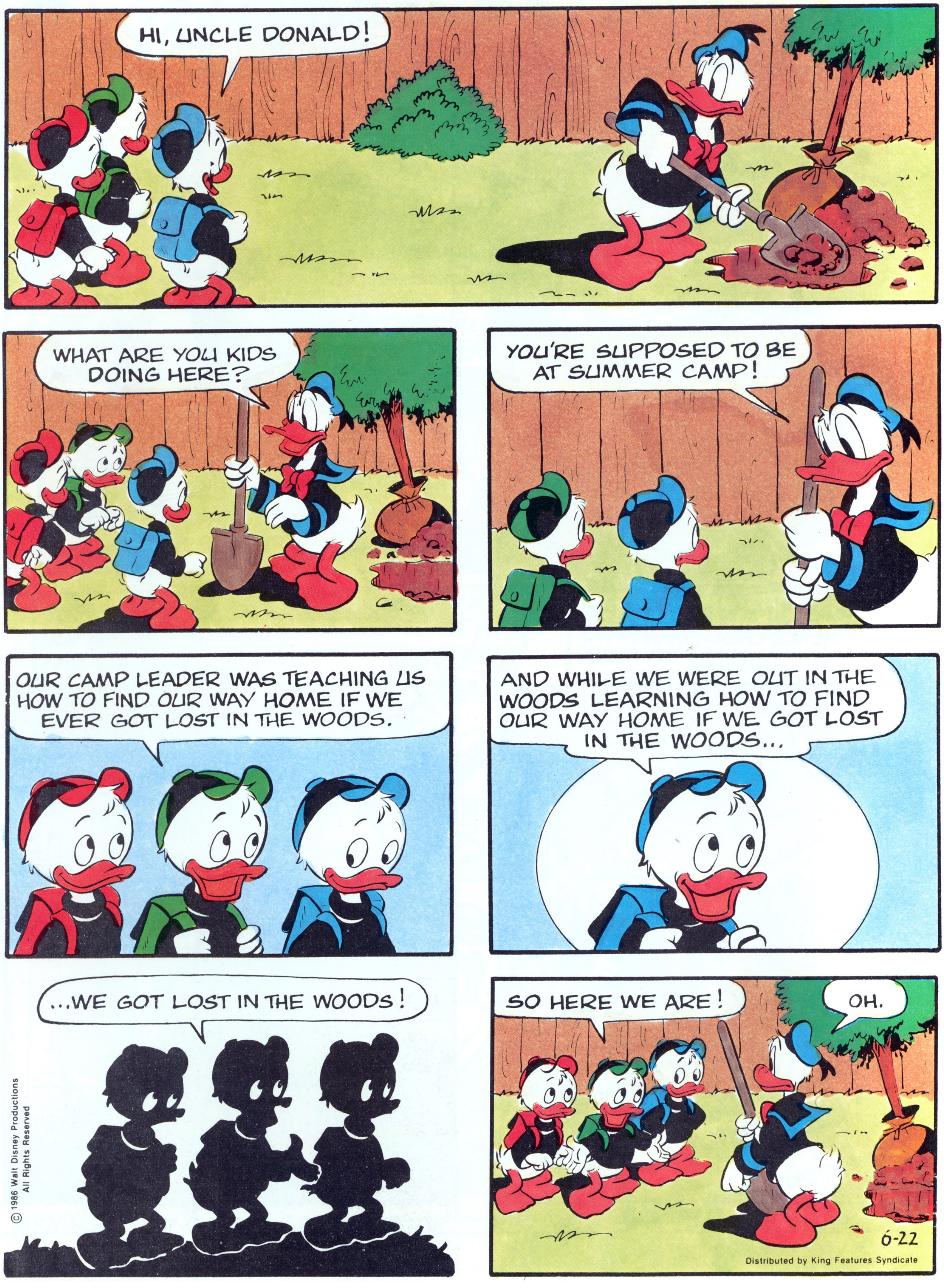
"HEY, MR. WILSON? HOW DID YOU TEACH YOUR GOLDFISH TO SWIM ON HIS BACK?"

Walt Disney's DONALD DUCK®


HI, UNCLE DONALD!
WHAT ARE YOU KIDS DOING HERE?
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AT SUMMER CAMP!
OUR CAMP LEADER WAS TEACHING US HOW TO FIND OUR WAY HOME IF WE EVER GOT LOST IN THE WOODS.
AND WHILE WE WERE OUT IN THE WOODS LEARNING HOW TO FIND OUR WAY HOME IF WE GOT LOST IN THE WOODS...
...WE GOT LOST IN THE WOODS!
SO HERE WE ARE!
OH.
6-22

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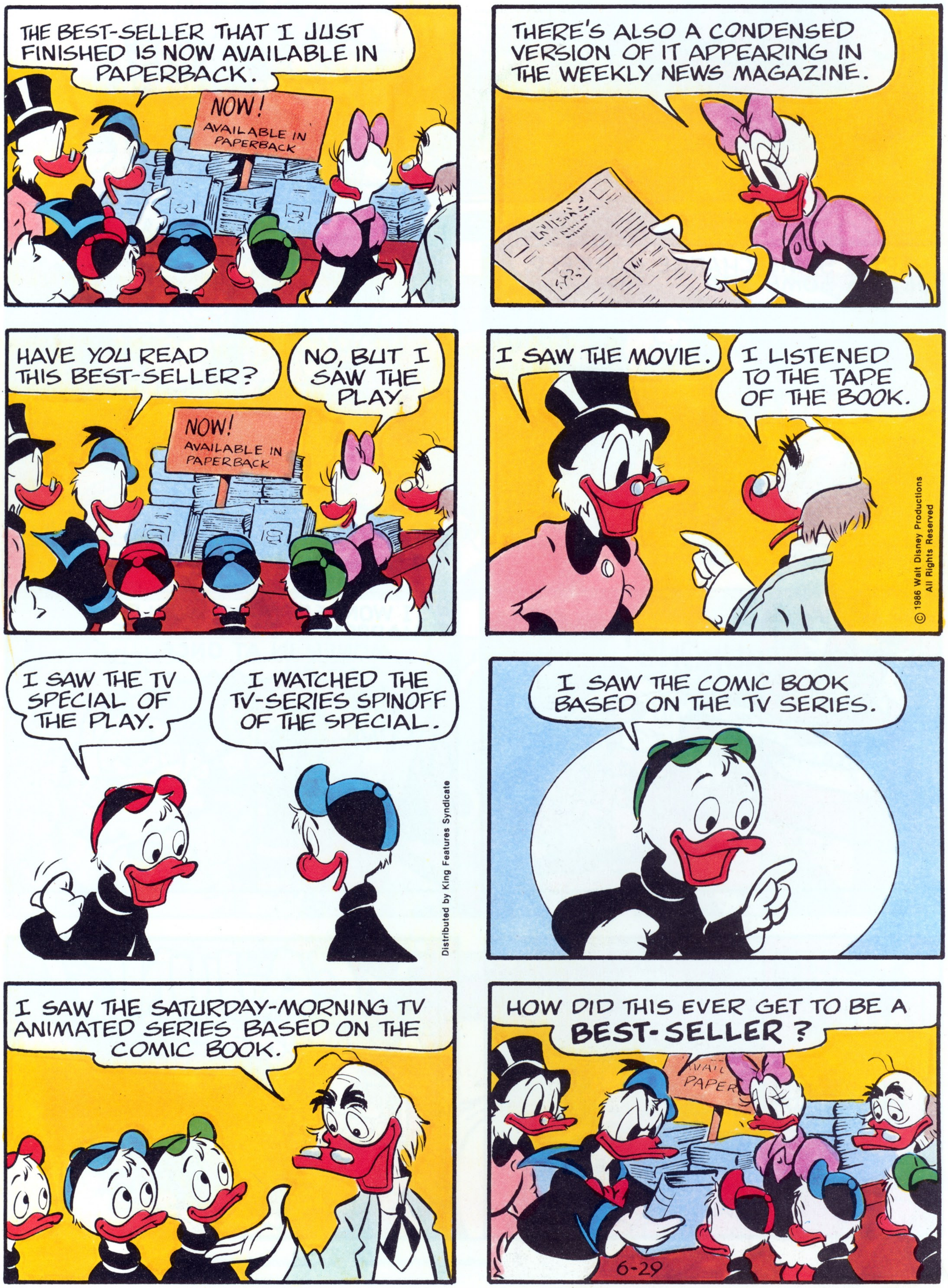
WALT DISNEY'S DONALD DUCK®


THE BEST-SELLER THAT I JUST FINISHED IS NOW AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK.
NOW! AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK
THERE'S ALSO A CONDENSED VERSION OF IT APPEARING IN THE WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE.
HAVE YOU READ THIS BEST-SELLER?
NO, BUT I SAW THE PLAY.
NOW! AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK
I SAW THE MOVIE.
I LISTENED TO THE TAPE OF THE BOOK.
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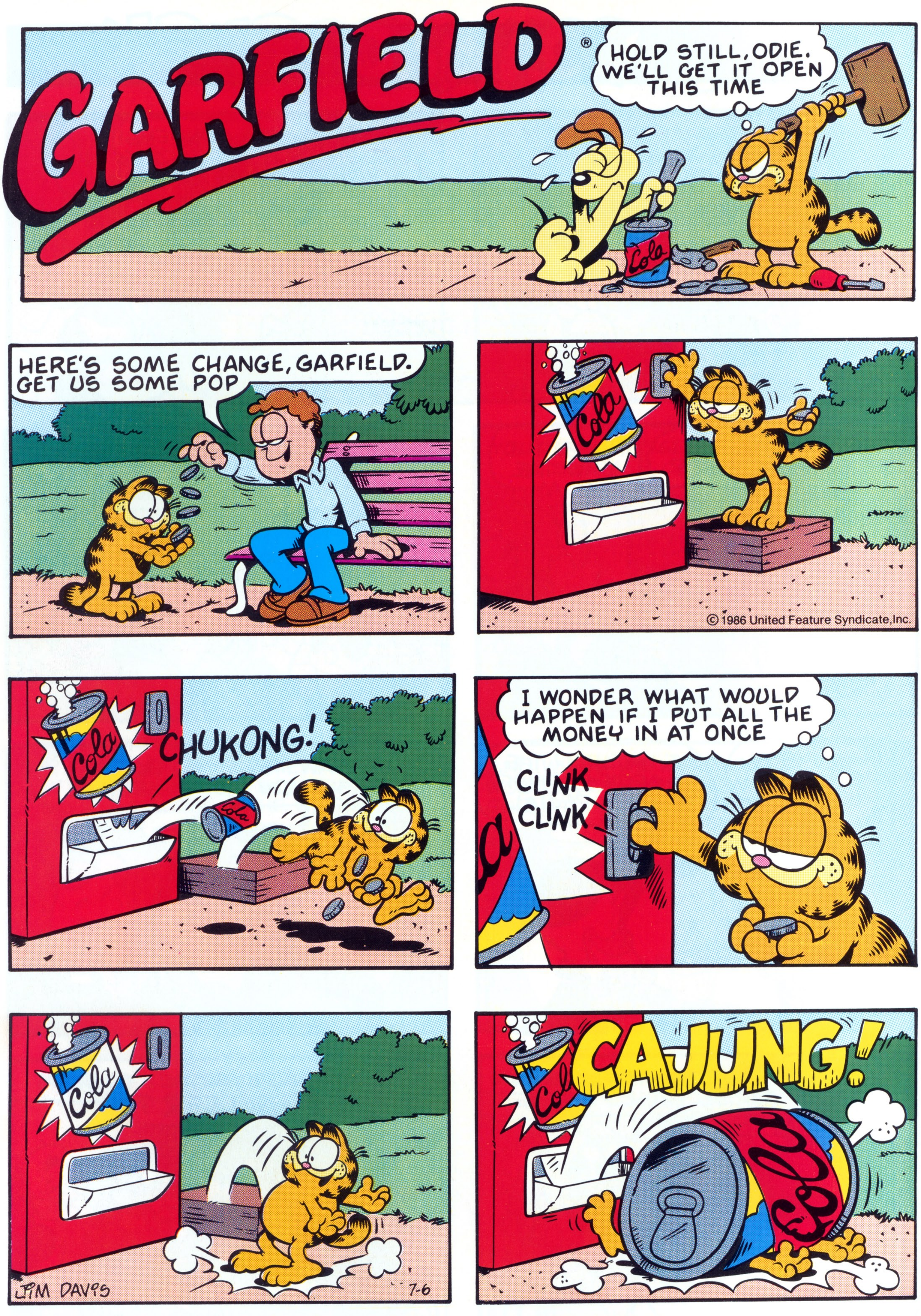
I SAW THE TV SPECIAL OF THE PLAY.
I WATCHED THE TV-SERIES SPINOFF OF THE SPECIAL.
Distributed by King Features Syndicate
I SAW THE COMIC BOOK BASED ON THE TV SERIES.
I SAW THE SATURDAY-MORNING TV ANIMATED SERIES BASED ON THE COMIC BOOK.
HOW DID THIS EVER GET TO BE A **BEST-SELLER**?
AVAIL PAPER
6-29


GARFIELD®
HOLD STILL, ODIE. WE'LL GET IT OPEN THIS TIME
Cola
HERE'S SOME CHANGE, GARFIELD. GET US SOME POP
Cola
CHUKONG!
Cola
I WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I PUT ALL THE MONEY IN AT ONCE
CLINK
CLINK
Cola
JIM DAVIS
7-6
CAJUNG!
Cola

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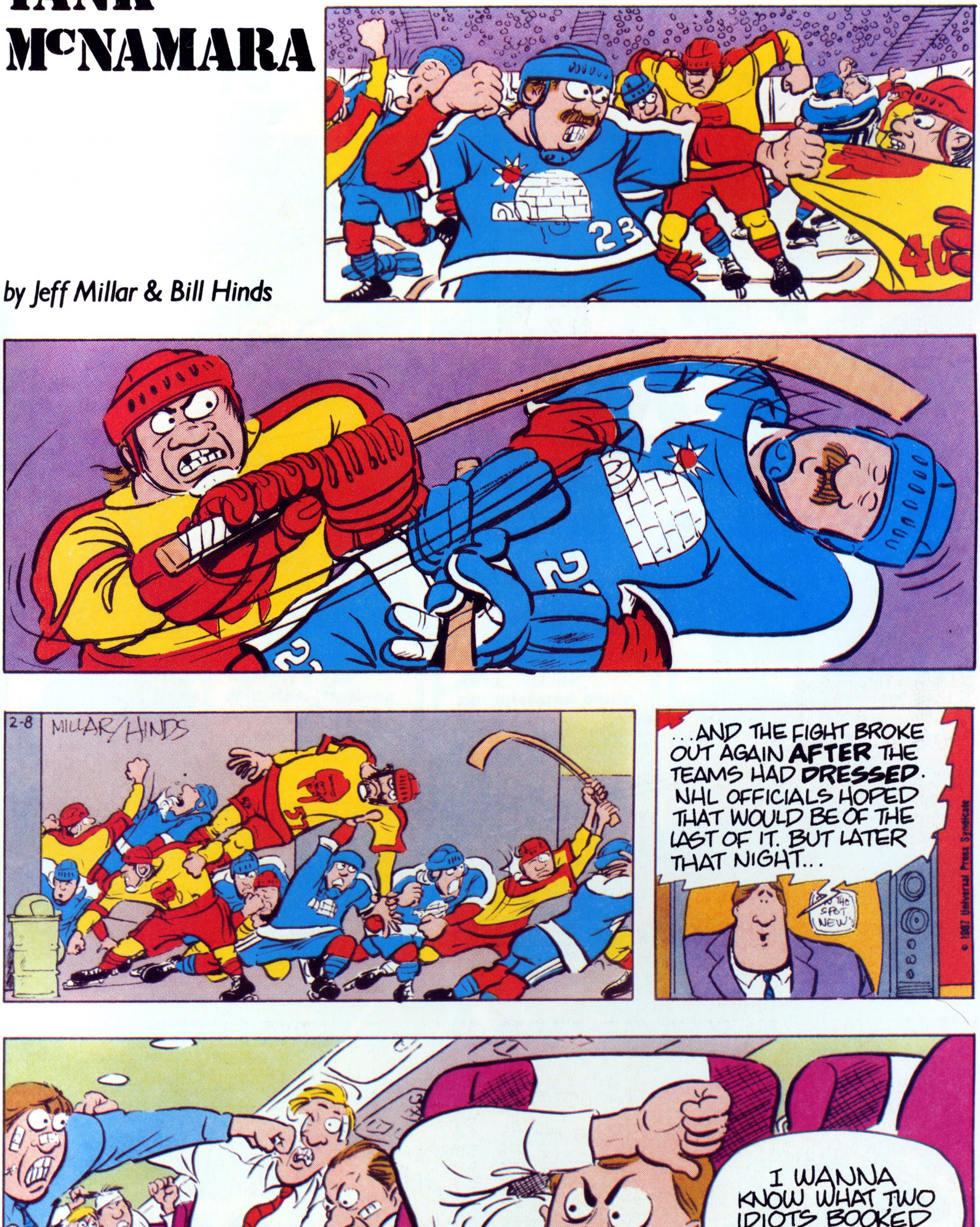
TANK McNAMARA

by Jeff Millar & Bill Hinds


23
40
2-8 MILLAR/HINDS
37
...AND THE FIGHT BROKE OUT AGAIN **AFTER** THE TEAMS HAD **DRESSED**. NHL OFFICIALS HOPED THAT WOULD BE OF THE LAST OF IT. BUT LATER THAT NIGHT...
ON THE SPOT NEWS
© 1987 Universal Press Syndicate
I WANNA KNOW WHAT TWO IDIOTS BOOKED THIS FLIGHT!

TANK MCNAMARA, by Jeff Millar and Bill Hinds. Copyright, 1987, Universal Press Syndicate.
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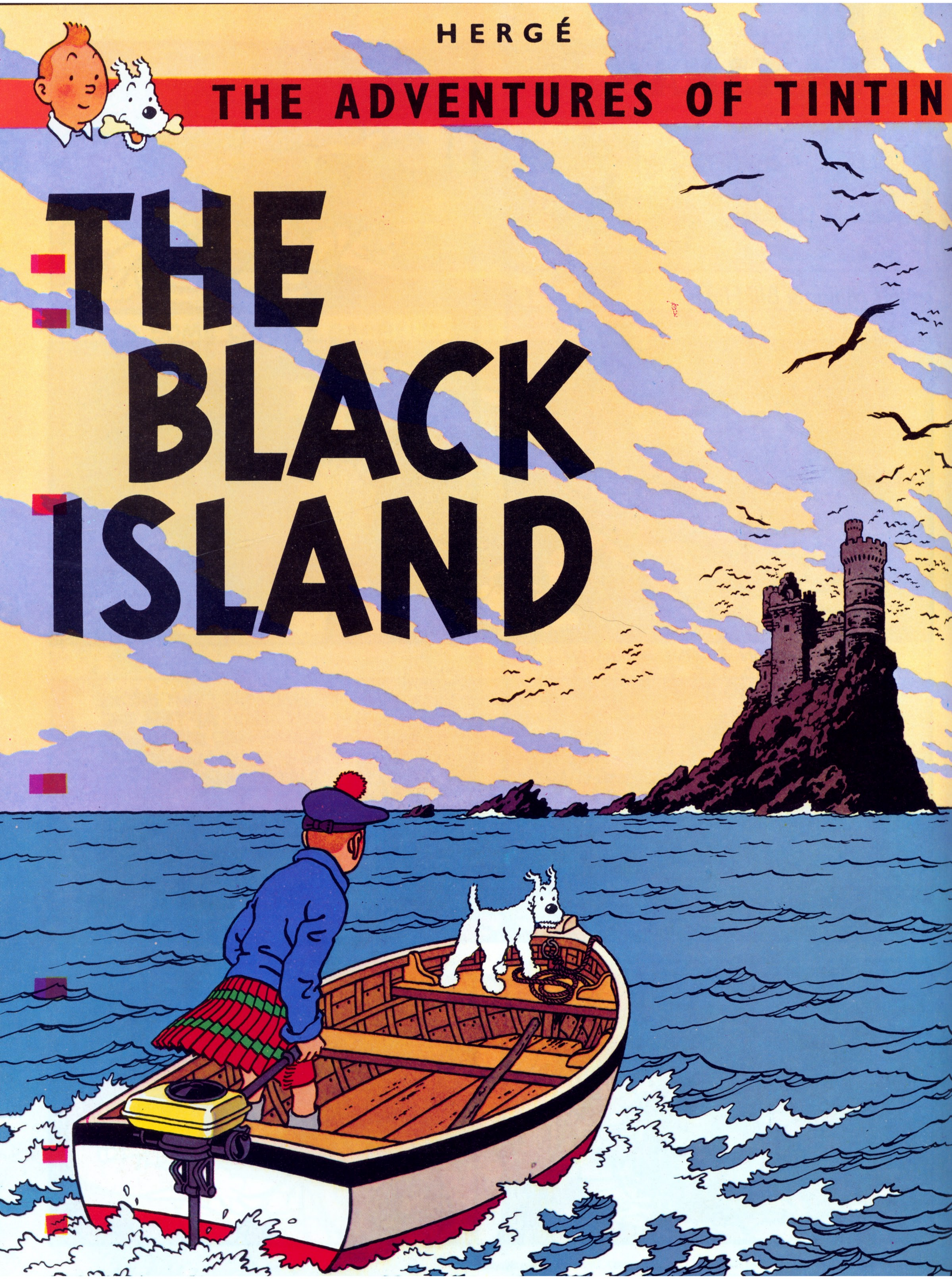
HERGÉ

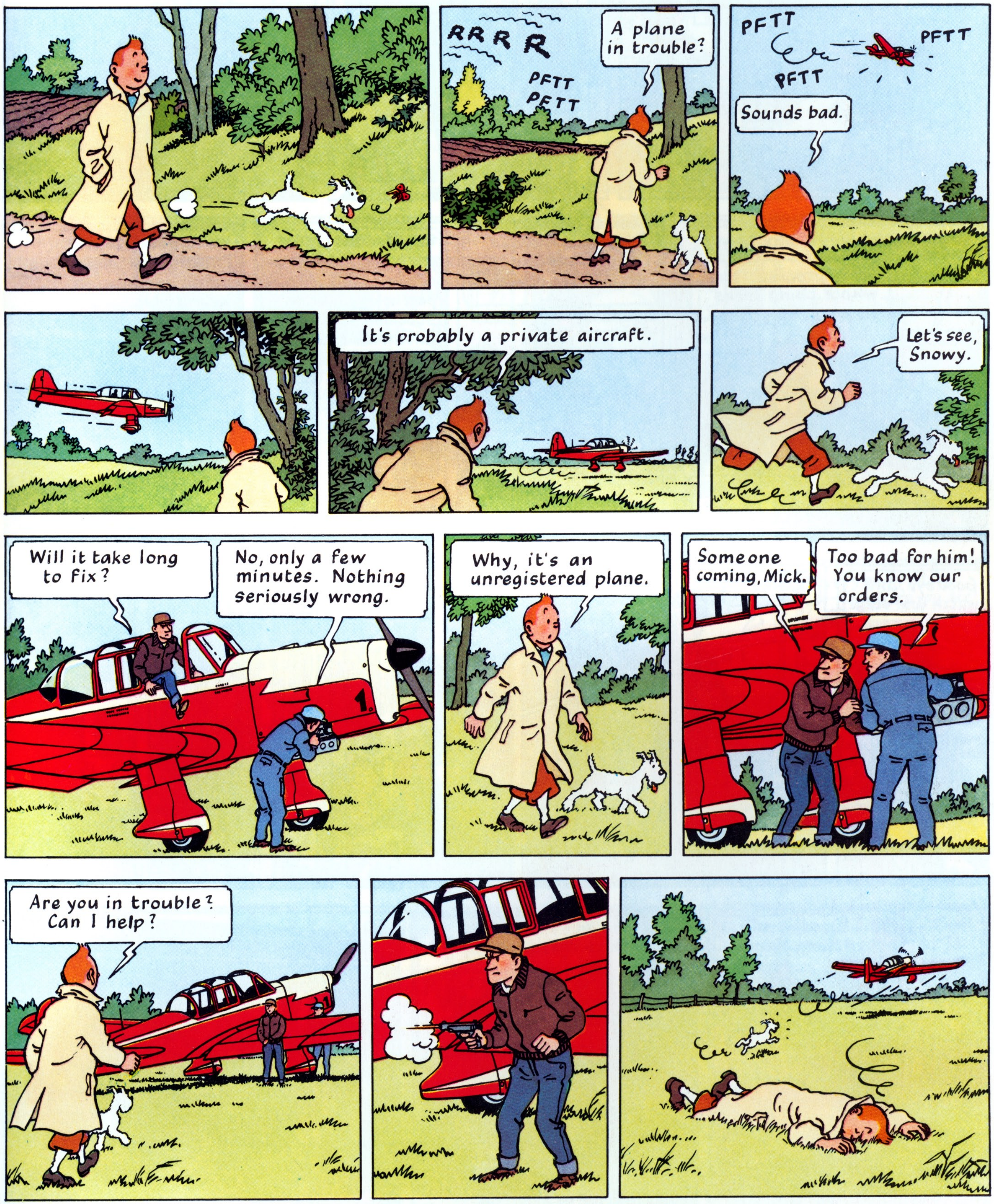
THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE BLACK ISLAND

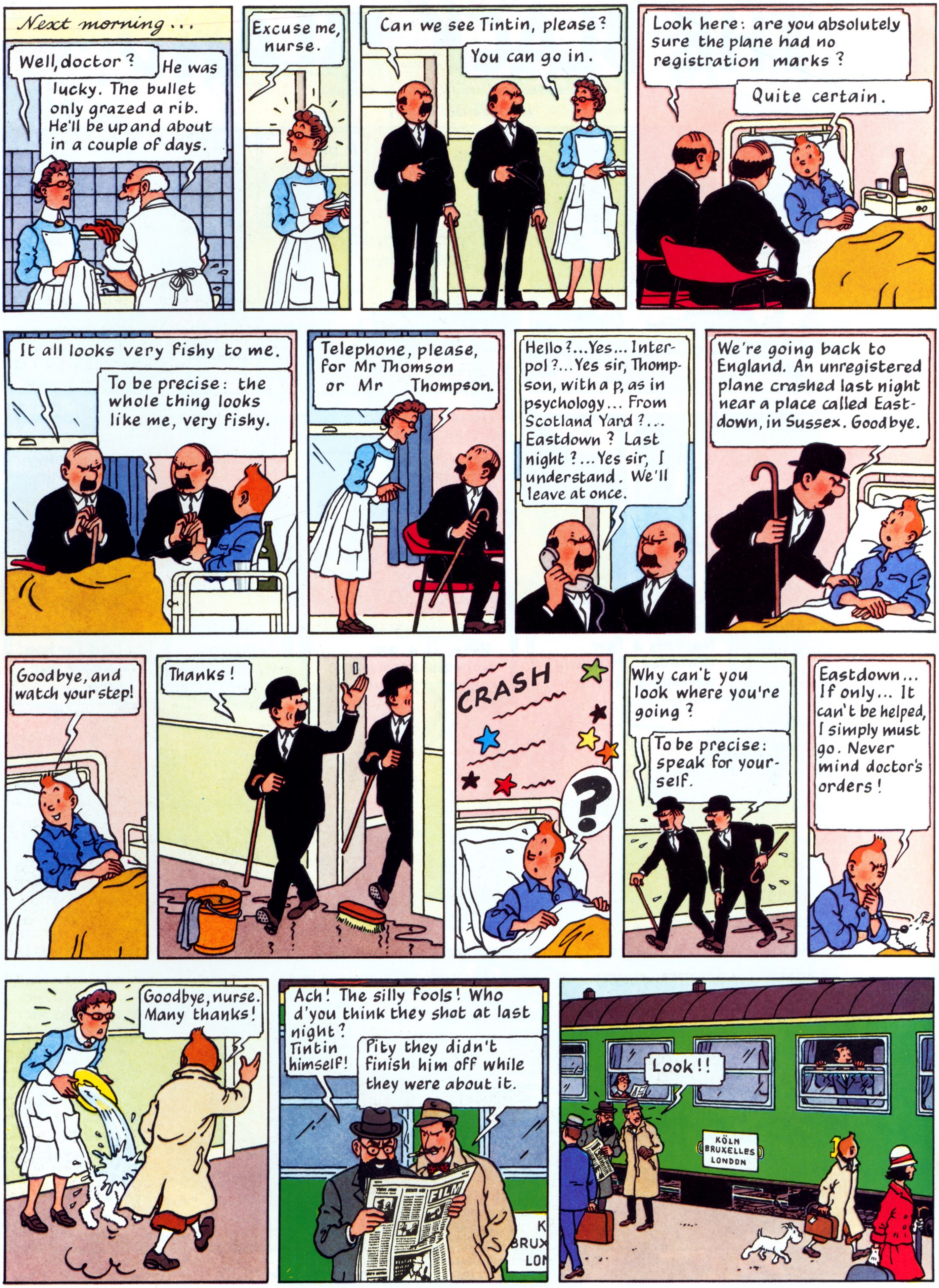


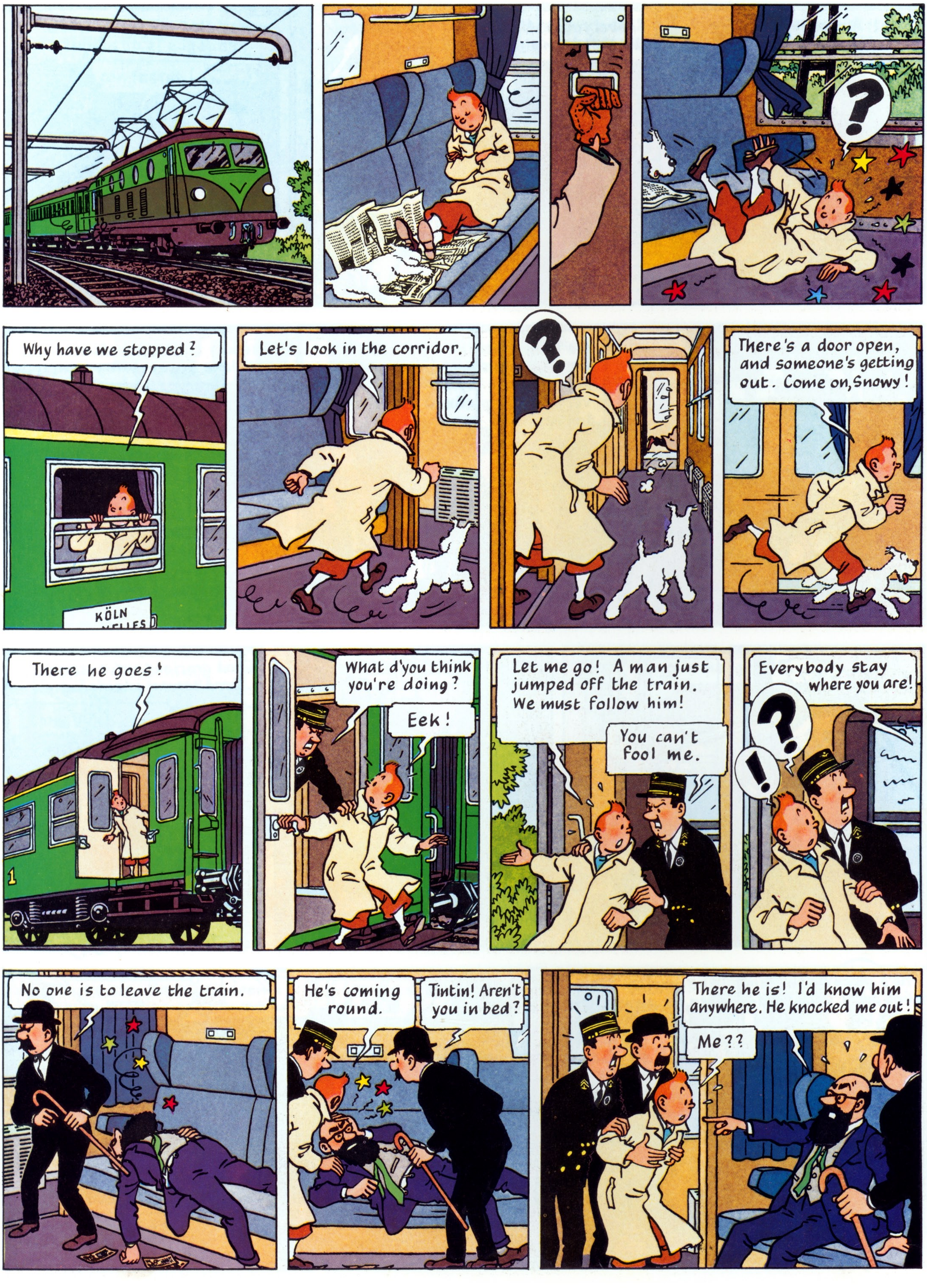
THE BLACK ISLAND

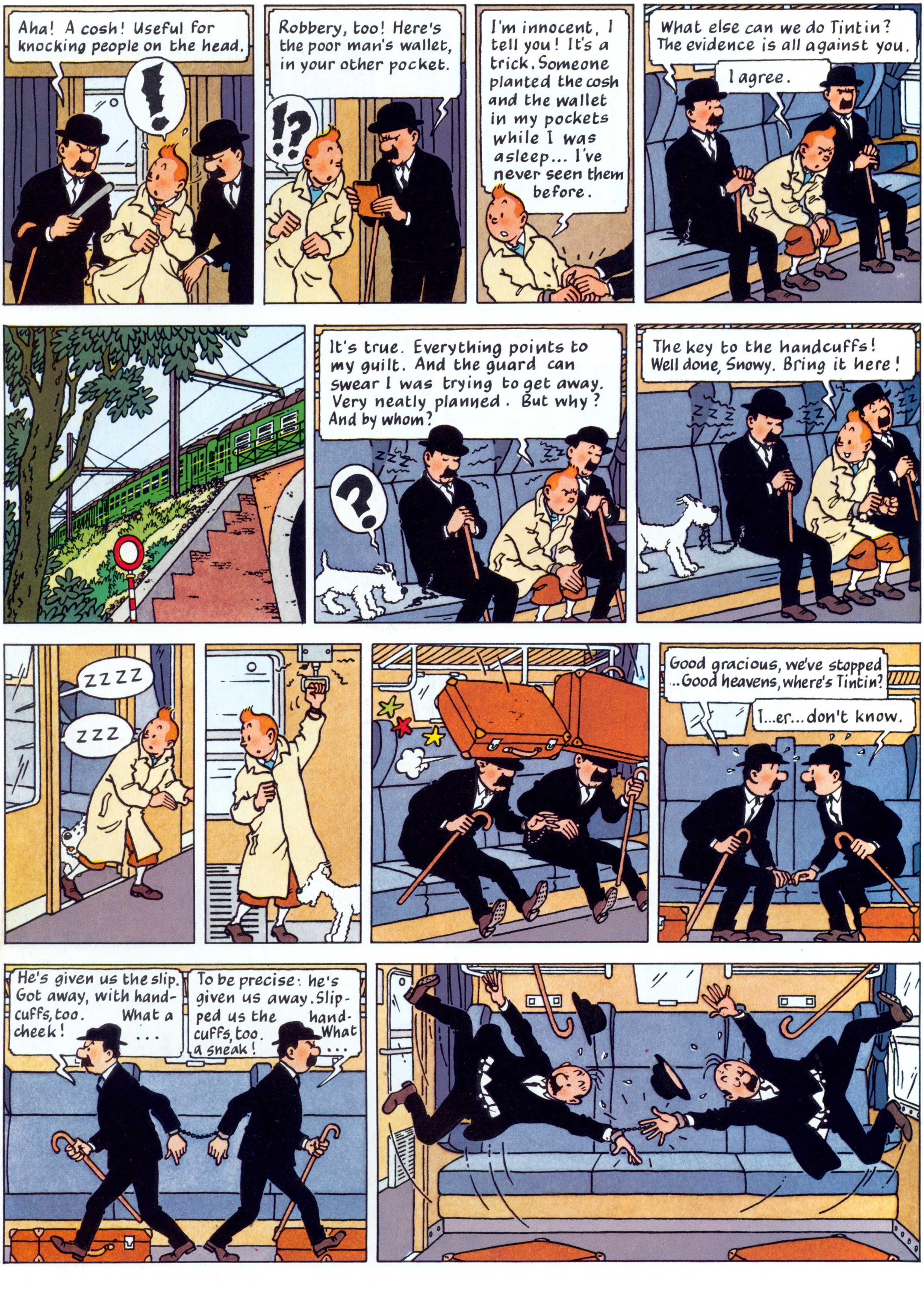
Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper
and Michael Turner

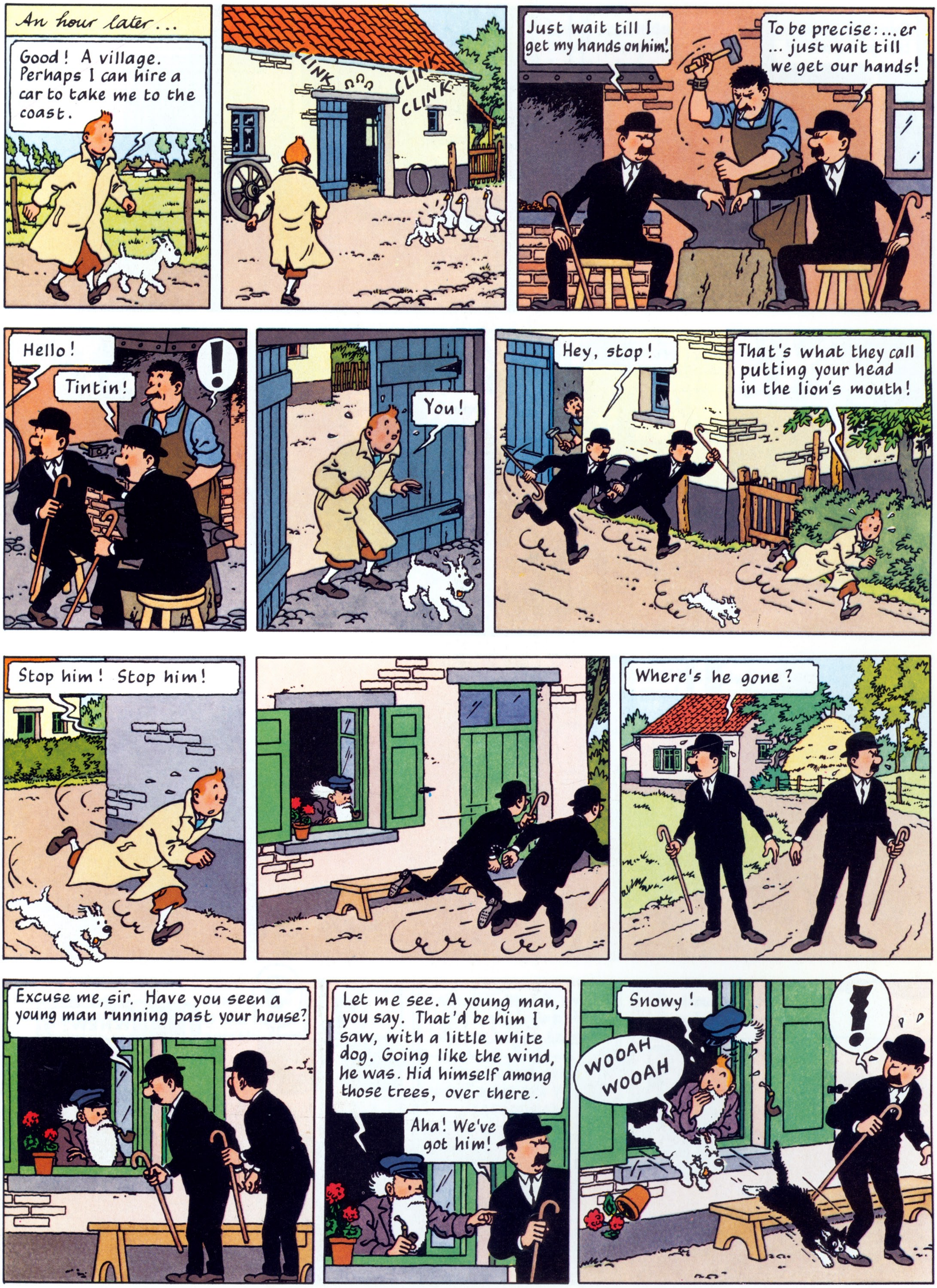

RRRR
PFTT PFTT
A plane in trouble?
PFTT PFTT PFTT
Sounds bad.
It's probably a private aircraft.
Let's see, Snowy.
Will it take long to fix?
No, only a few minutes. Nothing seriously wrong.
Why, it's an unregistered plane.
Someone coming, Mick.
Too bad for him! You know our orders.
Are you in trouble? Can I help?

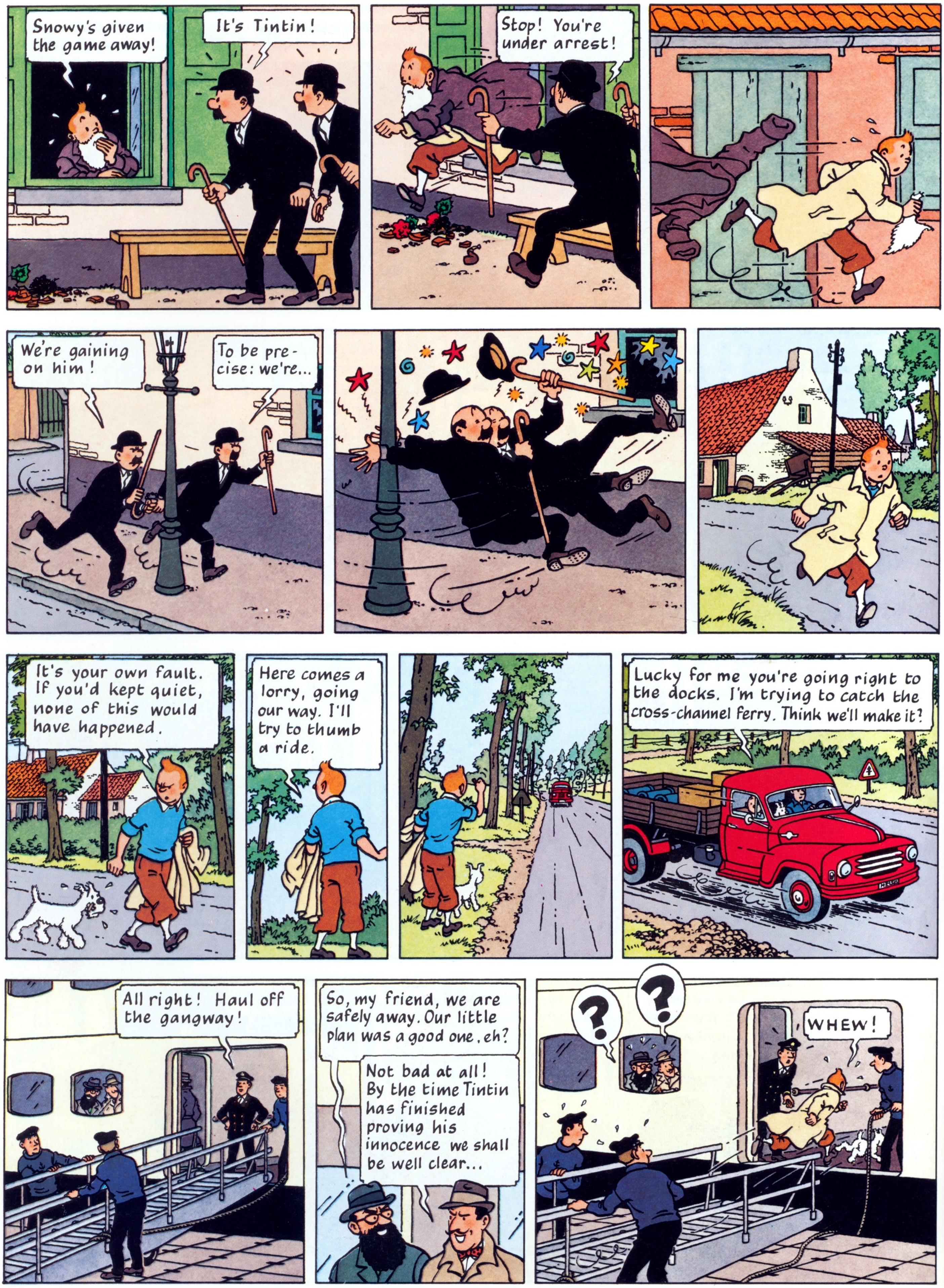
Artwork © 1965 by Éditions Casterman, Paris and Tournai.
Text © 1966 by Methuen & Co Ltd

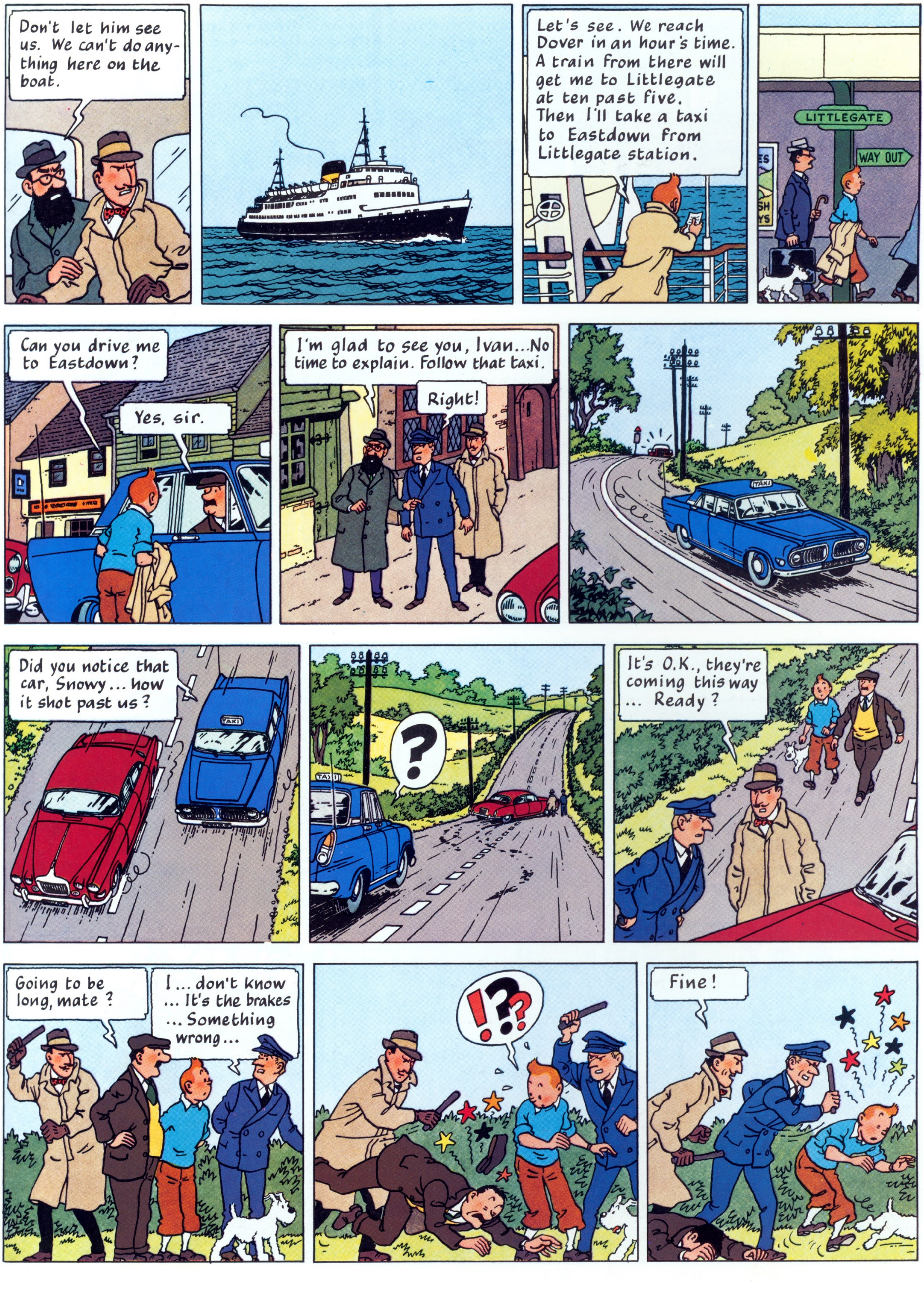

Next morning ...
Well, doctor?
He was lucky. The bullet only grazed a rib. He'll be up and about in a couple of days.
Excuse me, nurse.
Can we see Tintin, please?
You can go in.
Look here: are you absolutely sure the plane had no registration marks?
Quite certain.
It all looks very fishy to me.
To be precise: the whole thing looks like me, very fishy.
Telephone, please, for Mr Thomson or Mr Thompson.
Hello?... Yes... Interpol?... Yes sir, Thompson, with a p, as in psychology... From Scotland Yard?... Eastdown? Last night?... Yes sir, I understand. We'll leave at once.
We're going back to England. An unregistered plane crashed last night near a place called Eastdown, in Sussex. Goodbye.
Goodbye, and watch your step!
Thanks!
CRASH
?
Why can't you look where you're going?
To be precise: speak for yourself.
Eastdown... If only... It can't be helped, I simply must go. Never mind doctor's orders!
Goodbye, nurse. Many thanks!
Ach! The silly fools! Who d'you think they shot at last night? Tintin himself!
Pity they didn't finish him off while they were about it.
FILM
K
BRUX
LON
Look!!
KÖLN
BRUXELLES
LONDON

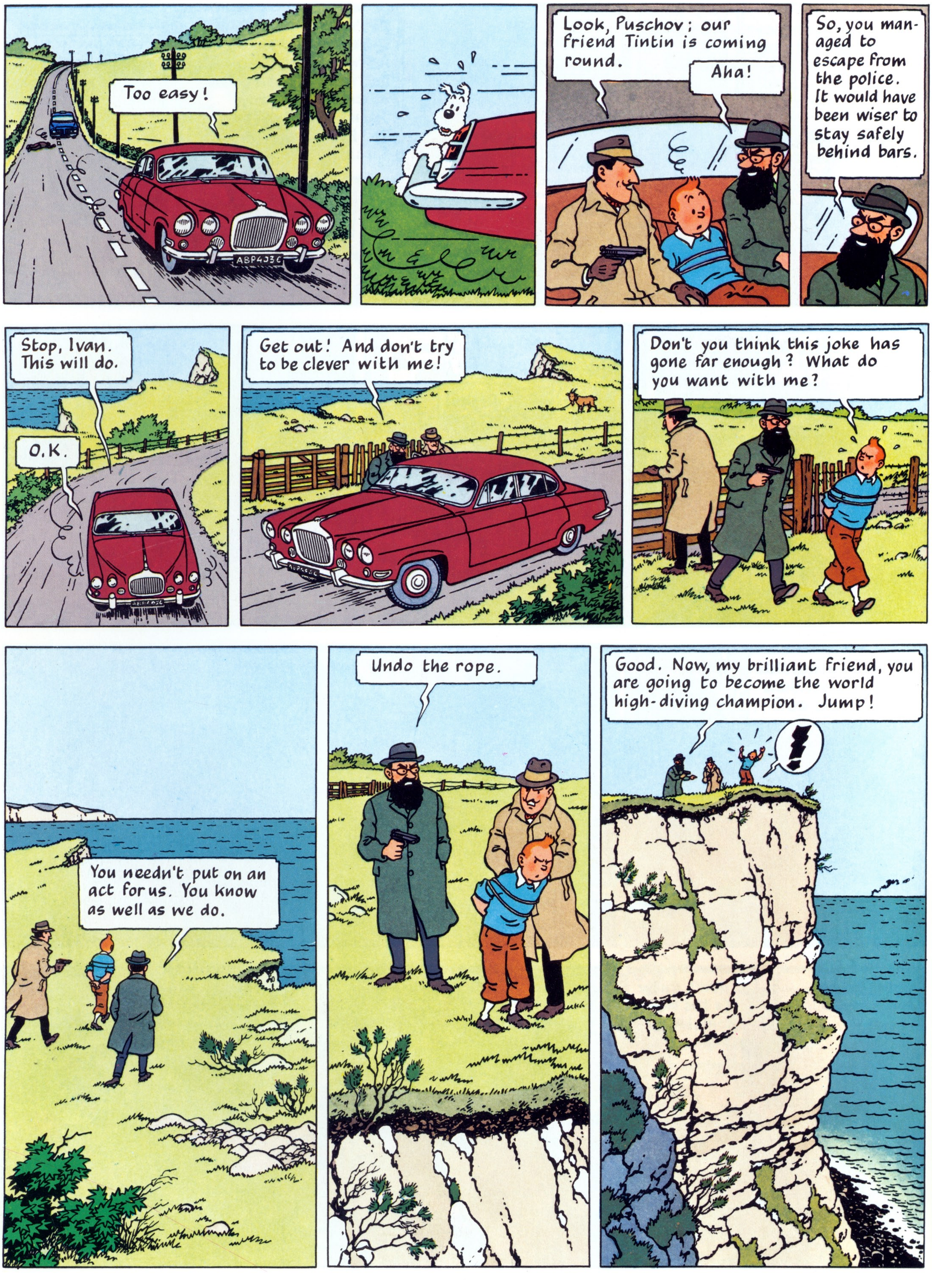

?
Why have we stopped?
KÖLN
...ELLES
Let's look in the corridor.
?
There's a door open, and someone's getting out. Come on, Snowy!
There he goes!
1
What d'you think you're doing?
Eek!
Let me go! A man just jumped off the train. We must follow him!
You can't fool me.
Everybody stay where you are!
?
!
No one is to leave the train.
He's coming round.
Tintin! Aren't you in bed?
There he is! I'd know him anywhere. He knocked me out!
Me??

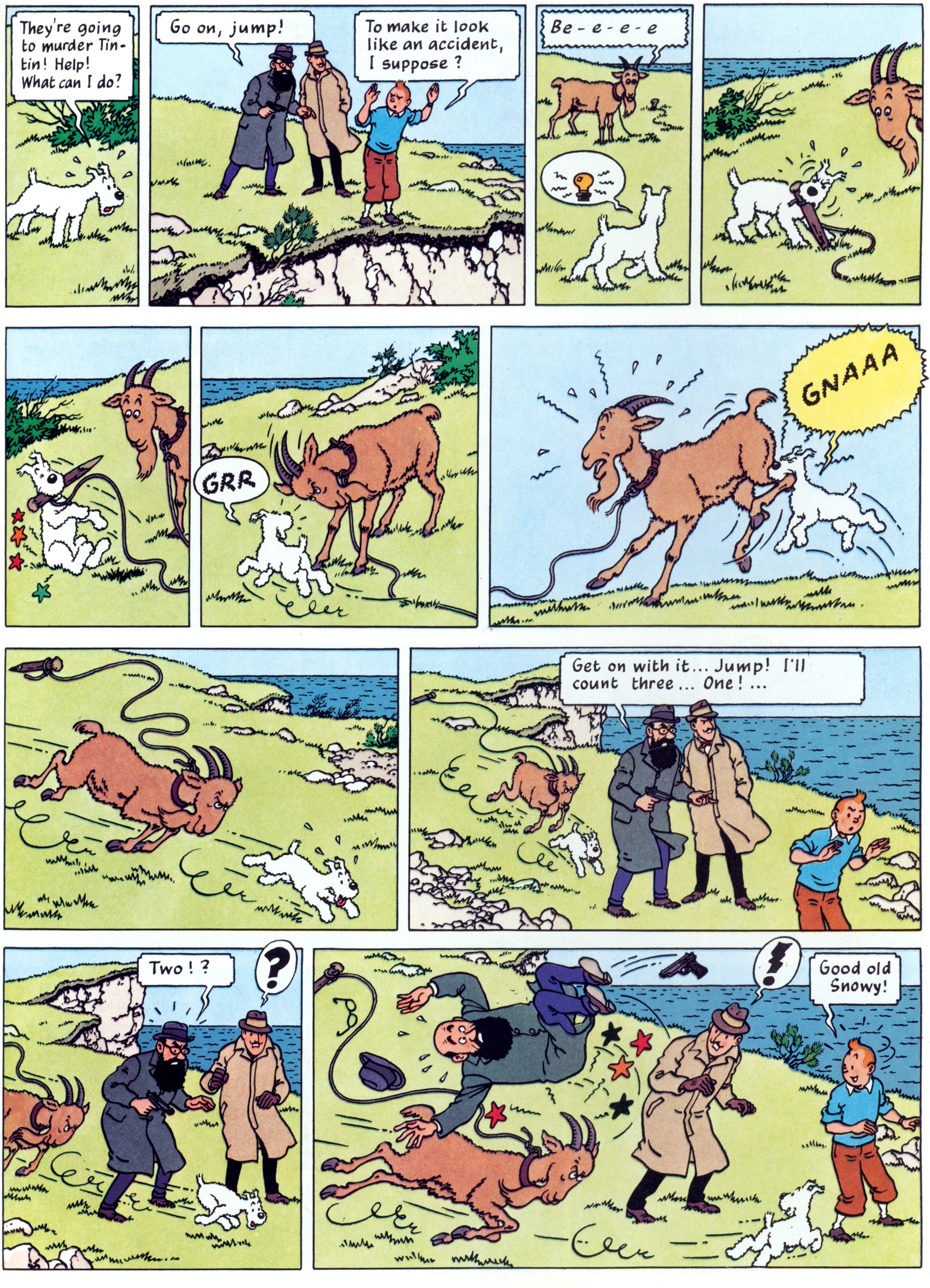

Aha! A cosh! Useful for knocking people on the head.
!
Robbery, too! Here's the poor man's wallet, in your other pocket.
!?
I'm innocent, I tell you! It's a trick. Someone planted the cosh and the wallet in my pockets while I was asleep... I've never seen them before.
What else can we do Tintin? The evidence is all against you.
I agree.
It's true. Everything points to my guilt. And the guard can swear I was trying to get away. Very neatly planned. But why? And by whom?
?
ZZZ
ZZZ
The key to the handcuffs! Well done, Snowy. Bring it here!
ZZZ
ZZZ
ZZZZ
ZZZ
Good gracious, we've stopped ...Good heavens, where's Tintin?
I...er...don't know.
He's given us the slip. Got away, with handcuffs, too. What a cheek! ...
To be precise: he's given us away. Slipped us the handcuffs, too. What a sneak! ...

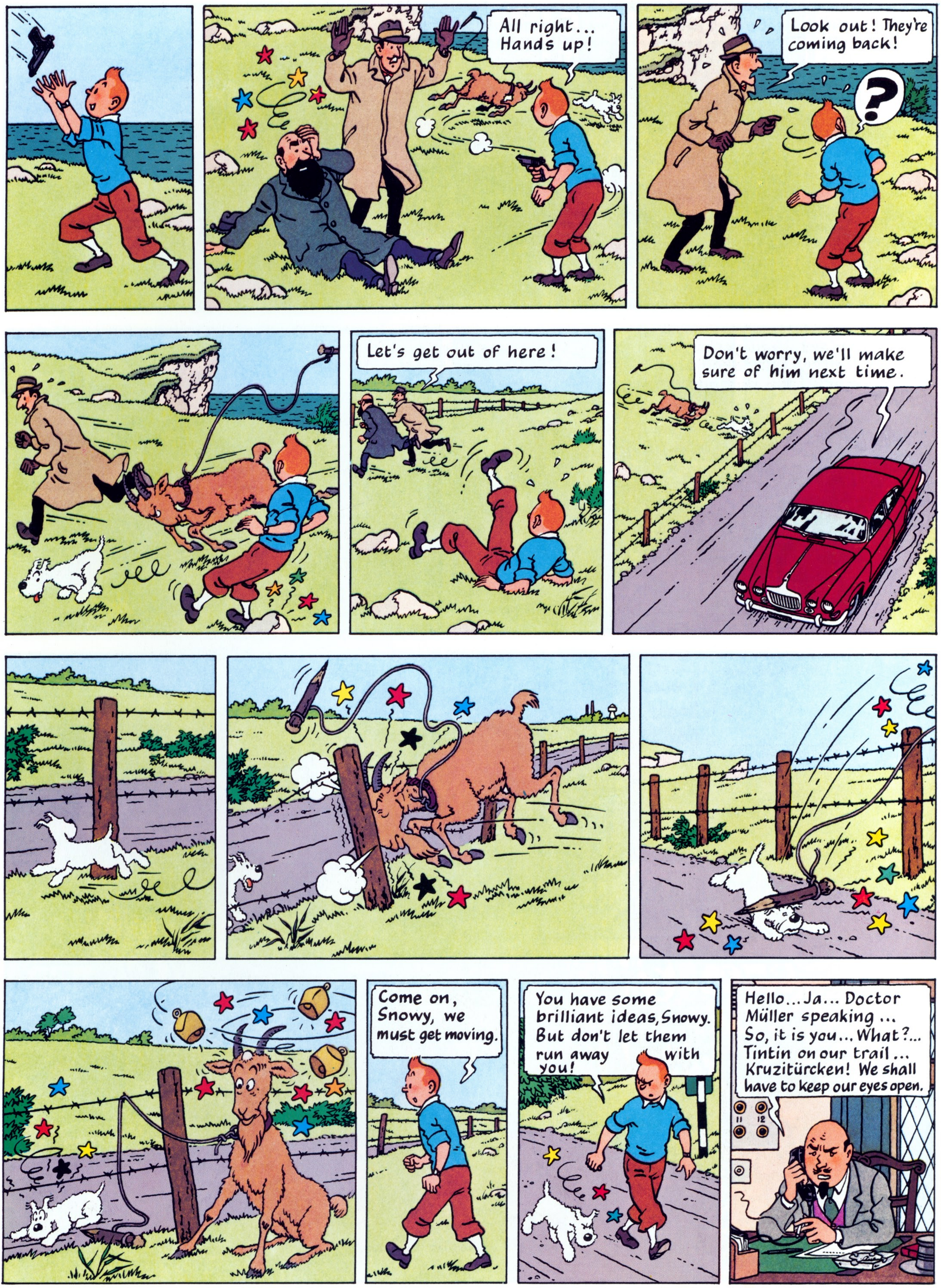

An hour later ...
Good! A village. Perhaps I can hire a car to take me to the coast.
CLINK
CLINK
CLINK
Just wait till I get my hands on him!
To be precise: ... er ... just wait till we get our hands!
Hello!
Tintin!
!
You!
Hey, stop!
That's what they call putting your head in the lion's mouth!
Stop him! Stop him!
Where's he gone?
Excuse me, sir. Have you seen a young man running past your house?
Let me see. A young man, you say. That'd be him I saw, with a little white dog. Going like the wind, he was. Hid himself among those trees, over there.
Aha! We've got him!
Snowy!
WOOAH WOOAH
!

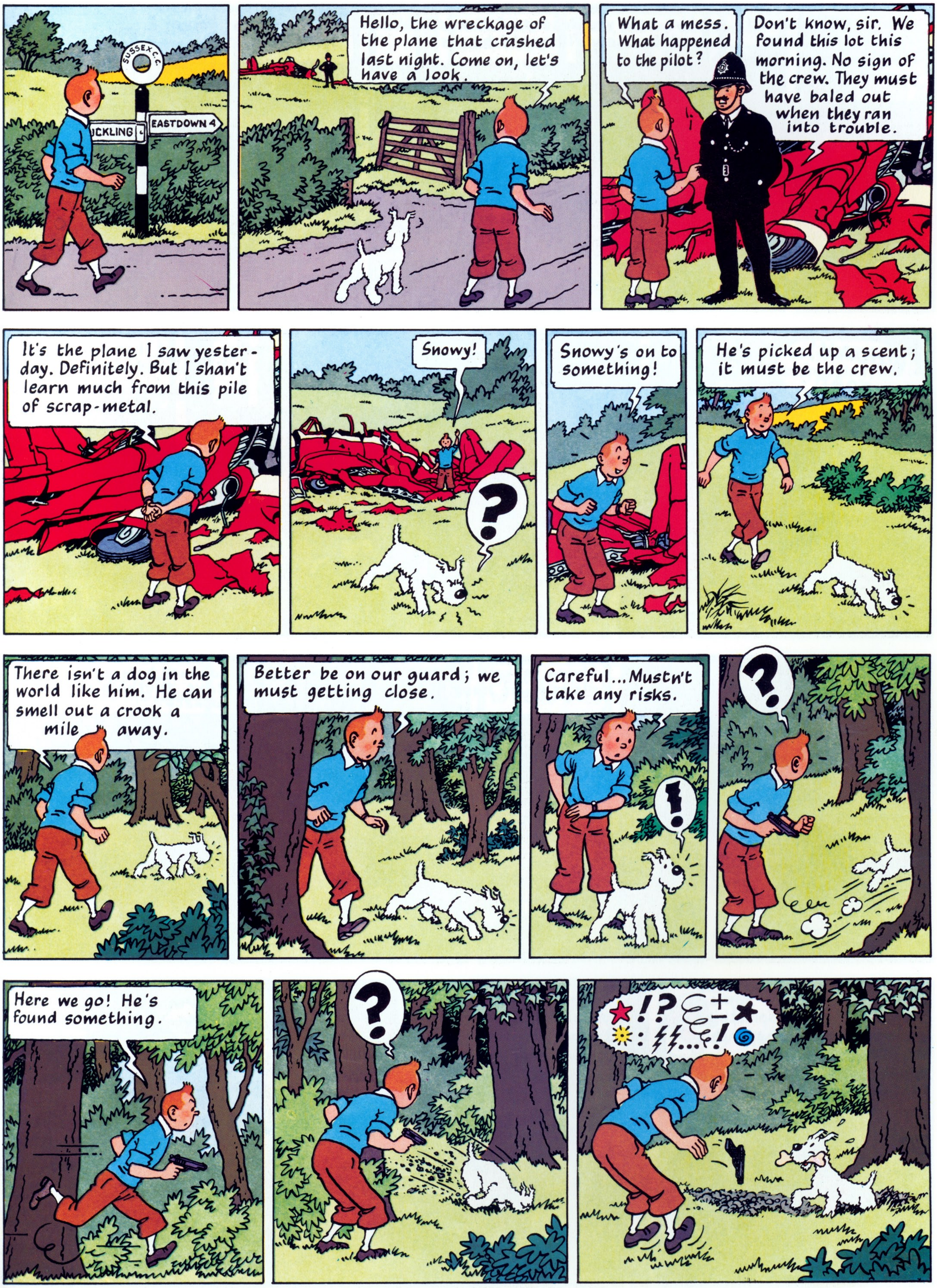

Snowy's given the game away!
It's Tintin!
Stop! You're under arrest!
We're gaining on him!
To be precise: we're...
It's your own fault. If you'd kept quiet, none of this would have happened.
Here comes a lorry, going our way. I'll try to thumb a ride.
Lucky for me you're going right to the docks. I'm trying to catch the cross-channel ferry. Think we'll make it?
All right! Haul off the gangway!
So, my friend, we are safely away. Our little plan was a good one, eh?
Not bad at all! By the time Tintin has finished proving his innocence we shall be well clear...
?
?
WHEW!

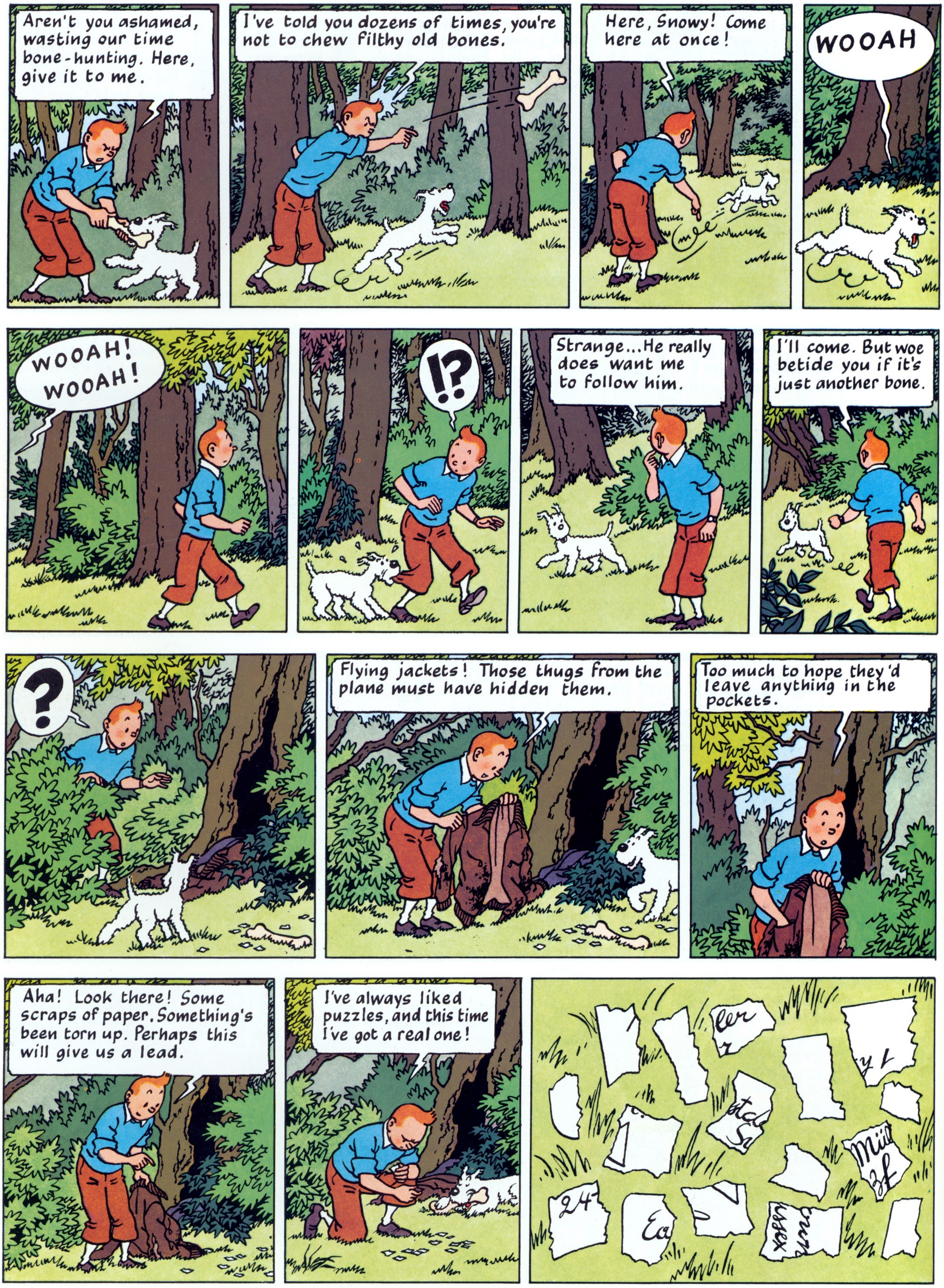

Don't let him see us. We can't do anything here on the boat.
Let's see. We reach Dover in an hour's time. A train from there will get me to Littlegate at ten past five. Then I'll take a taxi to Eastdown from Littlegate station.
LITTLEGATE
WAY OUT
Can you drive me to Eastdown?
Yes, sir.
I'm glad to see you, Ivan... No time to explain. Follow that taxi.
Right!
TAXI
Did you notice that car, Snowy... how it shot past us?
TAXI
?
It's O.K., they're coming this way ... Ready?
Going to be long, mate?
I... don't know ... It's the brakes ... Something wrong...
!??
Fine!

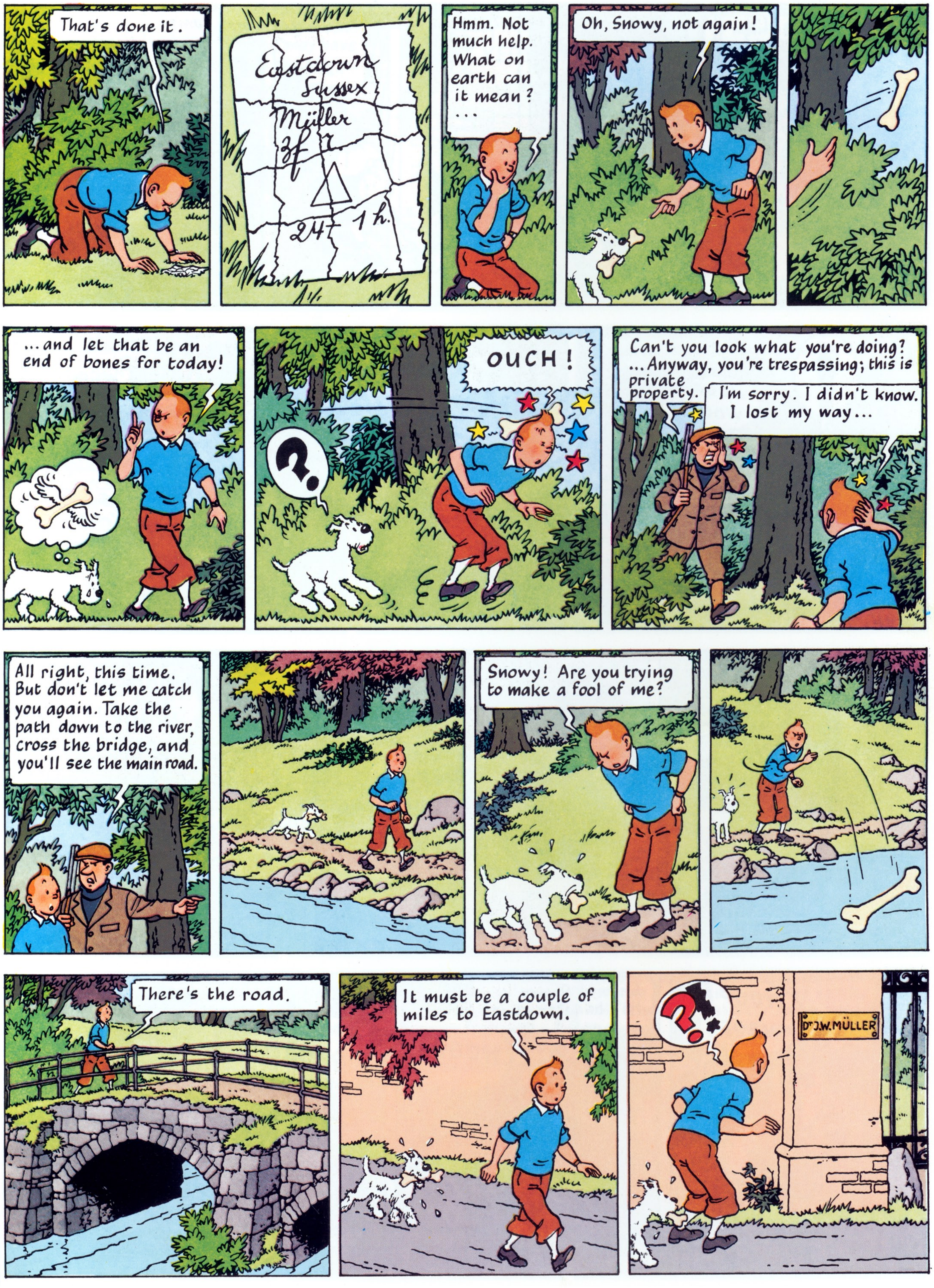

Too easy!
Look, Puschov; our friend Tintin is coming round.
Aha!
So, you managed to escape from the police. It would have been wiser to stay safely behind bars.
Stop, Ivan. This will do.
O.K.
Get out! And don't try to be clever with me!
Don't you think this joke has gone far enough? What do you want with me?
You needn't put on an act for us. You know as well as we do.
Undo the rope.
Good. Now, my brilliant friend, you are going to become the world high-diving champion. Jump!
!

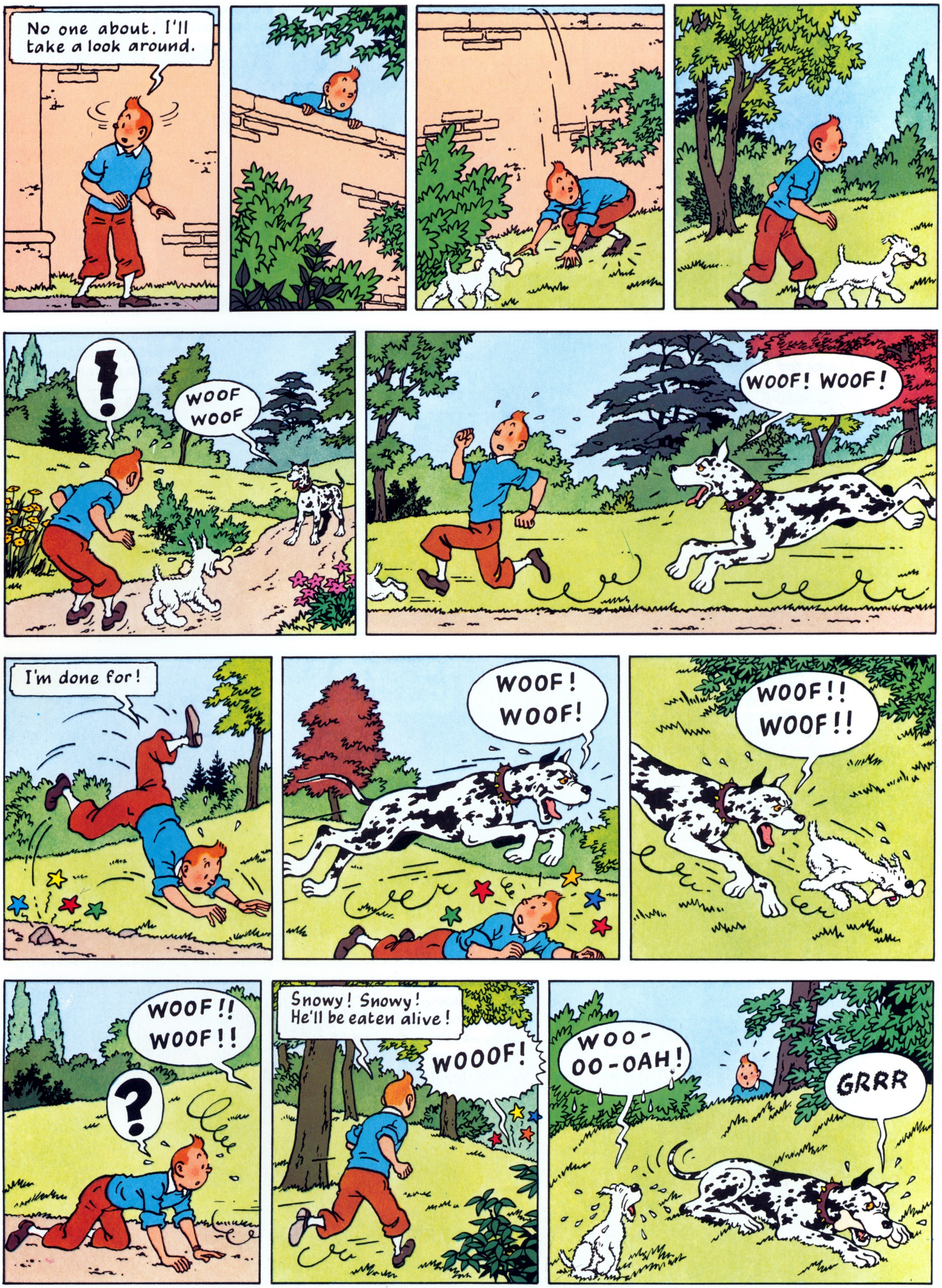

They're going to murder Tintin! Help! What can I do?
Go on, jump!
To make it look like an accident, I suppose ?
Be-e-e-e
GRR
GNAAA
Get on with it... Jump! I'll count three... One! ...
Two! ?
?
!
Good old Snowy!

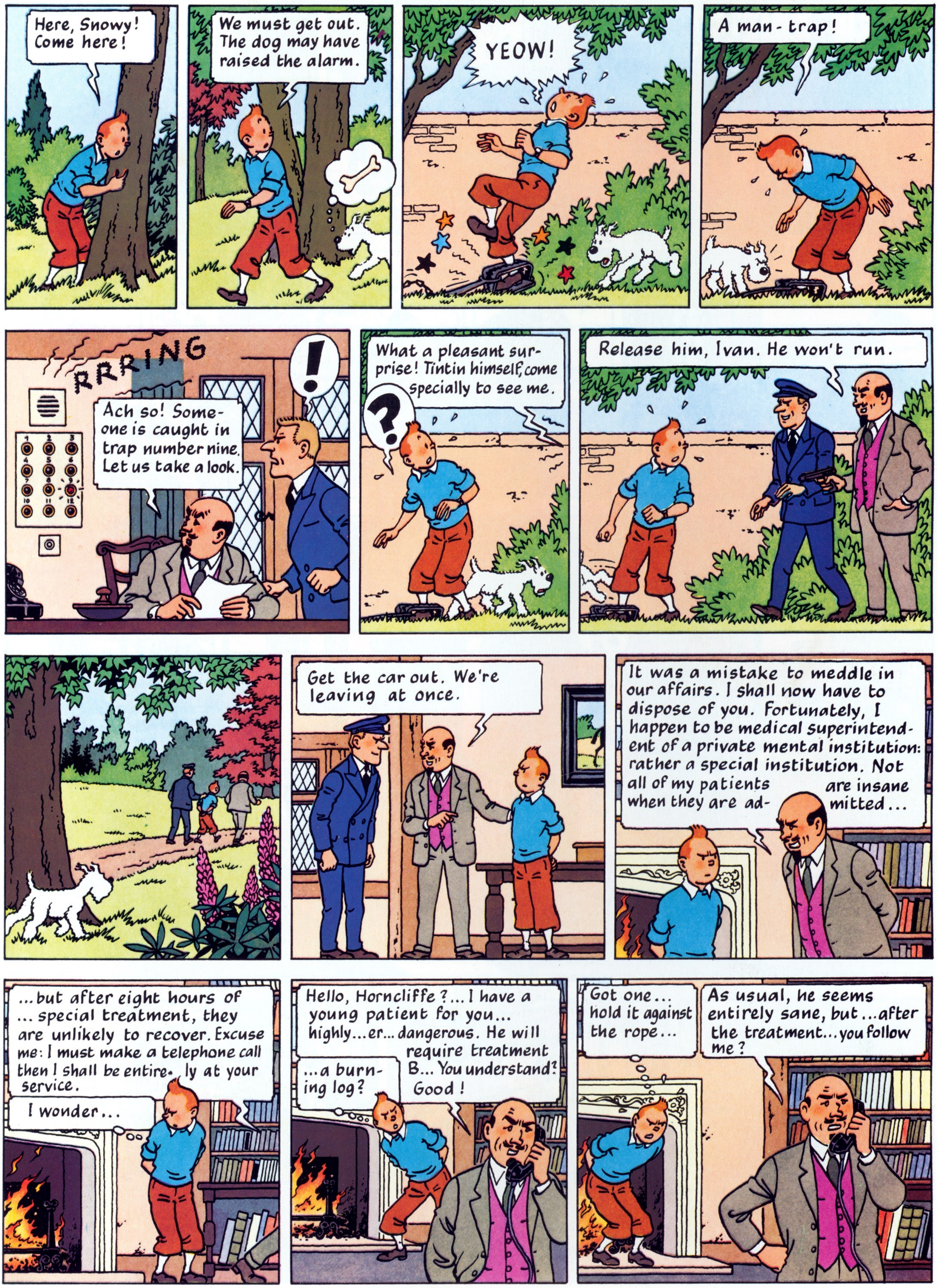

All right... Hands up!
Look out! They're coming back!
?
Let's get out of here!
Don't worry, we'll make sure of him next time.
Come on, Snowy, we must get moving.
You have some brilliant ideas, Snowy. But don't let them run away with you!
Hello... Ja... Doctor Müller speaking ... So, it is you... What?... Tintin on our trail... Kruzitürcken! We shall have to keep our eyes open.
11
12

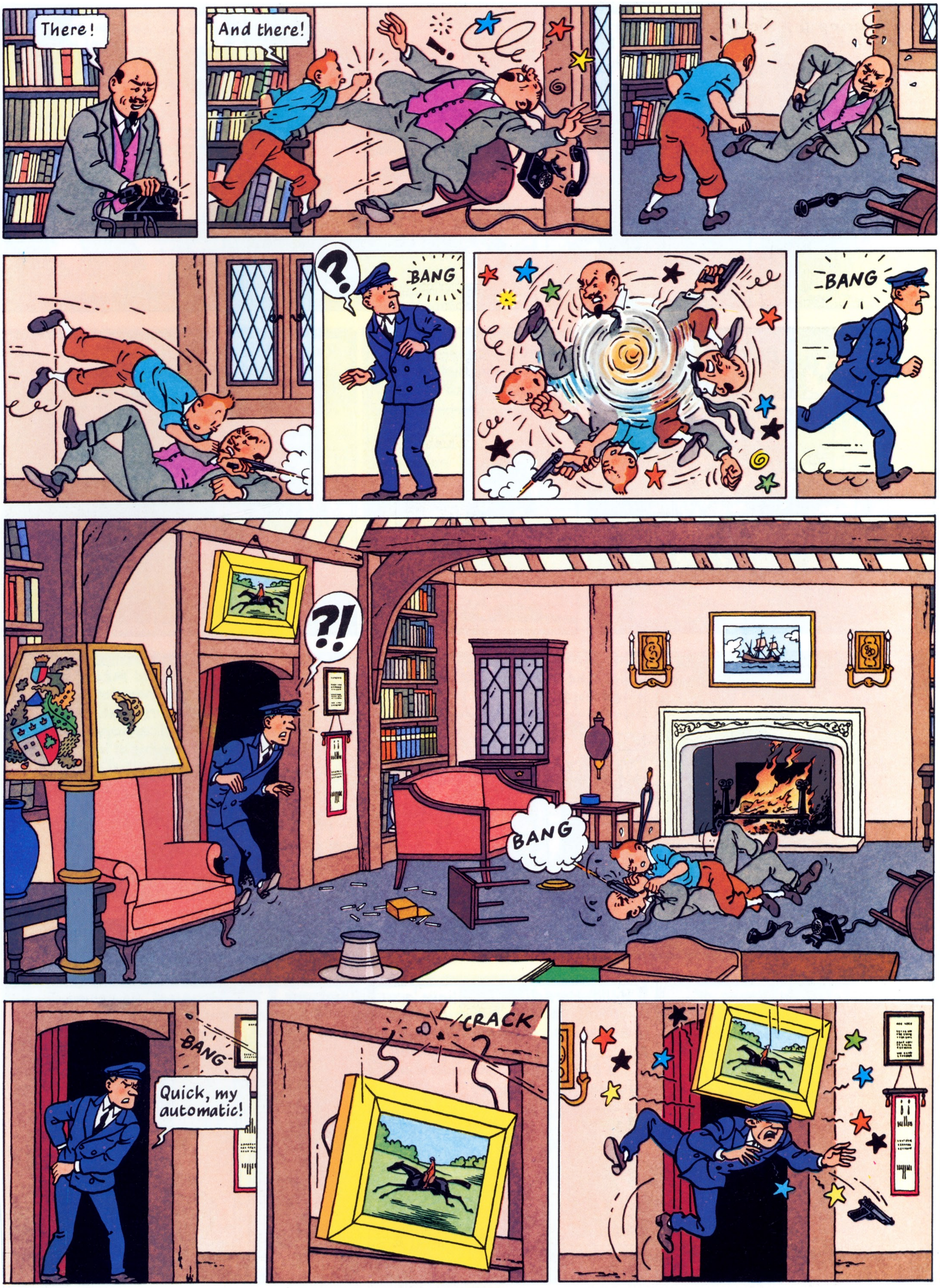

SUSSEX C.C.
UCKLING
EASTDOWN 4
Hello, the wreckage of the plane that crashed last night. Come on, let's have a look.
What a mess. What happened to the pilot?
Don't know, sir. We found this lot this morning. No sign of the crew. They must have baled out when they ran into trouble.
It's the plane I saw yesterday. Definitely. But I shan't learn much from this pile of scrap-metal.
Snowy!
?
Snowy's on to something!
He's picked up a scent; it must be the crew.
There isn't a dog in the world like him. He can smell out a crook a mile away.
Better be on our guard; we must getting close.
Careful... Mustn't take any risks.
!
?
Here we go! He's found something.
?

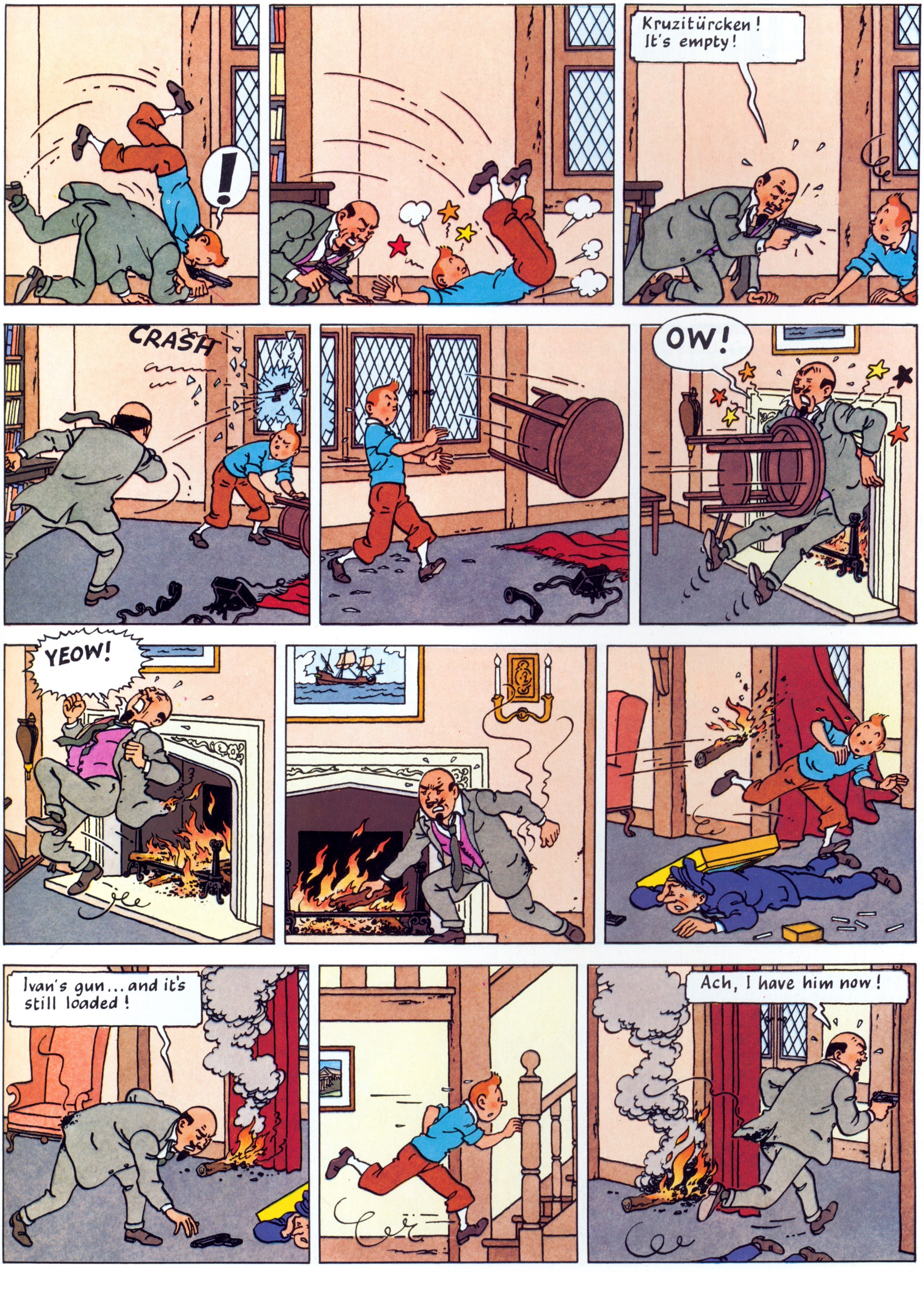

Aren't you ashamed, wasting our time bone-hunting. Here, give it to me.
I've told you dozens of times, you're not to chew filthy old bones.
Here, Snowy! Come here at once!
WOOAH
WOOAH! WOOAH!
!?
Strange... He really does want me to follow him.
I'll come. But woe betide you if it's just another bone.
?
Flying jackets! Those thugs from the plane must have hidden them.
Too much to hope they'd leave anything in the pockets.
Aha! Look there! Some scraps of paper. Something's been torn up. Perhaps this will give us a lead.
I've always liked puzzles, and this time I've got a real one!
ler
Mül
24
Ea

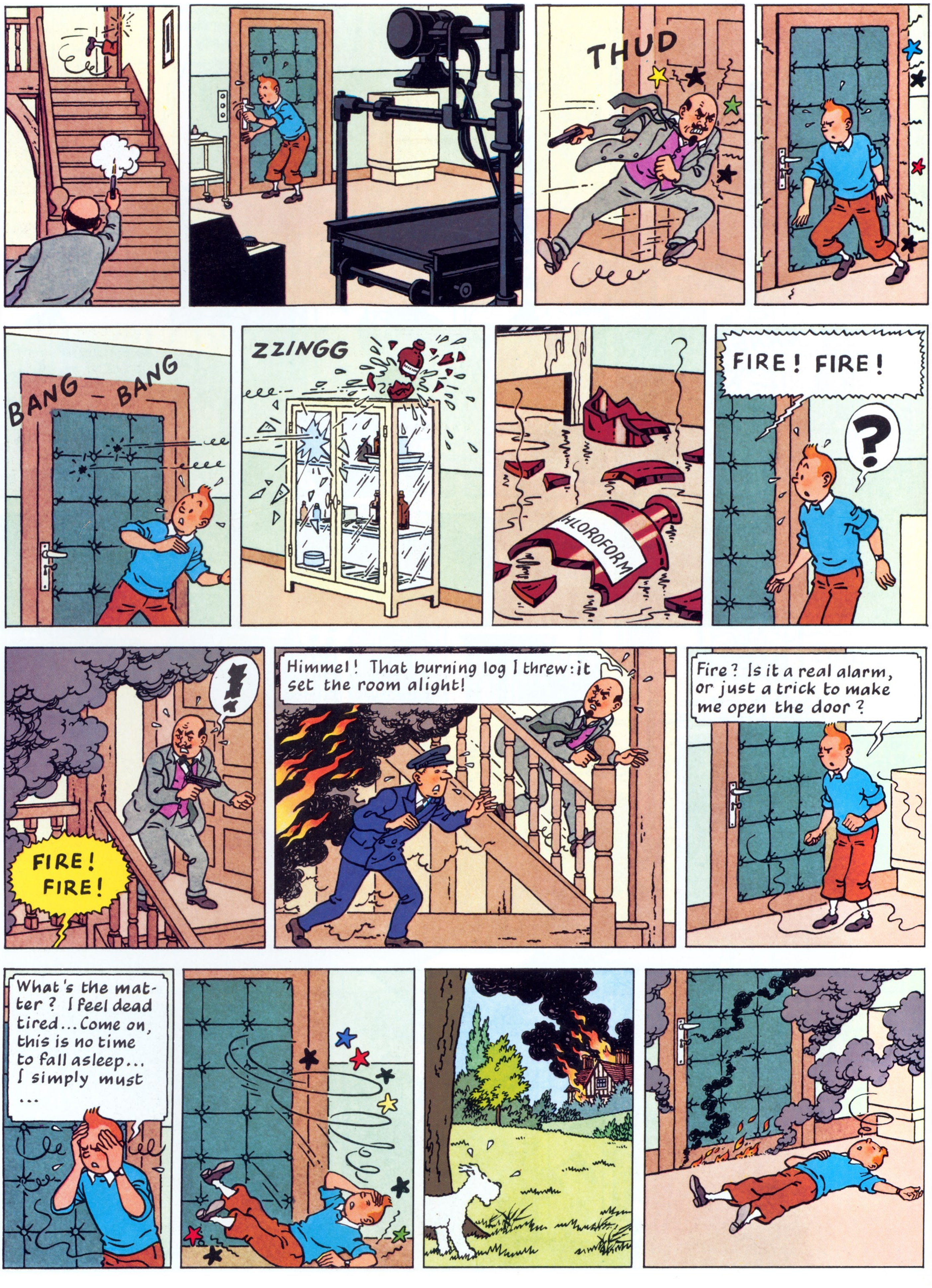

That's done it.
Eastdown
Sussex
Müller
24 1h.
Hmm. Not much help. What on earth can it mean? ...
Oh, Snowy, not again!
...and let that be an end of bones for today!
OUCH!
?
Can't you look what you're doing? ... Anyway, you're trespassing; this is private property.
I'm sorry. I didn't know. I lost my way...
All right, this time. But don't let me catch you again. Take the path down to the river, cross the bridge, and you'll see the main road.
Snowy! Are you trying to make a fool of me?
There's the road.
It must be a couple of miles to Eastdown.
?
Dr J.W. MÜLLER

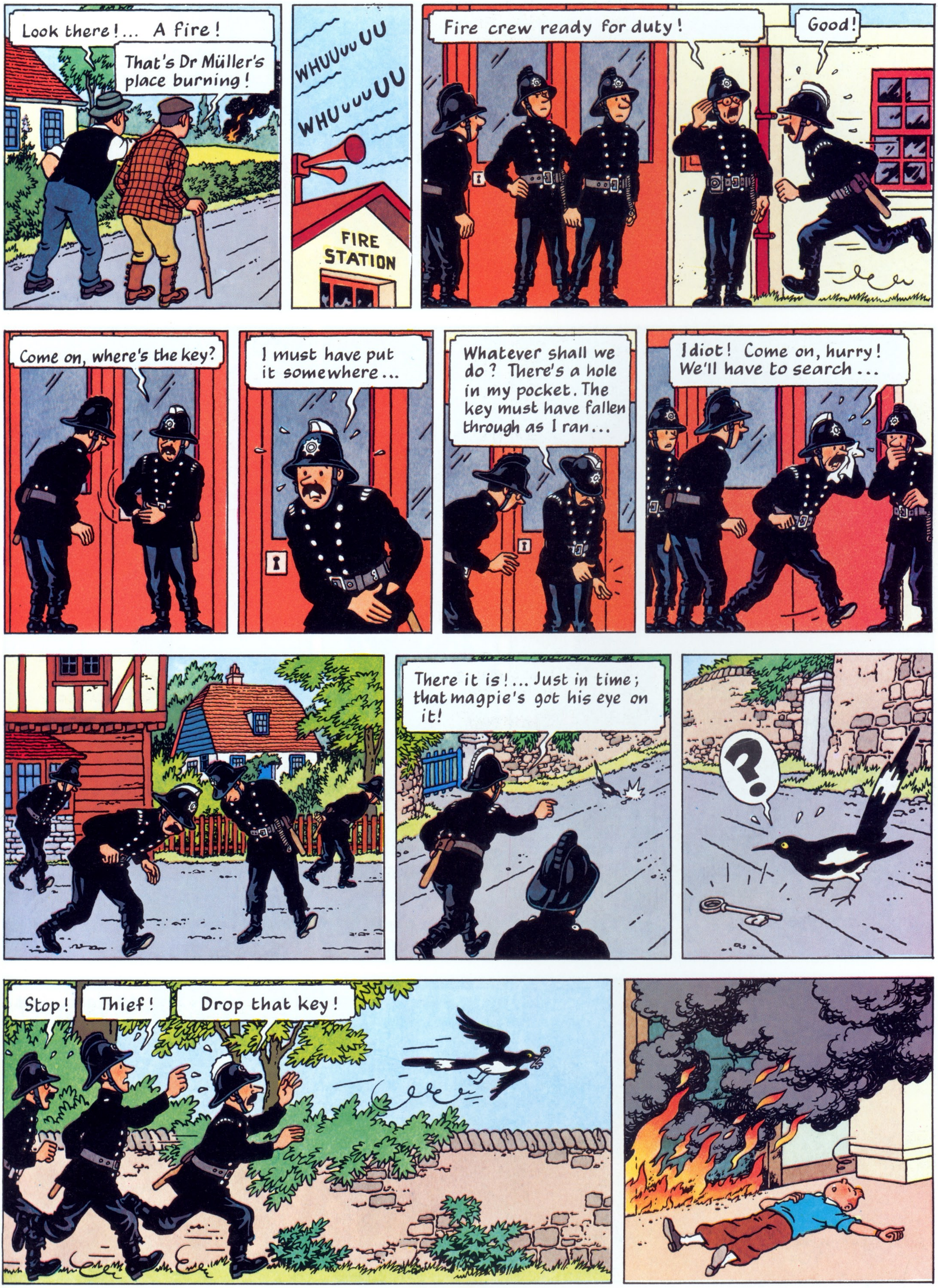

No one about. I'll take a look around.
!
WOOF WOOF
WOOF! WOOF!
I'm done for!
WOOF! WOOF!
WOOF!! WOOF!!
WOOF!! WOOF!!
?
Snowy! Snowy! He'll be eaten alive!
WOOOF!
WOO-OO-OAH!
GRRR

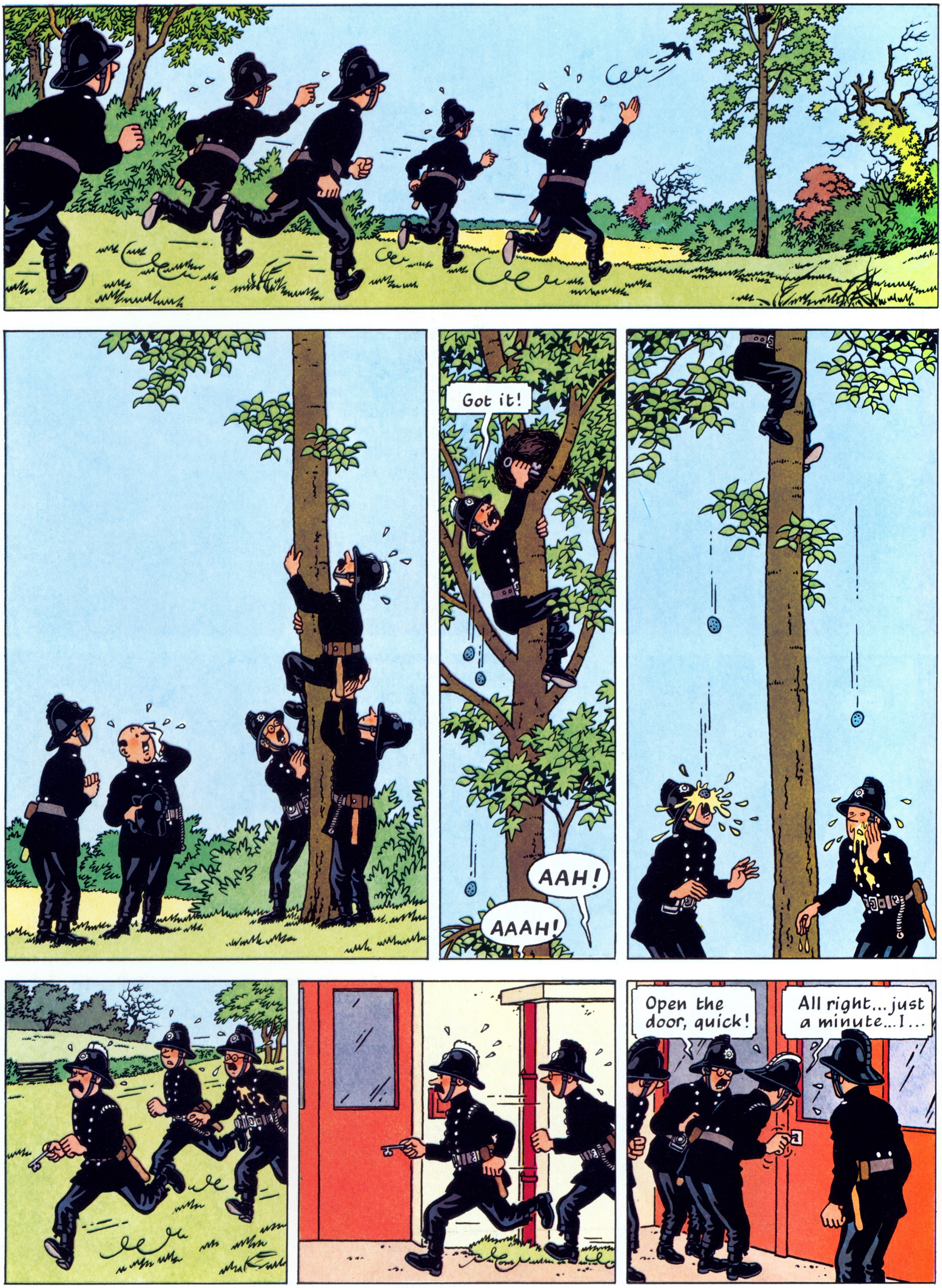

Here, Snowy! Come here!
We must get out. The dog may have raised the alarm.
YEOW!
A man-trap!
RRRING
Ach so! Someone is caught in trap number nine. Let us take a look.
!
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
What a pleasant surprise! Tintin himself, come specially to see me.
?
Release him, Ivan. He won't run.
Get the car out. We're leaving at once.
It was a mistake to meddle in our affairs. I shall now have to dispose of you. Fortunately, I happen to be medical superintendent of a private mental institution: rather a special institution. Not all of my patients are insane when they are admitted...
...but after eight hours of ... special treatment, they are unlikely to recover. Excuse me: I must make a telephone call then I shall be entirely at your service.
I wonder...
Hello, Horncliffe?... I have a young patient for you... highly... er... dangerous. He will require treatment B... You understand? Good!
...a burning log?
Got one... hold it against the rope...
As usual, he seems entirely sane, but... after the treatment... you follow me?

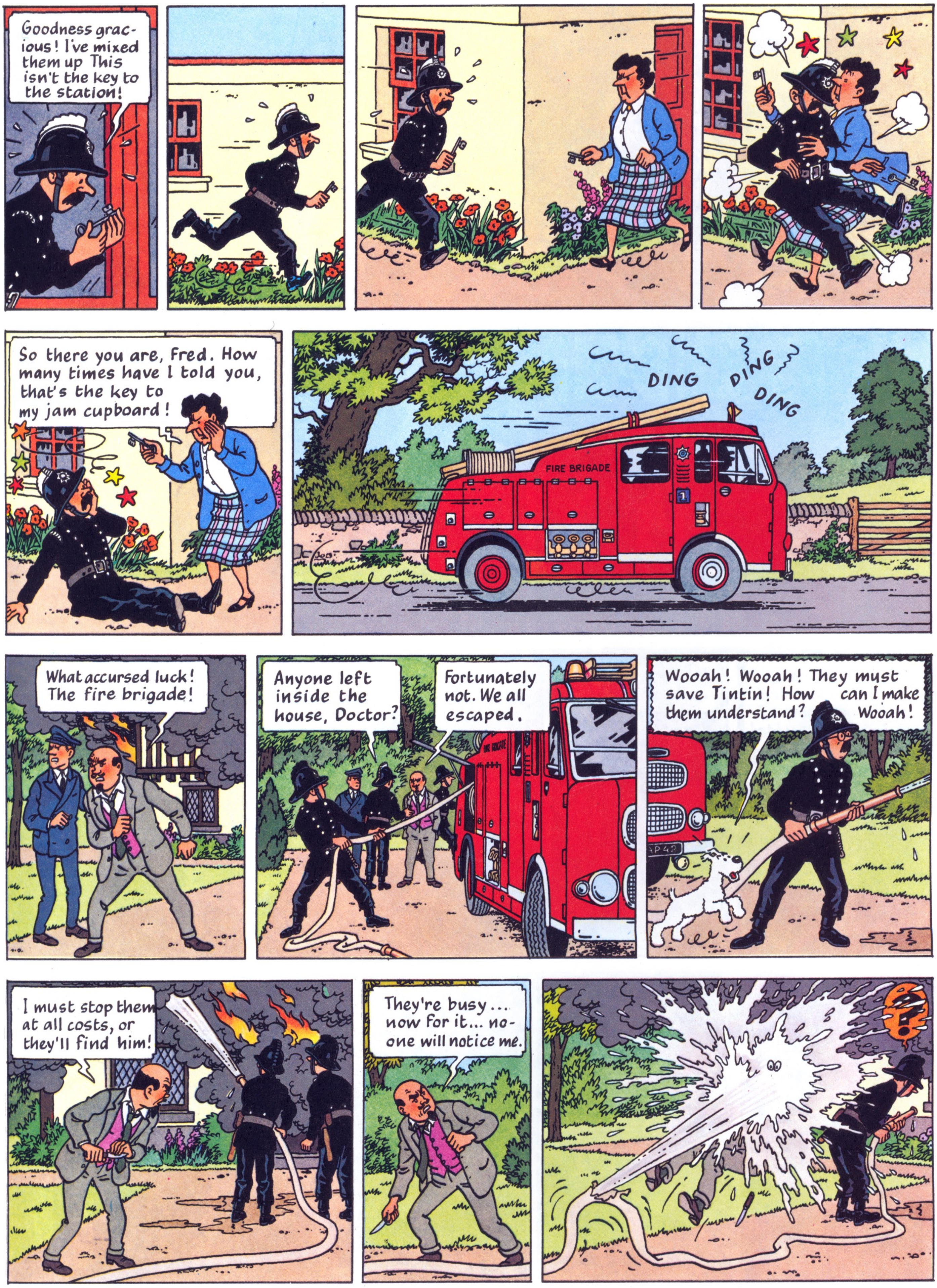

There!
And there!
!
?
BANG
BANG
?!
BANG
BANG
Quick, my automatic!
CRACK

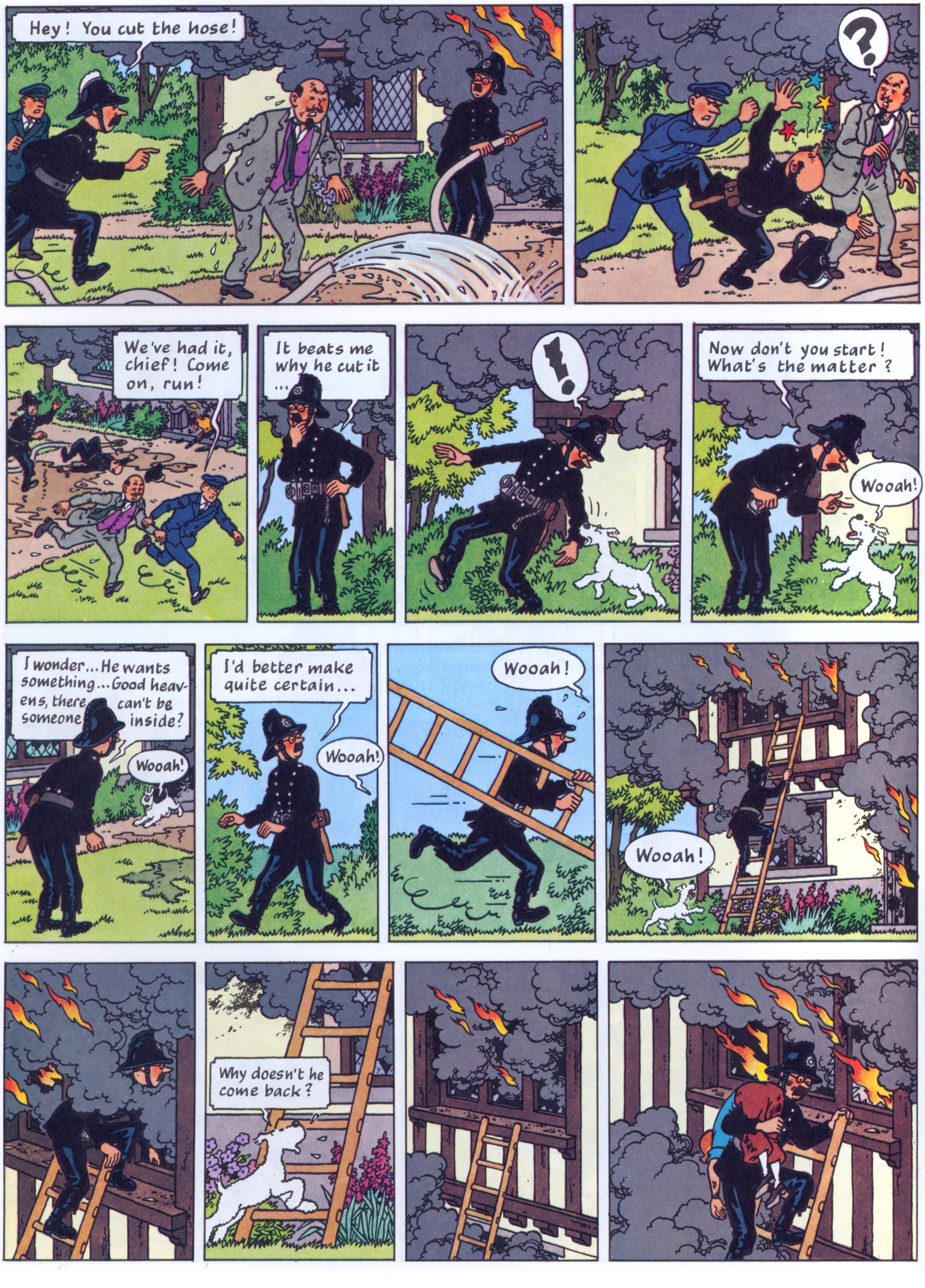

!
Kruzitürcken! It's empty!
CRASH
OW!
YEOW!
Ivan's gun ... and it's still loaded!
Ach, I have him now!

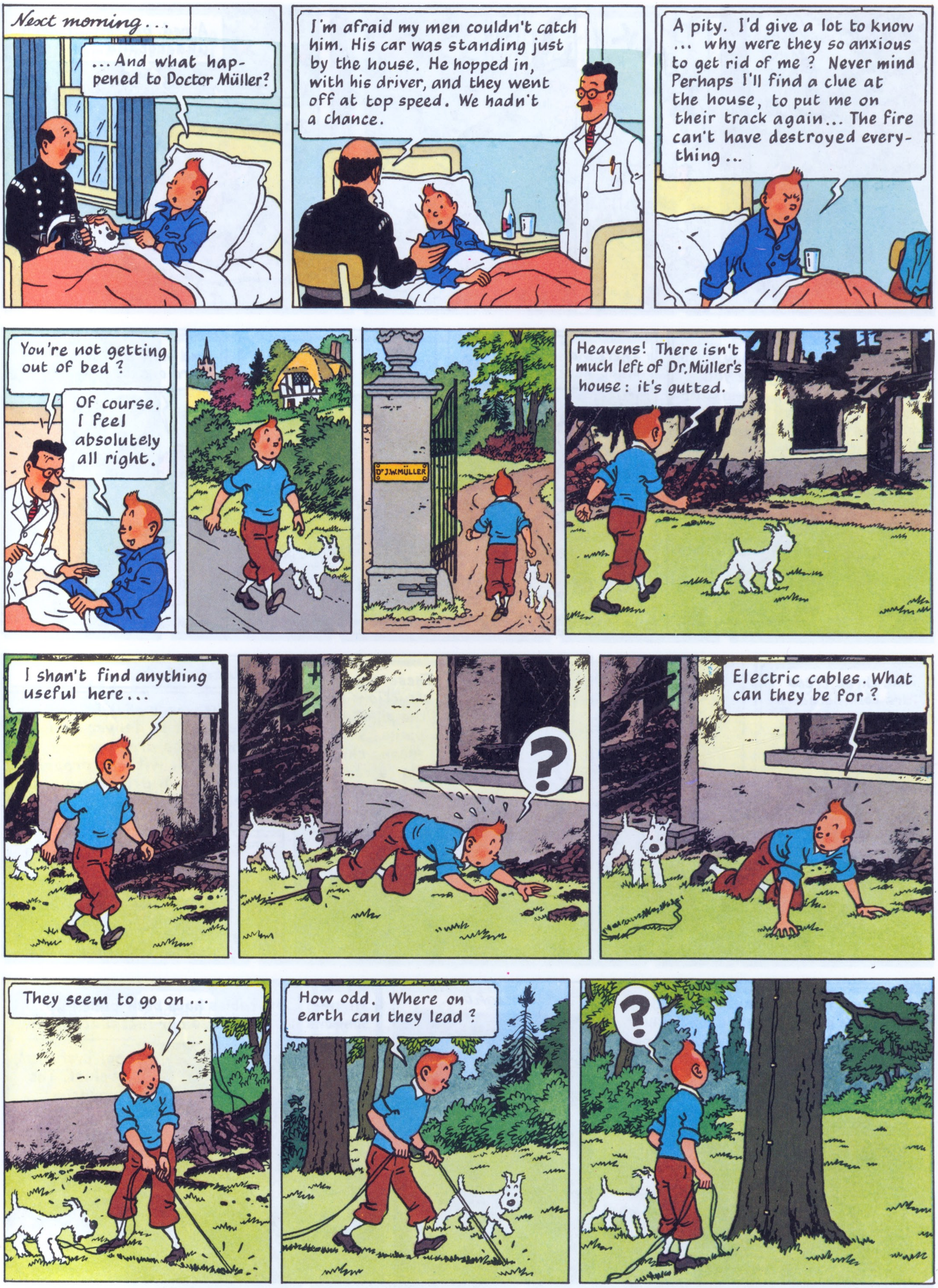

THUD
BANG — BANG
ZZINGG
HLOROFORM
FIRE! FIRE!
?
FIRE! FIRE!
Himmel! That burning log I threw: it set the room alight!
Fire? Is it a real alarm, or just a trick to make me open the door?
What's the matter? I feel dead tired... Come on, this is no time to fall asleep... I simply must ...

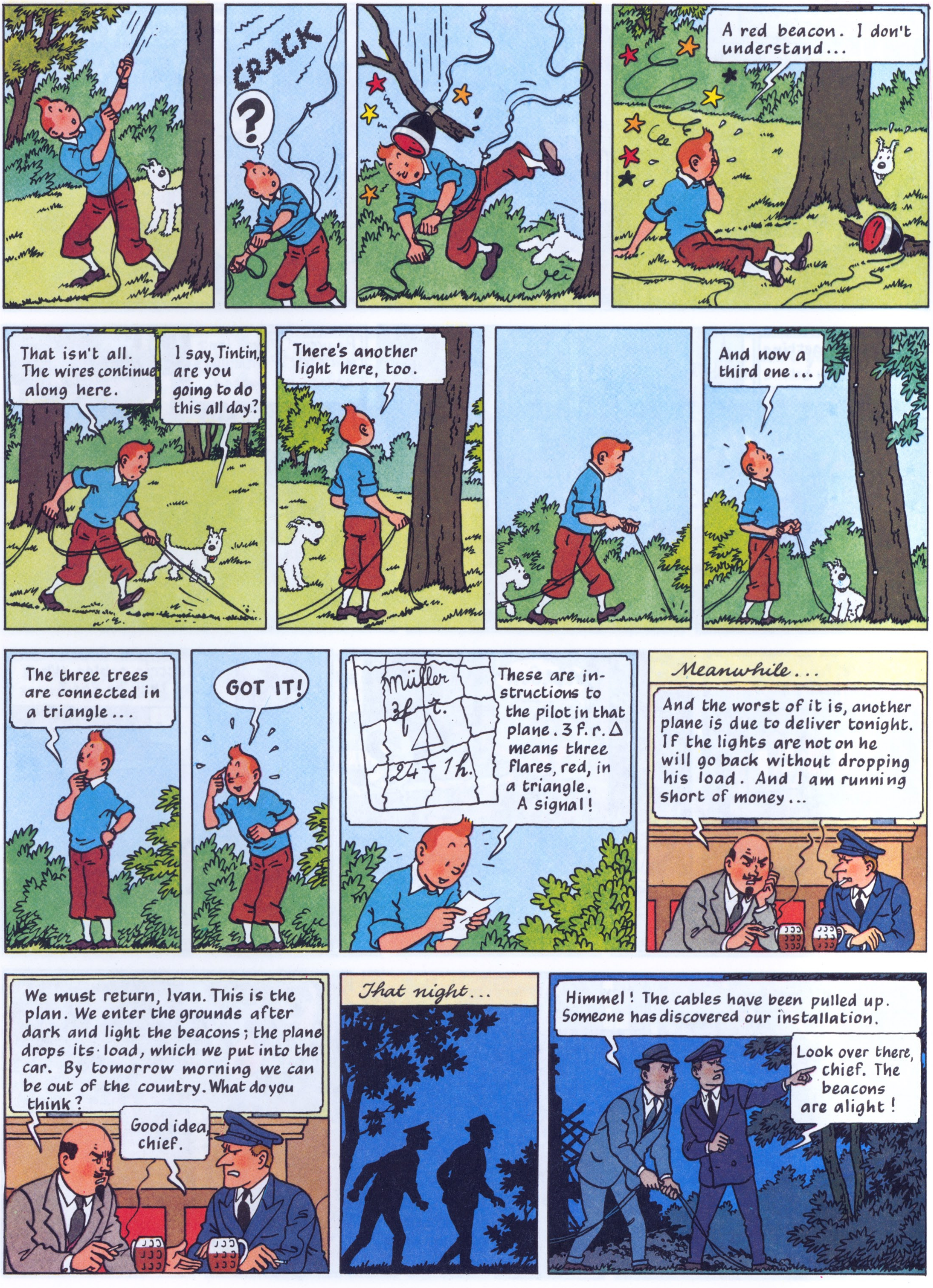

Look there!... A fire!
That's Dr Müller's place burning!
WHUUuuUU
WHUuuuUU
FIRE STATION
Fire crew ready for duty!
Good!
Come on, where's the key?
I must have put it somewhere...
Whatever shall we do? There's a hole in my pocket. The key must have fallen through as I ran...
Idiot! Come on, hurry! We'll have to search...
There it is!... Just in time; that magpie's got his eye on it!
?
Stop!
Thief!
Drop that key!

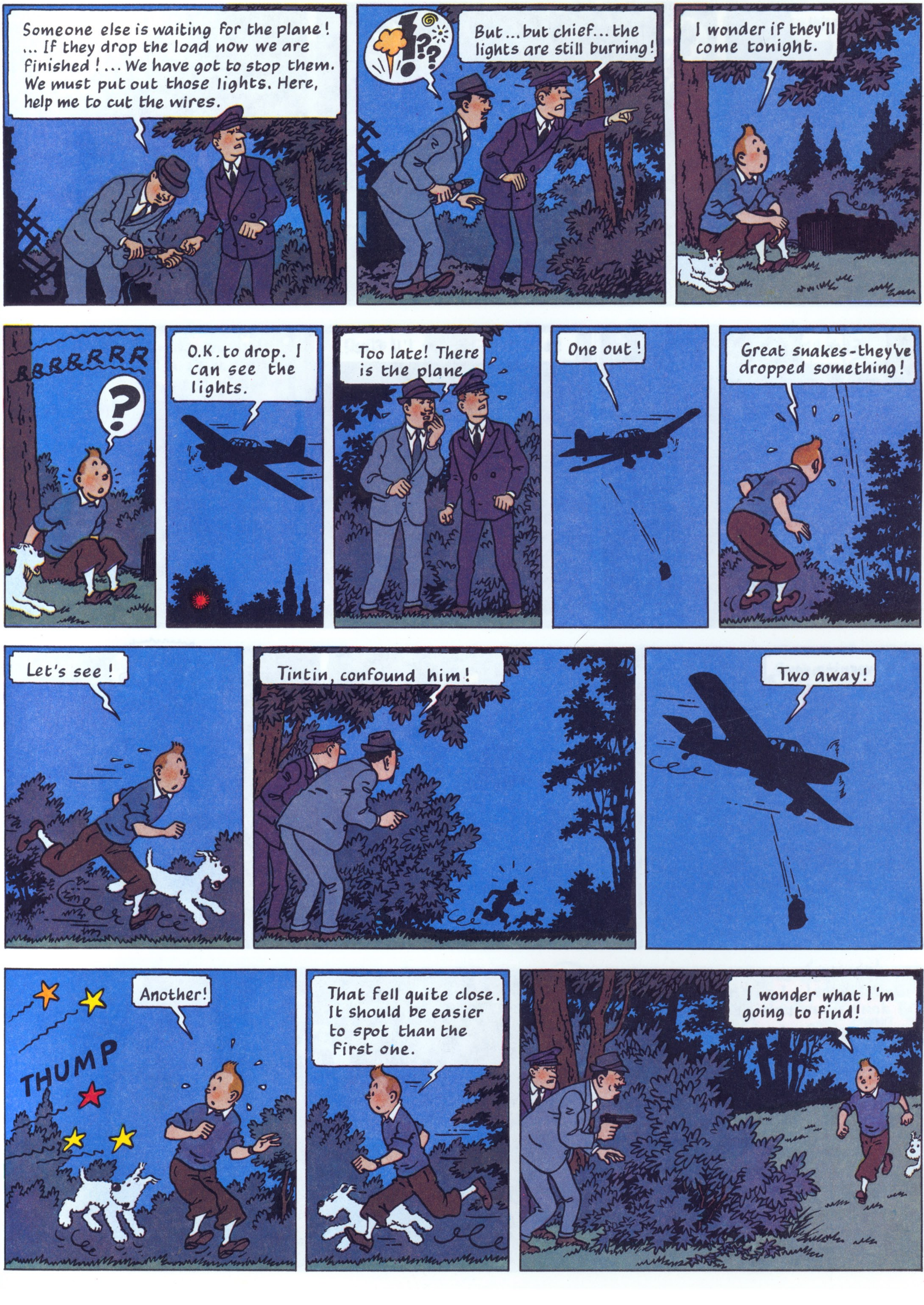

Got it!
AAH!
AAAH!
Open the door, quick!
All right... just a minute... I...

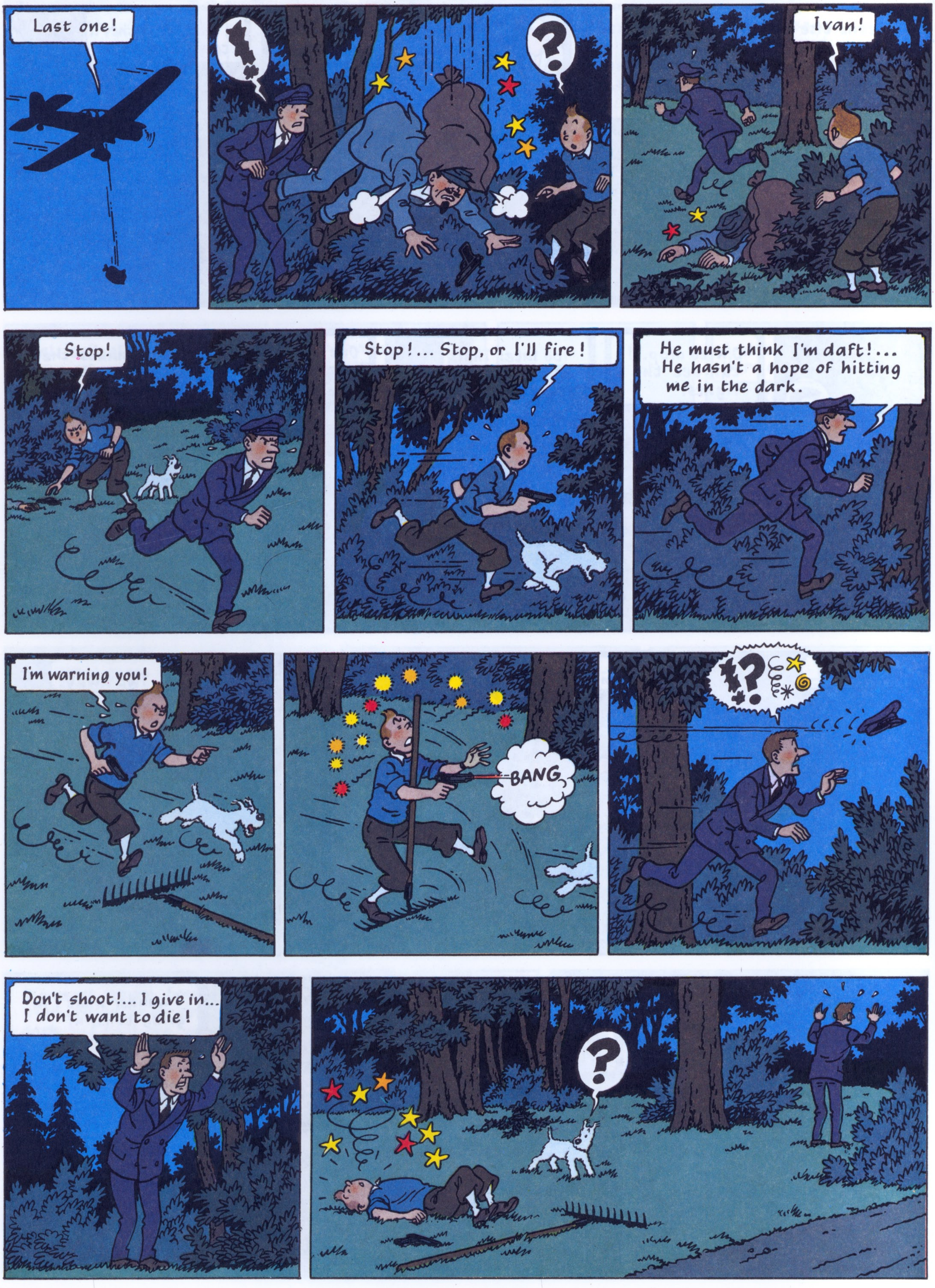

Goodness gracious! I've mixed them up This isn't the key to the station!
So there you are, Fred. How many times have I told you, that's the key to my jam cupboard!
DING DING DING
FIRE BRIGADE
What accursed luck! The fire brigade!
Anyone left inside the house, Doctor?
Fortunately not. We all escaped.
Wooah! Wooah! They must save Tintin! How can I make them understand? Wooah!
I must stop them at all costs, or they'll find him!
They're busy.... now for it... no-one will notice me.

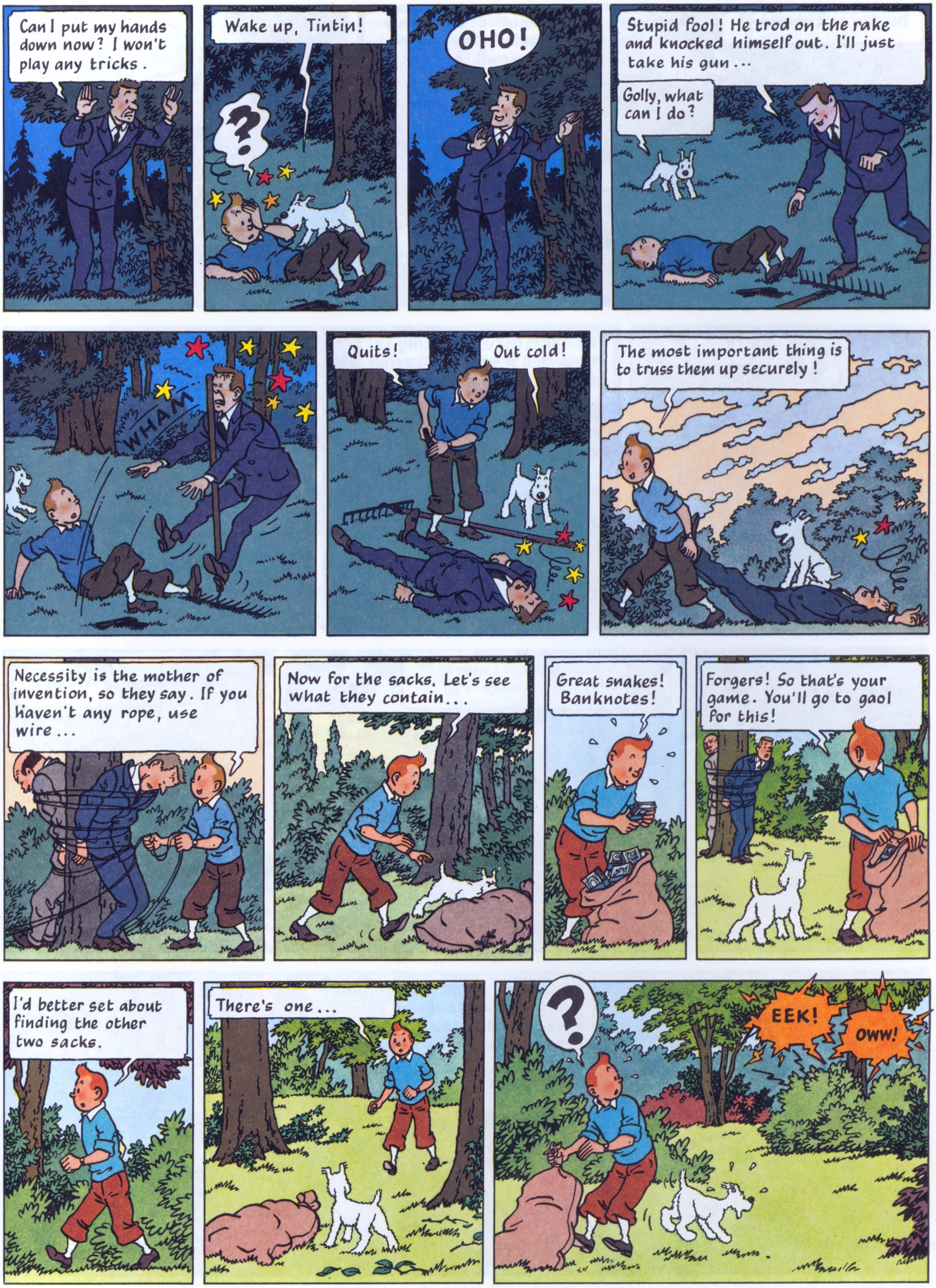

Hey! You cut the hose!
?
We've had it, chief! Come on, run!
It beats me why he cut it ...
!
Now don't you start! What's the matter?
Wooah!
I wonder... He wants something... Good heavens, there can't be someone inside?
Wooah!
I'd better make quite certain...
Wooah!
Wooah!
Wooah!
Why doesn't he come back?

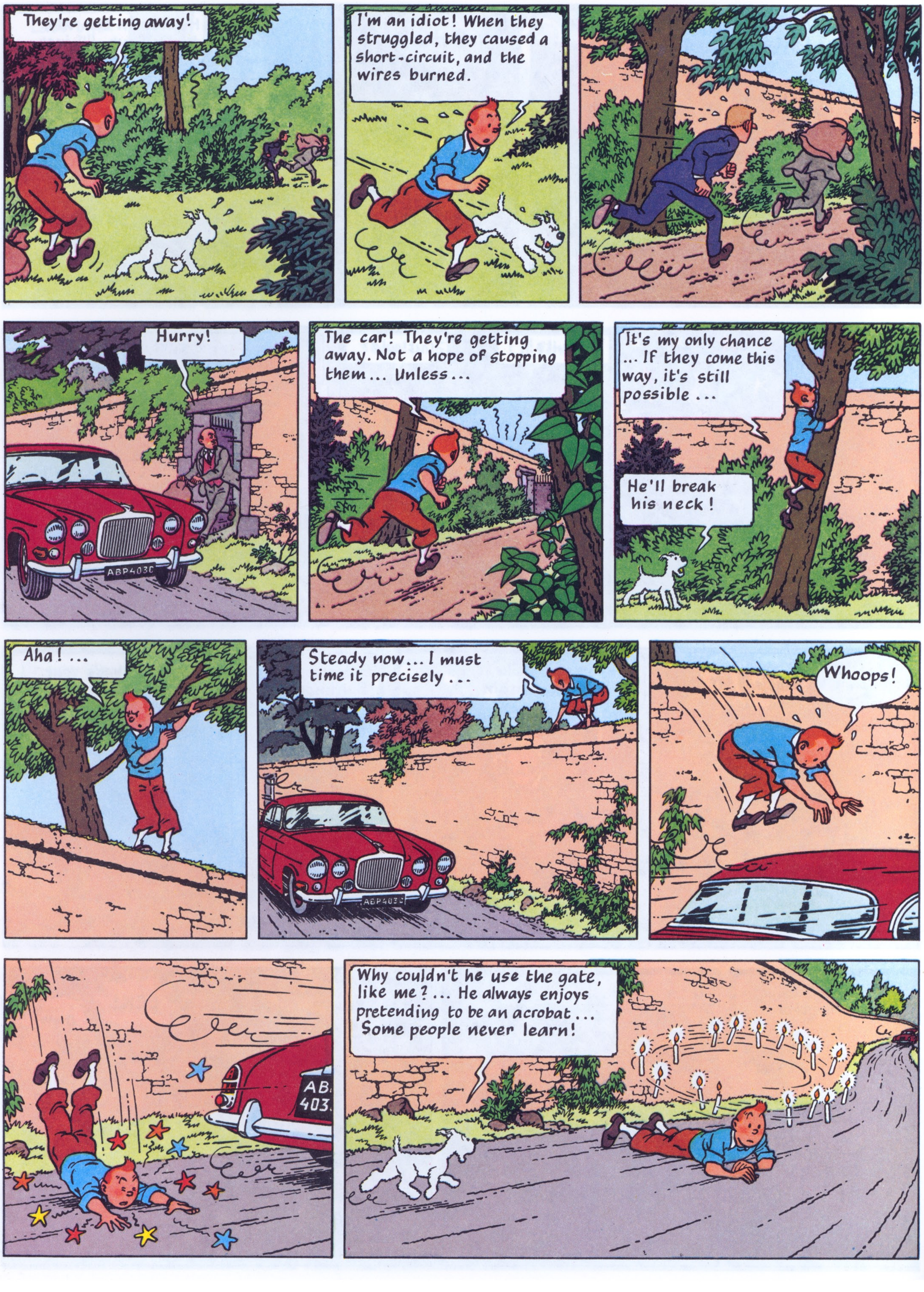

Next morning . . .
. . . And what happened to Doctor Müller?
I'm afraid my men couldn't catch him. His car was standing just by the house. He hopped in, with his driver, and they went off at top speed. We hadn't a chance.
A pity. I'd give a lot to know . . . why were they so anxious to get rid of me? Never mind Perhaps I'll find a clue at the house, to put me on their track again . . . The fire can't have destroyed everything . . .
You're not getting out of bed?
Of course. I feel absolutely all right.
Dr J.W. MÜLLER
Heavens! There isn't much left of Dr. Müller's house: it's gutted.
I shan't find anything useful here . . .
?
Electric cables. What can they be for?
They seem to go on . . .
How odd. Where on earth can they lead?
?

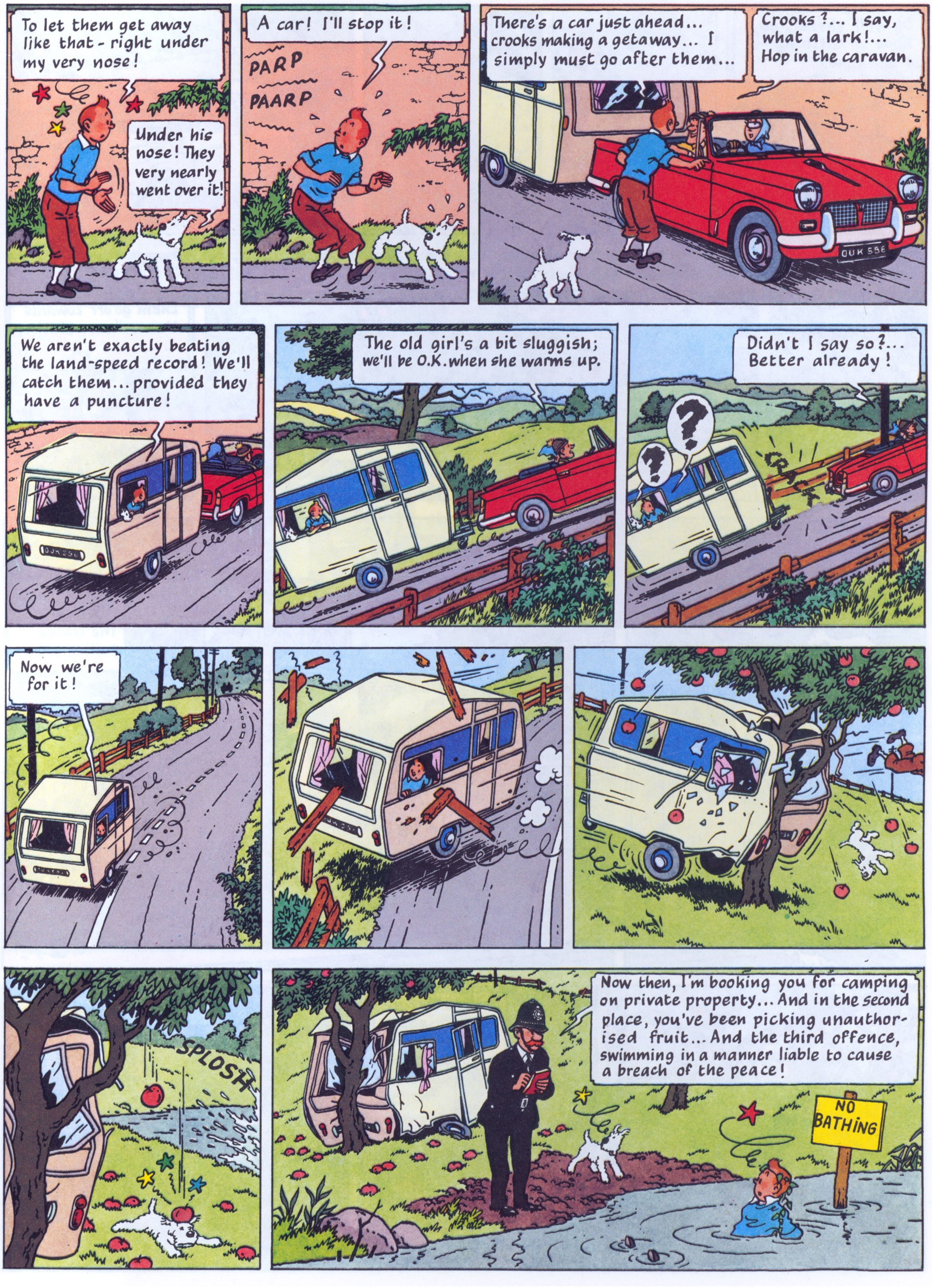

CRACK
?
A red beacon. I don't understand...
That isn't all. The wires continue along here.
I say, Tintin, are you going to do this all day?
There's another light here, too.
And now a third one...
The three trees are connected in a triangle...
GOT IT!
müller
3f r.
24-1h.
These are instructions to the pilot in that plane. 3 f. r. Δ means three flares, red, in a triangle. A signal!
Meanwhile...
And the worst of it is, another plane is due to deliver tonight. If the lights are not on he will go back without dropping his load. And I am running short of money...
We must return, Ivan. This is the plan. We enter the grounds after dark and light the beacons; the plane drops its load, which we put into the car. By tomorrow morning we can be out of the country. What do you think?
Good idea, chief.
That night...
Himmel! The cables have been pulled up. Someone has discovered our installation.
Look over there, chief. The beacons are alight!

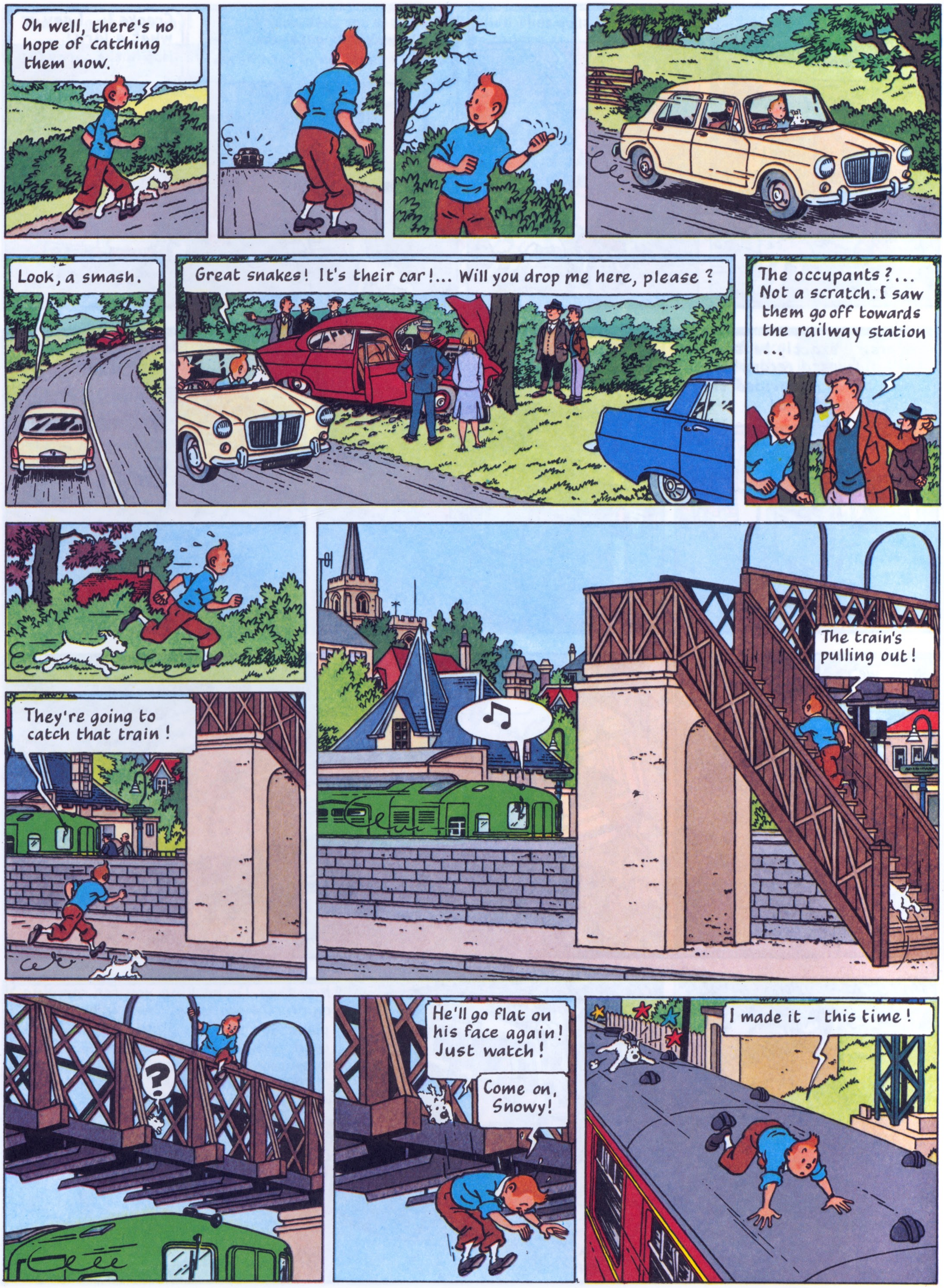

Someone else is waiting for the plane ! ... If they drop the load now we are finished ! ... We have got to stop them. We must put out those lights. Here, help me to cut the wires.
!??
But ... but chief ... the lights are still burning !
I wonder if they'll come tonight.
RRRRRRRR
?
O.K. to drop. I can see the lights.
Too late! There is the plane
One out !
Great snakes-they've dropped something !
Let's see !
Tintin, confound him !
Two away!
Another!
THUMP
That fell quite close. It should be easier to spot than the first one.
I wonder what I'm going to find!

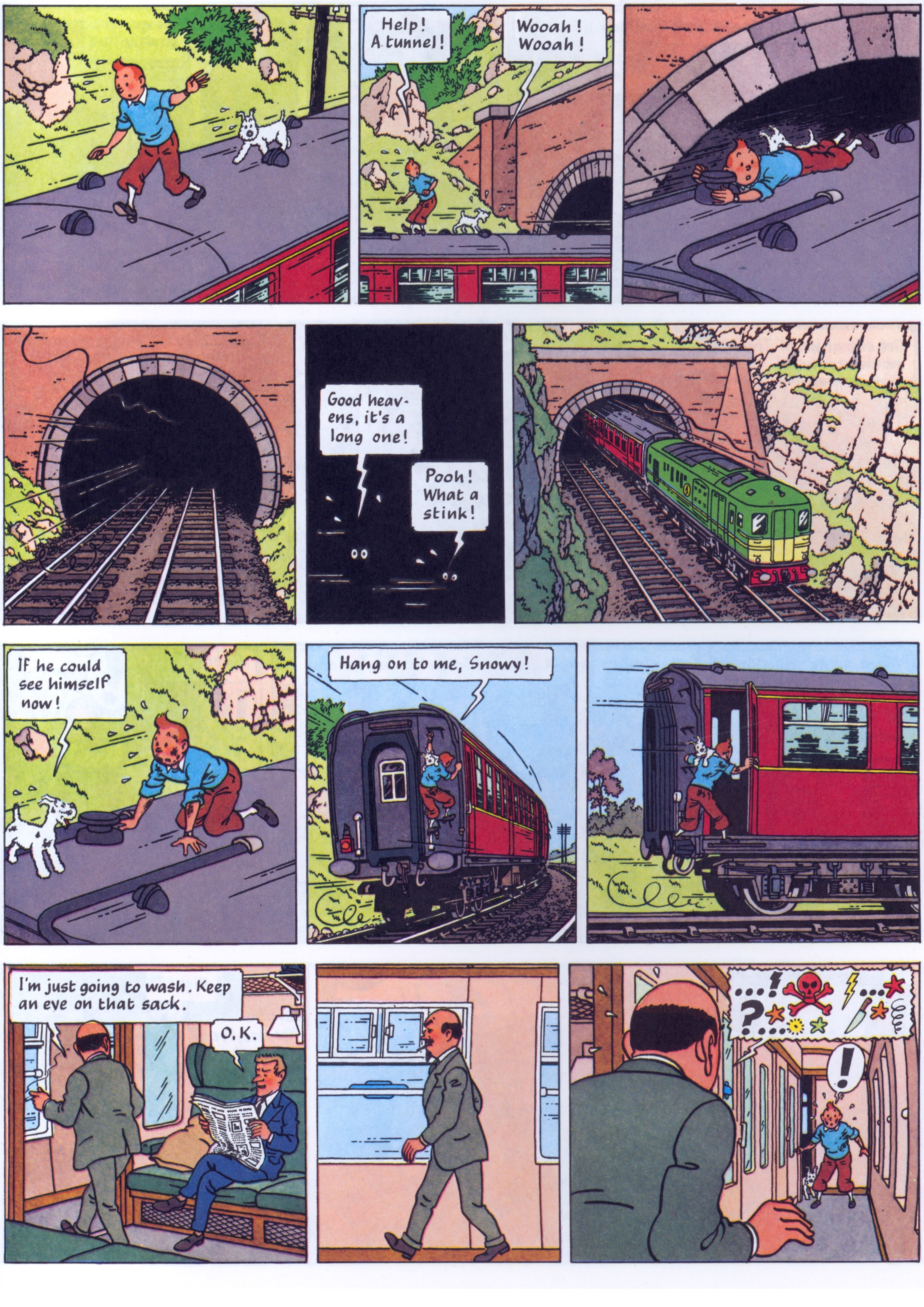

Last one!
?
Ivan!
Stop!
Stop!... Stop, or I'll fire!
He must think I'm daft!... He hasn't a hope of hitting me in the dark.
I'm warning you!
BANG
!?
Don't shoot!... I give in... I don't want to die!
?

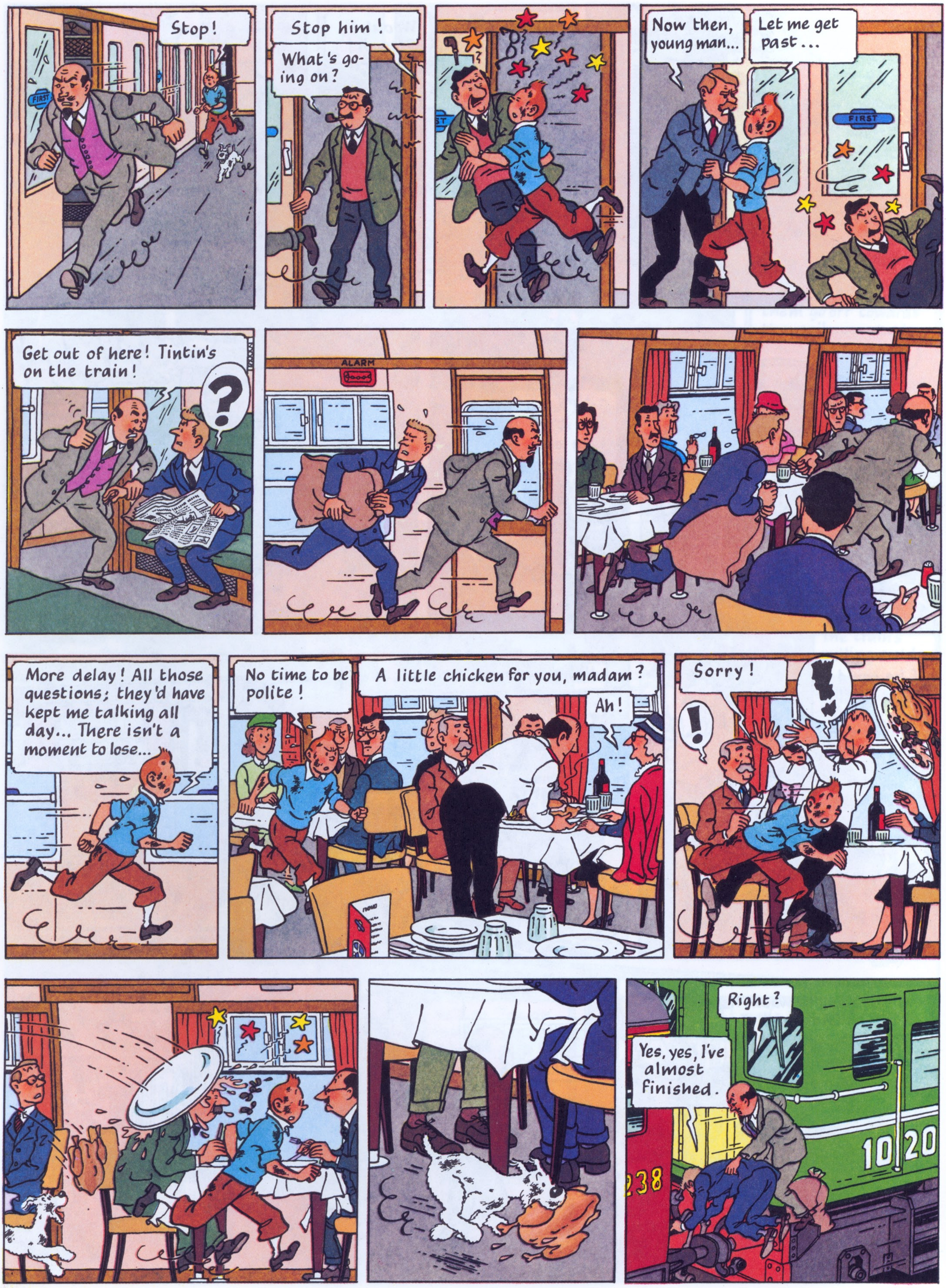

Can I put my hands down now? I won't play any tricks.
Wake up, Tintin!
?
OHO!
Stupid fool! He trod on the rake and knocked himself out. I'll just take his gun...
Golly, what can I do?
WHAM
Quits!
Out cold!
The most important thing is to truss them up securely!
Necessity is the mother of invention, so they say. If you haven't any rope, use wire...
Now for the sacks. Let's see what they contain...
Great snakes! Banknotes!
Forgers! So that's your game. You'll go to gaol for this!
I'd better set about finding the other two sacks.
There's one...
?
EEK!
OWW!

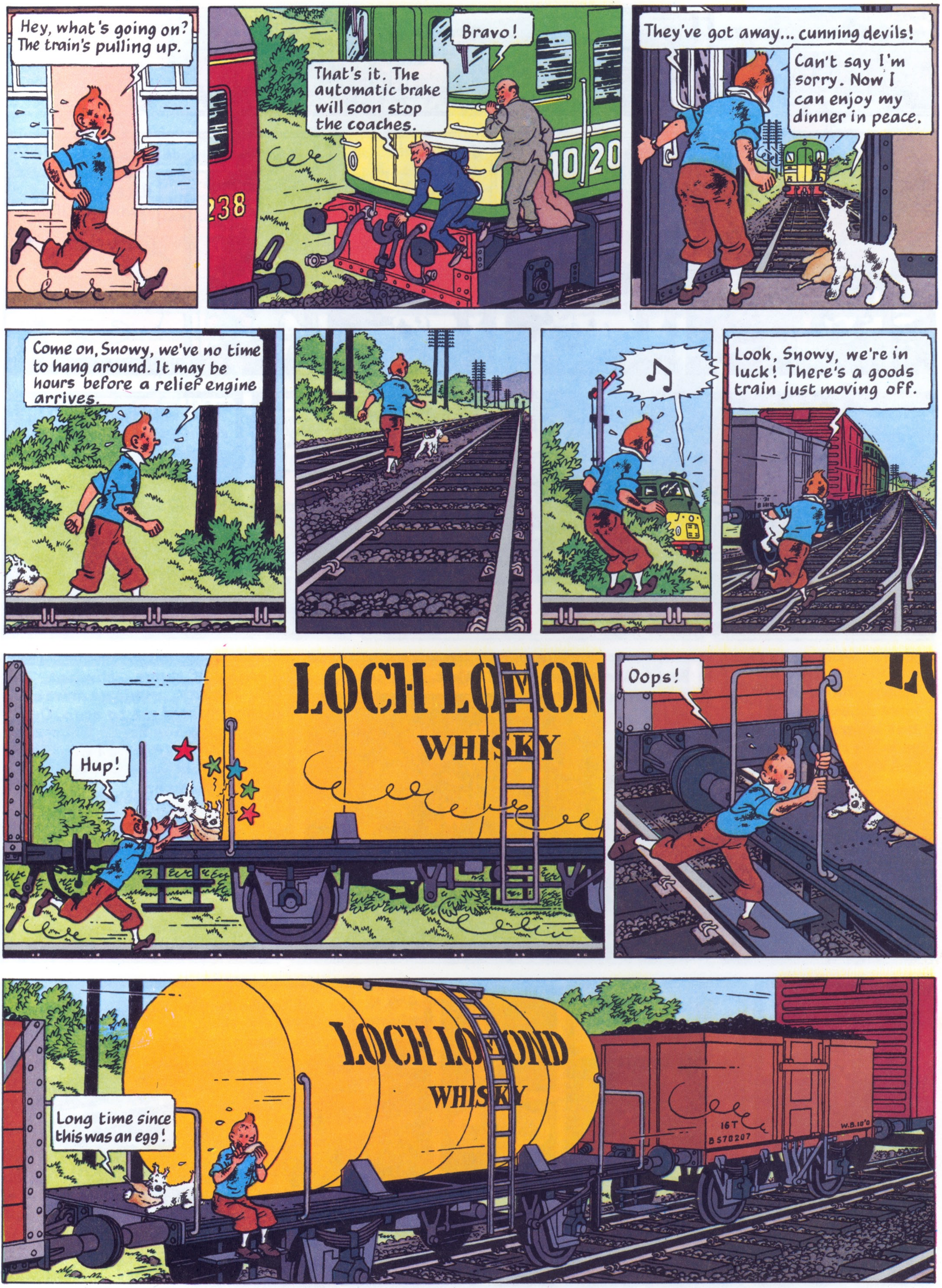

They're getting away!
I'm an idiot! When they struggled, they caused a short-circuit, and the wires burned.
Hurry!
ABP403C
The car! They're getting away. Not a hope of stopping them ... Unless ...
It's my only chance ... If they come this way, it's still possible ...
He'll break his neck!
Aha! ...
Steady now ... I must time it precisely ...
ABP403C
Whoops!
AB
403
Why couldn't he use the gate, like me? ... He always enjoys pretending to be an acrobat ... Some people never learn!

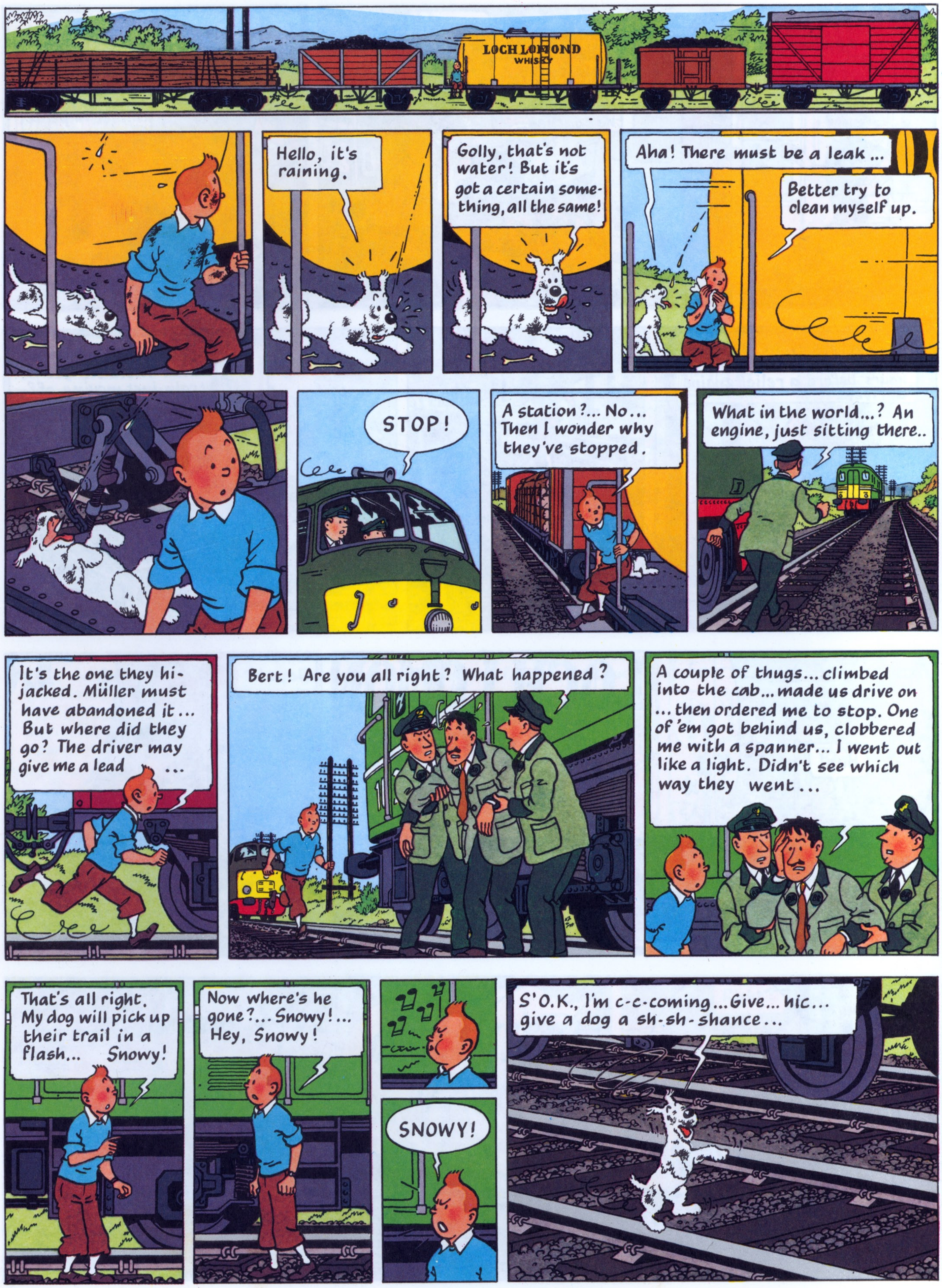

To let them get away like that - right under my very nose!
Under his nose! They very nearly went over it!
A car! I'll stop it!
PARP
PAARP
There's a car just ahead... crooks making a getaway... I simply must go after them...
Crooks?... I say, what a lark!... Hop in the caravan.
OUK 556
We aren't exactly beating the land-speed record! We'll catch them... provided they have a puncture!
The old girl's a bit sluggish; we'll be O.K. when she warms up.
Didn't I say so?... Better already!
Now we're for it!
SPLOSH
Now then, I'm booking you for camping on private property... And in the second place, you've been picking unauthorised fruit... And the third offence, swimming in a manner liable to cause a breach of the peace!
NO BATHING

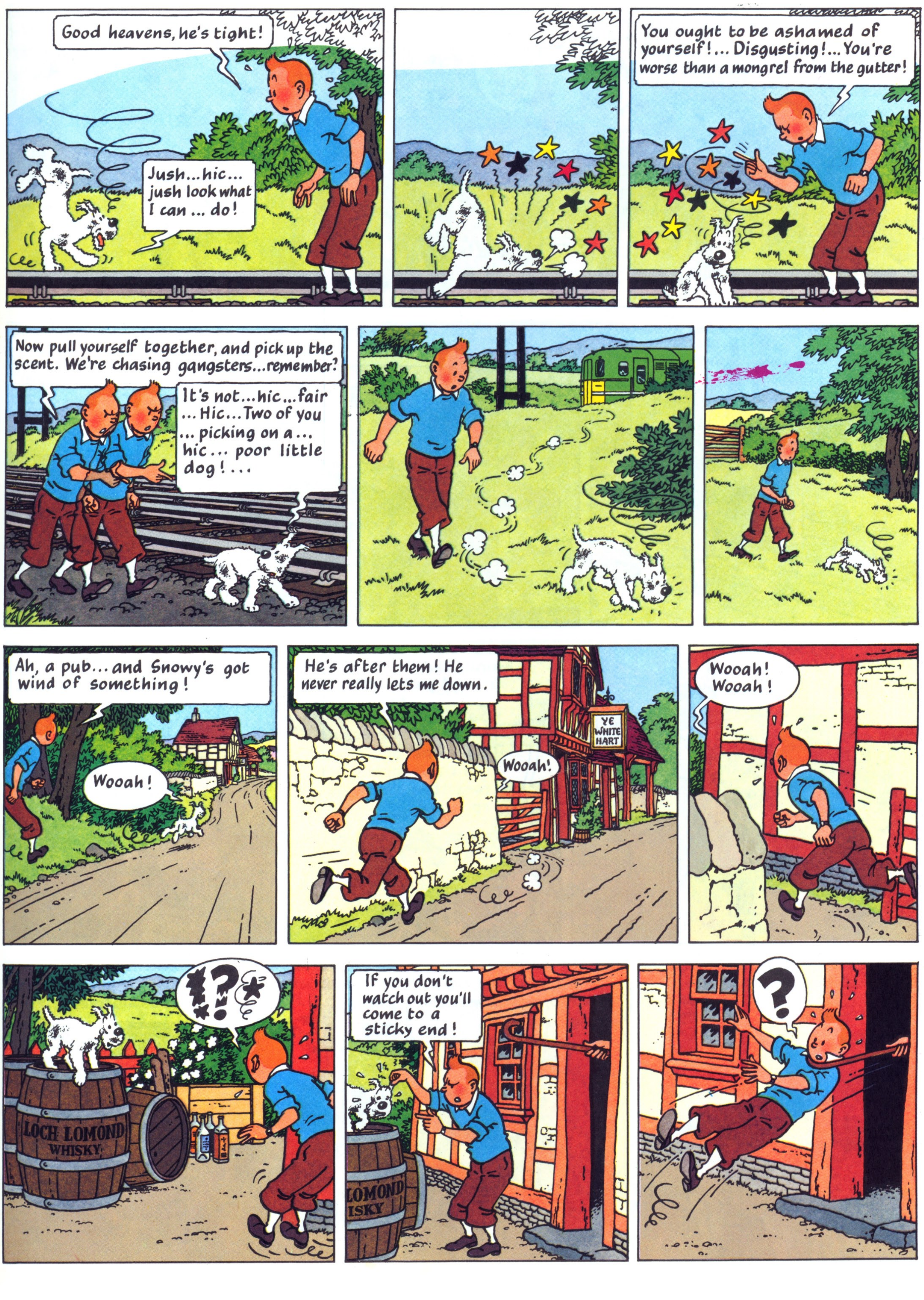

Oh well, there's no hope of catching them now.
Look, a smash.
Great snakes! It's their car!... Will you drop me here, please ?
The occupants ?... Not a scratch. I saw them go off towards the railway station ...
They're going to catch that train !
♫
The train's pulling out !
?
He'll go flat on his face again! Just watch !
Come on, Snowy!
I made it - this time !

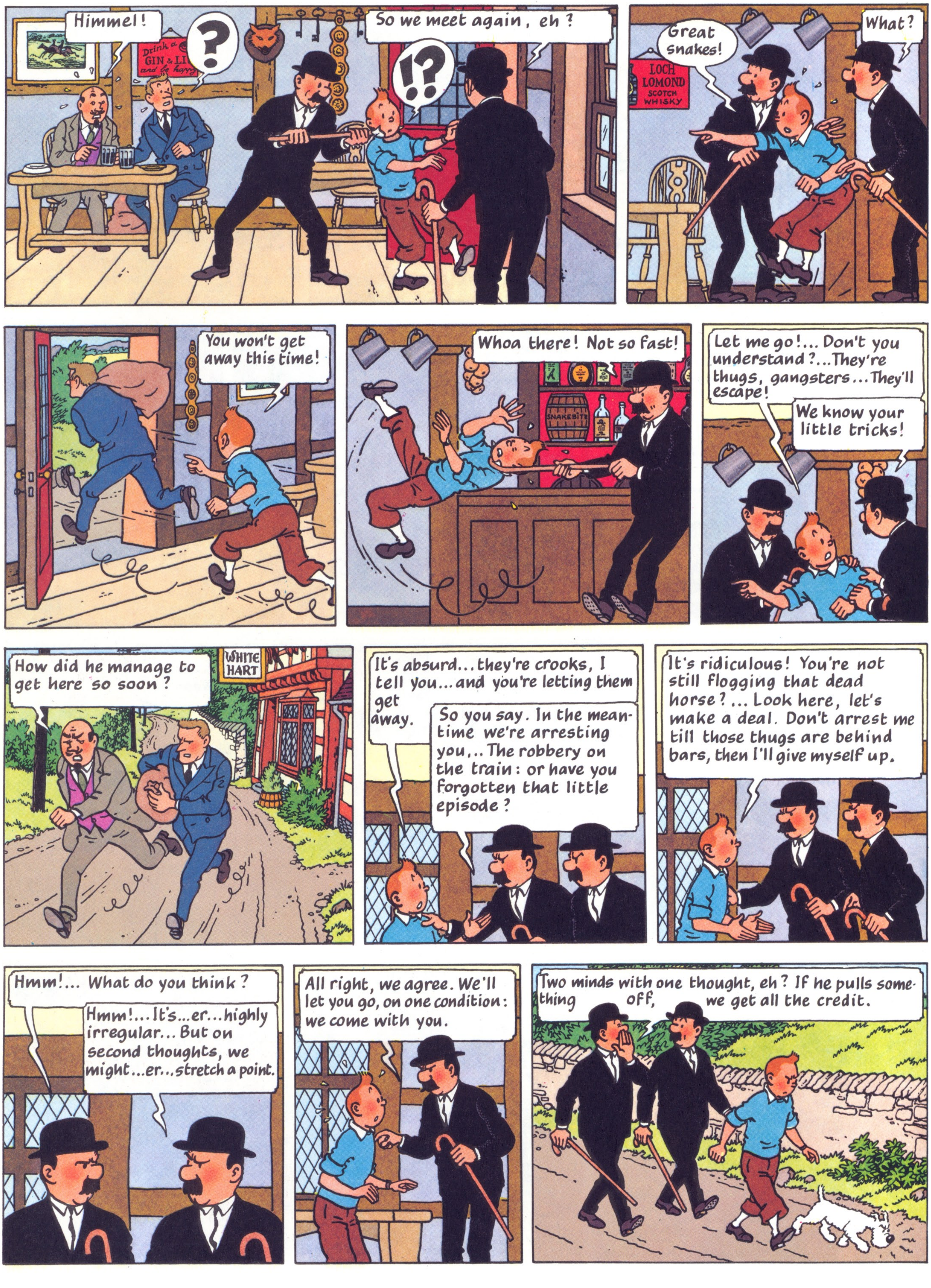

Help! A tunnel!
Wooah! Wooah!
Good heavens, it's a long one!
Pooh! What a stink!
If he could see himself now!
Hang on to me, Snowy!
I'm just going to wash. Keep an eye on that sack.
O.K.
...! ? ... ...
!

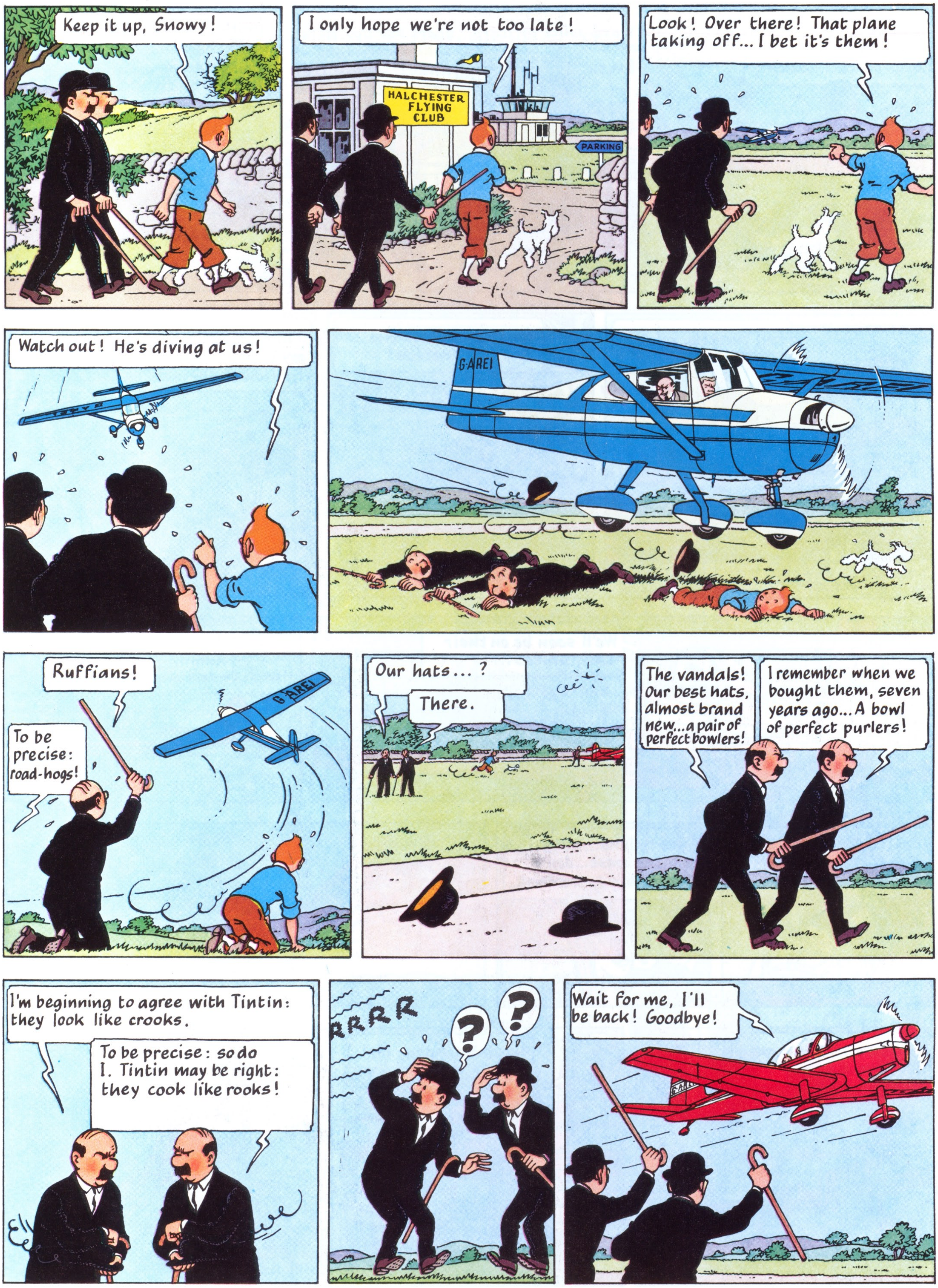

Stop!
FIRST
Stop him!
What's going on?
Now then, young man...
Let me get past...
FIRST
Get out of here! Tintin's on the train!
?
ALARM
More delay! All those questions; they'd have kept me talking all day... There isn't a moment to lose...
No time to be polite!
A little chicken for you, madam?
Ah!
Sorry!
!
!
Right?
Yes, yes, I've almost finished.
238
10 20

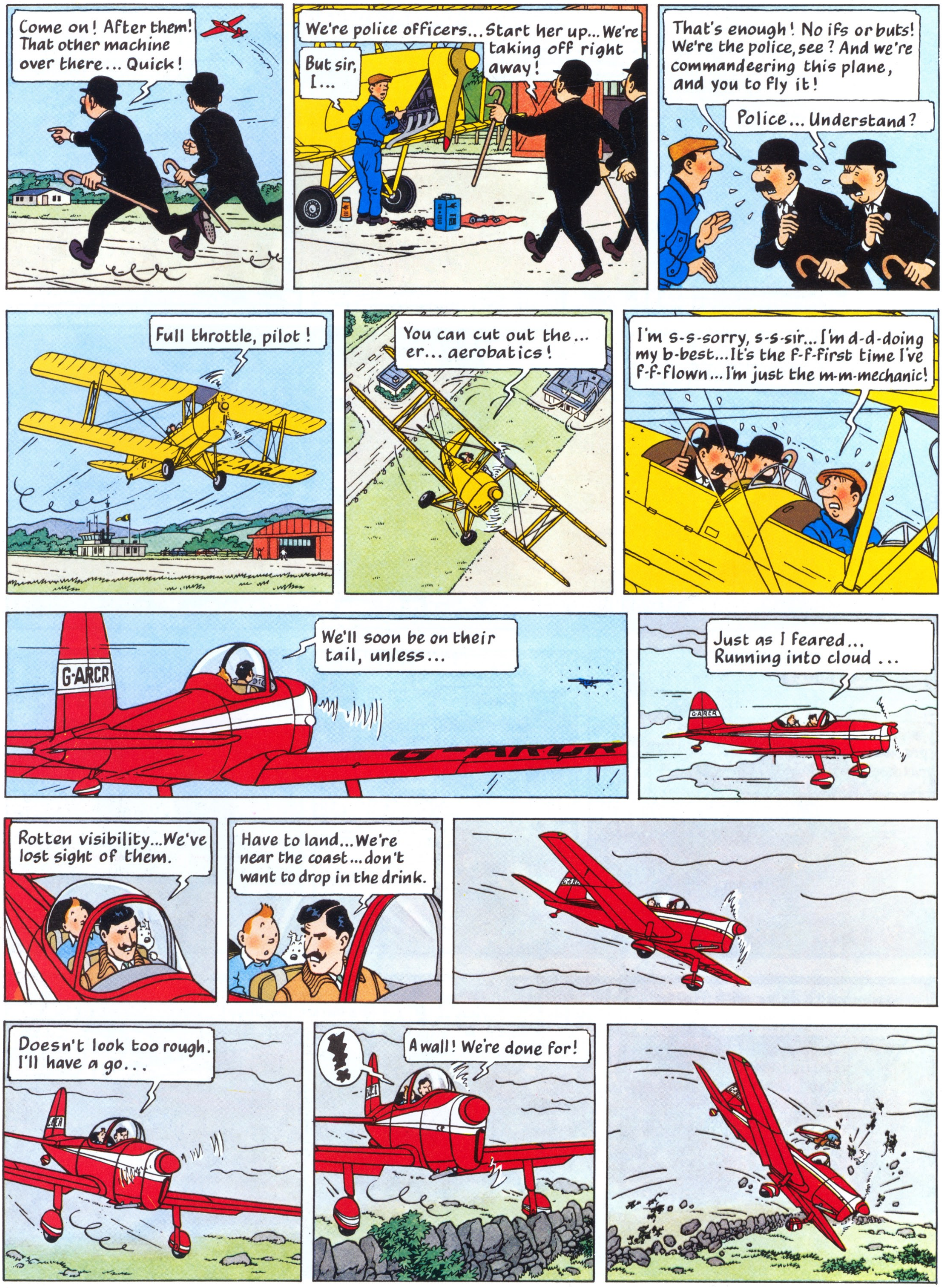

Hey, what's going on? The train's pulling up.
238
Bravo!
That's it. The automatic brake will soon stop the coaches.
10 20
They've got away... cunning devils!
Can't say I'm sorry. Now I can enjoy my dinner in peace.
Come on, Snowy, we've no time to hang around. It may be hours before a relief engine arrives.
♪
Look, Snowy, we're in luck! There's a goods train just moving off.
LOCH LOMON
WHISKY
Hup!
Oops!
LOCH LOMOND
WHISKY
16T
B 570207
W.B.10'0
Long time since this was an egg!

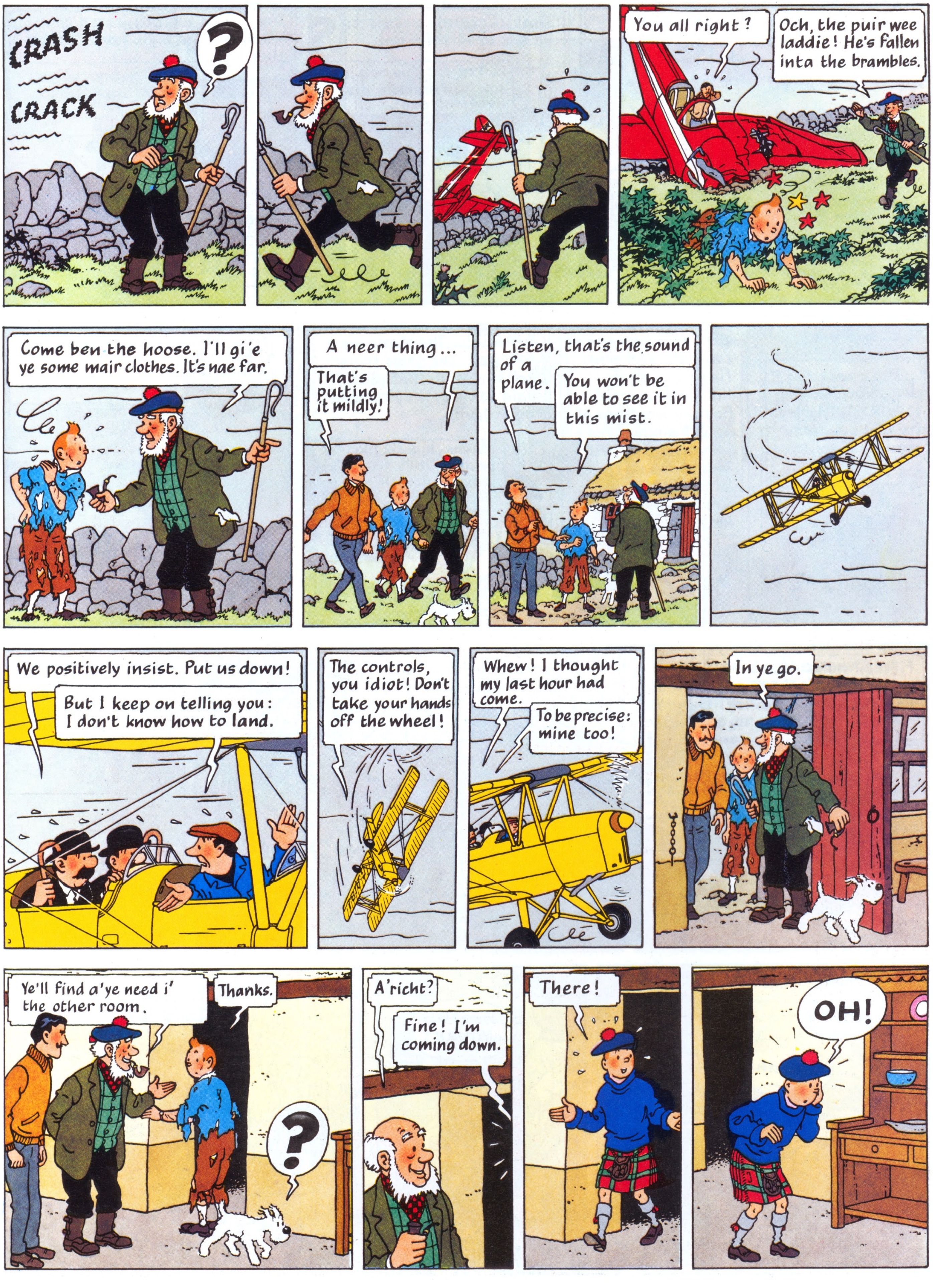

LOCH LOMOND
WHISKY
Hello, it's raining.
Golly, that's not water! But it's got a certain something, all the same!
Aha! There must be a leak ...
Better try to clean myself up.
STOP!
A station?... No... Then I wonder why they've stopped.
What in the world...? An engine, just sitting there..
It's the one they hijacked. Müller must have abandoned it ... But where did they go? The driver may give me a lead ...
Bert! Are you all right? What happened?
A couple of thugs... climbed into the cab... made us drive on ... then ordered me to stop. One of 'em got behind us, clobbered me with a spanner... I went out like a light. Didn't see which way they went ...
That's all right. My dog will pick up their trail in a flash... Snowy!
Now where's he gone?... Snowy!... Hey, Snowy!
SNOWY!
S'O.K., I'm c-c-coming... Give... hic... give a dog a sh-sh-shance...

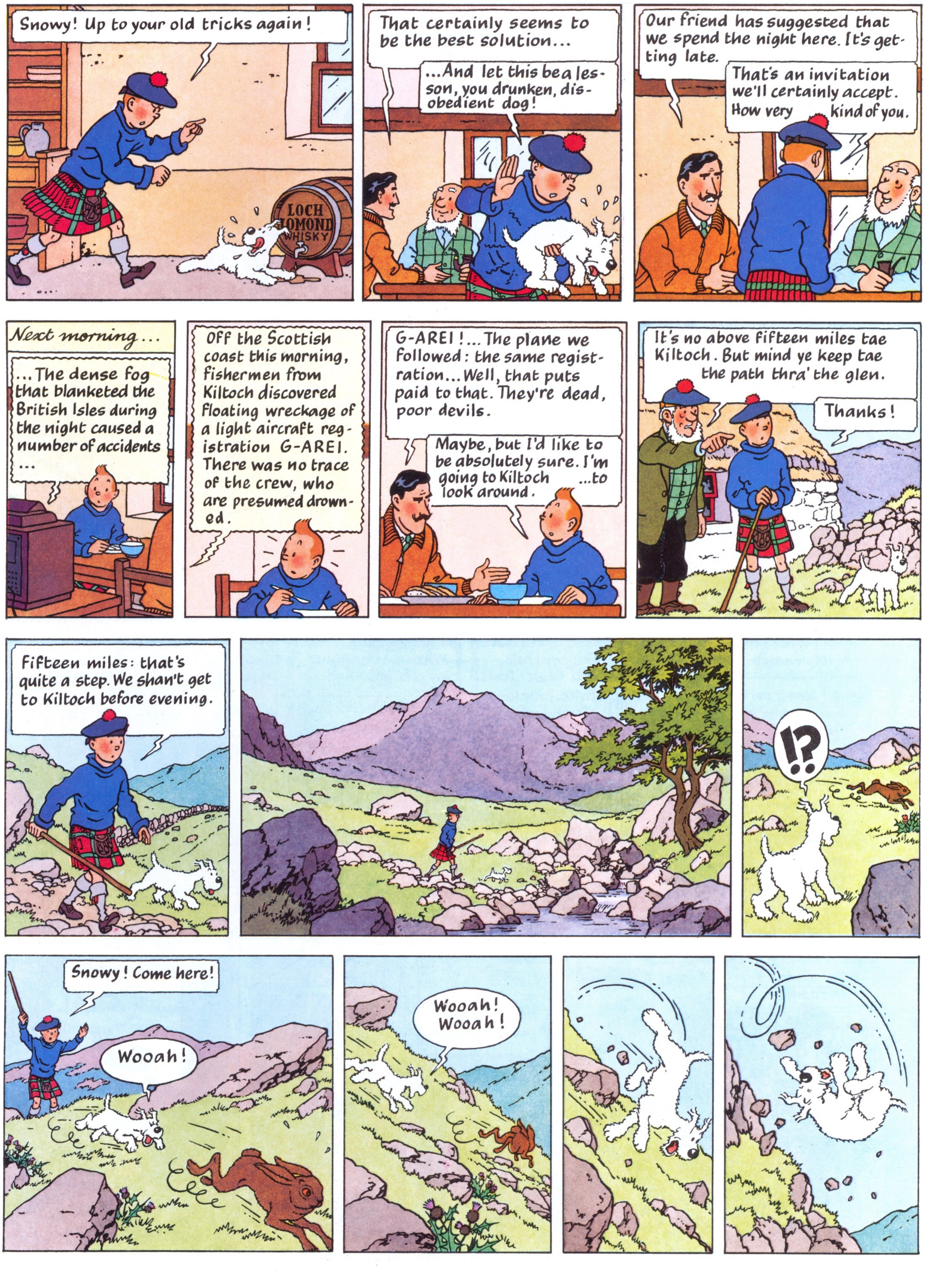

Good heavens, he's tight!
Jush...hic... jush look what I can ... do!
You ought to be ashamed of yourself!... Disgusting!... You're worse than a mongrel from the gutter!
Now pull yourself together, and pick up the scent. We're chasing gangsters...remember?
It's not...hic...fair ...Hic...Two of you ... picking on a... hic... poor little dog!...
Ah, a pub... and Snowy's got wind of something!
Wooah!
He's after them! He never really lets me down.
YE WHITE HART
Wooah!
Wooah! Wooah!
LOCH LOMOND WHISKY
If you don't watch out you'll come to a sticky end!
LOMOND WHISKY

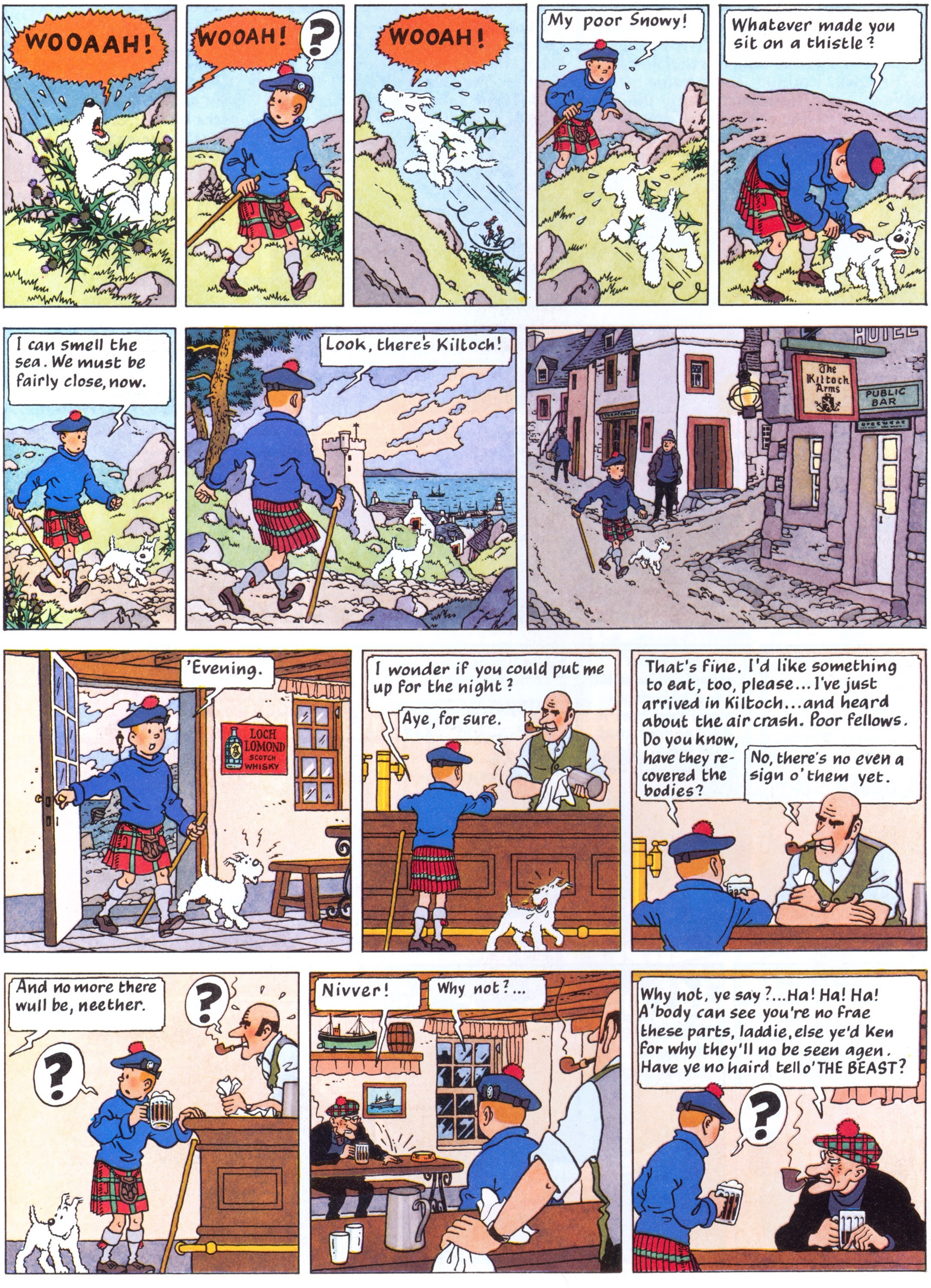

Himmel!
Drink a GIN & LI and be happy
?
So we meet again, eh?
!?
Great snakes!
What?
LOCH LOMOND SCOTCH WHISKY
You won't get away this time!
Whoa there! Not so fast!
SNAKEBITE
Let me go!... Don't you understand?... They're thugs, gangsters... They'll escape!
We know your little tricks!
How did he manage to get here so soon?
WHITE HART
It's absurd... they're crooks, I tell you... and you're letting them get away.
So you say. In the meantime we're arresting you... The robbery on the train: or have you forgotten that little episode?
It's ridiculous! You're not still flogging that dead horse?... Look here, let's make a deal. Don't arrest me till those thugs are behind bars, then I'll give myself up.
Hmm!... What do you think?
Hmm!... It's...er...highly irregular... But on second thoughts, we might...er...stretch a point.
All right, we agree. We'll let you go, on one condition: we come with you.
Two minds with one thought, eh? If he pulls something off, we get all the credit.

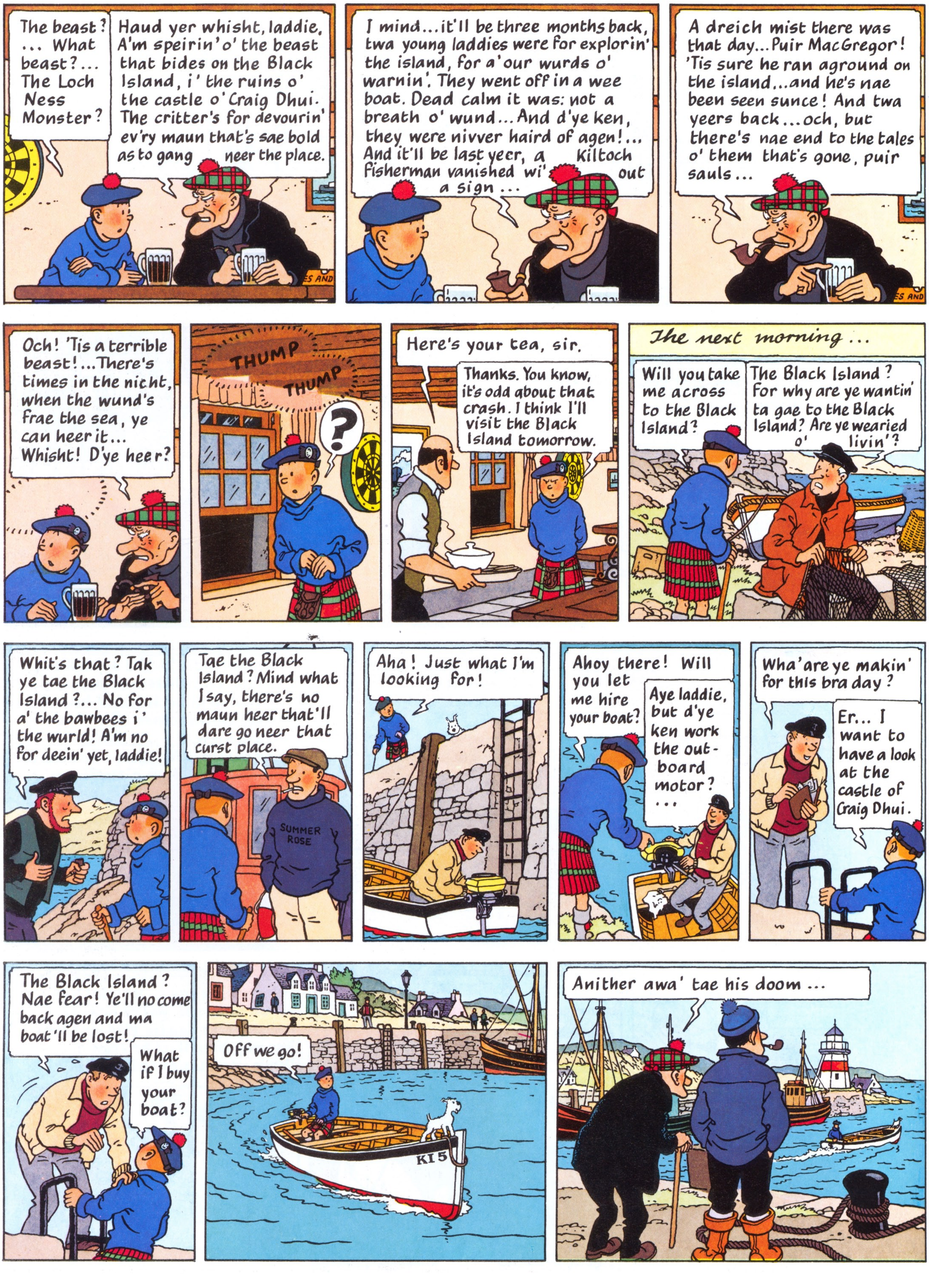

Keep it up, Snowy!
I only hope we're not too late!
HALCHESTER FLYING CLUB
PARKING
Look! Over there! That plane taking off... I bet it's them!
Watch out! He's diving at us!
G-AREI
Ruffians!
To be precise: road-hogs!
G-AREI
Our hats... ?
There.
The vandals! Our best hats, almost brand new... a pair of perfect bowlers!
I remember when we bought them, seven years ago... A bowl of perfect purlers!
I'm beginning to agree with Tintin: they look like crooks.
To be precise: so do I. Tintin may be right: they cook like rooks!
RRRR
?
?
Wait for me, I'll be back! Goodbye!

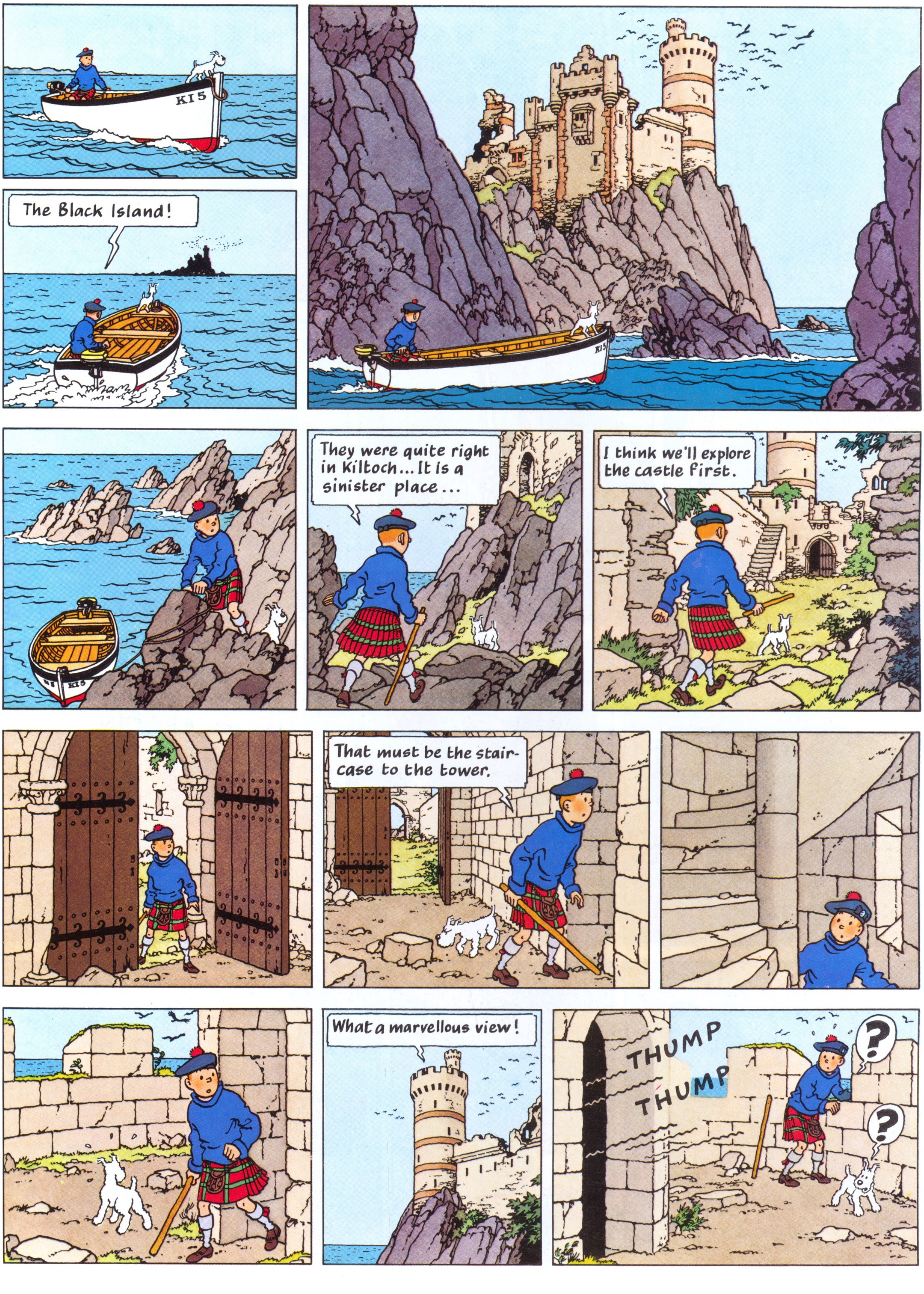

Come on! After them! That other machine over there... Quick!
We're police officers... Start her up... We're taking off right away!
But sir, I...
That's enough! No ifs or buts! We're the police, see? And we're commandeering this plane, and you to fly it!
Police... Understand?
Full throttle, pilot!
You can cut out the... er... aerobatics!
I'm s-s-sorry, s-s-sir... I'm d-d-doing my b-best... It's the f-f-first time I've f-f-flown... I'm just the m-m-mechanic!
G-ARCR
We'll soon be on their tail, unless...
Just as I feared... Running into cloud...
Rotten visibility... We've lost sight of them.
Have to land... We're near the coast... don't want to drop in the drink.
Doesn't look too rough. I'll have a go...
A wall! We're done for!

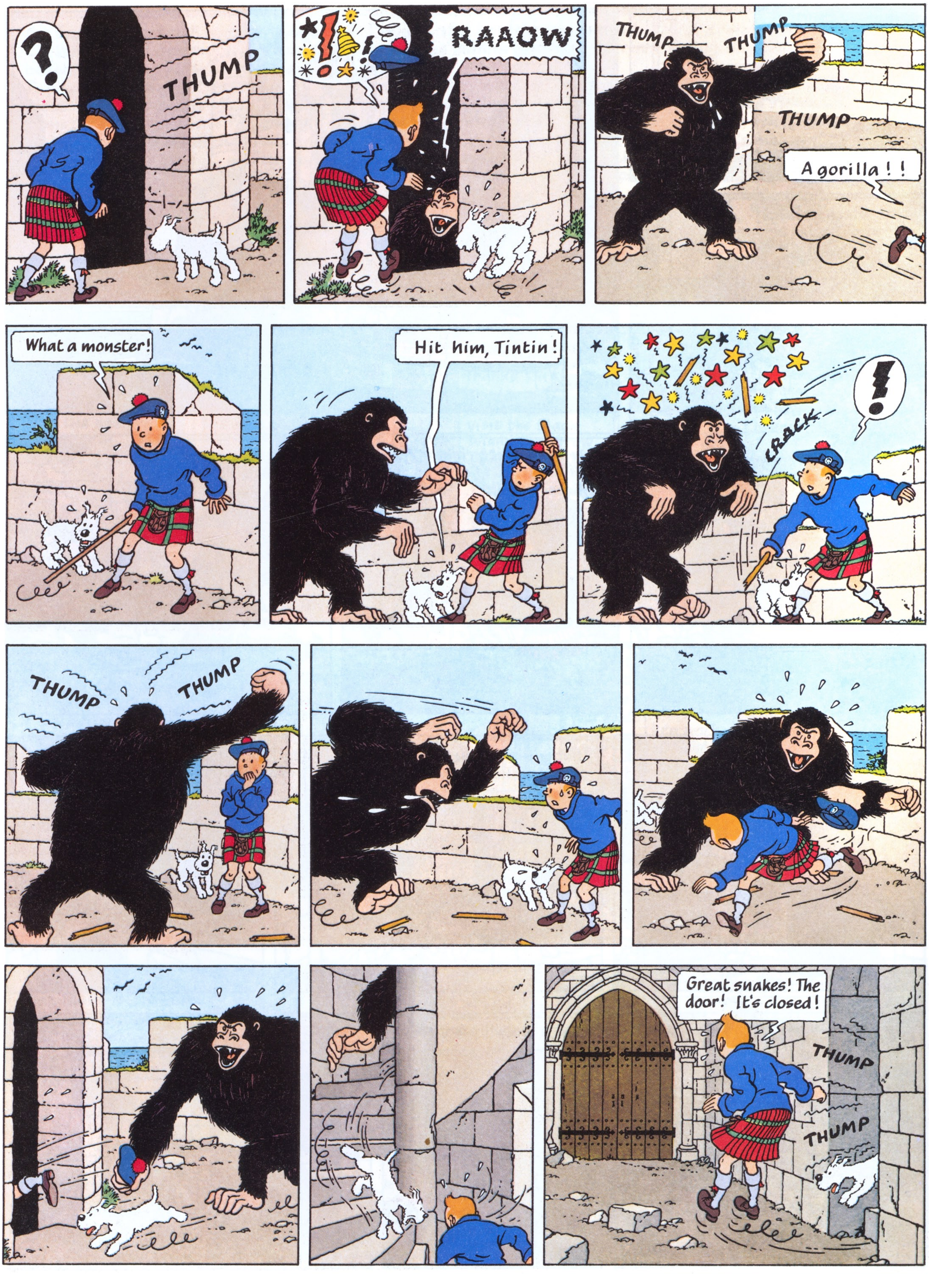

CRASH
CRACK
?
You all right?
Och, the puir wee laddie! He's fallen inta the brambles.
Come ben the hoose. I'll gi'e ye some mair clothes. It's nae far.
A neer thing ...
That's putting it mildly!
Listen, that's the sound of a plane.
You won't be able to see it in this mist.
We positively insist. Put us down!
But I keep on telling you: I don't know how to land.
The controls, you idiot! Don't take your hands off the wheel!
Whew! I thought my last hour had come.
To be precise: mine too!
In ye go.
Ye'll find a'ye need i' the other room.
Thanks.
?
A'richt?
Fine! I'm coming down.
There!
OH!

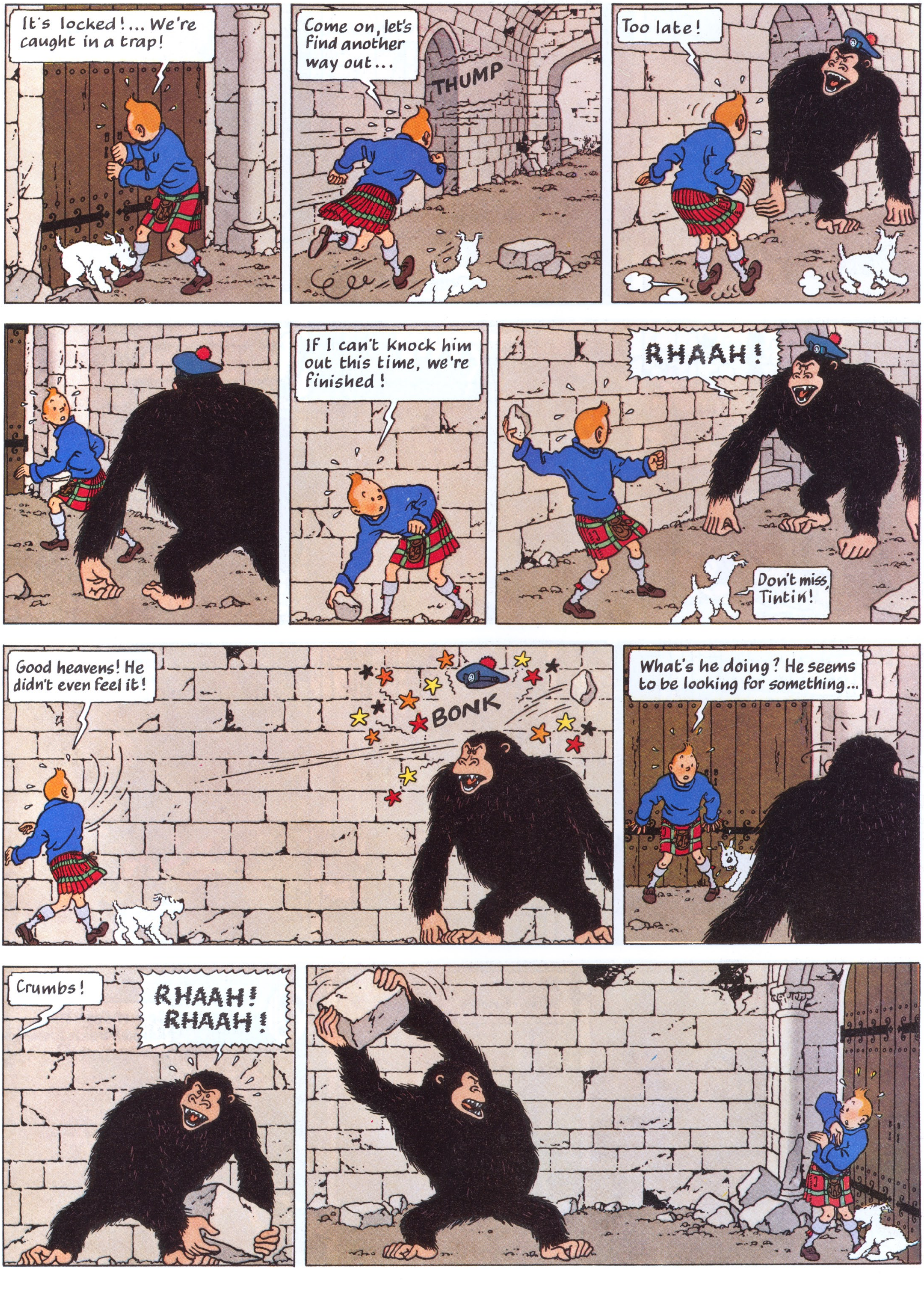

Snowy! Up to your old tricks again!
LOCH LOMOND WHISKY
That certainly seems to be the best solution...
...And let this be a lesson, you drunken, disobedient dog!
Our friend has suggested that we spend the night here. It's getting late.
That's an invitation we'll certainly accept. How very kind of you.
Next morning...
...The dense fog that blanketed the British Isles during the night caused a number of accidents ...
Off the Scottish coast this morning, fishermen from Kiltoch discovered floating wreckage of a light aircraft registration G-AREI. There was no trace of the crew, who are presumed drowned.
G-AREI!... The plane we followed: the same registration... Well, that puts paid to that. They're dead, poor devils.
Maybe, but I'd like to be absolutely sure. I'm going to Kiltoch ...to look around.
It's no above fifteen miles tae Kiltoch. But mind ye keep tae the path thra' the glen.
Thanks!
Fifteen miles: that's quite a step. We shan't get to Kiltoch before evening.
!?
Snowy! Come here!
Wooah!
Wooah! Wooah!

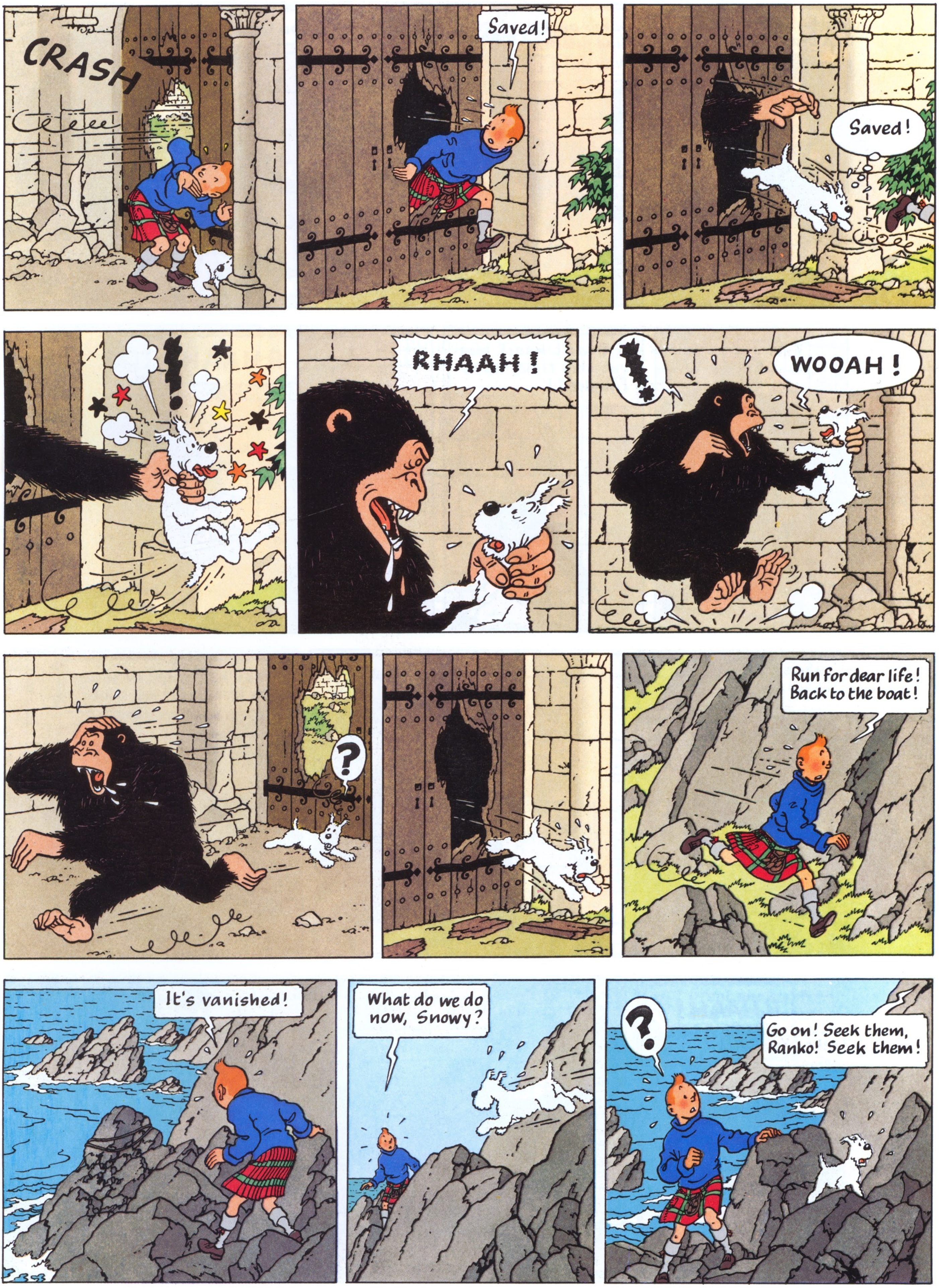

WOOAAH!
WOOAH!
?
WOOAH!
My poor Snowy!
Whatever made you sit on a thistle?
I can smell the sea. We must be fairly close, now.
Look, there's Kiltoch!
HOTEL
The Kiltoch Arms
PUBLIC BAR
'Evening.
LOCH LOMOND SCOTCH WHISKY
I wonder if you could put me up for the night?
Aye, for sure.
That's fine. I'd like something to eat, too, please... I've just arrived in Kiltoch... and heard about the air crash. Poor fellows. Do you know, have they recovered the bodies?
No, there's no even a sign o' them yet.
And no more there wull be, neether.
?
?
Nivver!
Why not?...
Why not, ye say?... Ha! Ha! Ha! A'body can see you're no frae these parts, laddie, else ye'd ken for why they'll no be seen agen. Have ye no haird tell o' THE BEAST?
?

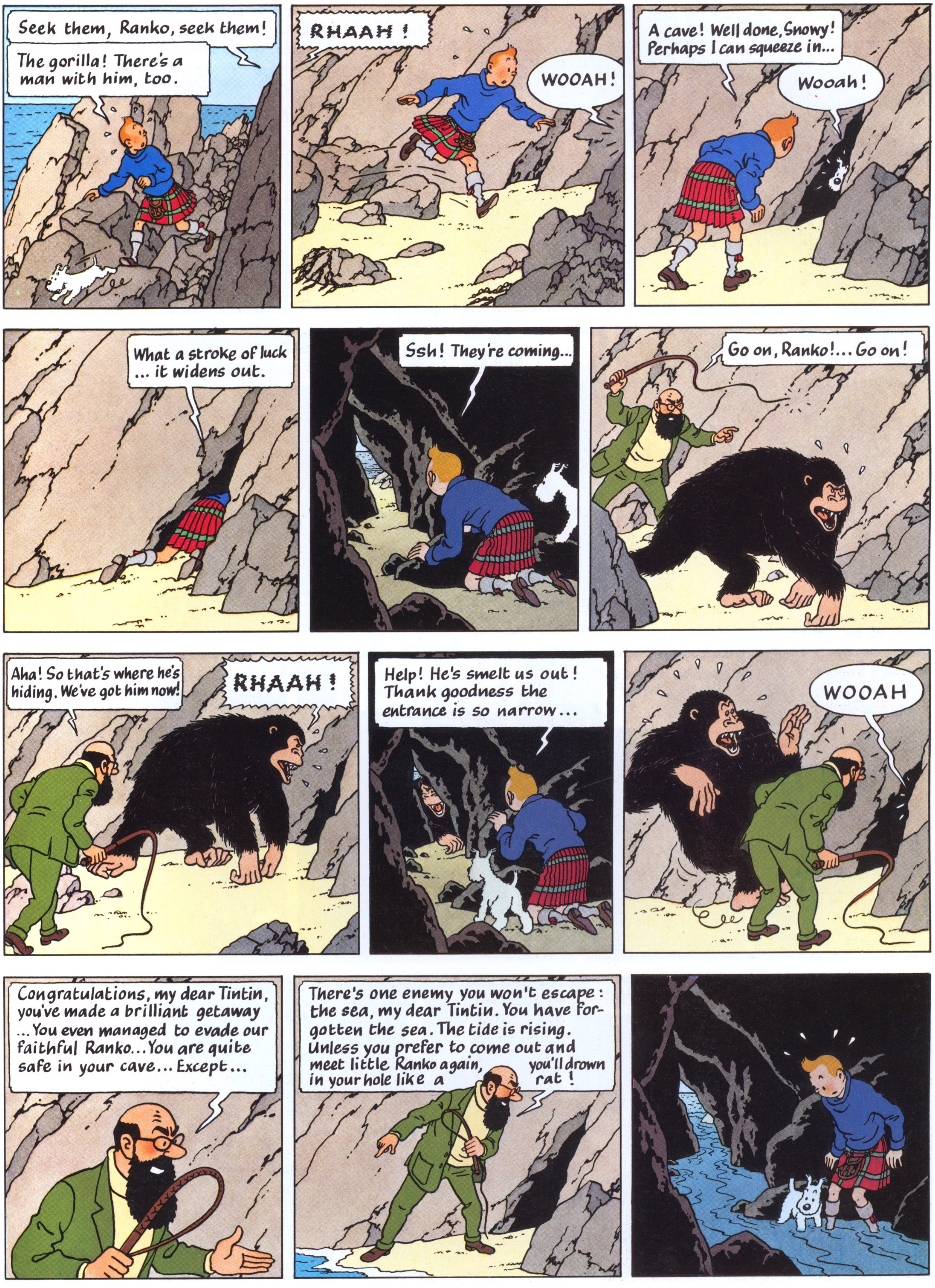

The beast? ... What beast?... The Loch Ness Monster?
Haud yer whisht, laddie. A'm speirin' o' the beast that bides on the Black Island, i' the ruins o' the castle o' Craig Dhui. The critter's for devourin' ev'ry maun that's sae bold as to gang neer the place.
ES AND
I mind... it'll be three months back, twa young laddies were for explorin' the island, for a' our wurds o' warnin'. They went off in a wee boat. Dead calm it was: not a breath o' wund... And d'ye ken, they were nivver haird of agen!... And it'll be last yeer, a Kiltoch fisherman vanished wi'out a sign...
A dreich mist there was that day... Puir MacGregor! 'Tis sure he ran aground on the island... and he's nae been seen sunce! And twa yeers back... och, but there's nae end to the tales o' them that's gone, puir sauls...
ES AND
Och! 'Tis a terrible beast!... There's times in the nicht, when the wund's frae the sea, ye can heer it... Whisht! D'ye heer?
THUMP
THUMP
?
Here's your tea, sir.
Thanks. You know, it's odd about that crash. I think I'll visit the Black Island tomorrow.
The next morning ...
Will you take me across to the Black Island?
The Black Island? For why are ye wantin' ta gae to the Black Island? Are ye wearied o' livin'?
Whit's that? Tak ye tae the Black Island?... No for a' the bawbees i' the wurld! A'm no for deein' yet, laddie!
Tae the Black Island? Mind what I say, there's no maun heer that'll dare go neer that curst place.
SUMMER ROSE
Aha! Just what I'm looking for!
Ahoy there! Will you let me hire your boat?
Aye laddie, but d'ye ken work the out-board motor? ...
Wha' are ye makin' for this bra day?
Er... I want to have a look at the castle of Craig Dhui.
The Black Island? Nae fear! Ye'll no come back agen and ma boat'll be lost!
What if I buy your boat?
Off we go!
KI 5
Anither awa' tae his doom ...

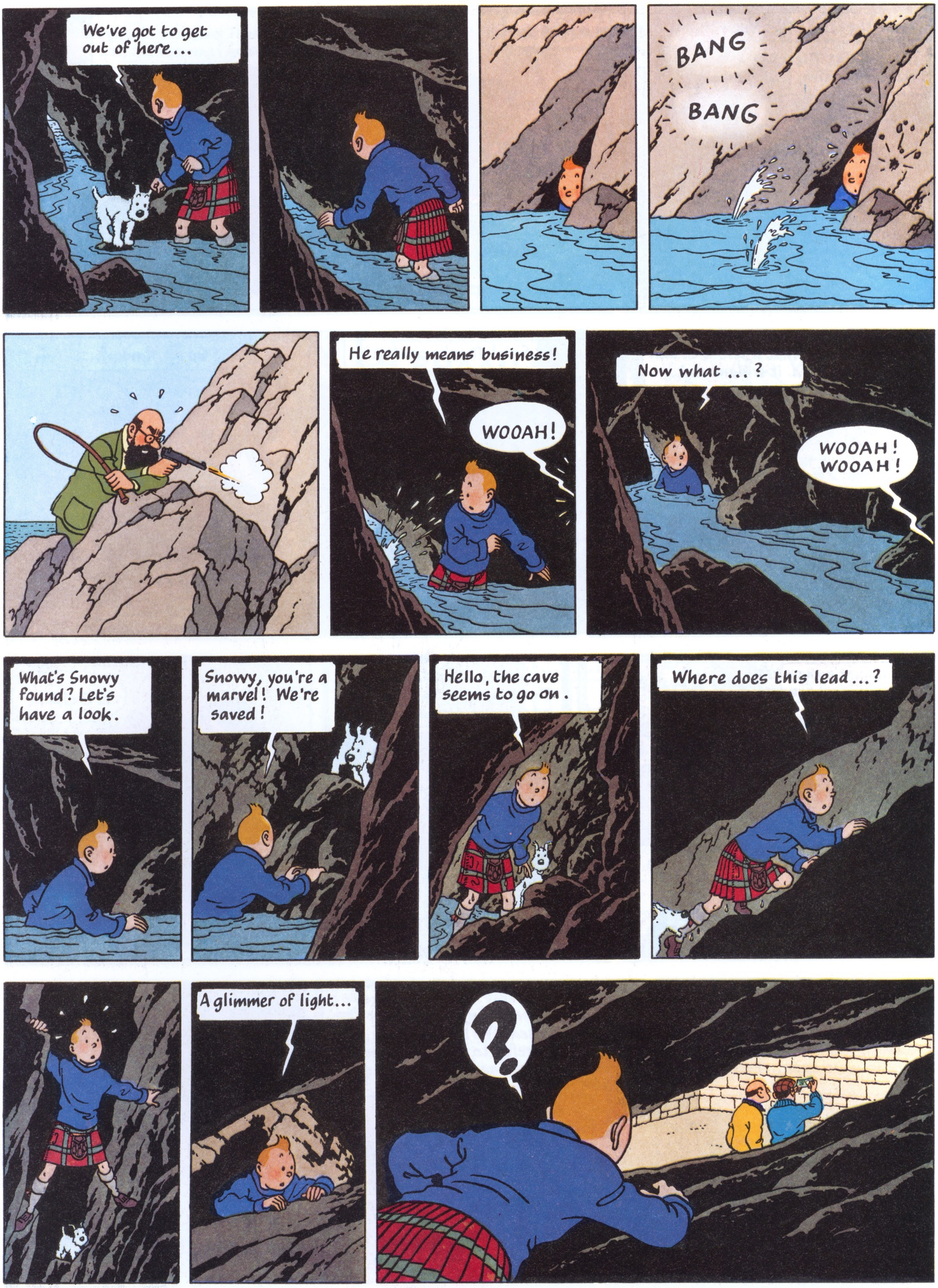

KI 5
The Black Island!
KI 5
They were quite right in Kiltoch... It is a sinister place...
I think we'll explore the castle first.
That must be the staircase to the tower.
What a marvellous view!
THUMP
THUMP
?
?

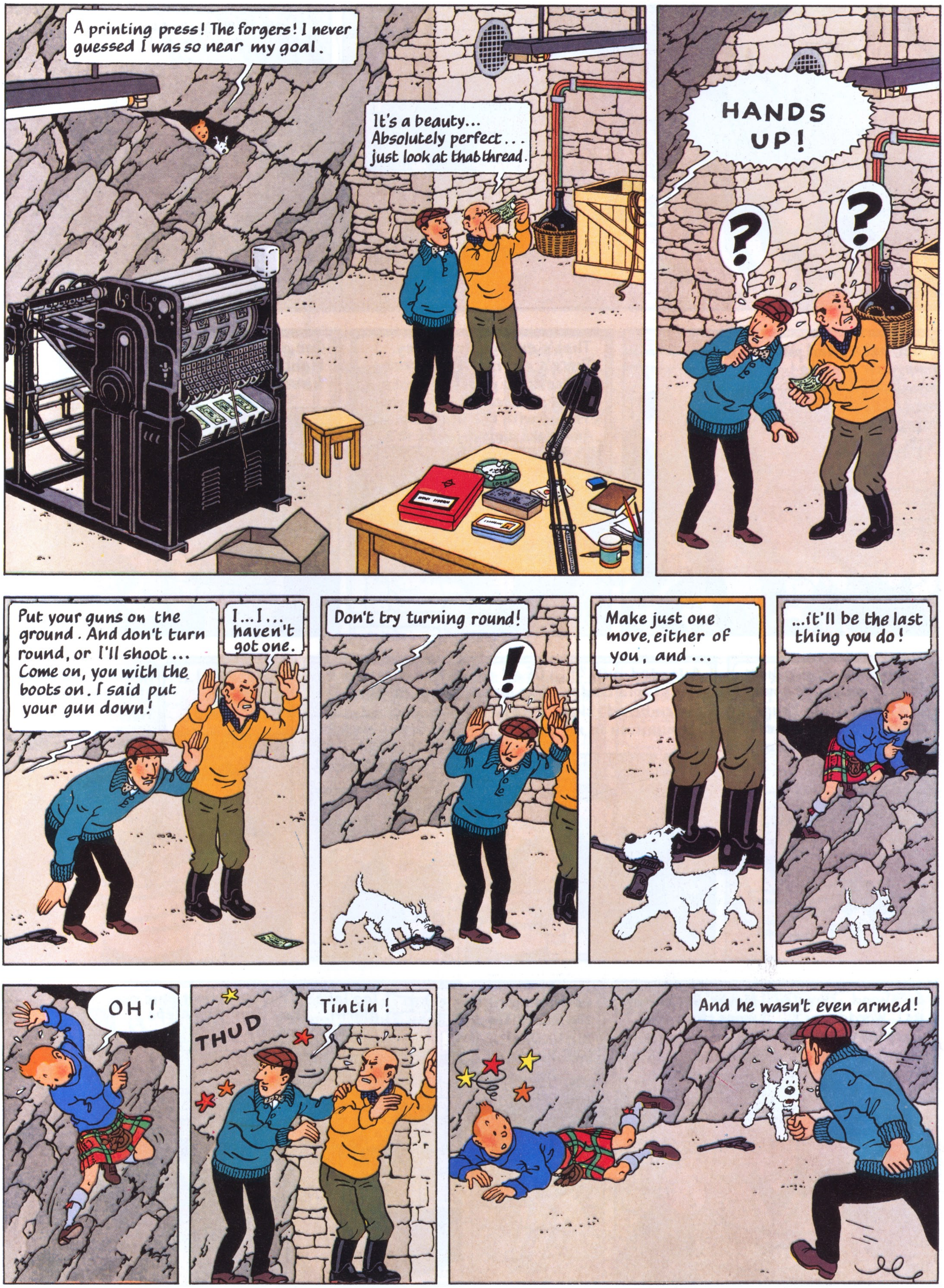

?
THUMP
RAAOW
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
A gorilla!!
What a monster!
Hit him, Tintin!
CRACK
!
THUMP
THUMP
Great snakes! The door! It's closed!
THUMP
THUMP

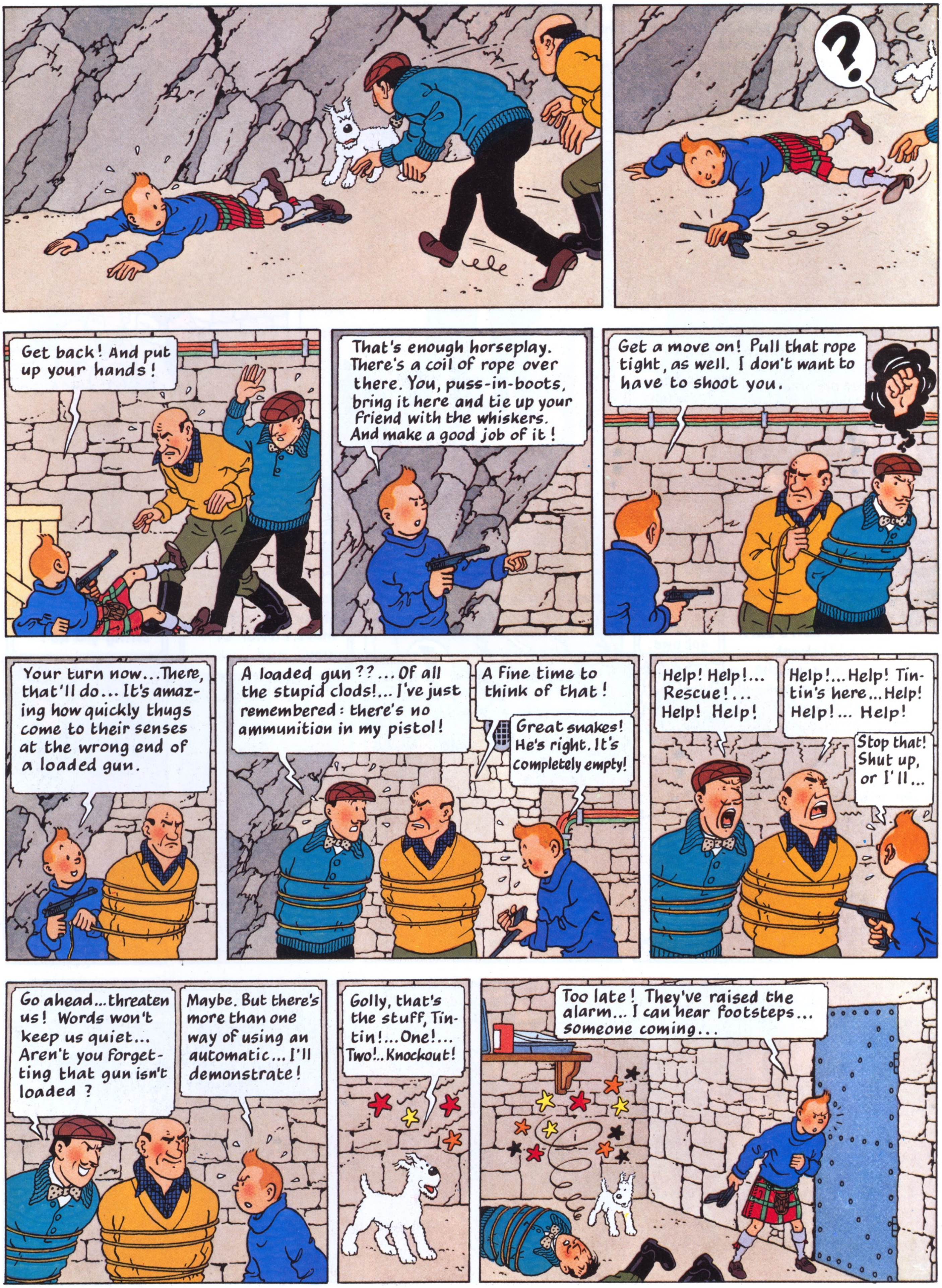

It's locked! ... We're caught in a trap!
Come on, let's find another way out...
THUMP
Too late!
If I can't knock him out this time, we're finished!
RHAAH!
Don't miss, Tintin!
Good heavens! He didn't even feel it!
BONK
What's he doing? He seems to be looking for something...
Crumbs!
RHAAH! RHAAH!

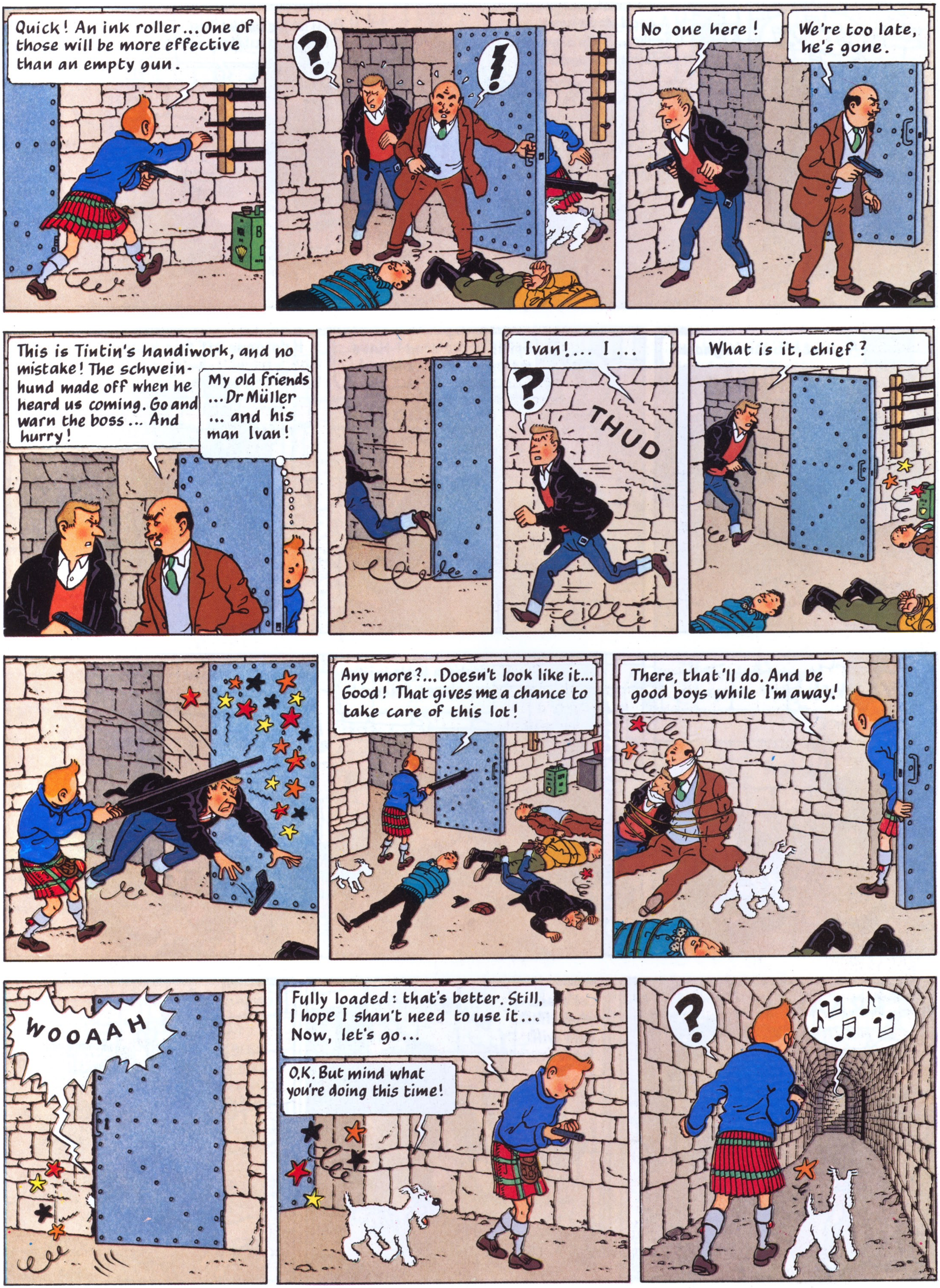

CRASH
Saved!
Saved!
RHAAH!
WOOAH!
?
Run for dear life! Back to the boat!
It's vanished!
What do we do now, Snowy?
?
Go on! Seek them, Ranko! Seek them!

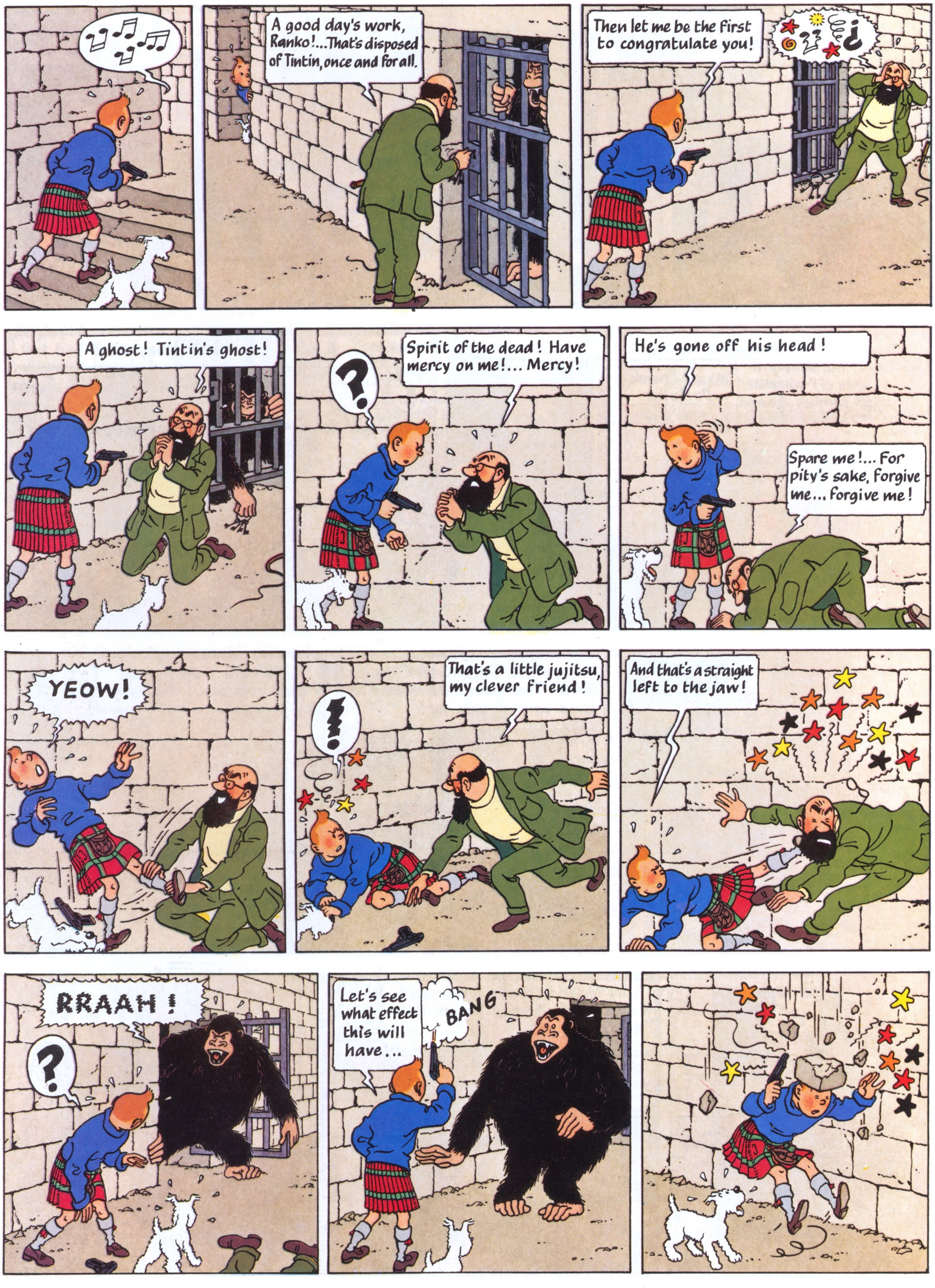

Seek them, Ranko, seek them!
The gorilla! There's a man with him, too.
RHAAH!
WOOAH!
A cave! Well done, Snowy! Perhaps I can squeeze in...
Wooah!
What a stroke of luck ... it widens out.
Ssh! They're coming...
Go on, Ranko!... Go on!
Aha! So that's where he's hiding. We've got him now!
RHAAH!
Help! He's smelt us out! Thank goodness the entrance is so narrow...
WOOAH
Congratulations, my dear Tintin, you've made a brilliant getaway ...You even managed to evade our faithful Ranko...You are quite safe in your cave... Except...
There's one enemy you won't escape: the sea, my dear Tintin. You have forgotten the sea. The tide is rising. Unless you prefer to come out and meet little Ranko again, you'll drown in your hole like a rat!

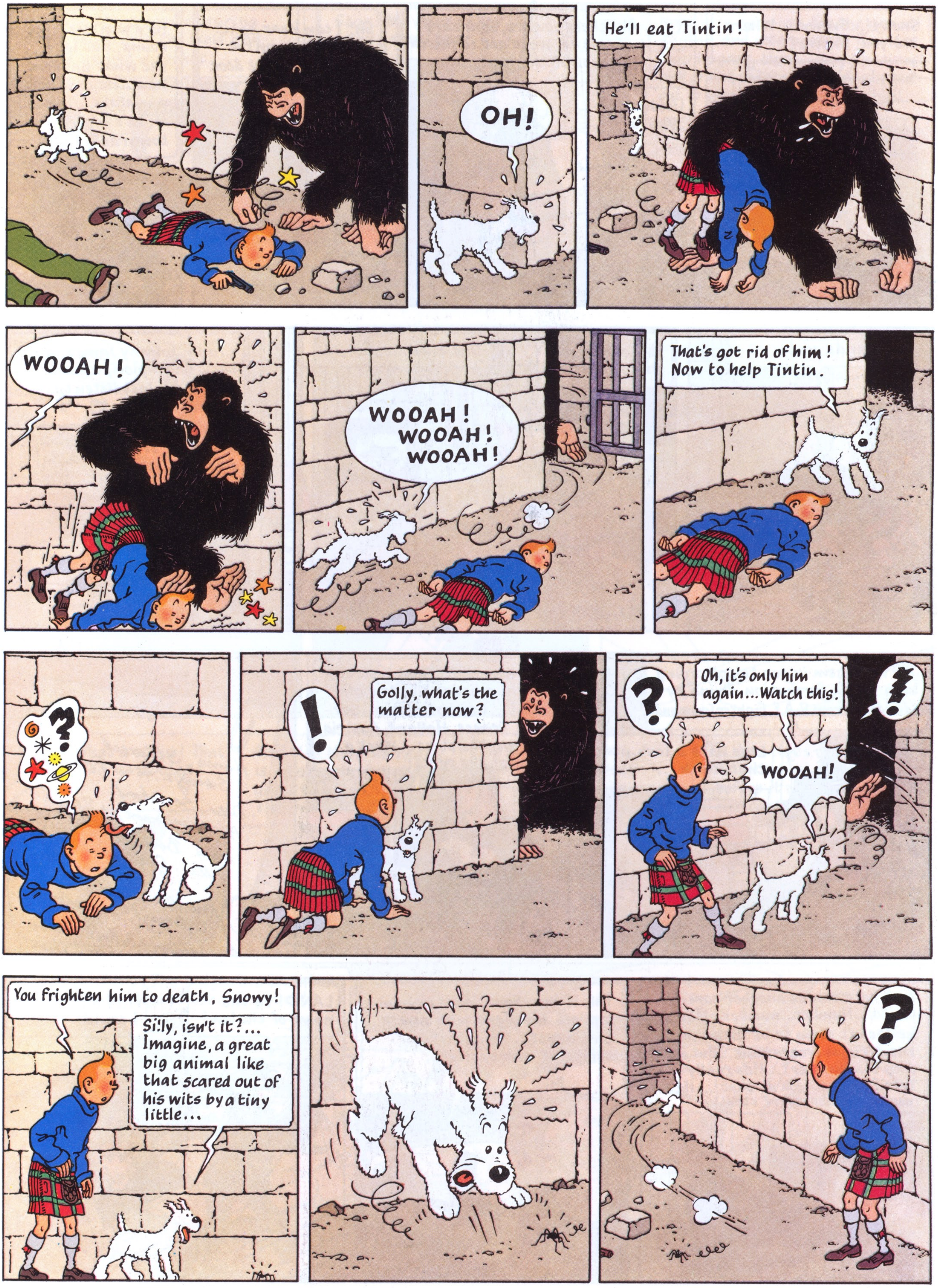

We've got to get out of here...
BANG
BANG
He really means business!
WOOAH!
Now what ...?
WOOAH! WOOAH!
What's Snowy found? Let's have a look.
Snowy, you're a marvel! We're saved!
Hello, the cave seems to go on.
Where does this lead...?
A glimmer of light...
?

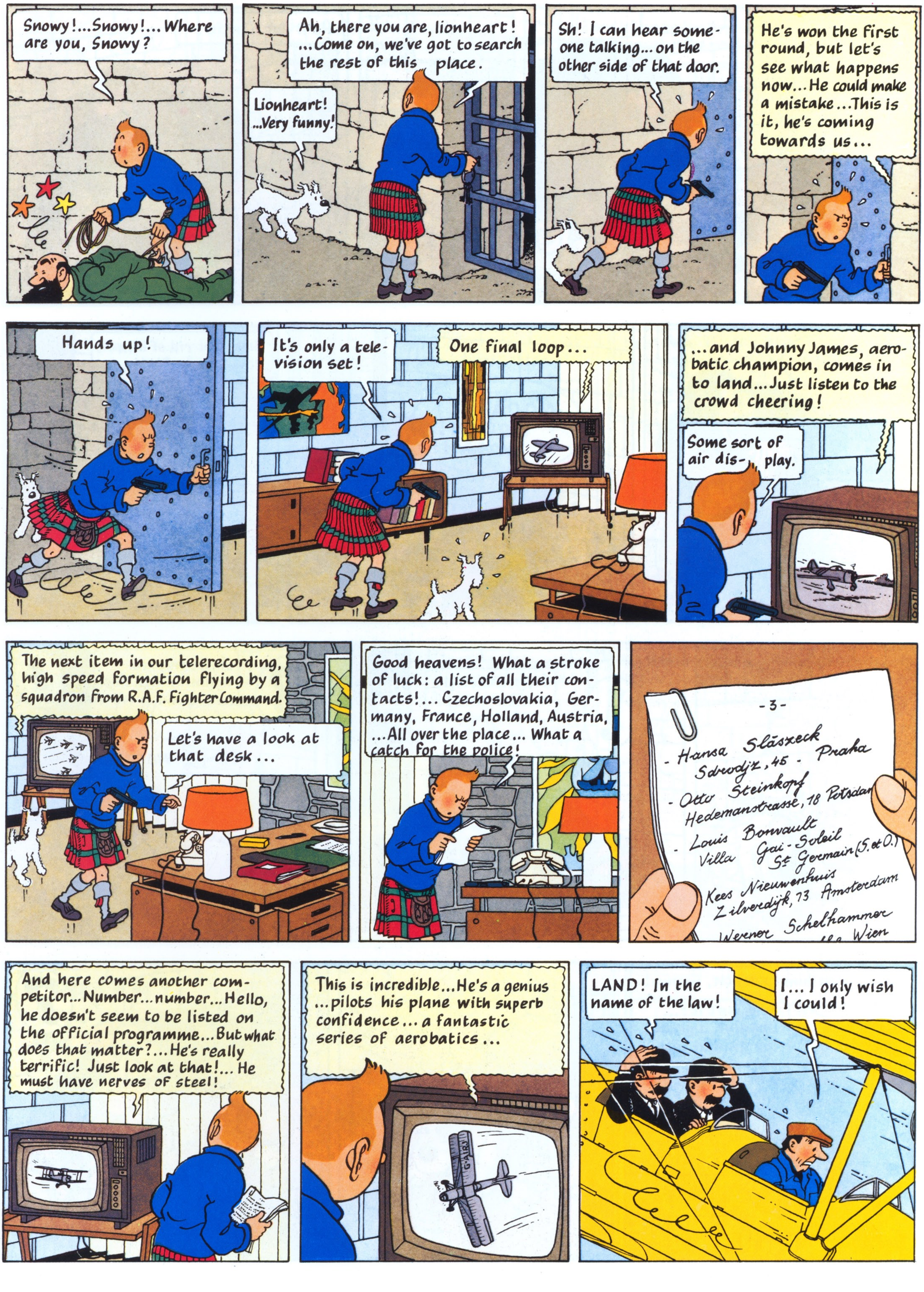

A printing press! The forgers! I never guessed I was so near my goal.
It's a beauty... Absolutely perfect... just look at thab thread.
HANDS UP!
?
?
Put your guns on the ground. And don't turn round, or I'll shoot... Come on, you with the boots on. I said put your gun down!
I... I... haven't got one.
Don't try turning round!
!
Make just one move, either of you, and...
...it'll be the last thing you do!
OH!
THUD
Tintin!
And he wasn't even armed!

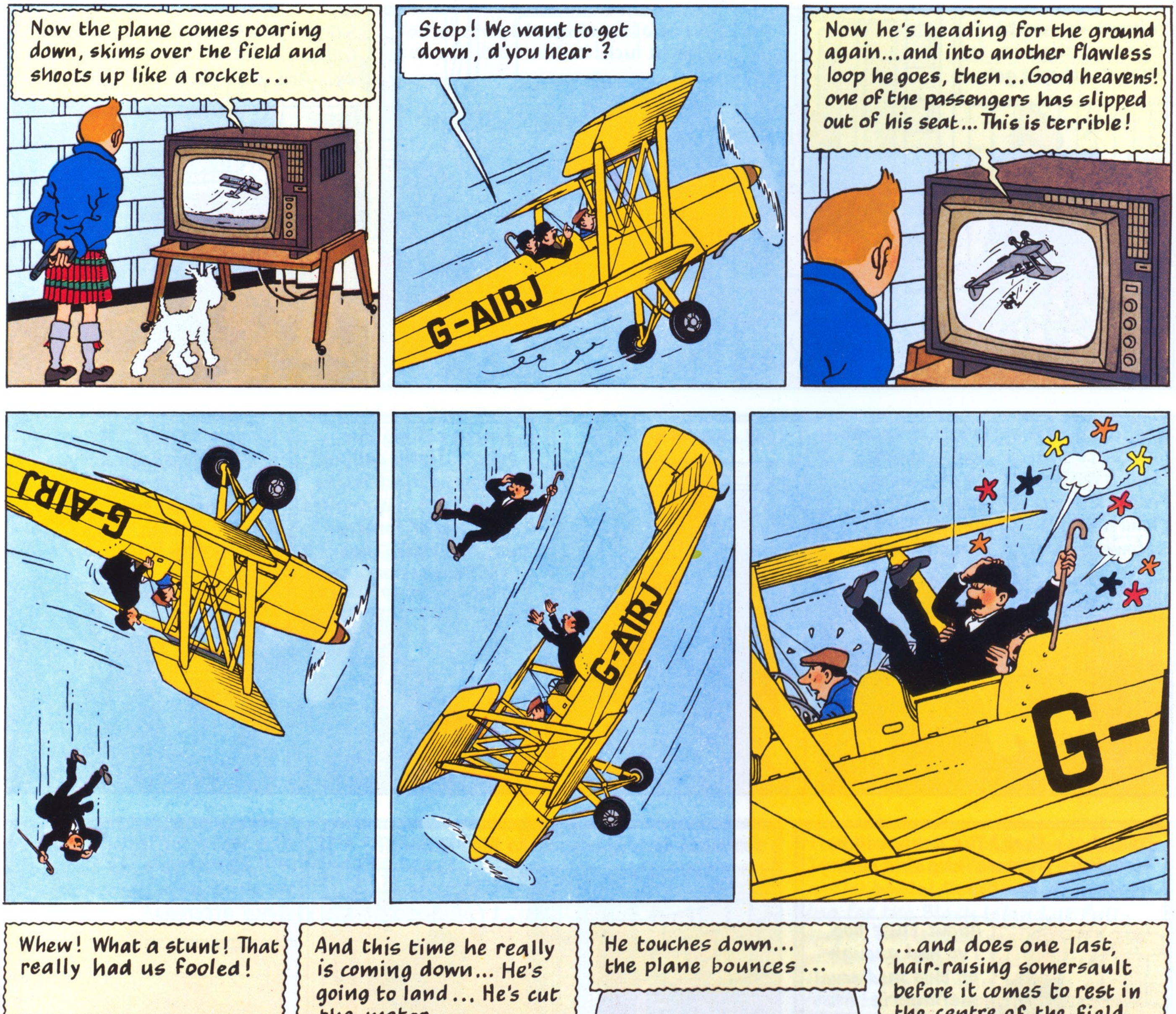

?
Get back! And put up your hands!
That's enough horseplay. There's a coil of rope over there. You, puss-in-boots, bring it here and tie up your friend with the whiskers. And make a good job of it!
Get a move on! Pull that rope tight, as well. I don't want to have to shoot you.
Your turn now... There, that'll do... It's amazing how quickly thugs come to their senses at the wrong end of a loaded gun.
A loaded gun??... Of all the stupid clods!... I've just remembered: there's no ammunition in my pistol!
A fine time to think of that!
Great snakes! He's right. It's completely empty!
Help! Help!... Rescue!... Help! Help!
Help!... Help! Tintin's here... Help! Help!... Help!
Stop that! Shut up, or I'll...
Go ahead... threaten us! Words won't keep us quiet... Aren't you forgetting that gun isn't loaded?
Maybe. But there's more than one way of using an automatic... I'll demonstrate!
Golly, that's the stuff, Tintin!... One!... Two!... Knockout!
Too late! They've raised the alarm... I can hear footsteps... someone coming...

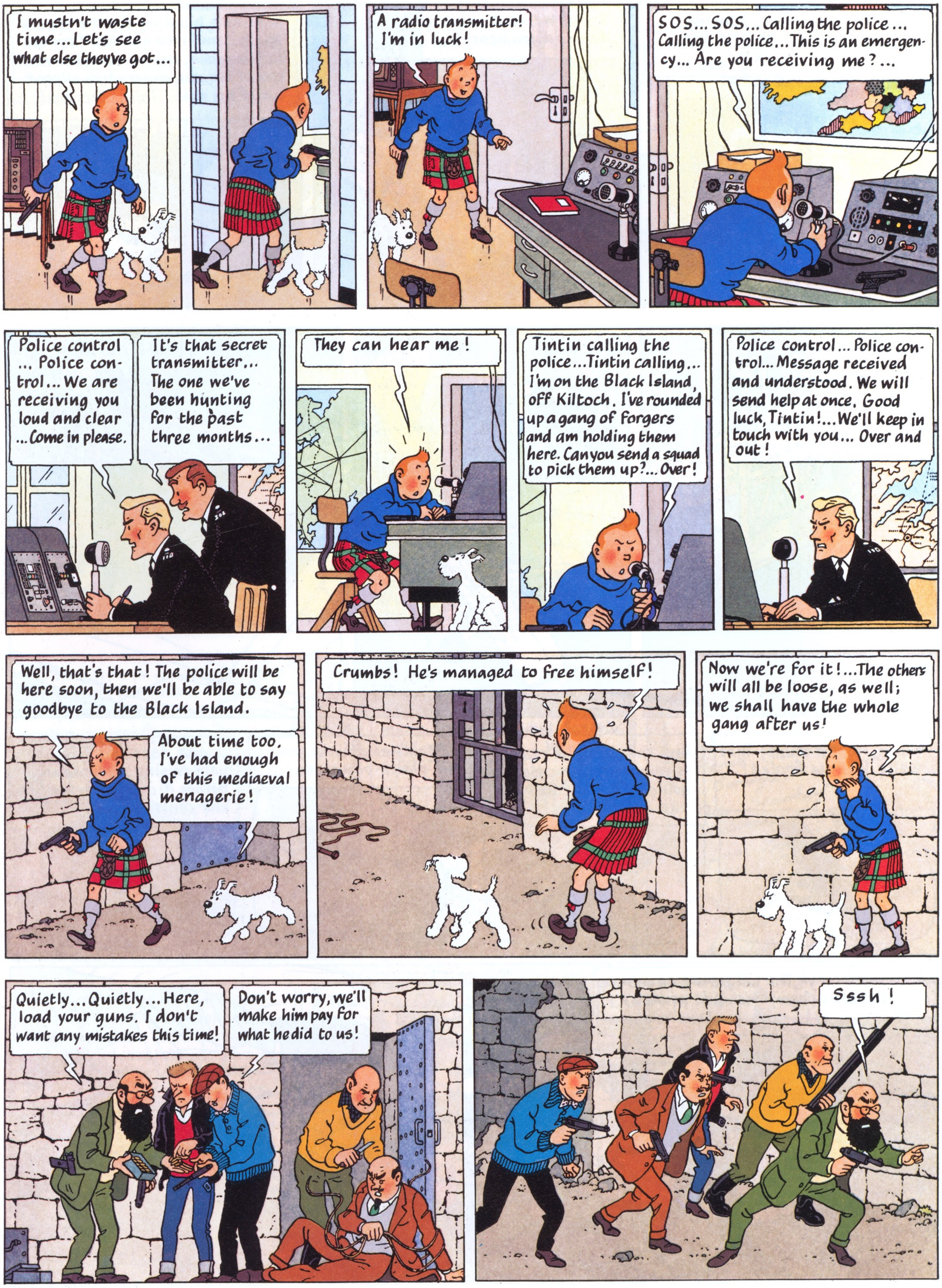

Quick! An ink roller... One of those will be more effective than an empty gun.
?
!
No one here!
We're too late, he's gone.
This is Tintin's handiwork, and no mistake! The schweinhund made off when he heard us coming. Go and warn the boss... And hurry!
My old friends ... Dr Müller ... and his man Ivan!
Ivan!... I...
?
THUD
What is it, chief?
Any more?... Doesn't look like it... Good! That gives me a chance to take care of this lot!
There, that'll do. And be good boys while I'm away!
WOOAAH
Fully loaded: that's better. Still, I hope I shan't need to use it... Now, let's go...
O.K. But mind what you're doing this time!
?

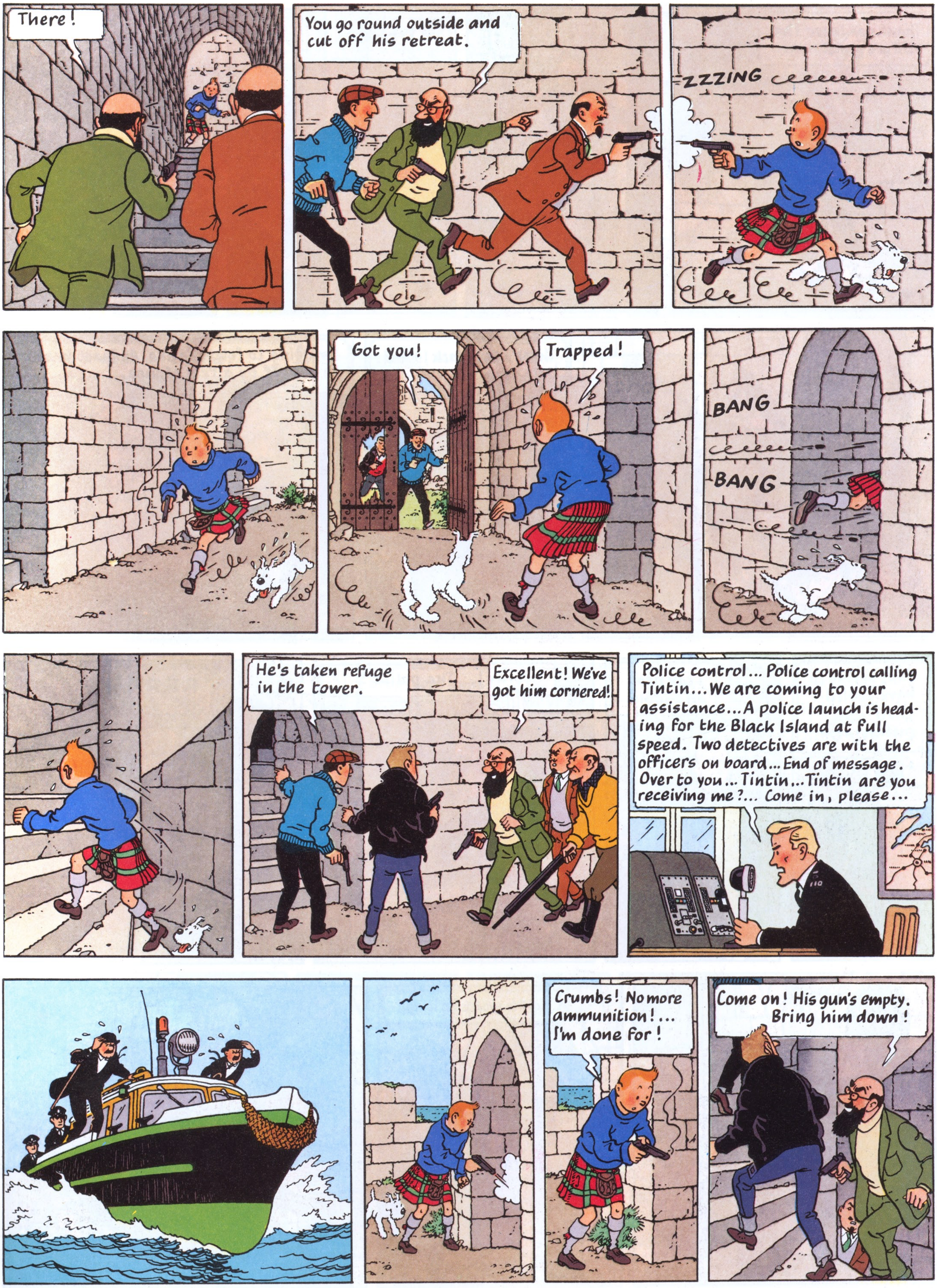

A good day's work, Ranko!... That's disposed of Tintin, once and for all.
Then let me be the first to congratulate you!
¿
A ghost! Tintin's ghost!
?
Spirit of the dead! Have mercy on me!... Mercy!
He's gone off his head!
Spare me!... For pity's sake, forgive me... forgive me!
YEOW!
!
That's a little jujitsu, my clever friend!
And that's a straight left to the jaw!
RRAAH!
?
Let's see what effect this will have...
BANG

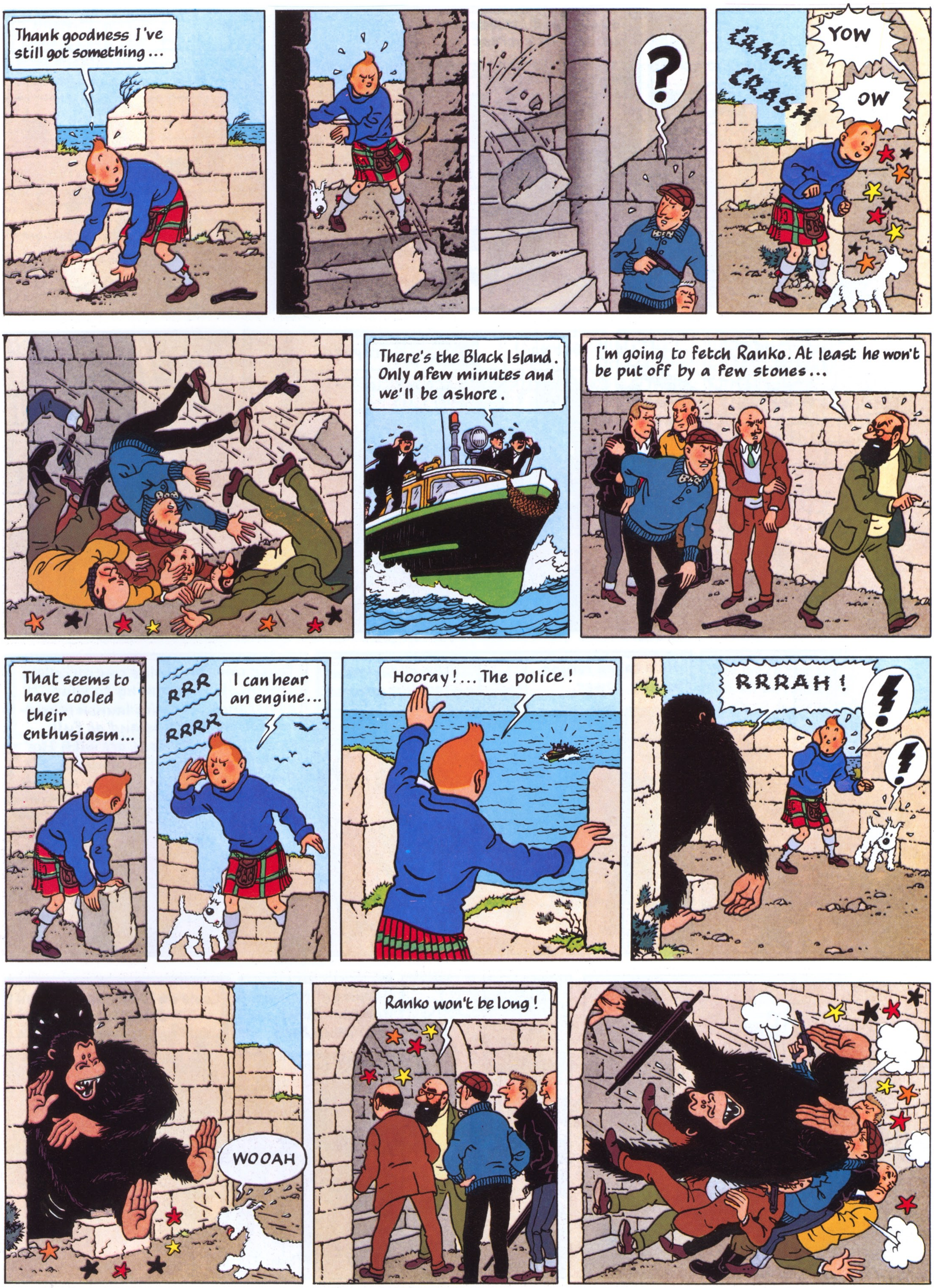

OH!
He'll eat Tintin!
WOOAH!
WOOAH! WOOAH! WOOAH!
That's got rid of him! Now to help Tintin.
?
!
Golly, what's the matter now?
?
Oh, it's only him again... Watch this!
!
WOOAH!
You frighten him to death, Snowy!
Silly, isn't it?... Imagine, a great big animal like that scared out of his wits by a tiny little...
?

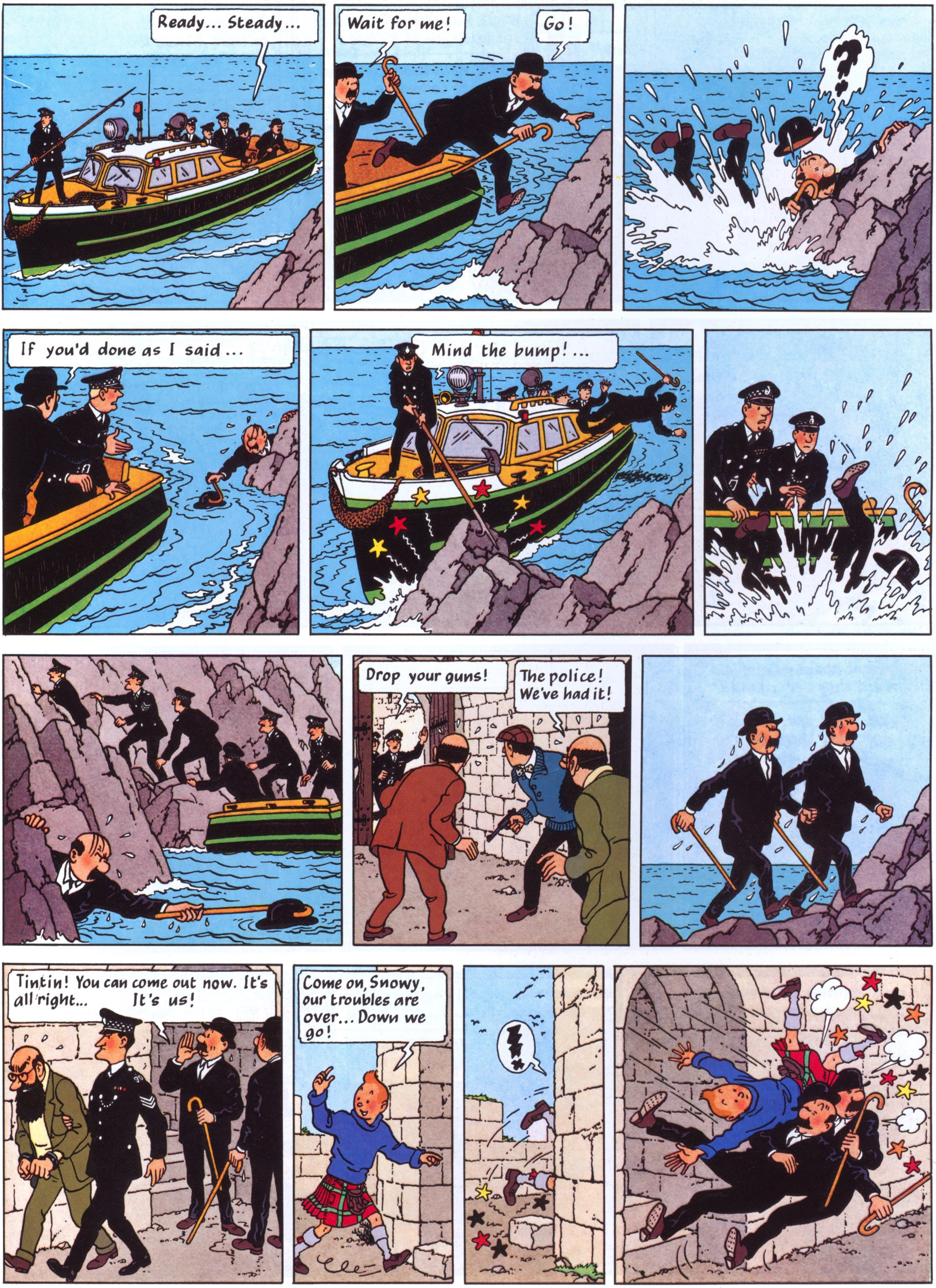

Snowy!...Snowy!... Where are you, Snowy?
Ah, there you are, lionheart! ...Come on, we've got to search the rest of this place.
Lionheart! ...Very funny!
Sh! I can hear someone talking... on the other side of that door.
He's won the first round, but let's see what happens now... He could make a mistake... This is it, he's coming towards us...
Hands up!
It's only a television set!
One final loop...
...and Johnny James, aerobatic champion, comes in to land... Just listen to the crowd cheering!
Some sort of air display.
The next item in our telerecording, high speed formation flying by a squadron from R.A.F. Fighter Command.
Let's have a look at that desk...
Good heavens! What a stroke of luck: a list of all their contacts!... Czechoslovakia, Germany, France, Holland, Austria, ...All over the place... What a catch for the police!
- 3 -
- Hansa Släszeck
Sdrodjiz, 45 - Praha
- Otto Steinkopf
Hedemanstrasse, 18 Potsdam
- Louis Bonvault
Villa Gai-Soleil
St Germain (S. et O.)
Kees Nieuwenhuis
Zilverdijk, 73 Amsterdam
Werner Schelhammer
Wien
And here comes another competitor... Number... number... Hello, he doesn't seem to be listed on the official programme... But what does that matter?... He's really terrific! Just look at that!... He must have nerves of steel!
This is incredible... He's a genius ...pilots his plane with superb confidence... a fantastic series of aerobatics...
G-AIRU
LAND! In the name of the law!
I... I only wish I could!

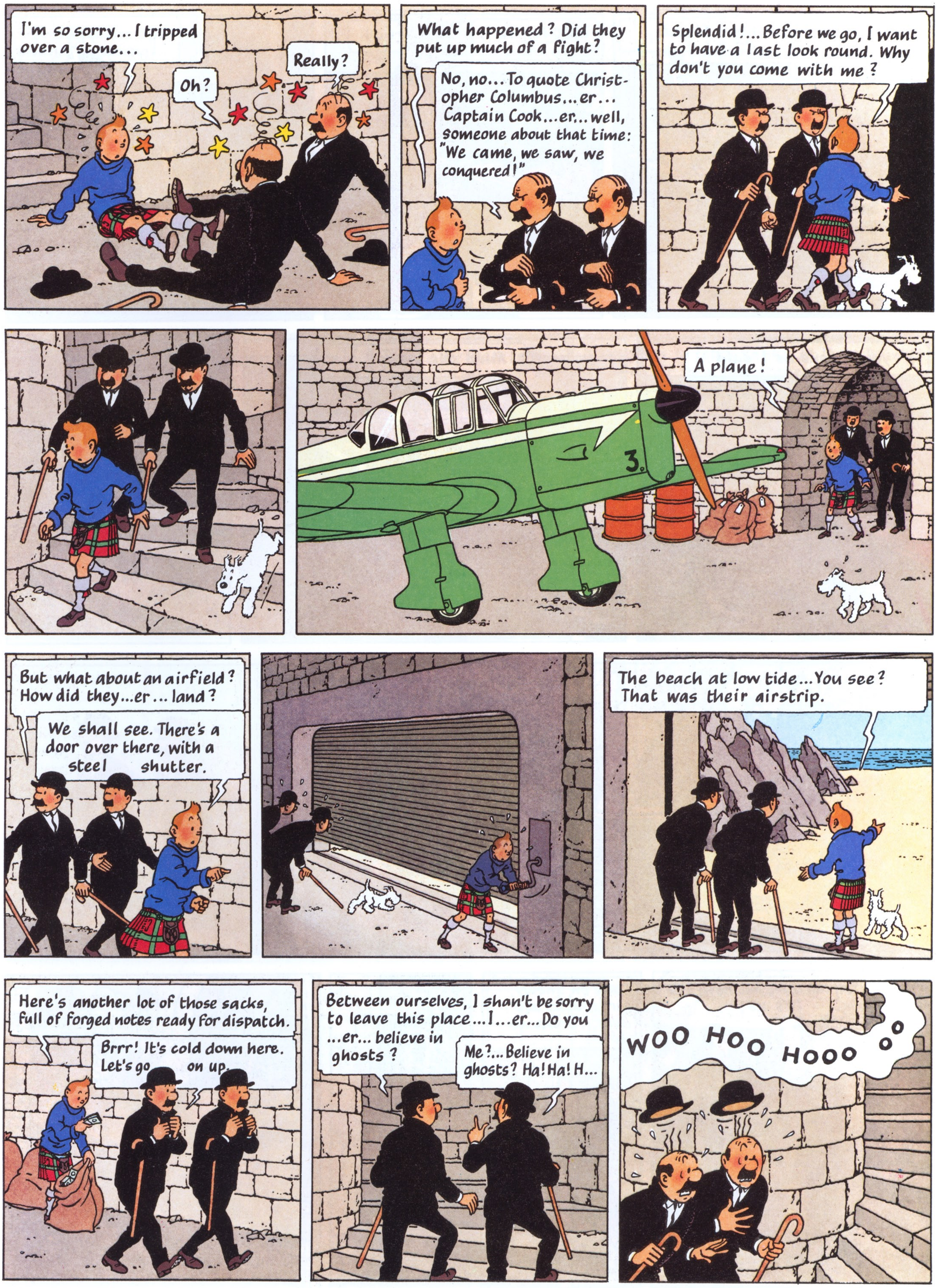

Now the plane comes roaring down, skims over the field and shoots up like a rocket ...
Stop! We want to get down, d'you hear ?
G-AIRJ
Now he's heading for the ground again ... and into another flawless loop he goes, then ... Good heavens! one of the passengers has slipped out of his seat ... This is terrible!
G-AIRJ
G-AIRJ
G-A
Whew! What a stunt! That really had us fooled!
And this time he really is coming down ... He's going to land ... He's cut the motor ...
He touches down ... the plane bounces ...
... and does one last, hair-raising somersault before it comes to rest in the centre of the field.
G-AIRJ
A clear victory! The judges are unanimous ... the aerobatic championship is yours!

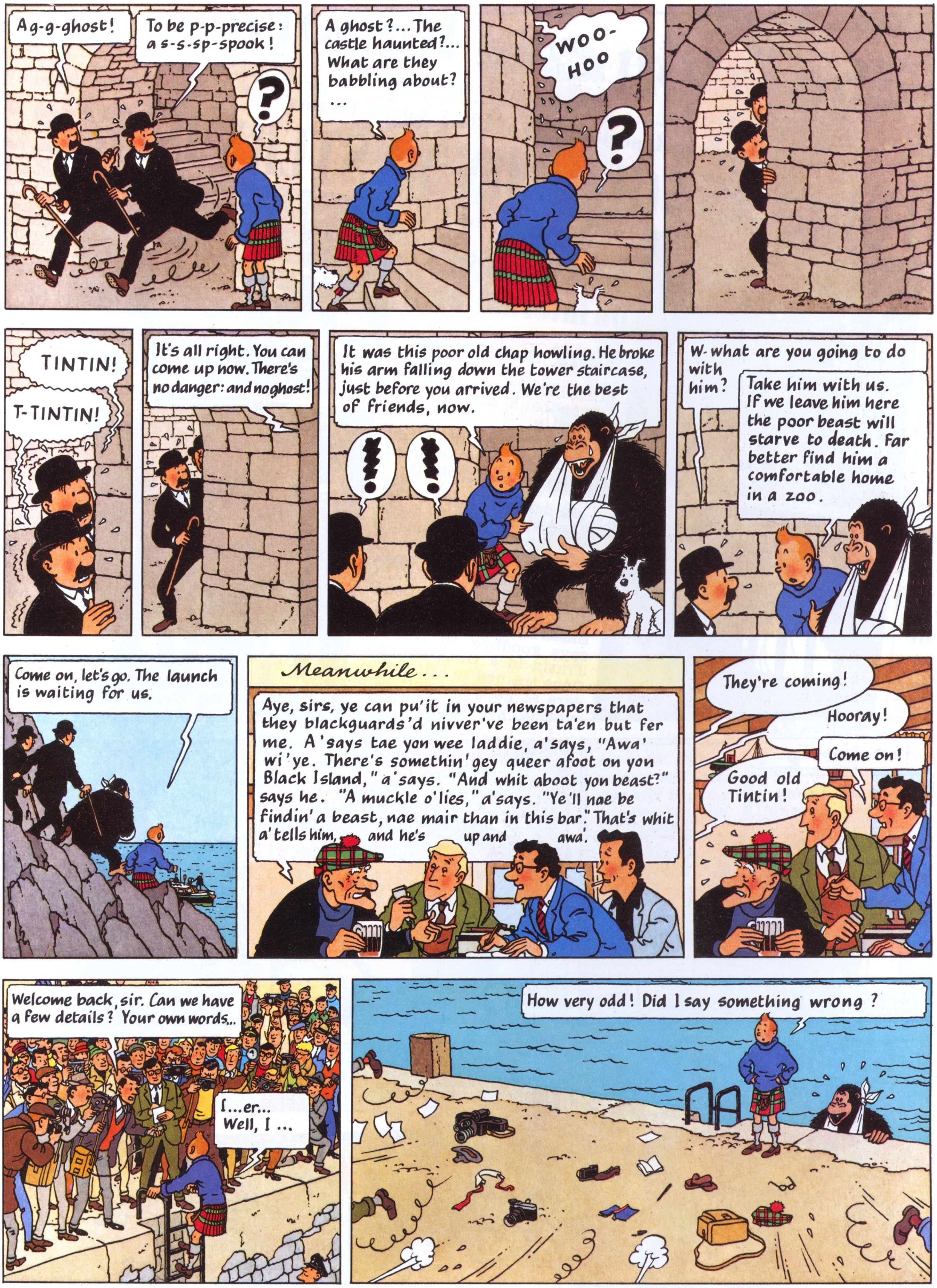

I mustn't waste time... Let's see what else they've got...
A radio transmitter! I'm in luck!
SOS... SOS... Calling the police... Calling the police... This is an emergency... Are you receiving me?...
Police control... Police control... We are receiving you loud and clear... Come in please.
It's that secret transmitter... The one we've been hunting for the past three months...
They can hear me!
Tintin calling the police... Tintin calling... I'm on the Black Island, off Kiltoch. I've rounded up a gang of forgers and am holding them here. Can you send a squad to pick them up?... Over!
Police control... Police control... Message received and understood. We will send help at once. Good luck, Tintin!... We'll keep in touch with you... Over and out!
Well, that's that! The police will be here soon, then we'll be able to say goodbye to the Black Island.
About time too. I've had enough of this mediaeval menagerie!
Crumbs! He's managed to free himself!
Now we're for it!... The others will all be loose, as well; we shall have the whole gang after us!
Quietly... Quietly... Here, load your guns. I don't want any mistakes this time!
Don't worry, we'll make him pay for what he did to us!
Sssh!

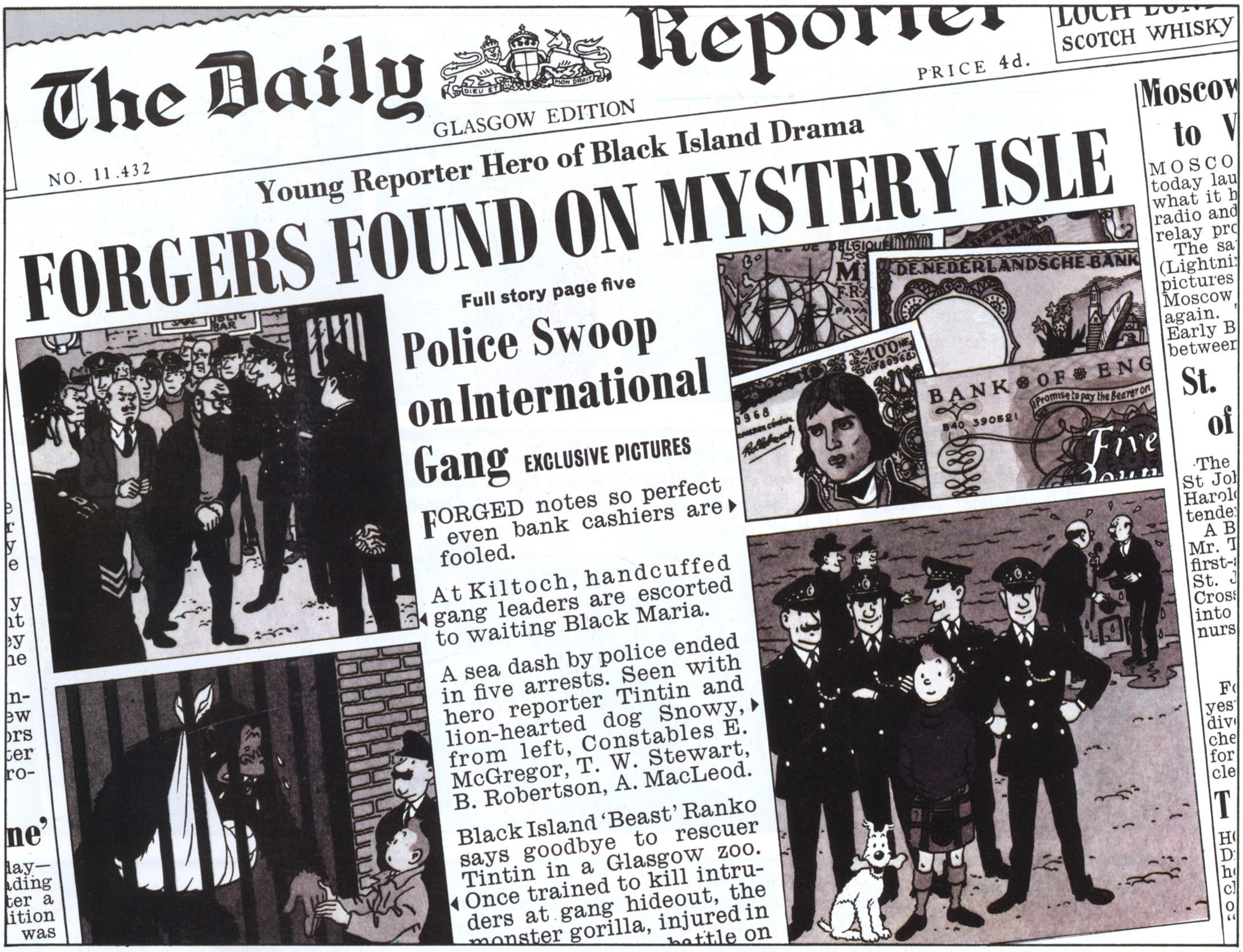

There!
You go round outside and cut off his retreat.
ZZZING
Got you!
Trapped!
BANG
BANG
He's taken refuge in the tower.
Excellent! We've got him cornered!
Police control... Police control calling Tintin... We are coming to your assistance... A police launch is heading for the Black Island at full speed. Two detectives are with the officers on board... End of message. Over to you... Tintin... Tintin are you receiving me?... Come in, please...
Crumbs! No more ammunition!... I'm done for!
Come on! His gun's empty. Bring him down!


Thank goodness I've still got something ...
?
CRACK
CRASH
YOW
OW
There's the Black Island. Only a few minutes and we'll be ashore.
I'm going to fetch Ranko. At least he won't be put off by a few stones ...
That seems to have cooled their enthusiasm ...
RRR
RRRR
I can hear an engine ...
Hooray! ... The police!
RRRAH!
!
!
WOOAH
Ranko won't be long!


Ready... Steady...
Wait for me!
Go!
?
If you'd done as I said...
Mind the bump!...
Drop your guns!
The police! We've had it!
Tintin! You can come out now. It's all right... It's us!
99
Come on, Snowy, our troubles are over... Down we go!


I'm so sorry... I tripped over a stone...
Oh?
Really?
What happened? Did they put up much of a fight?
No, no... To quote Christopher Columbus... er... Captain Cook... er... well, someone about that time: "We came, we saw, we conquered!"
Splendid!... Before we go, I want to have a last look round. Why don't you come with me?
A plane!
3
But what about an airfield? How did they... er... land?
We shall see. There's a door over there, with a steel shutter.
The beach at low tide... You see? That was their airstrip.
Here's another lot of those sacks, full of forged notes ready for dispatch.
Brrr! It's cold down here. Let's go on up.
Between ourselves, I shan't be sorry to leave this place... I... er... Do you ...er... believe in ghosts?
Me?... Believe in ghosts? Ha! Ha! H...
WOO HOO HOOO O O


A g-g-ghost!
To be p-p-precise: a s-s-sp-spook!
?
A ghost?... The castle haunted?... What are they babbling about? ...
WOO-HOO
?
TINTIN!
T-TINTIN!
It's all right. You can come up now. There's no danger: and no ghost!
It was this poor old chap howling. He broke his arm falling down the tower staircase, just before you arrived. We're the best of friends, now.
W-what are you going to do with him?
Take him with us. If we leave him here the poor beast will starve to death. Far better find him a comfortable home in a zoo.
Come on, let's go. The launch is waiting for us.
Meanwhile...
Aye, sirs, ye can pu'it in your newspapers that they blackguards'd nivver've been ta'en but fer me. A'says tae yon wee laddie, a'says, "Awa' wi'ye. There's somethin' gey queer afoot on yon Black Island," a'says. "And whit aboot yon beast?" says he. "A muckle o'lies," a'says. "Ye'll nae be findin' a beast, nae mair than in this bar." That's whit a'tells him, and he's up and awa'.
They're coming!
Hooray!
Come on!
Good old Tintin!
Welcome back, sir. Can we have a few details? Your own words...
I...er... Well, I ...
How very odd! Did I say something wrong?



LOCH
SCOTCH WHISKY

The Daily Reporter

DIEU ET MON DROIT

PRICE 4d.

GLASGOW EDITION

NO. 11.432

Young Reporter Hero of Black Island Drama

FORGERS FOUND ON MYSTERY ISLE

Full story page five

Police Swoop on International Gang

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES

FORGED notes so perfect even bank cashiers are ▸ fooled.

At Kiltoch, handcuffed ◂ gang leaders are escorted to waiting Black Maria.

A sea dash by police ended in five arrests. Seen with hero reporter Tintin and lion-hearted dog Snowy, ▸ from left, Constables E. McGregor, T. W. Stewart, B. Robertson, A. MacLeod.

Black Island 'Beast' Ranko says goodbye to rescuer Tintin in a Glasgow zoo. ◂ Once trained to kill intruders at gang hideout, the monster gorilla, injured in

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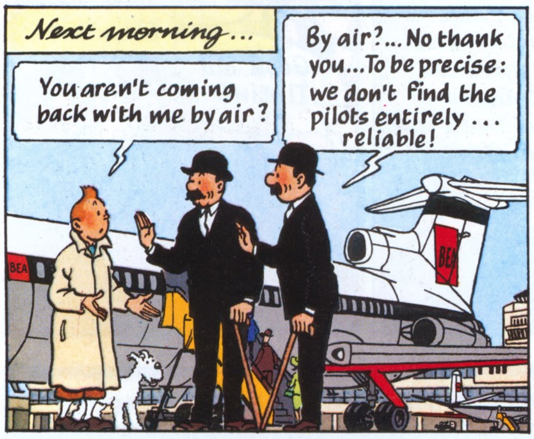
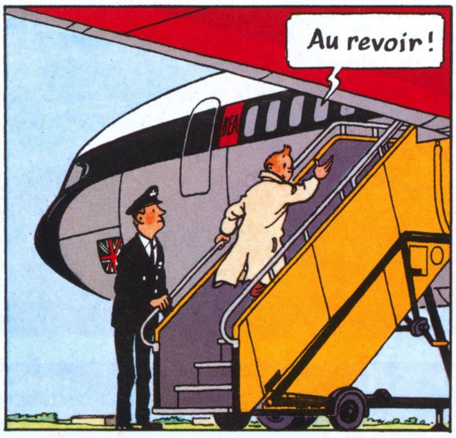
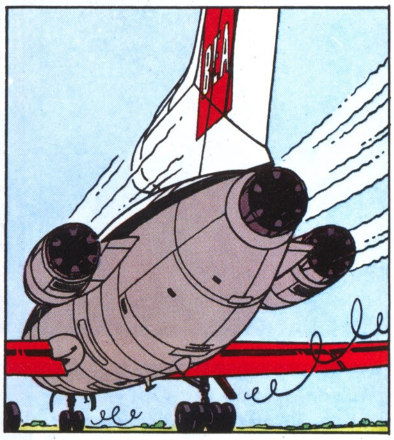
DE NEDERLANDSCHE BANK
BANK OF ENGLAND
Promise to pay the Bearer on
Five
PUBLIC BAR

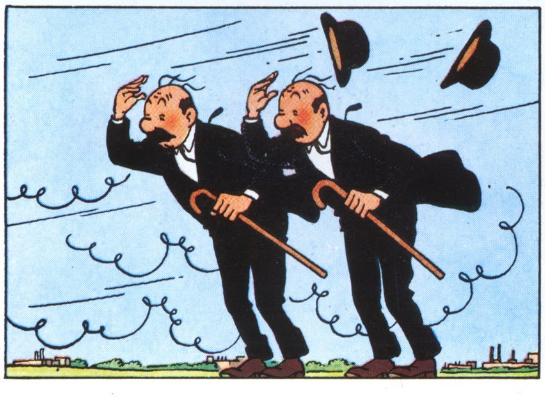


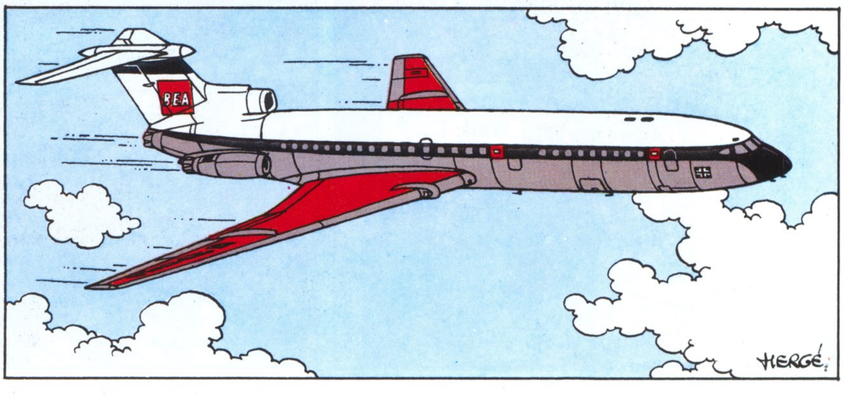
Next morning...
You aren't coming back with me by air?
By air?... No thank you... To be precise: we don't find the pilots entirely ... reliable!
BEA



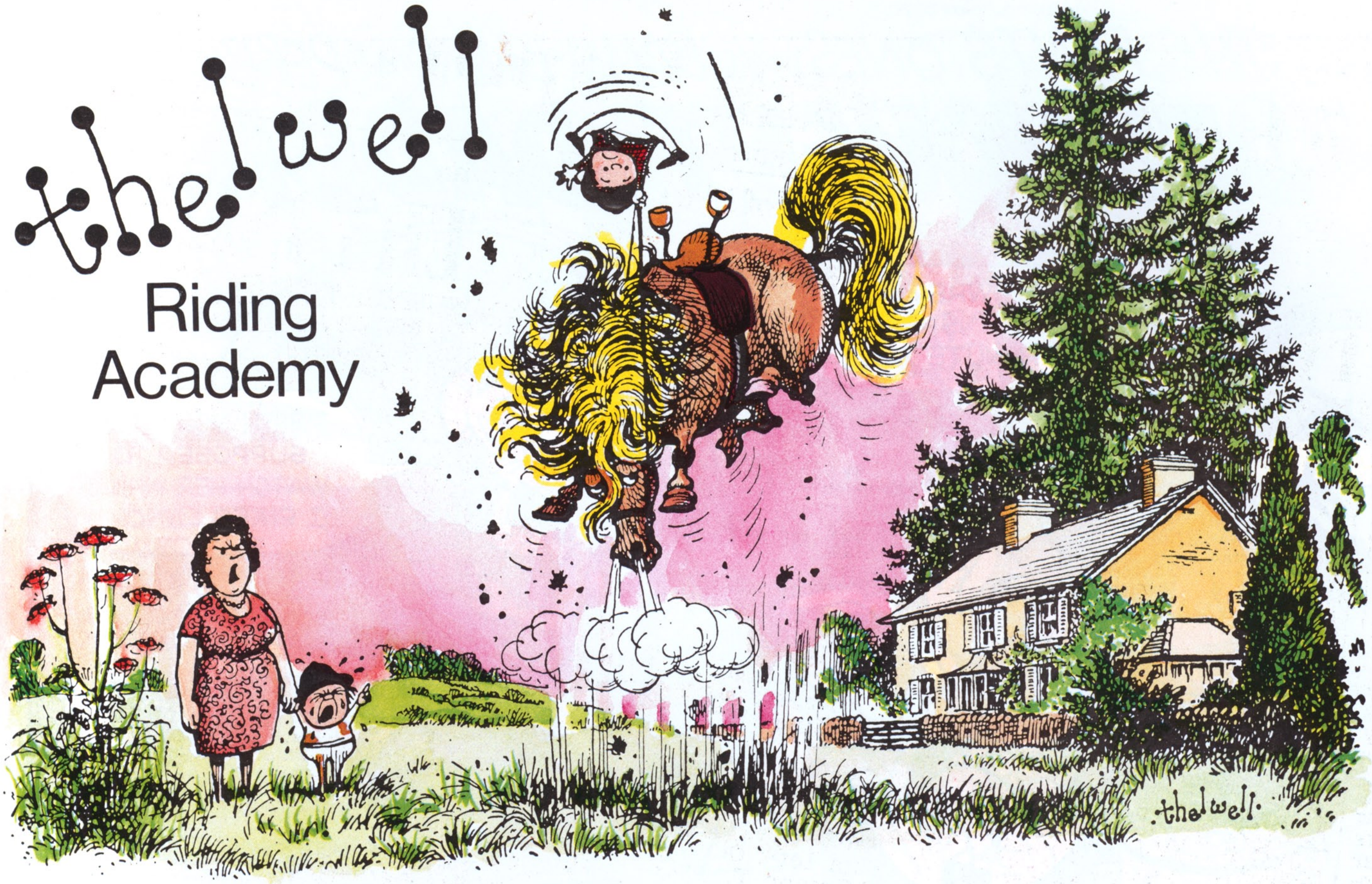
Au revoir!
BEA



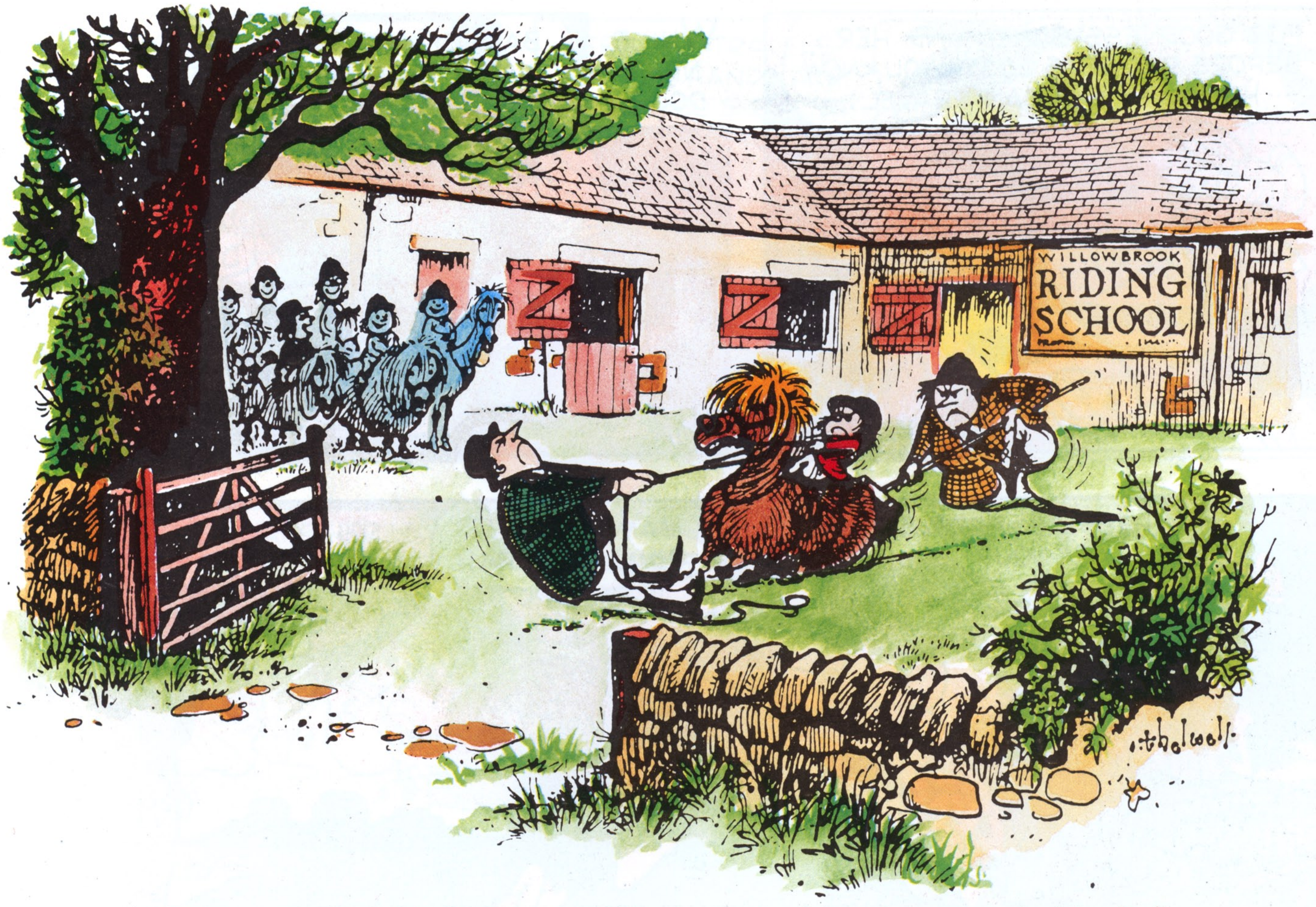




thelwell
Riding Academy



"Don't be so mean, Georgina–let Christabel have a turn."


WILLOWBROOK
RIDING
SCHOOL
thelwell

"I knew they'd have a job on, trying to expel Linda"

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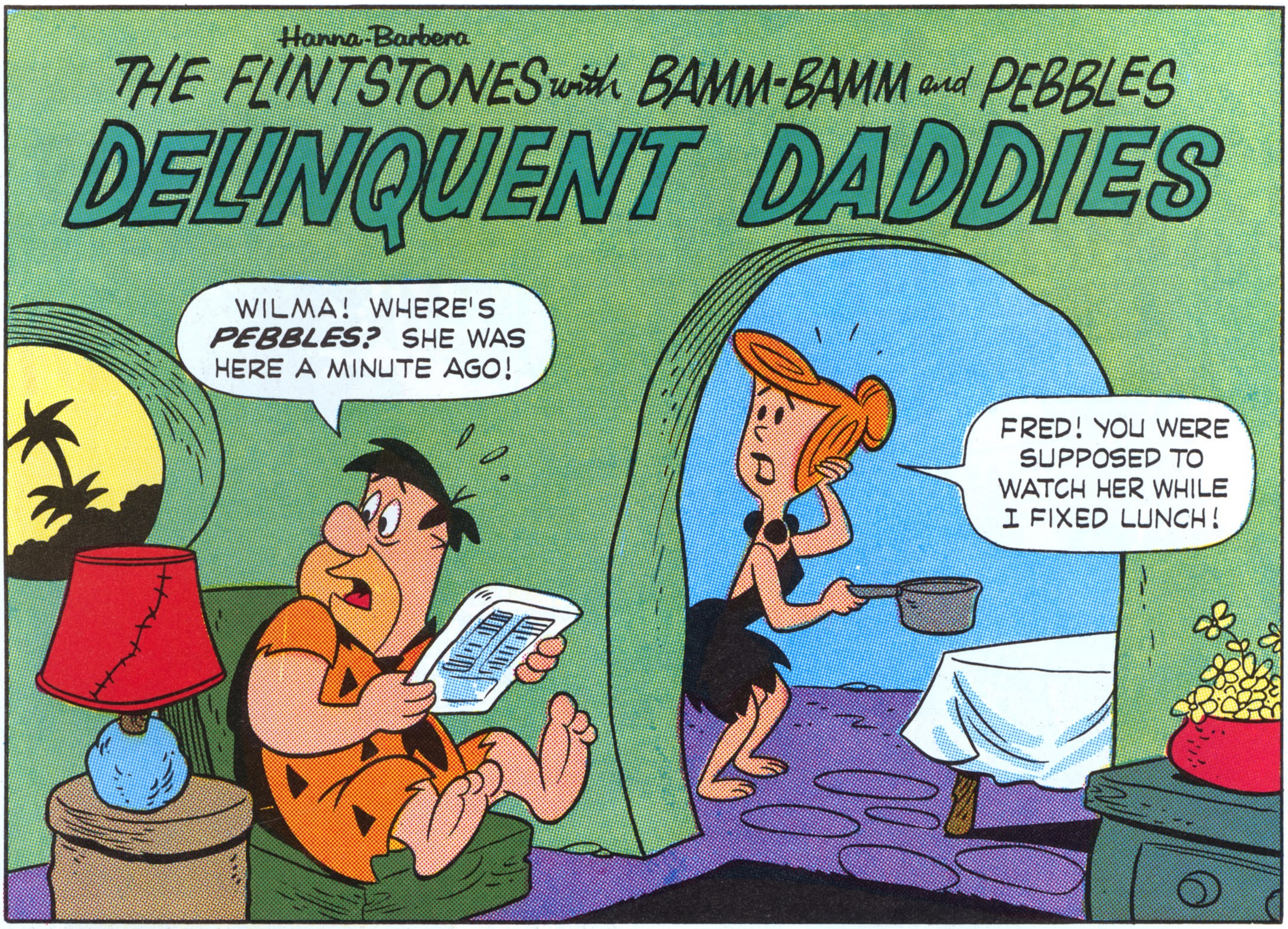
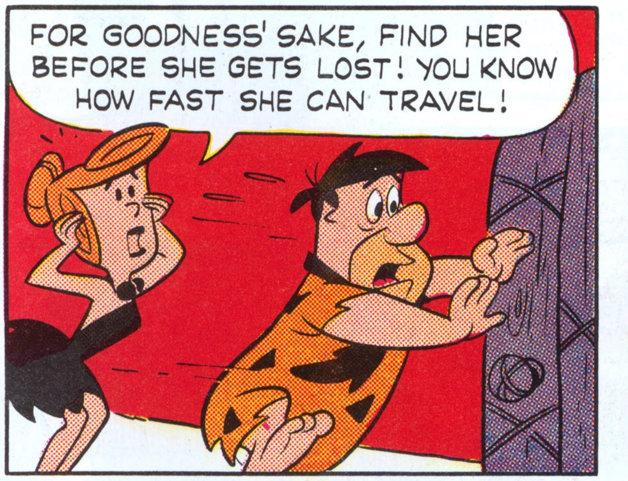
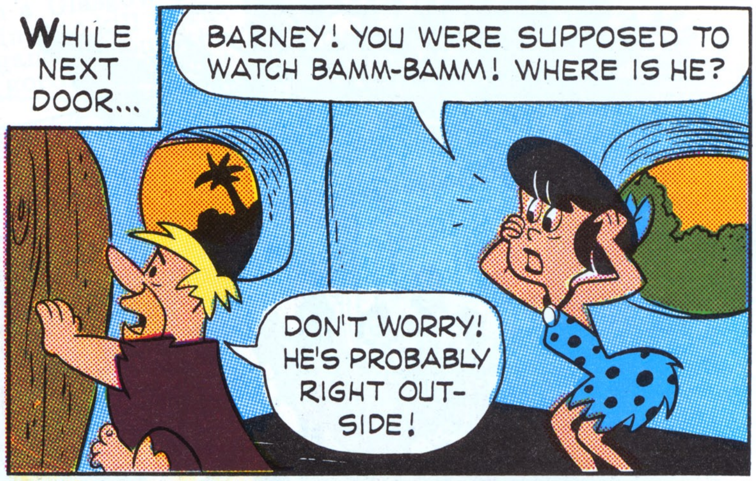
Hanna-Barbera

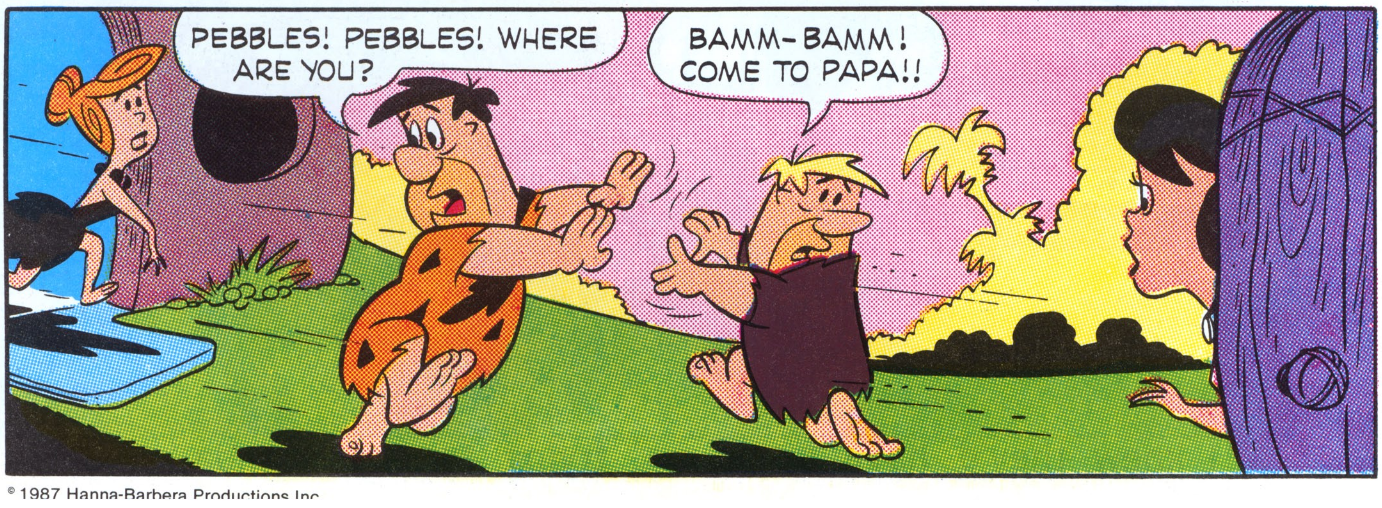
THE FLINTSTONES with BAMM-BAMM and PEBBLES

DELINQUENT DADDIES


WILMA! WHERE'S ***PEBBLES?*** SHE WAS HERE A MINUTE AGO!
FRED! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO WATCH HER WHILE I FIXED LUNCH!


FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, FIND HER BEFORE SHE GETS LOST! YOU KNOW HOW FAST SHE CAN TRAVEL!


WHILE NEXT DOOR...
BARNEY! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO WATCH BAMM-BAMM! WHERE IS HE?
DON'T WORRY! HE'S PROBABLY RIGHT OUTSIDE!


PEBBLES! PEBBLES! WHERE ARE YOU?
BAMM-BAMM! COME TO PAPA!!

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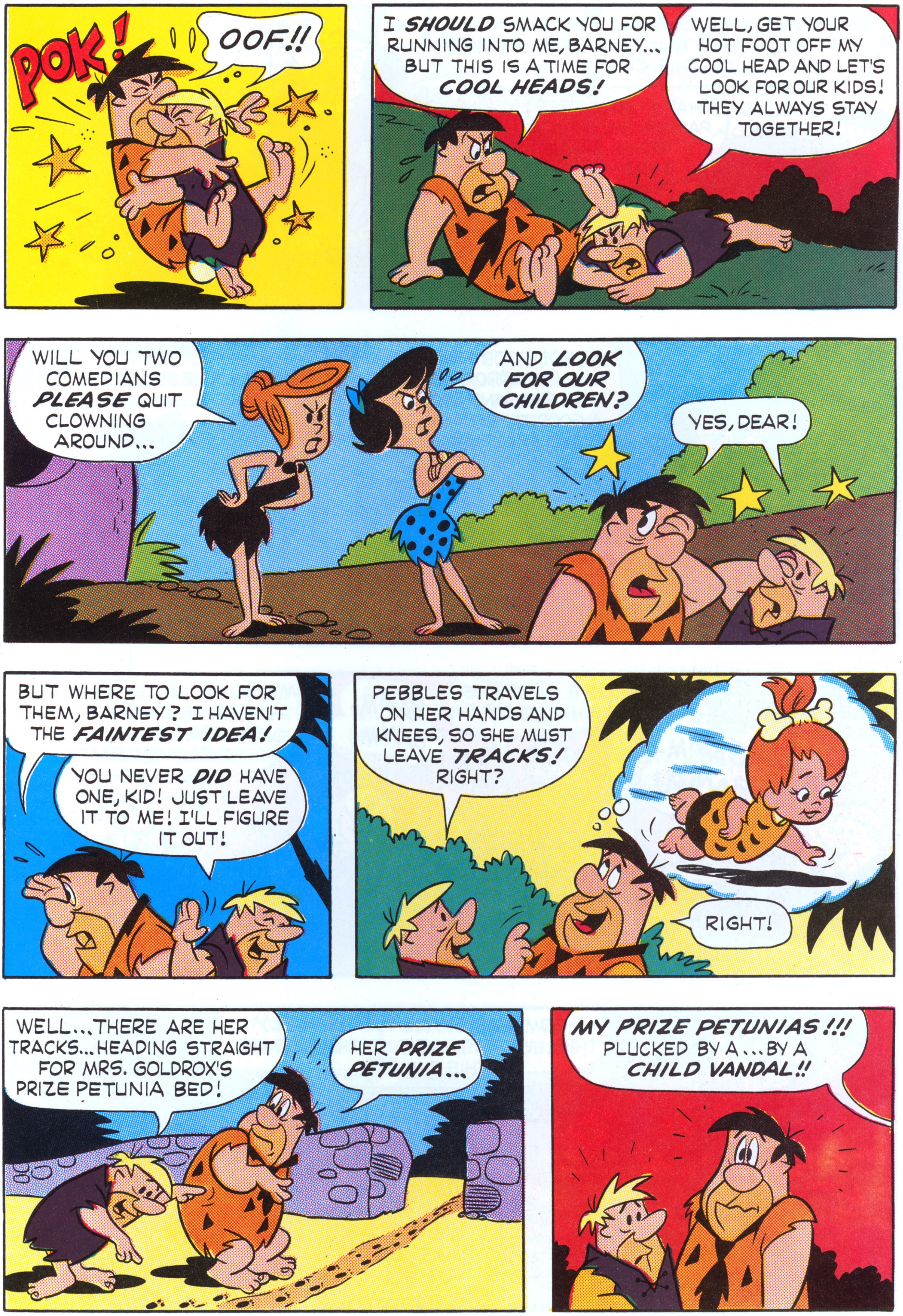
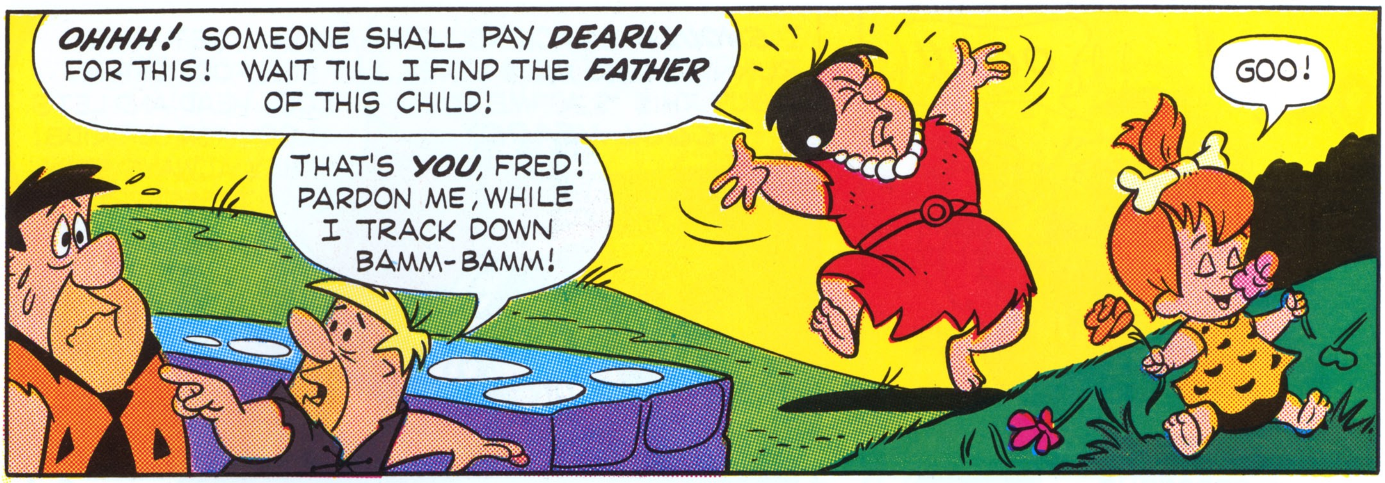
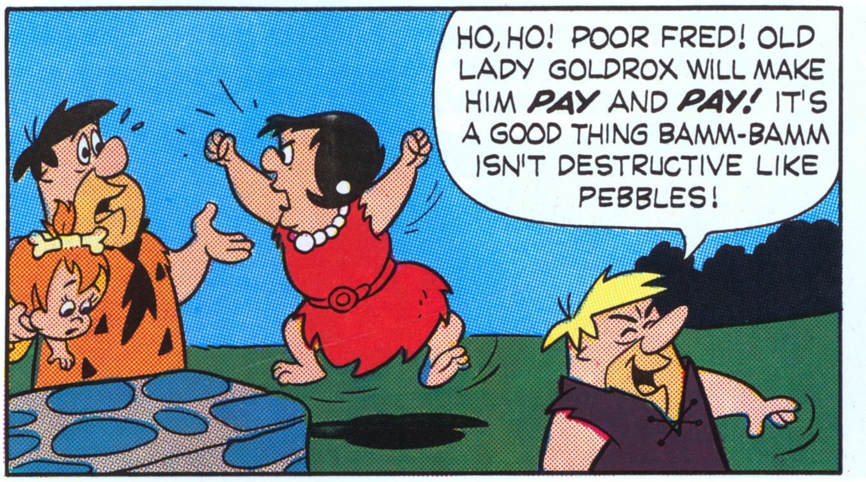
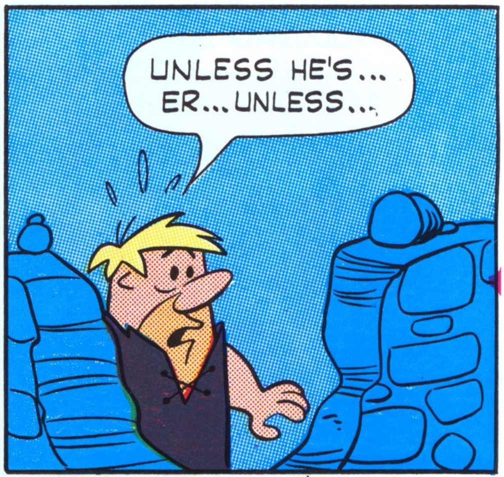
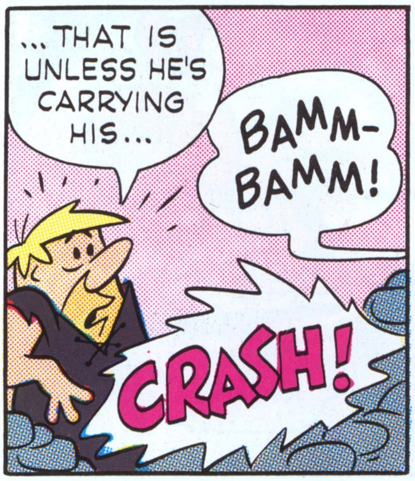
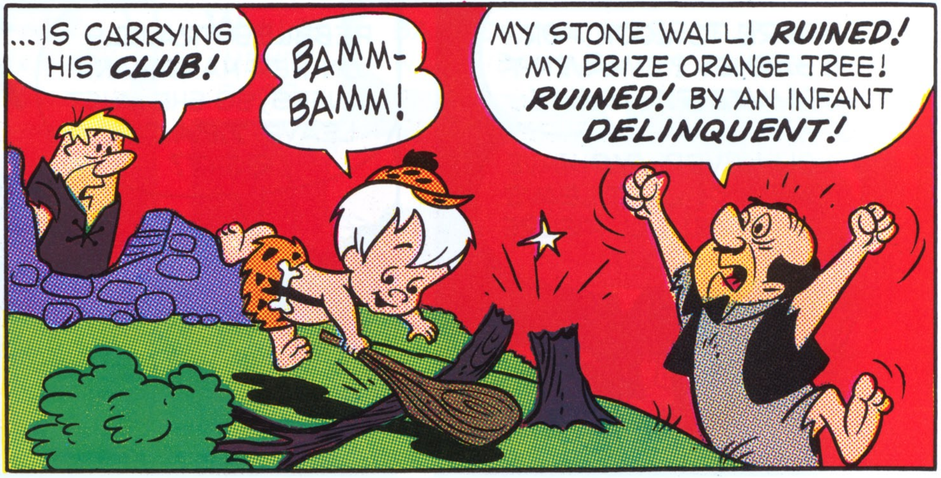

POK!
OOF!!
I SHOULD SMACK YOU FOR RUNNING INTO ME, BARNEY... BUT THIS IS A TIME FOR COOL HEADS!
WELL, GET YOUR HOT FOOT OFF MY COOL HEAD AND LET'S LOOK FOR OUR KIDS! THEY ALWAYS STAY TOGETHER!
WILL YOU TWO COMEDIANS PLEASE QUIT CLOWNING AROUND...
AND LOOK FOR OUR CHILDREN?
YES, DEAR!
BUT WHERE TO LOOK FOR THEM, BARNEY? I HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA!
YOU NEVER DID HAVE ONE, KID! JUST LEAVE IT TO ME! I'LL FIGURE IT OUT!
PEBBLES TRAVELS ON HER HANDS AND KNEES, SO SHE MUST LEAVE TRACKS! RIGHT?
RIGHT!
WELL... THERE ARE HER TRACKS... HEADING STRAIGHT FOR MRS. GOLDROX'S PRIZE PETUNIA BED!
HER PRIZE PETUNIA...
MY PRIZE PETUNIAS!!! PLUCKED BY A... BY A CHILD VANDAL!!

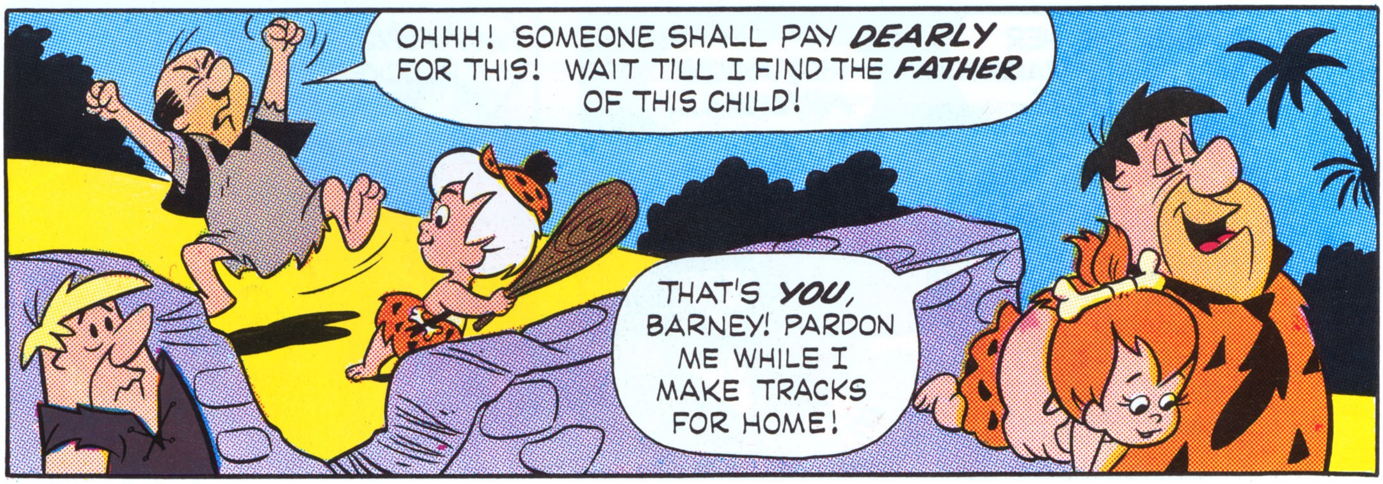

OHHH! SOMEONE SHALL PAY DEARLY FOR THIS! WAIT TILL I FIND THE FATHER OF THIS CHILD!
THAT'S YOU, FRED! PARDON ME, WHILE I TRACK DOWN BAMM-BAMM!
GOO!

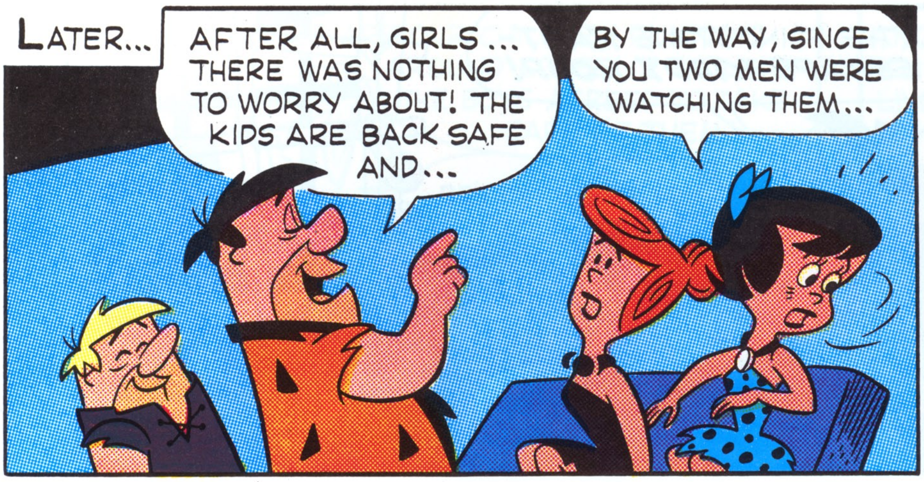

HO, HO! POOR FRED! OLD LADY GOLDROX WILL MAKE HIM PAY AND PAY! IT'S A GOOD THING BAMM-BAMM ISN'T DESTRUCTIVE LIKE PEBBLES!

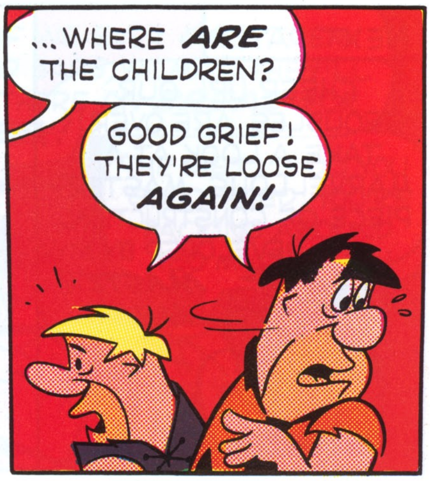

UNLESS HE'S... ER... UNLESS...

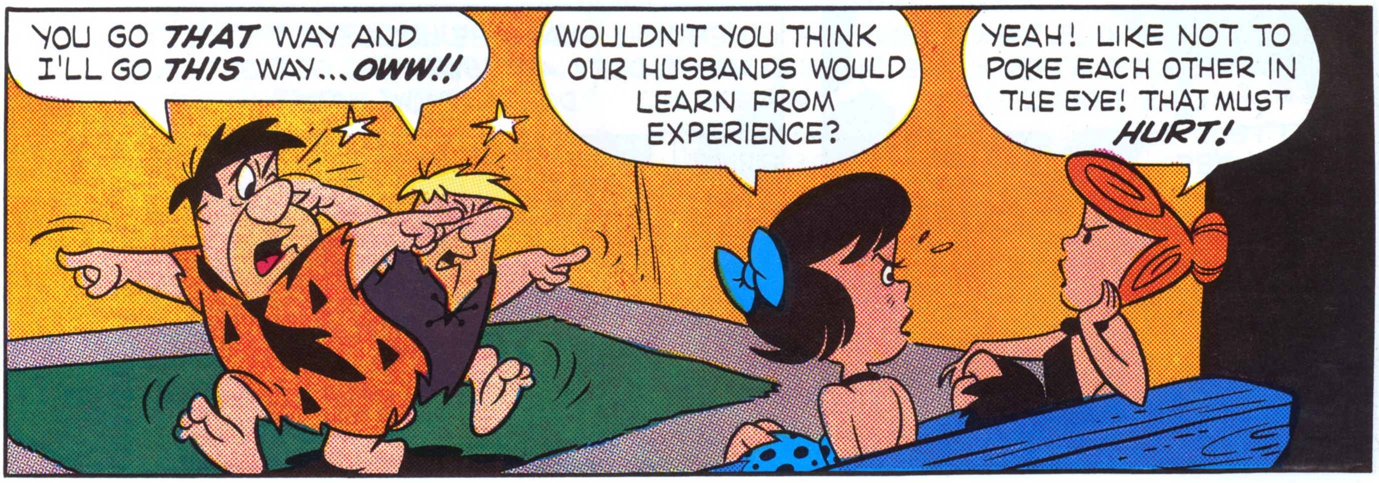

...THAT IS UNLESS HE'S CARRYING HIS...
BAMM-BAMM!
CRASH!

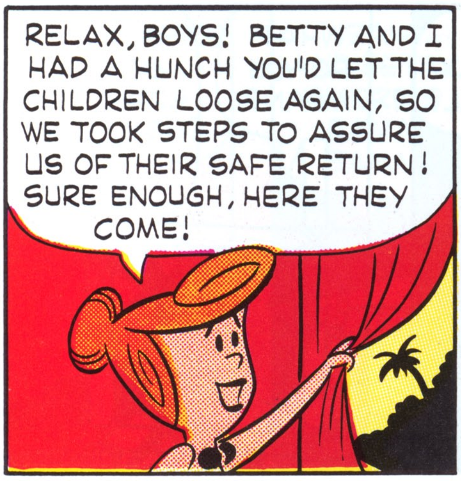

...IS CARRYING HIS CLUB!
BAMM-BAMM!
MY STONE WALL! RUINED! MY PRIZE ORANGE TREE! RUINED! BY AN INFANT DELINQUENT!

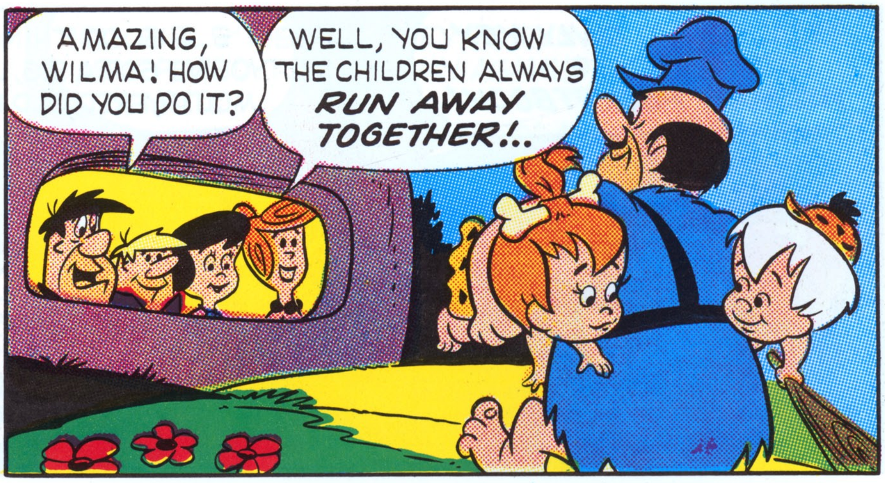

OHHH! SOMEONE SHALL PAY DEARLY FOR THIS! WAIT TILL I FIND THE FATHER OF THIS CHILD!
THAT'S YOU, BARNEY! PARDON ME WHILE I MAKE TRACKS FOR HOME!

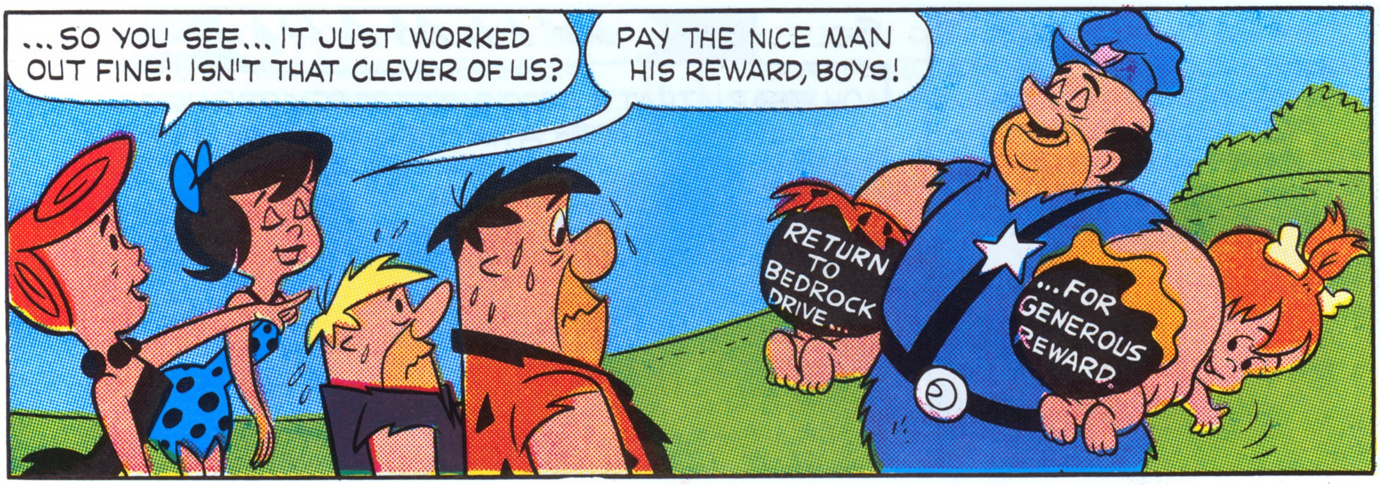

LATER...
AFTER ALL, GIRLS ... THERE WAS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! THE KIDS ARE BACK SAFE AND...
BY THE WAY, SINCE YOU TWO MEN WERE WATCHING THEM...

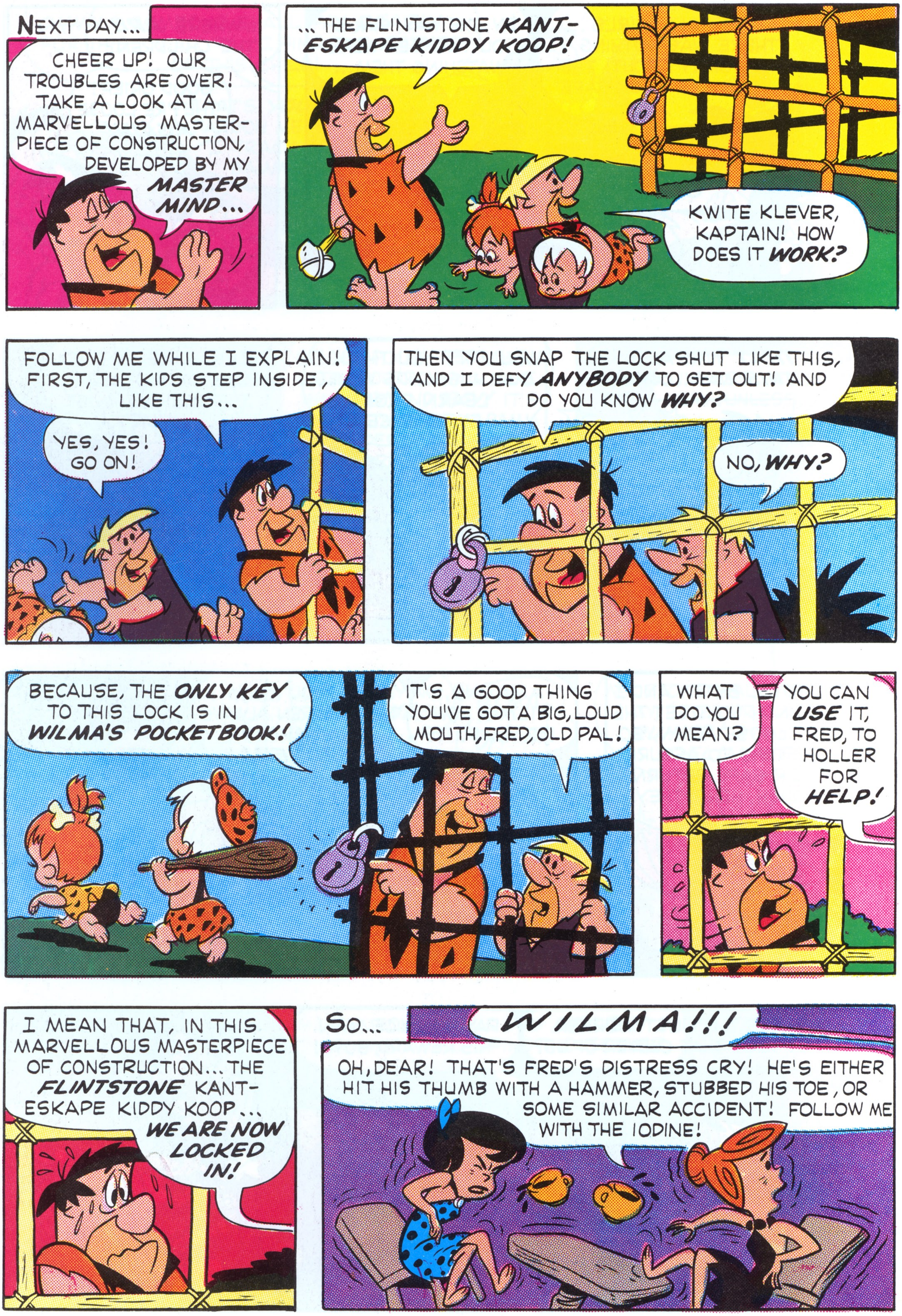

...WHERE ***ARE*** THE CHILDREN?
GOOD GRIEF! THEY'RE LOOSE ***AGAIN!***

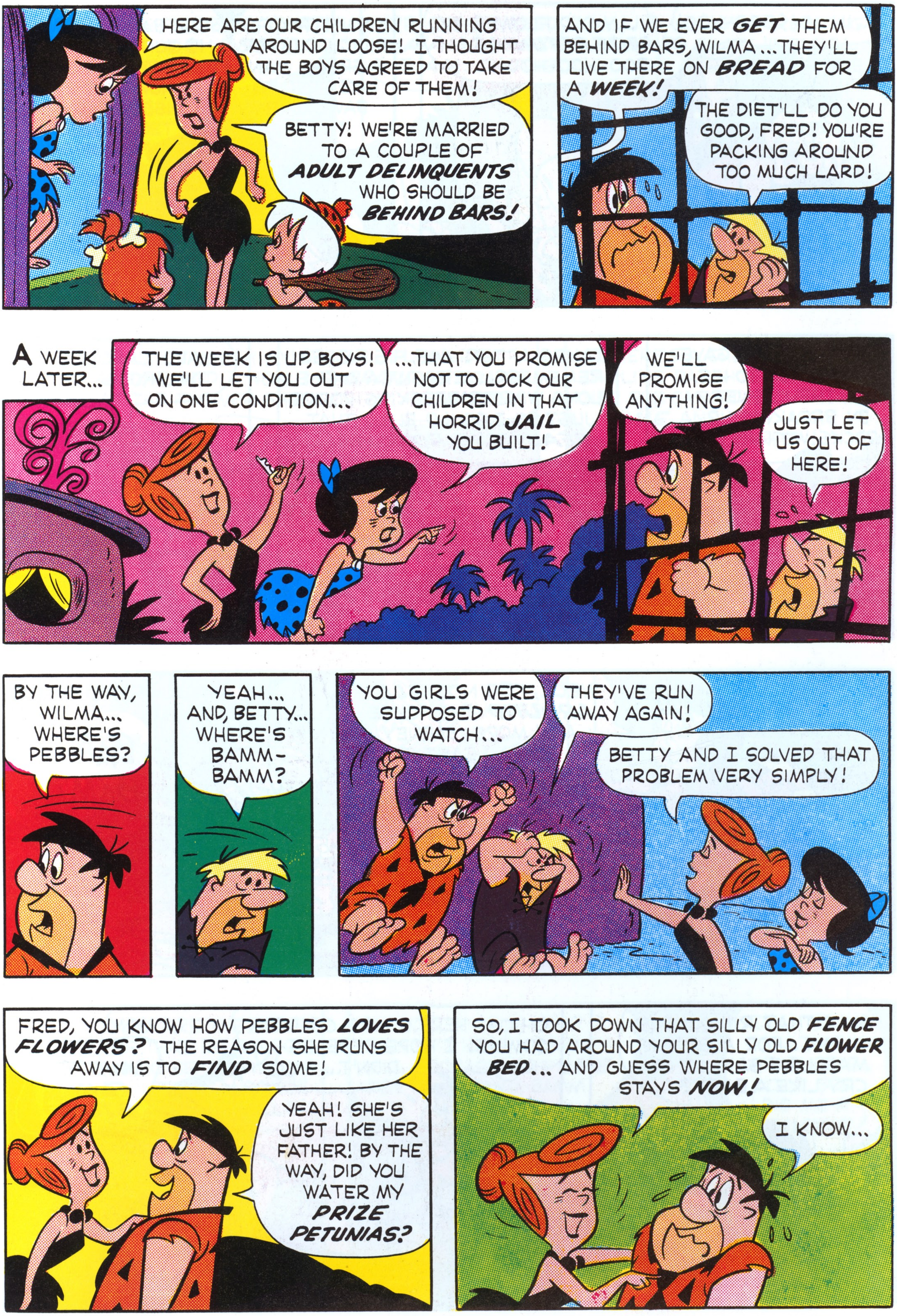

YOU GO ***THAT*** WAY AND I'LL GO ***THIS*** WAY...***OWW!!***
WOULDN'T YOU THINK OUR HUSBANDS WOULD LEARN FROM EXPERIENCE?
YEAH! LIKE NOT TO POKE EACH OTHER IN THE EYE! THAT MUST ***HURT!***

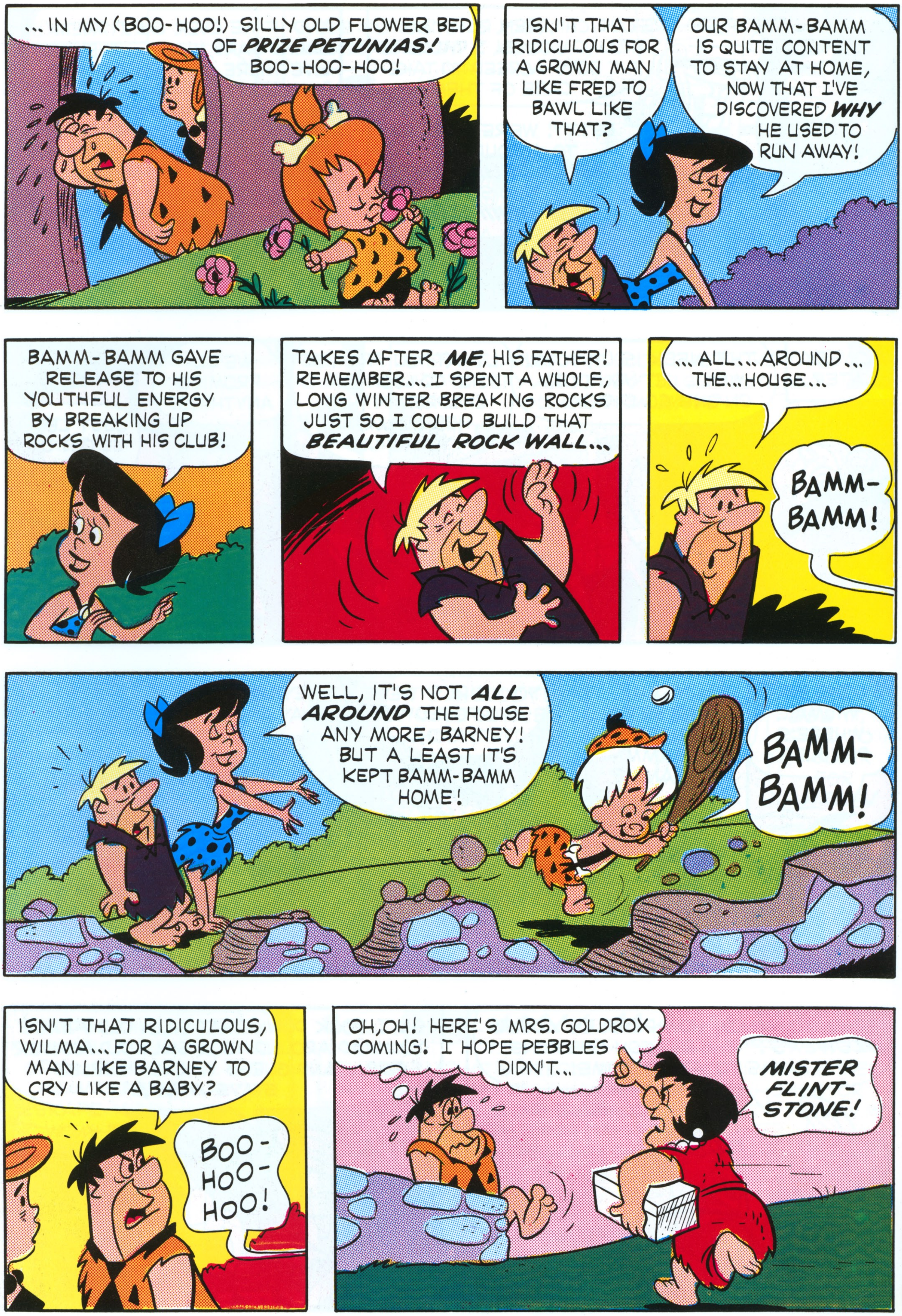

RELAX, BOYS! BETTY AND I HAD A HUNCH YOU'D LET THE CHILDREN LOOSE AGAIN, SO WE TOOK STEPS TO ASSURE US OF THEIR SAFE RETURN! SURE ENOUGH, HERE THEY COME!

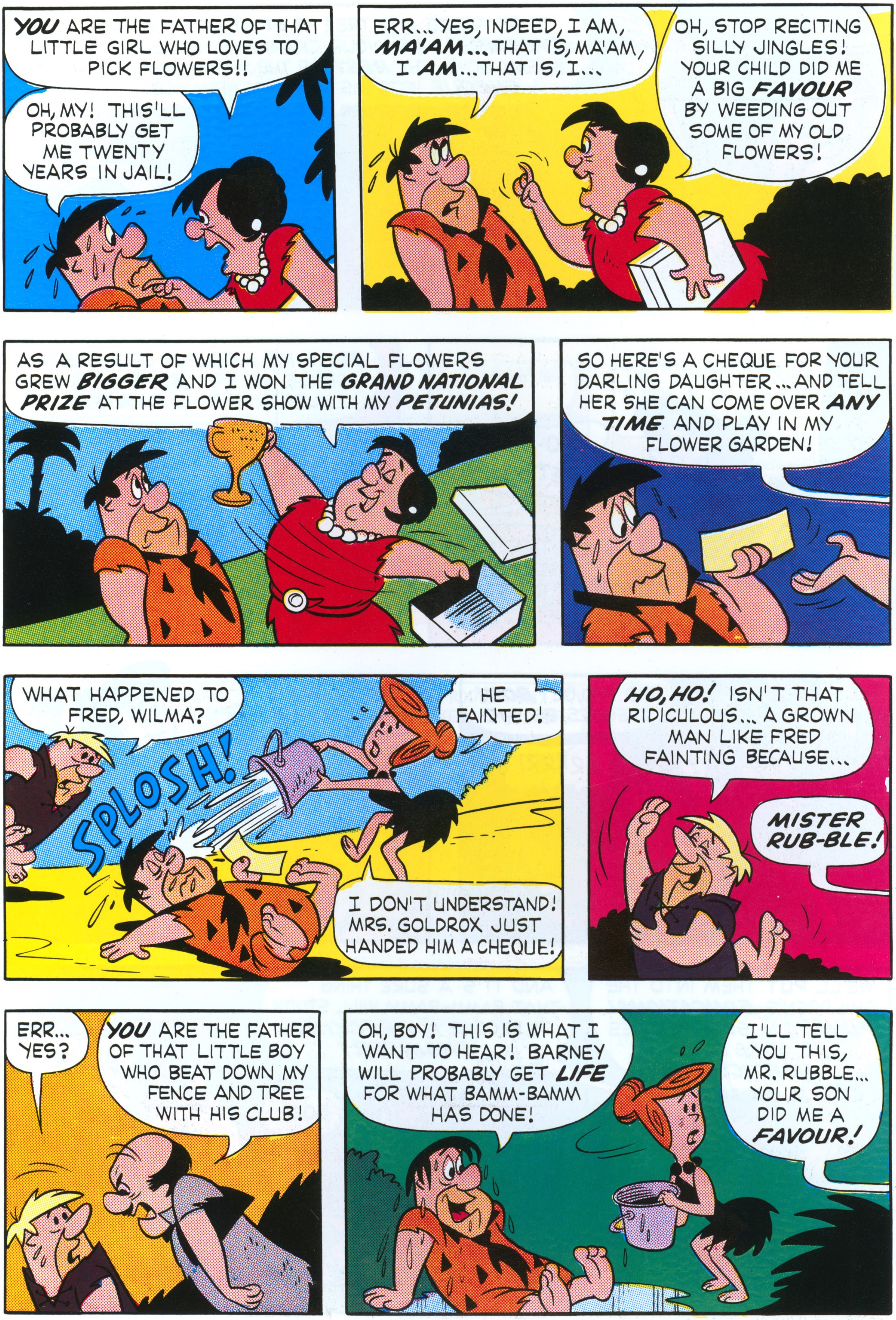

AMAZING, WILMA! HOW DID YOU DO IT?
WELL, YOU KNOW THE CHILDREN ALWAYS ***RUN AWAY TOGETHER!..***

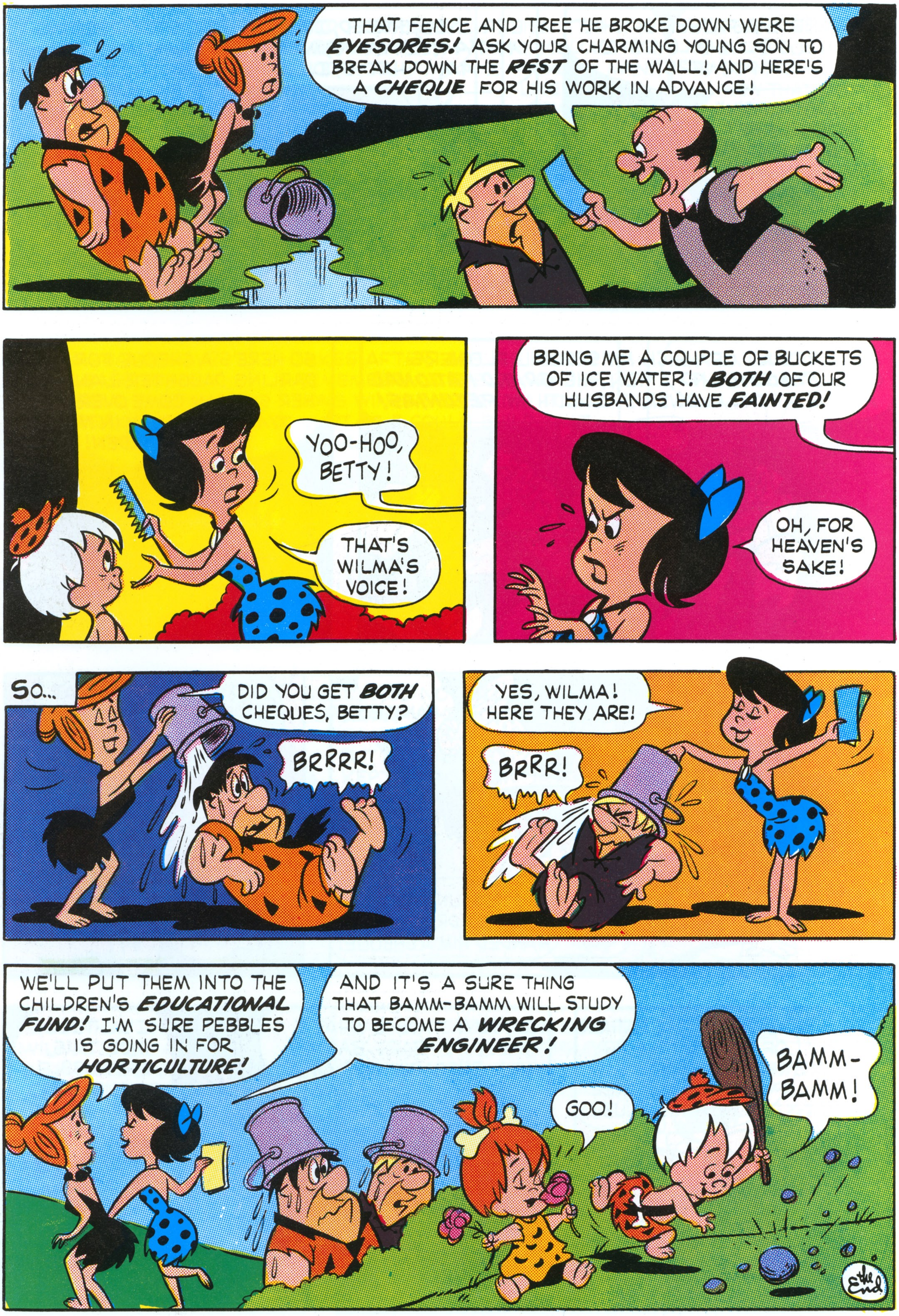

...SO YOU SEE... IT JUST WORKED OUT FINE! ISN'T THAT CLEVER OF US?
PAY THE NICE MAN HIS REWARD, BOYS!
RETURN TO BEDROCK DRIVE...
...FOR GENEROUS REWARD.

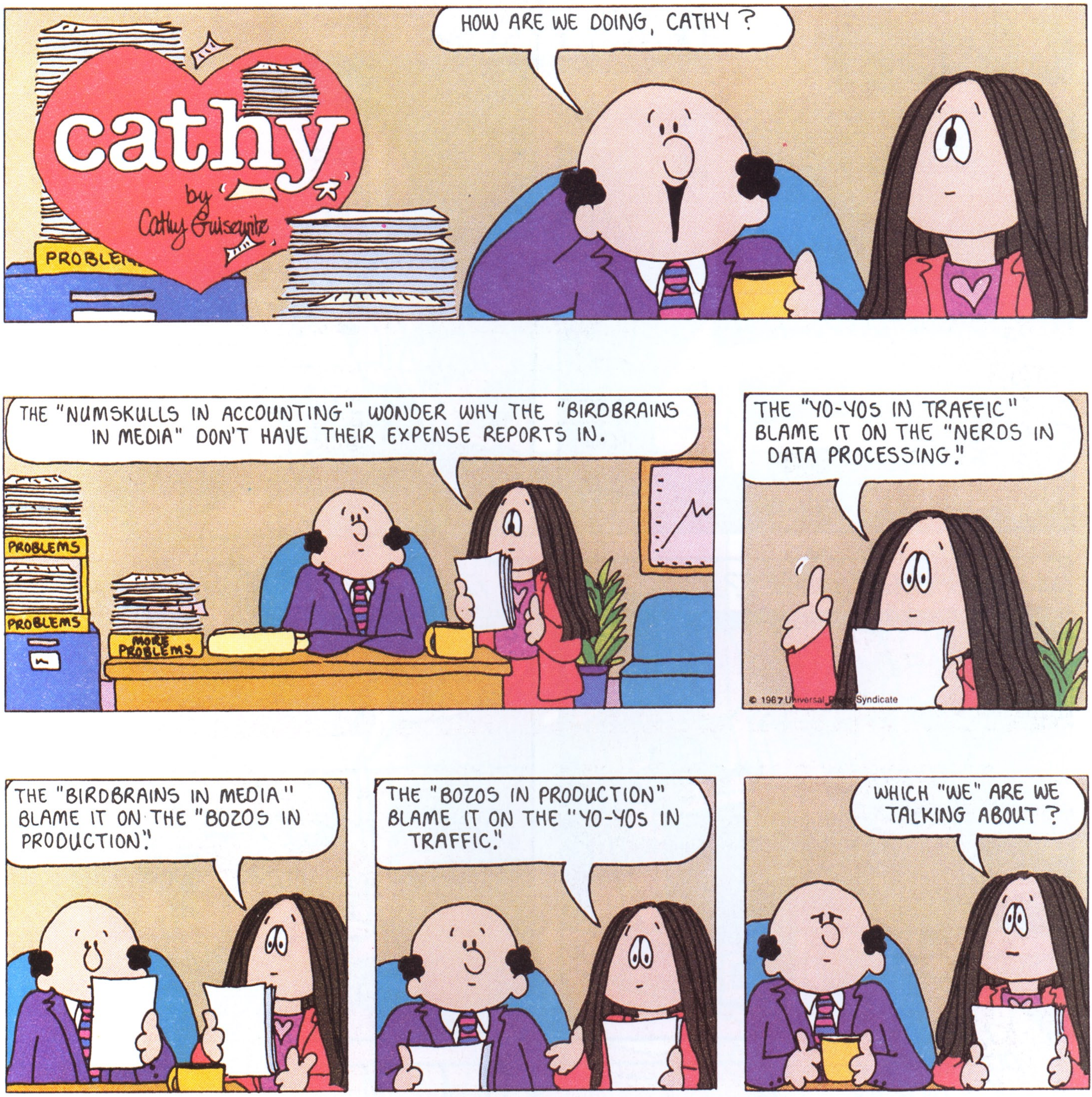

NEXT DAY...
CHEER UP! OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER! TAKE A LOOK AT A MARVELLOUS MASTERPIECE OF CONSTRUCTION, DEVELOPED BY MY *MASTER MIND...*
...THE FLINTSTONE *KANT-ESKAPE KIDDY KOOP!*
KWITE KLEVER, KAPTAIN! HOW DOES IT *WORK?*
FOLLOW ME WHILE I EXPLAIN! FIRST, THE KIDS STEP INSIDE, LIKE THIS...
YES, YES! GO ON!
THEN YOU SNAP THE LOCK SHUT LIKE THIS, AND I DEFY *ANYBODY* TO GET OUT! AND DO YOU KNOW *WHY?*
NO, *WHY?*
BECAUSE, THE *ONLY KEY* TO THIS LOCK IS IN *WILMA'S POCKETBOOK!*
IT'S A GOOD THING YOU'VE GOT A BIG, LOUD MOUTH, FRED, OLD PAL!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
YOU CAN *USE* IT, FRED, TO HOLLER FOR *HELP!*
I MEAN THAT, IN THIS MARVELLOUS MASTERPIECE OF CONSTRUCTION... THE *FLINTSTONE* KANT-ESKAPE KIDDY KOOP... *WE ARE NOW LOCKED IN!*
SO...
WILMA!!!
OH, DEAR! THAT'S FRED'S DISTRESS CRY! HE'S EITHER HIT HIS THUMB WITH A HAMMER, STUBBED HIS TOE, OR SOME SIMILAR ACCIDENT! FOLLOW ME WITH THE IODINE!


HERE ARE OUR CHILDREN RUNNING AROUND LOOSE! I THOUGHT THE BOYS AGREED TO TAKE CARE OF THEM!
BETTY! WE'RE MARRIED TO A COUPLE OF *ADULT DELINQUENTS* WHO SHOULD BE *BEHIND BARS!*
AND IF WE EVER *GET* THEM BEHIND BARS, WILMA... THEY'LL LIVE THERE ON *BREAD* FOR A *WEEK!*
THE DIET'LL DO YOU GOOD, FRED! YOU'RE PACKING AROUND TOO MUCH LARD!
A WEEK LATER...
THE WEEK IS UP, BOYS! WE'LL LET YOU OUT ON ONE CONDITION...
...THAT YOU PROMISE NOT TO LOCK OUR CHILDREN IN THAT HORRID *JAIL* YOU BUILT!
WE'LL PROMISE ANYTHING!
JUST LET US OUT OF HERE!
BY THE WAY, WILMA... WHERE'S PEBBLES?
YEAH... AND, BETTY... WHERE'S BAMM-BAMM?
YOU GIRLS WERE SUPPOSED TO WATCH...
THEY'VE RUN AWAY AGAIN!
BETTY AND I SOLVED THAT PROBLEM VERY SIMPLY!
FRED, YOU KNOW HOW PEBBLES *LOVES FLOWERS?* THE REASON SHE RUNS AWAY IS TO *FIND* SOME!
YEAH! SHE'S JUST LIKE HER FATHER! BY THE WAY, DID YOU WATER MY *PRIZE PETUNIAS?*
SO, I TOOK DOWN THAT SILLY OLD *FENCE* YOU HAD AROUND YOUR SILLY OLD *FLOWER BED*... AND GUESS WHERE PEBBLES STAYS *NOW!*
I KNOW...


...IN MY (BOO-HOO!) SILLY OLD FLOWER BED OF ***PRIZE PETUNIAS!*** BOO-HOO-HOO!
ISN'T THAT RIDICULOUS FOR A GROWN MAN LIKE FRED TO BAWL LIKE THAT?
OUR BAMM-BAMM IS QUITE CONTENT TO STAY AT HOME, NOW THAT I'VE DISCOVERED ***WHY*** HE USED TO RUN AWAY!
BAMM-BAMM GAVE RELEASE TO HIS YOUTHFUL ENERGY BY BREAKING UP ROCKS WITH HIS CLUB!
TAKES AFTER ***ME***, HIS FATHER! REMEMBER... I SPENT A WHOLE, LONG WINTER BREAKING ROCKS JUST SO I COULD BUILD THAT ***BEAUTIFUL ROCK WALL...***
...ALL...AROUND... THE...HOUSE...
BAMM-BAMM!
WELL, IT'S NOT ***ALL AROUND*** THE HOUSE ANY MORE, BARNEY! BUT A LEAST IT'S KEPT BAMM-BAMM HOME!
BAMM-BAMM!
ISN'T THAT RIDICULOUS, WILMA...FOR A GROWN MAN LIKE BARNEY TO CRY LIKE A BABY?
BOO-HOO-HOO!
OH,OH! HERE'S MRS. GOLDROX COMING! I HOPE PEBBLES DIDN'T...
MISTER FLINT-STONE!


YOU ARE THE FATHER OF THAT LITTLE GIRL WHO LOVES TO PICK FLOWERS!!
OH, MY! THIS'LL PROBABLY GET ME TWENTY YEARS IN JAIL!
ERR... YES, INDEED, I AM, *MA'AM*... THAT IS, MA'AM, I *AM*... THAT IS, I...
OH, STOP RECITING SILLY JINGLES! YOUR CHILD DID ME A BIG *FAVOUR* BY WEEDING OUT SOME OF MY OLD FLOWERS!
AS A RESULT OF WHICH MY SPECIAL FLOWERS GREW *BIGGER* AND I WON THE *GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE* AT THE FLOWER SHOW WITH MY *PETUNIAS!*
SO HERE'S A CHEQUE FOR YOUR DARLING DAUGHTER... AND TELL HER SHE CAN COME OVER *ANY TIME* AND PLAY IN MY FLOWER GARDEN!
WHAT HAPPENED TO FRED, WILMA?
HE FAINTED!
SPLOSH!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND! MRS. GOLDROX JUST HANDED HIM A CHEQUE!
HO, HO! ISN'T THAT RIDICULOUS... A GROWN MAN LIKE FRED FAINTING BECAUSE...
MISTER RUB-BLE!
ERR... YES?
YOU ARE THE FATHER OF THAT LITTLE BOY WHO BEAT DOWN MY FENCE AND TREE WITH HIS CLUB!
OH, BOY! THIS IS WHAT I WANT TO HEAR! BARNEY WILL PROBABLY GET *LIFE* FOR WHAT BAMM-BAMM HAS DONE!
I'LL TELL YOU THIS, MR. RUBBLE... YOUR SON DID ME A *FAVOUR!*


THAT FENCE AND TREE HE BROKE DOWN WERE *EYESORES!* ASK YOUR CHARMING YOUNG SON TO BREAK DOWN THE *REST* OF THE WALL! AND HERE'S A *CHEQUE* FOR HIS WORK IN ADVANCE!
YOO-HOO, BETTY!
THAT'S WILMA'S VOICE!
BRING ME A COUPLE OF BUCKETS OF ICE WATER! *BOTH* OF OUR HUSBANDS HAVE *FAINTED!*
OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!
SO...
DID YOU GET *BOTH* CHEQUES, BETTY?
BRRRR!
YES, WILMA! HERE THEY ARE!
BRRR!
WE'LL PUT THEM INTO THE CHILDREN'S *EDUCATIONAL FUND!* I'M SURE PEBBLES IS GOING IN FOR *HORTICULTURE!*
AND IT'S A SURE THING THAT BAMM-BAMM WILL STUDY TO BECOME A *WRECKING ENGINEER!*
GOO!
BAMM-BAMM!
the End


cathy
by Cathy Guisewite
PROBLEMS
HOW ARE WE DOING, CATHY?
THE "NUMSKULLS IN ACCOUNTING" WONDER WHY THE "BIRDBRAINS IN MEDIA" DON'T HAVE THEIR EXPENSE REPORTS IN.
PROBLEMS
PROBLEMS
MORE PROBLEMS
THE "YO-YOS IN TRAFFIC" BLAME IT ON THE "NERDS IN DATA PROCESSING."
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THE "BIRDBRAINS IN MEDIA" BLAME IT ON THE "BOZOS IN PRODUCTION."
THE "BOZOS IN PRODUCTION" BLAME IT ON THE "YO-YOS IN TRAFFIC."
WHICH "WE" ARE WE TALKING ABOUT?
THE "NERDS IN DATA PROCESSING" BLAME THE "MORONS IN P.R.," WHO BLAME THE "BONEHEADS IN SALES," WHO BLAME THE "DIMWITS IN RESEARCH," WHO BLAME THE "SPACE CADETS IN CREATIVE," WHO BLAME THE "NINCOMPOOPS IN MANAGEMENT."
WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE US?
MORALE IS UP. INTERDEPARTMENTAL TRANSFERS ARE DOWN.
1-11 Guisewite

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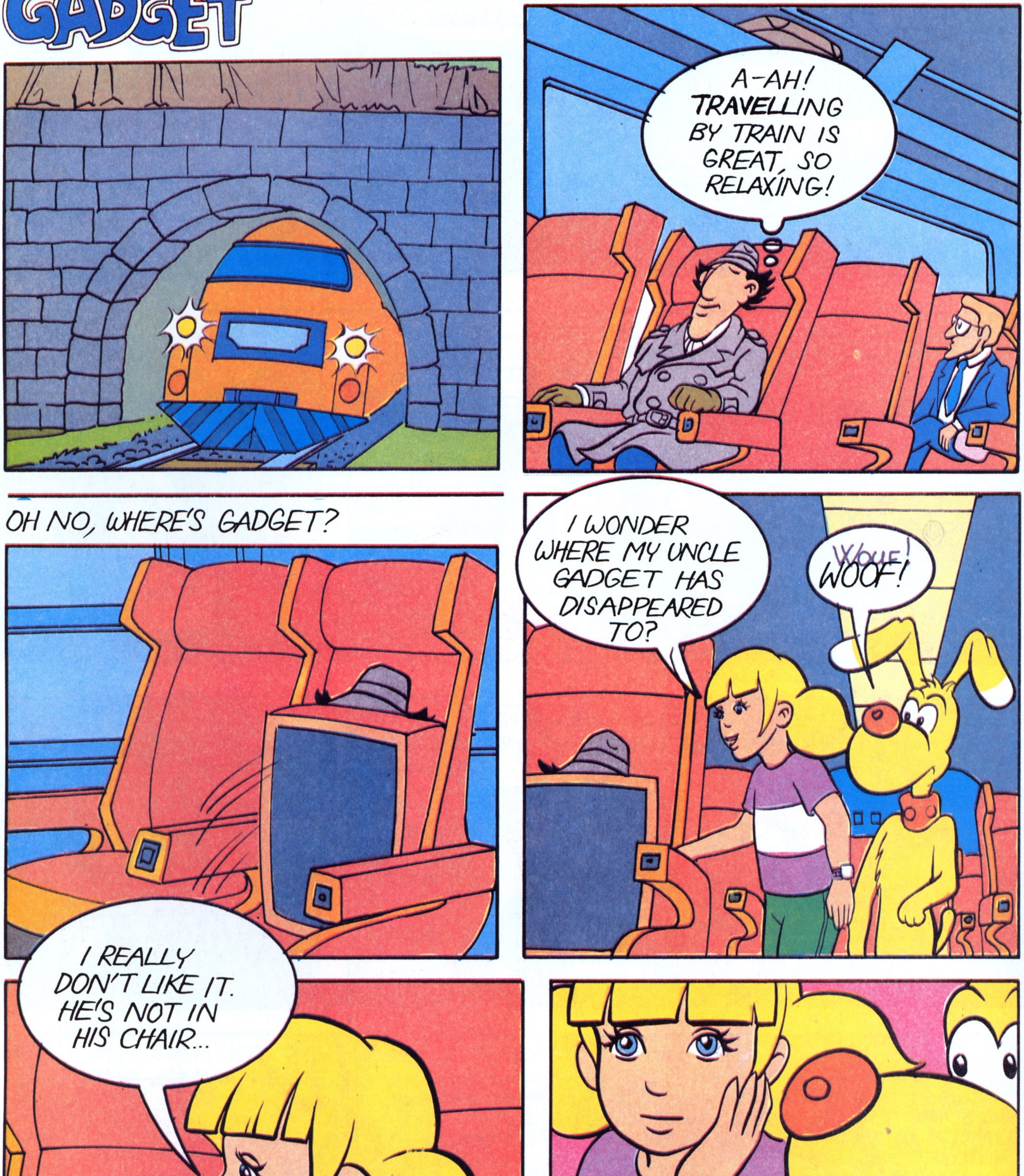
INSPECTEUR GADGET


A-AH! TRAVELLING BY TRAIN IS GREAT, SO RELAXING!
OH NO, WHERE'S GADGET?
I WONDER WHERE MY UNCLE GADGET HAS DISAPPEARED TO?
Wouf!
WOOF!
I REALLY DON'T LIKE IT. HE'S NOT IN HIS CHAIR...
SO, WHAT'S NEW?

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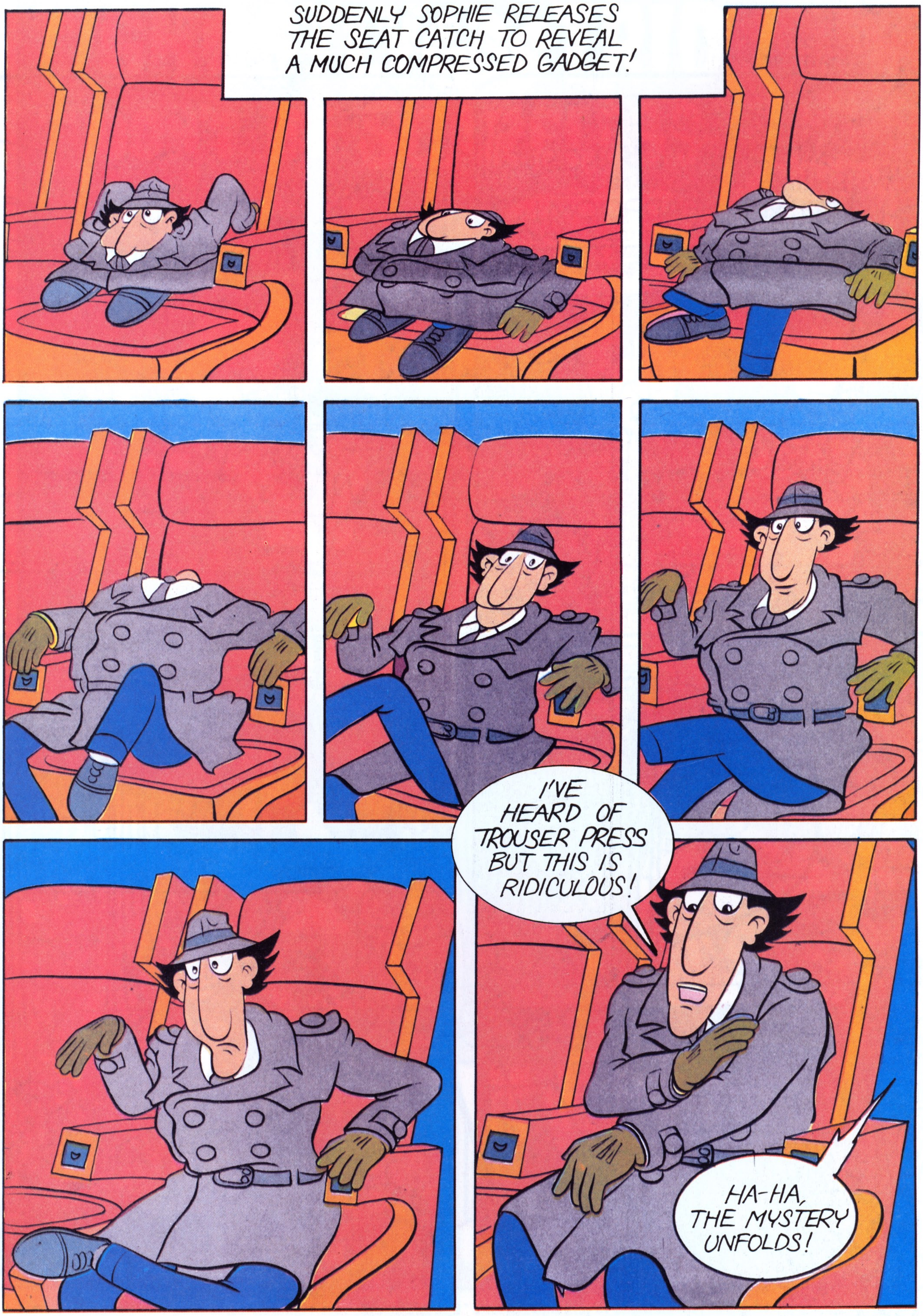
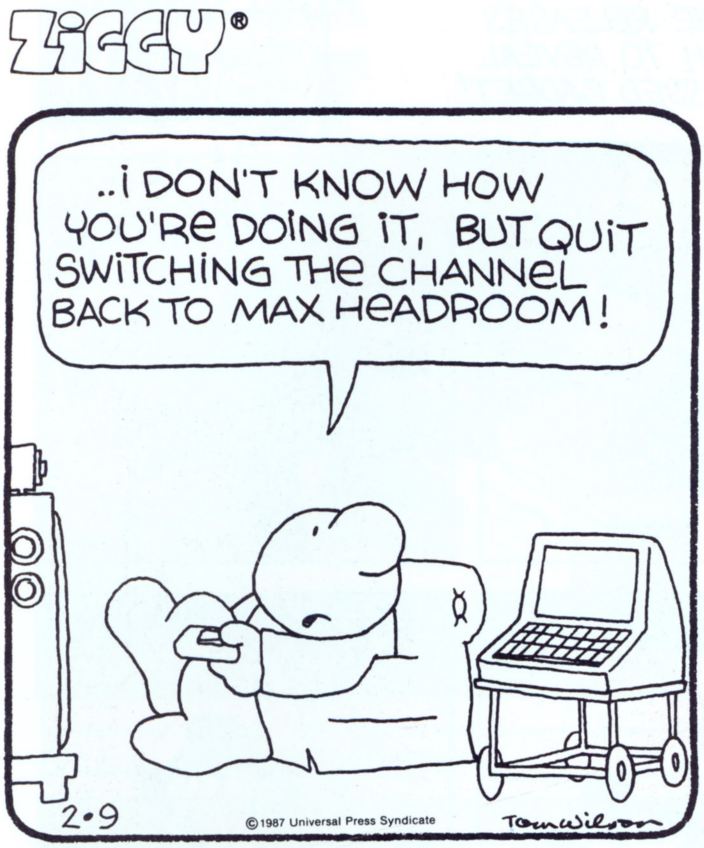

SUDDENLY SOPHIE RELEASES THE SEAT CATCH TO REVEAL A MUCH COMPRESSED GADGET!
I'VE HEARD OF TROUSER PRESS BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
HA-HA, THE MYSTERY UNFOLDS!


ZIGGY®
..I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'RE DOING IT, BUT QUIT SWITCHING THE CHANNEL BACK TO MAX HEADROOM!
2•9
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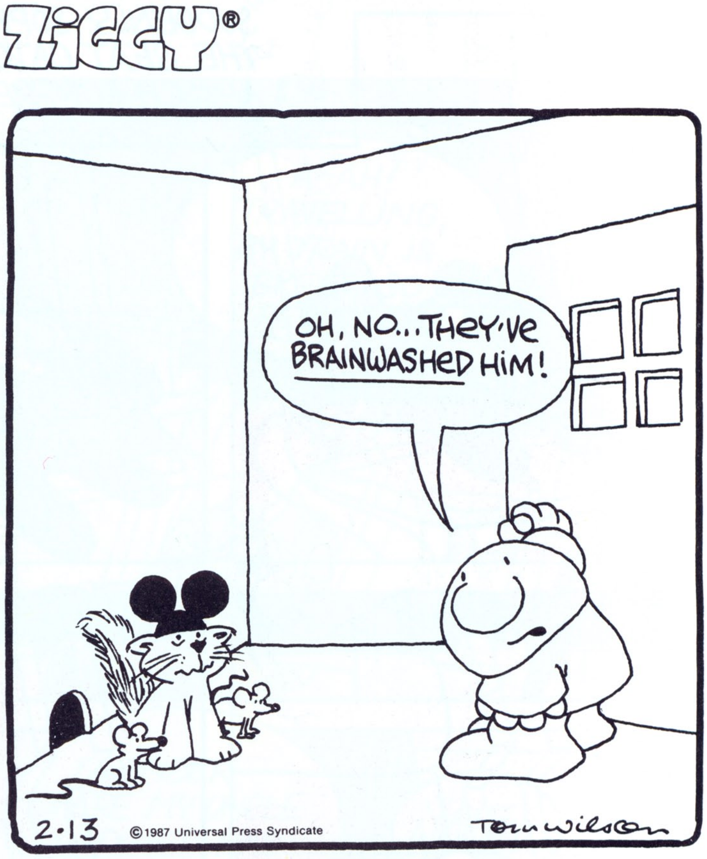
Tom Wilson


ZIGGY®
OH, NO...THEY'VE BRAINWASHED HIM!
2•13
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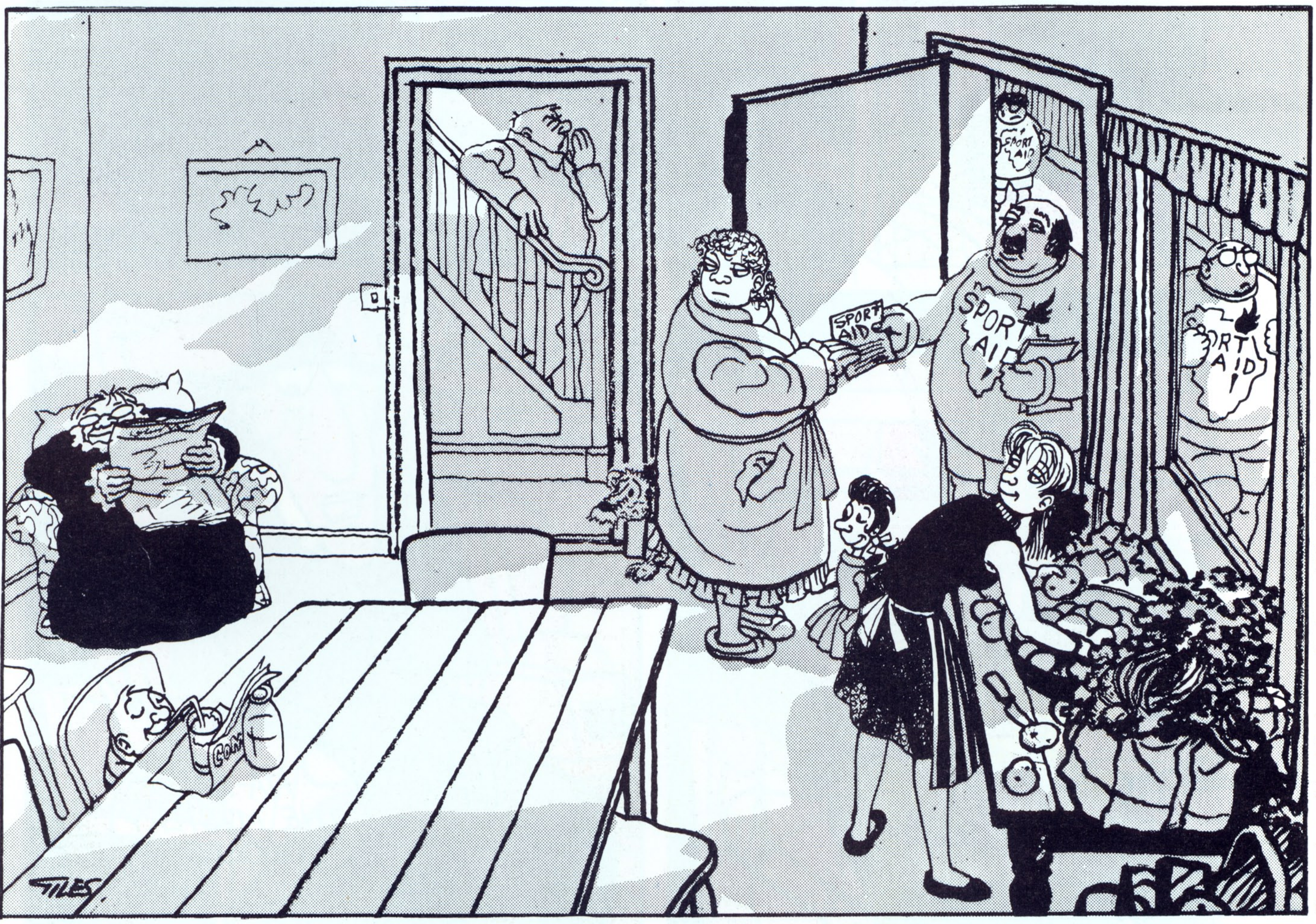
SPORT AID
SPORT AID
SPORT AID
SPORT AID
GOLD
GILES

" The application for your husband to join Bob Geldof's ' Run the World ' race definitely came from this address."

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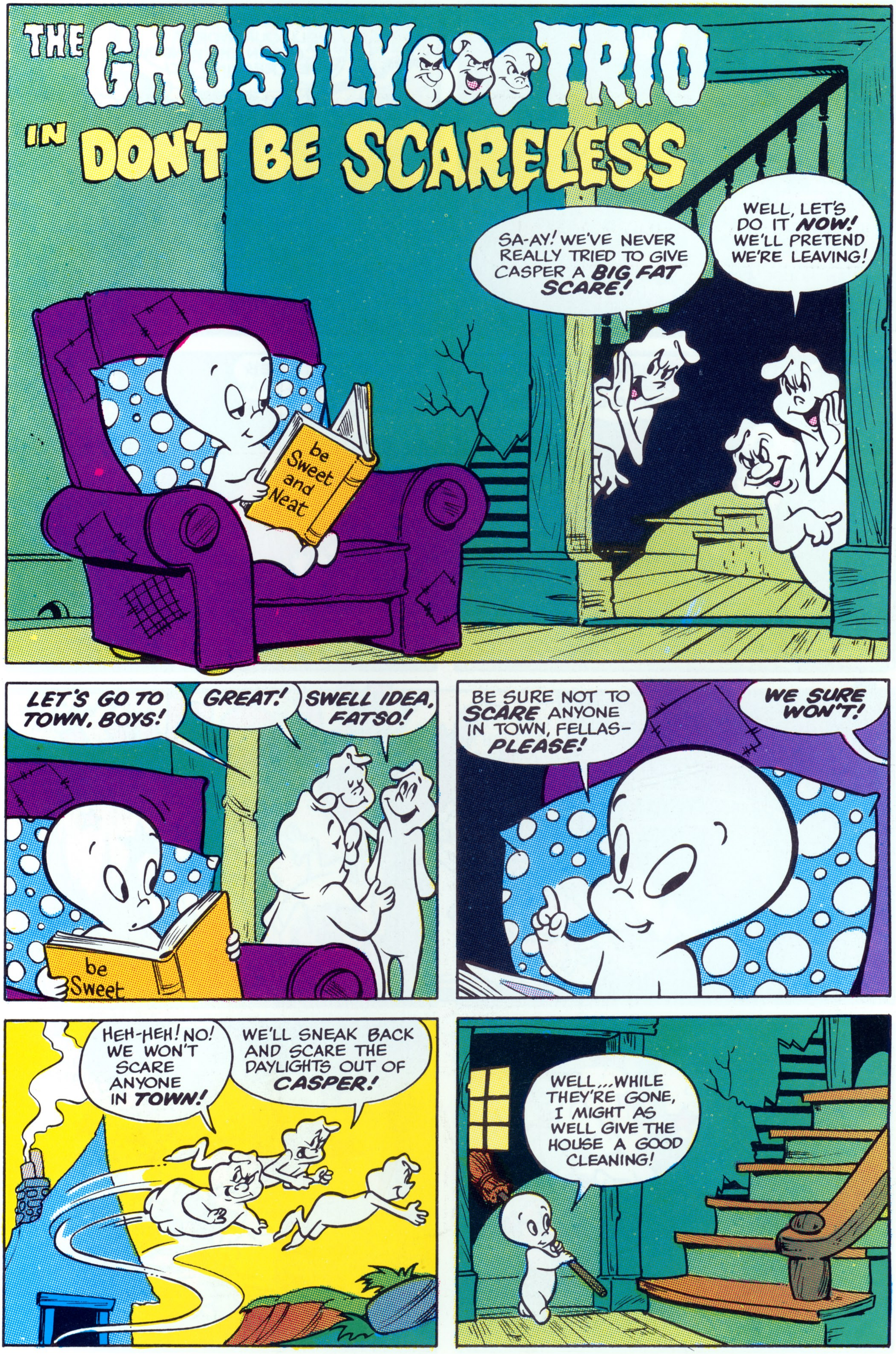
THE GHOSTLY TRIO IN DON'T BE SCARELESS


be Sweet and Neat
SA-AY! WE'VE NEVER REALLY TRIED TO GIVE CASPER A **BIG FAT SCARE!**
WELL, LET'S DO IT **NOW!** WE'LL PRETEND WE'RE LEAVING!
LET'S GO TO TOWN, BOYS!
GREAT!
SWELL IDEA, FATSO!
be Sweet
BE SURE NOT TO **SCARE** ANYONE IN TOWN, FELLAS- **PLEASE!**
WE SURE WON'T!
HEH-HEH! NO! WE WON'T SCARE ANYONE IN **TOWN!**
WE'LL SNEAK BACK AND SCARE THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF **CASPER!**
WELL...WHILE THEY'RE GONE, I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE THE HOUSE A GOOD CLEANING!

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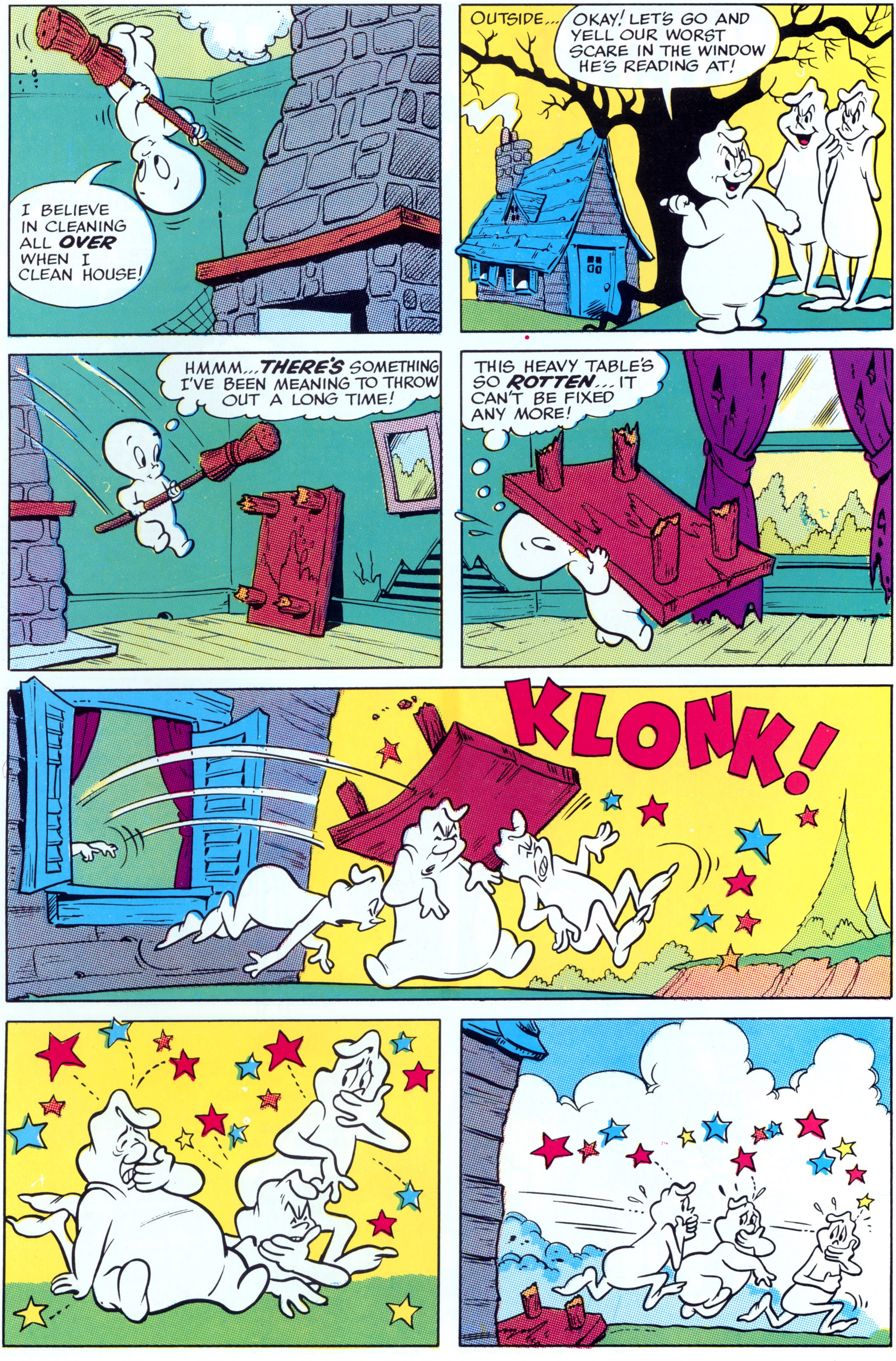
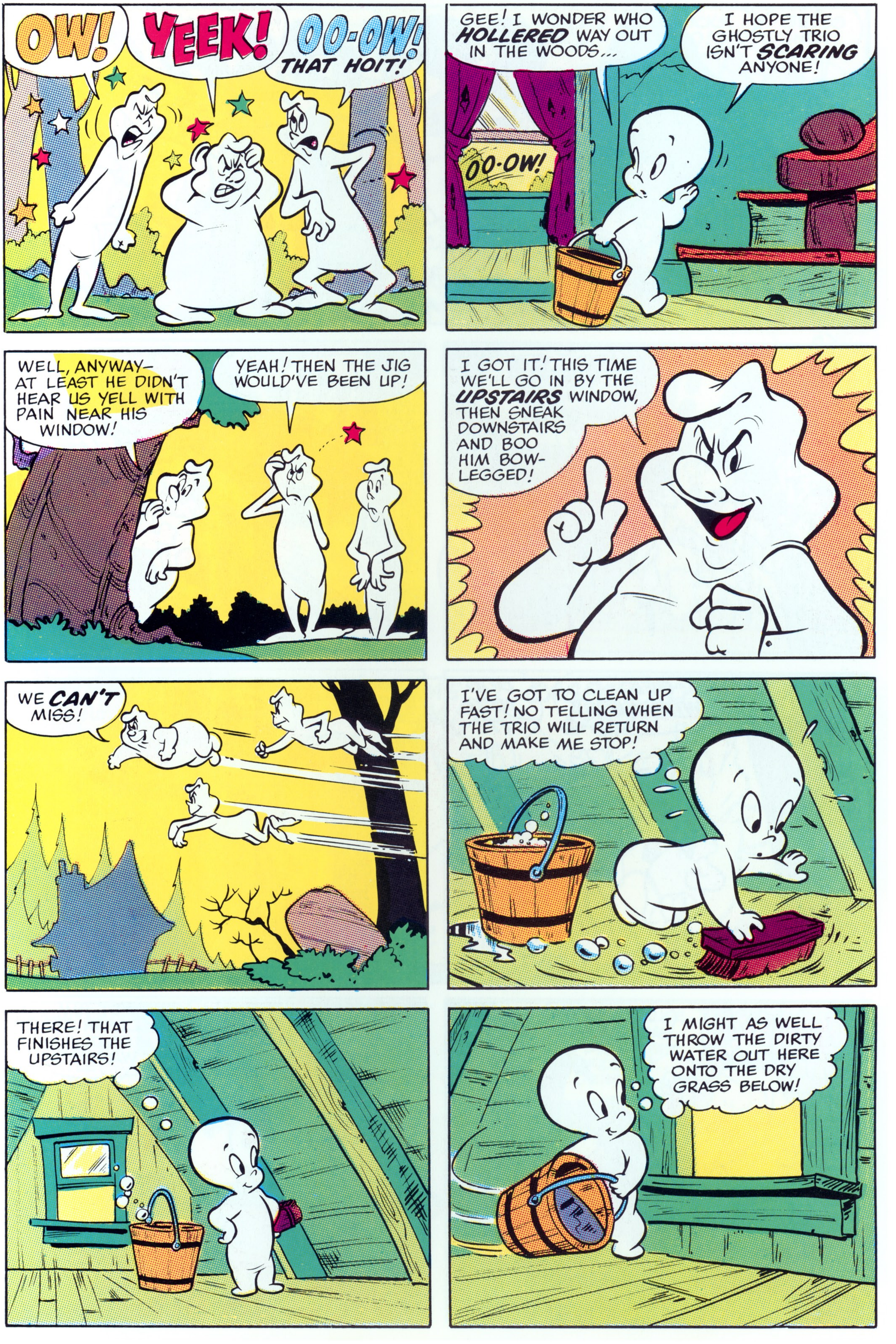
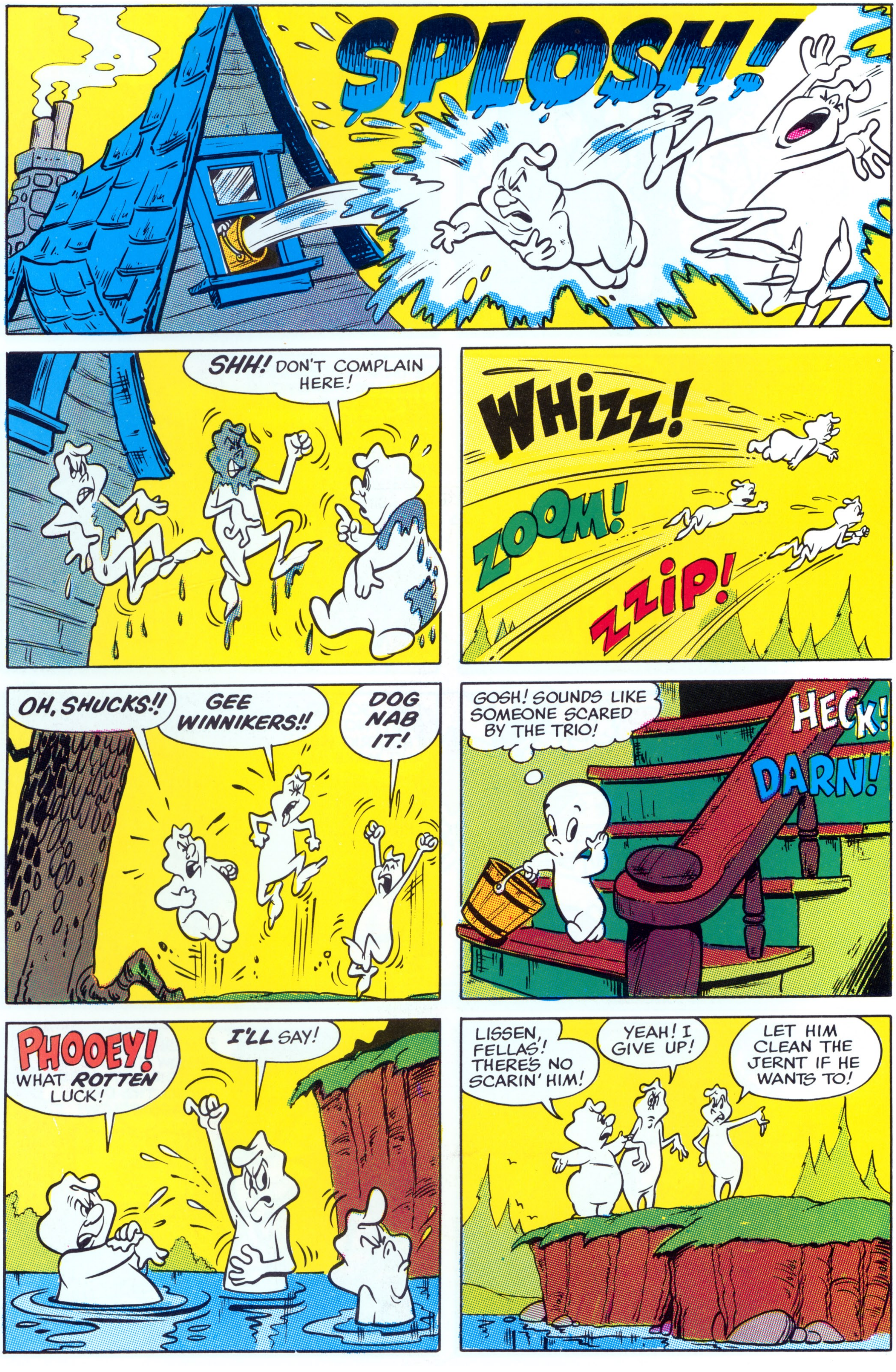
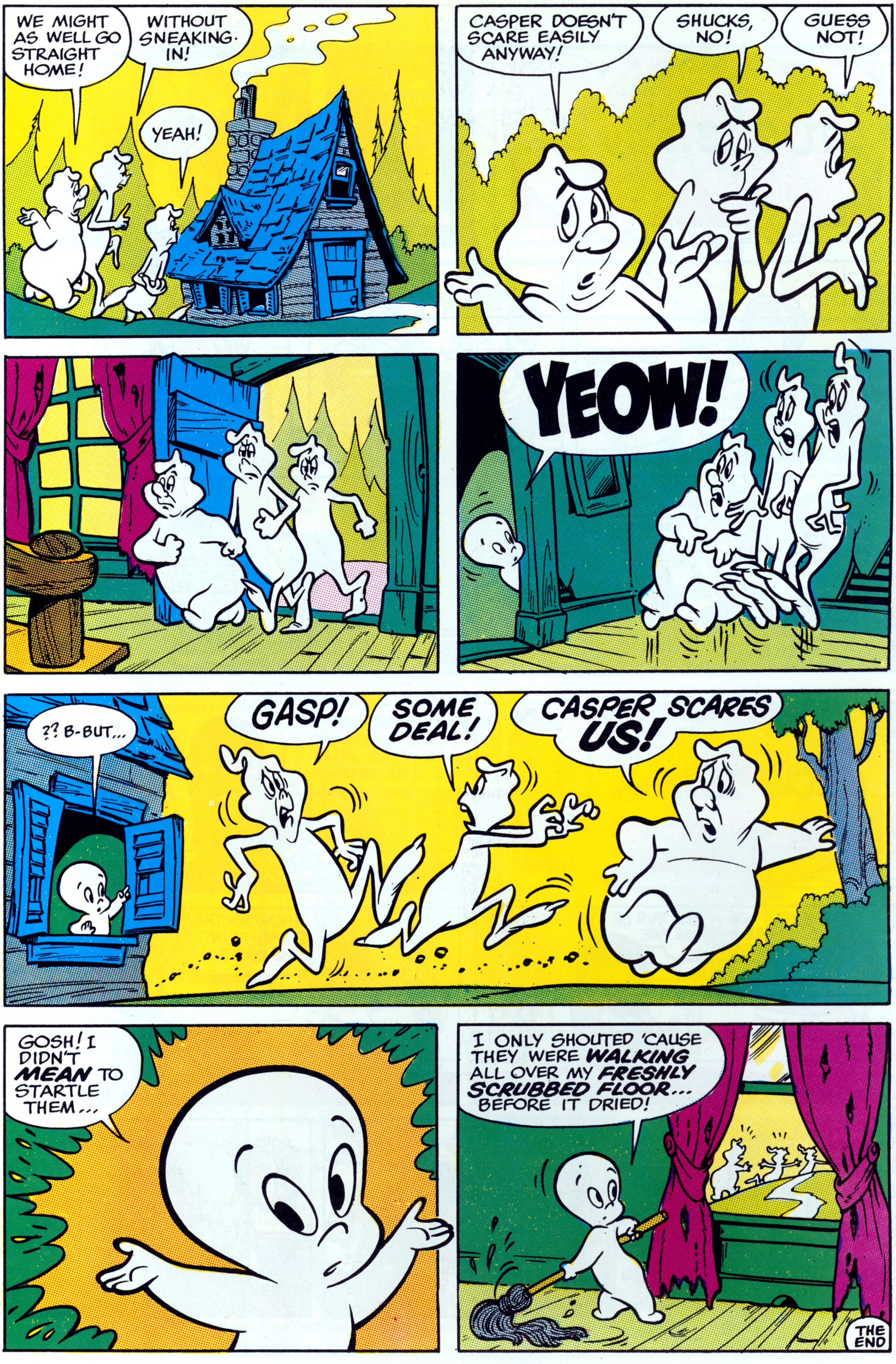
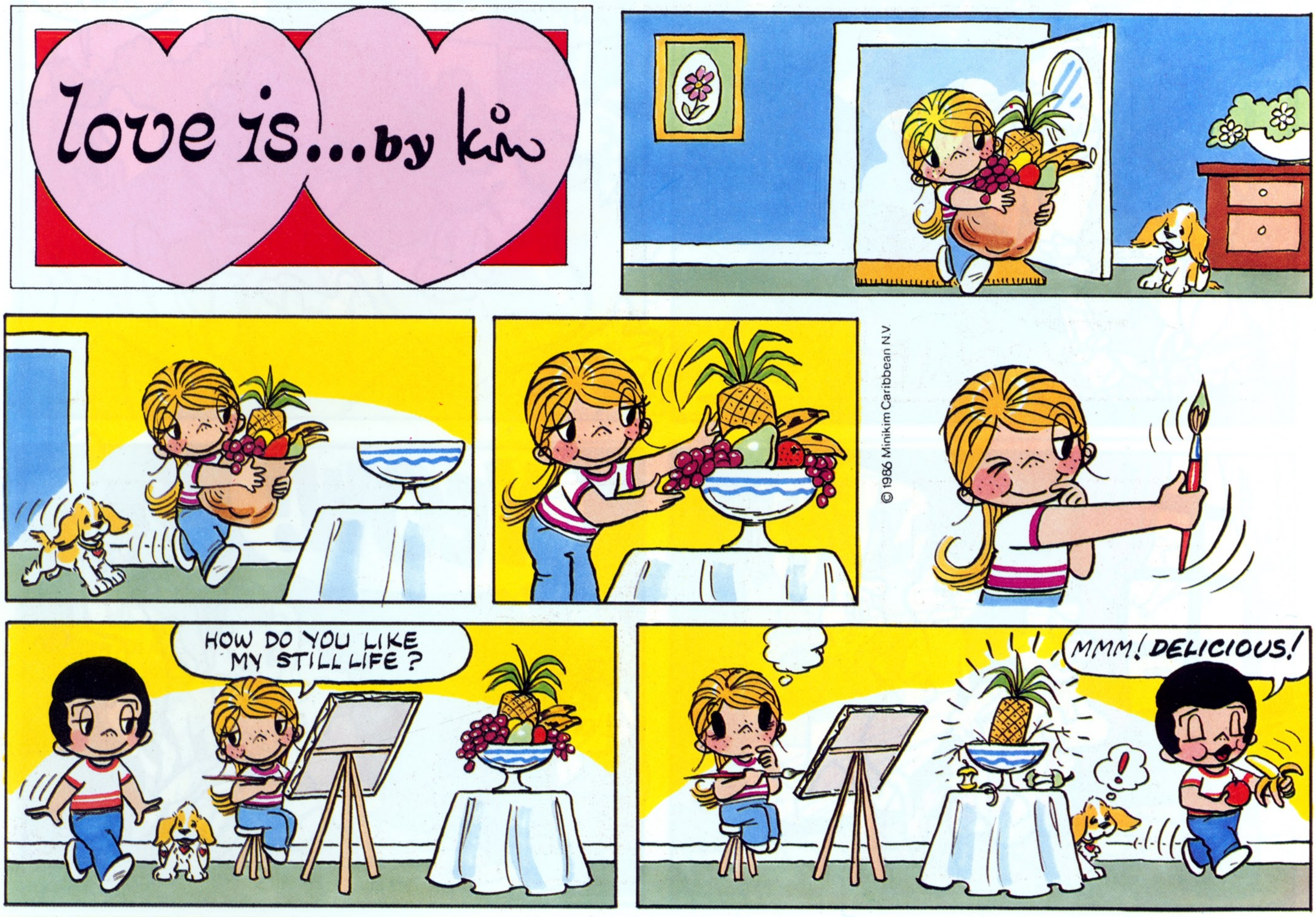

I BELIEVE IN CLEANING ALL **OVER** WHEN I CLEAN HOUSE!
OUTSIDE...
OKAY! LET'S GO AND YELL OUR WORST SCARE IN THE WINDOW HE'S READING AT!
HMMM... **THERE'S** SOMETHING I'VE BEEN MEANING TO THROW OUT A LONG TIME!
THIS HEAVY TABLE'S SO **ROTTEN**... IT CAN'T BE FIXED ANY MORE!
KLONK!


OW!
YEEK!
OO-OW! THAT HOIT!
GEE! I WONDER WHO HOLLERED WAY OUT IN THE WOODS...
I HOPE THE GHOSTLY TRIO ISN'T SCARING ANYONE!
OO-OW!
WELL, ANYWAY— AT LEAST HE DIDN'T HEAR US YELL WITH PAIN NEAR HIS WINDOW!
YEAH! THEN THE JIG WOULD'VE BEEN UP!
I GOT IT! THIS TIME WE'LL GO IN BY THE UPSTAIRS WINDOW, THEN SNEAK DOWNSTAIRS AND BOO HIM BOW-LEGGED!
WE CAN'T MISS!
I'VE GOT TO CLEAN UP FAST! NO TELLING WHEN THE TRIO WILL RETURN AND MAKE ME STOP!
THERE! THAT FINISHES THE UPSTAIRS!
I MIGHT AS WELL THROW THE DIRTY WATER OUT HERE ONTO THE DRY GRASS BELOW!


SPLOSH!
SHH! DON'T COMPLAIN HERE!
WHIZZ!
ZOOM!
ZZIP!
OH, SHUCKS!!
GEE WINNIKERS!!
DOG NAB IT!
GOSH! SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE SCARED BY THE TRIO!
HECK!
DARN!
PHOOEY! WHAT ROTTEN LUCK!
I'LL SAY!
LISSEN, FELLAS! THERE'S NO SCARIN' HIM!
YEAH! I GIVE UP!
LET HIM CLEAN THE JERNT IF HE WANTS TO!


WE MIGHT AS WELL GO STRAIGHT HOME!
WITHOUT SNEAKING IN!
YEAH!
CASPER DOESN'T SCARE EASILY ANYWAY!
SHUCKS, NO!
GUESS NOT!
YEOW!
?? B-BUT...
GASP!
SOME DEAL!
CASPER SCARES US!
GOSH! I DIDN'T MEAN TO STARTLE THEM...
I ONLY SHOUTED 'CAUSE THEY WERE WALKING ALL OVER MY FRESHLY SCRUBBED FLOOR... BEFORE IT DRIED!
THE END


love is... by kim
HOW DO YOU LIKE MY STILL LIFE ?
MMM! DELICIOUS!
!

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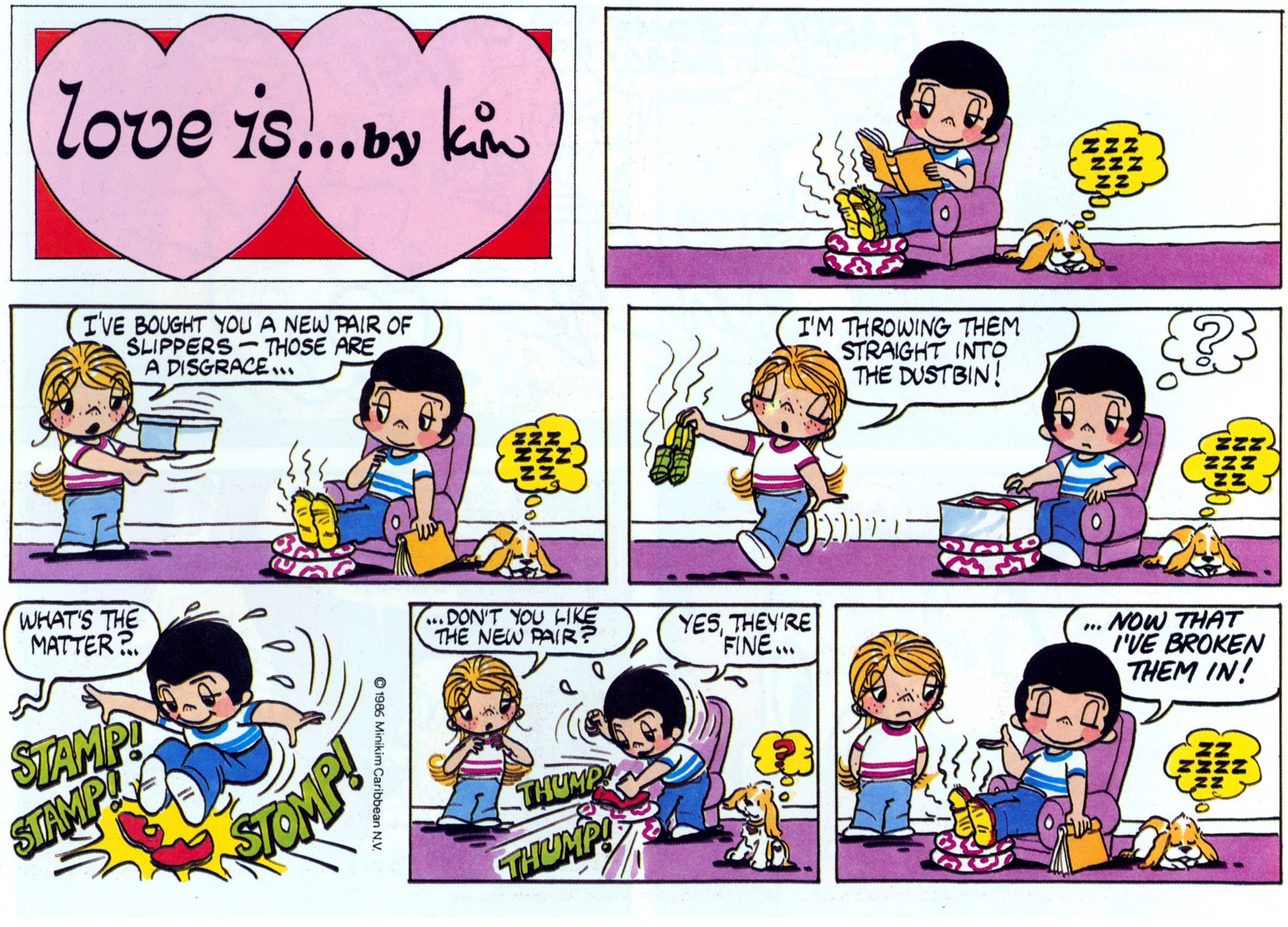
love is... by kim
ZZZ ZZZ ZZ
I'VE BOUGHT YOU A NEW PAIR OF SLIPPERS — THOSE ARE A DISGRACE...
ZZZ ZZZ ZZ
I'M THROWING THEM STRAIGHT INTO THE DUSTBIN!
?
ZZZ ZZZ ZZ
WHAT'S THE MATTER?...
STAMP! STAMP! STOMP!
...DON'T YOU LIKE THE NEW PAIR?
YES, THEY'RE FINE...
THUMP! THUMP!
?
... NOW THAT I'VE BROKEN THEM IN!
ZZ ZZZZ ZZ

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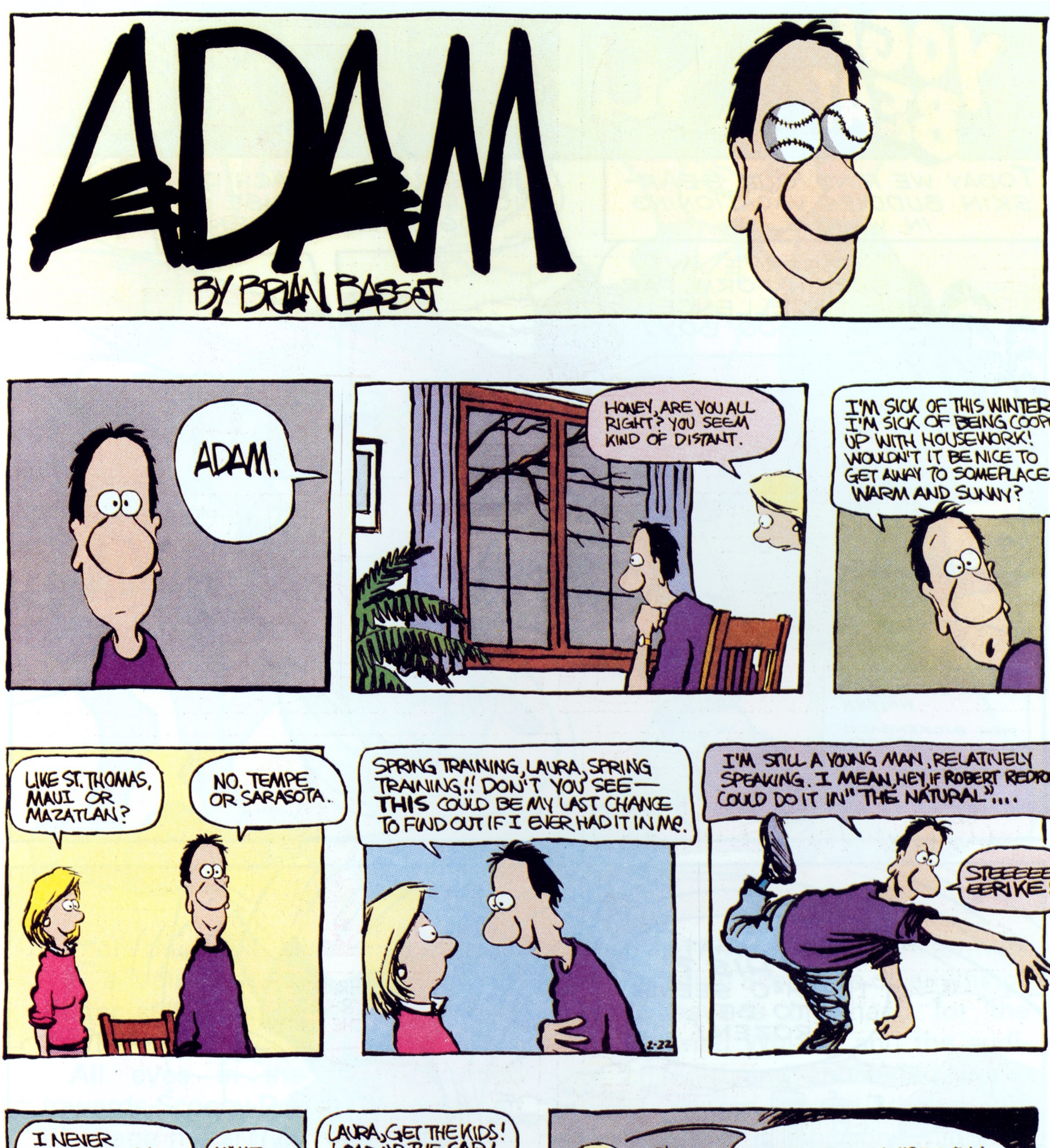
ADAM
BY BRIAN BASSETT
ADAM.
HONEY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? YOU SEEM KIND OF DISTANT.
I'M SICK OF THIS WINTER! I'M SICK OF BEING COOPED UP WITH HOUSEWORK! WOULDN'T IT BE NICE TO GET AWAY TO SOMEPLACE WARM AND SUNNY?
LIKE ST. THOMAS, MAUI OR MAZATLAN?
NO. TEMPE OR SARASOTA.
SPRING TRAINING, LAURA, SPRING TRAINING!! DON'T YOU SEE— THIS COULD BE MY LAST CHANCE TO FIND OUT IF I EVER HAD IT IN ME.
2-22
I'M STILL A YOUNG MAN, RELATIVELY SPEAKING. I MEAN, HEY, IF ROBERT REDFORD COULD DO IT IN "THE NATURAL"....
STEEEEE EERIKE!
I NEVER REALIZED YOU HARBORED THESE WALTER MITTY FANTASIES.
WHAT POSITION DOES HE PLAY?
LAURA, GET THE KIDS! LOAD UP THE CAR!
WHERE'S MY GLOVE AND SPIKES?
IN THE BASEMENT.
OH, AND WHILE YOU'RE DOWN THERE, ADAM, YOU MIGHT WANT TO DO THE WASH... YOU'LL PROBABLY NEED A CLEAN UNIFORM.

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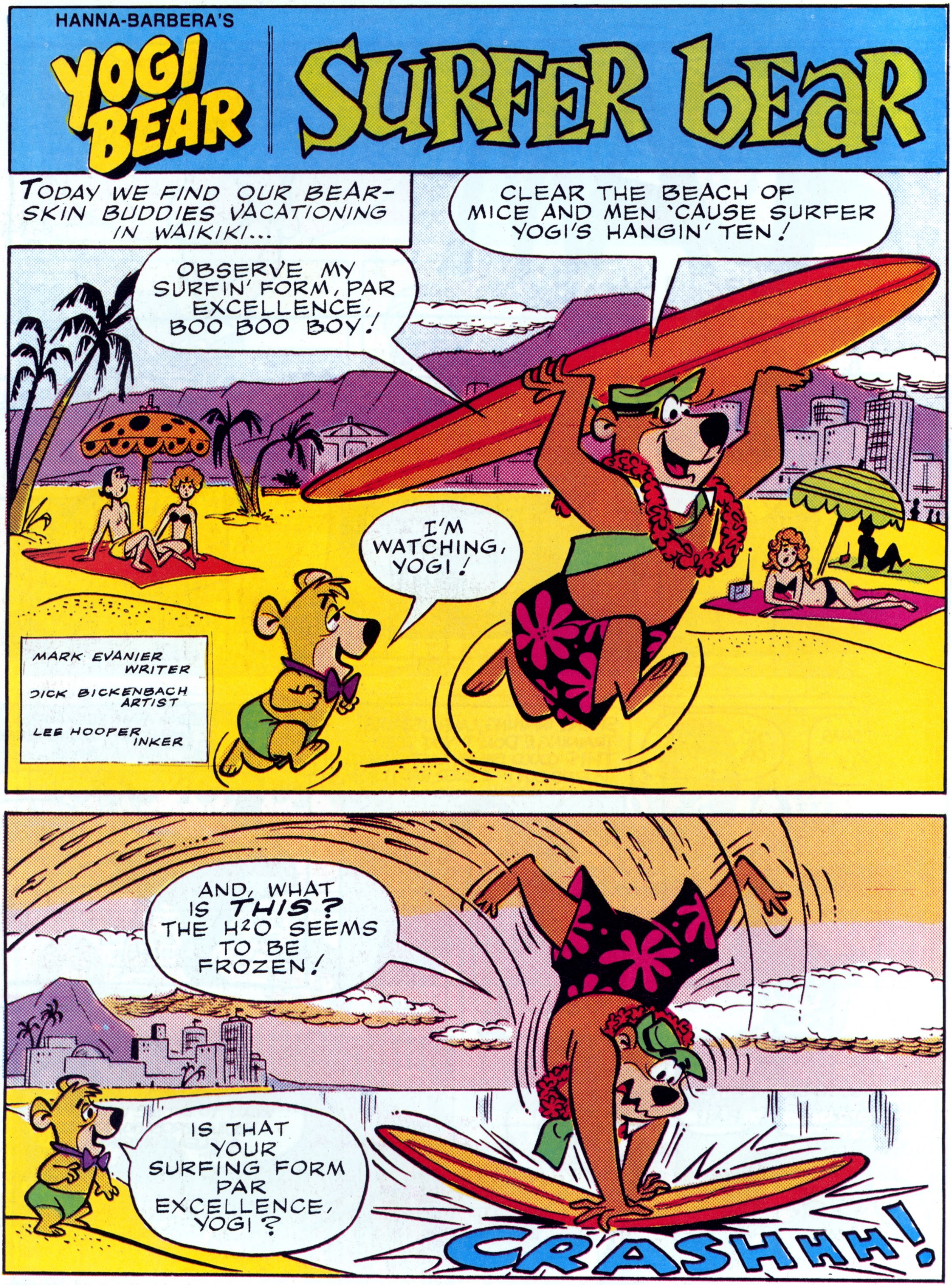
HANNA-BARBERA'S
YOGI BEAR
SURFER BEAR
TODAY WE FIND OUR BEARSKIN BUDDIES VACATIONING IN WAIKIKI...
CLEAR THE BEACH OF MICE AND MEN 'CAUSE SURFER YOGI'S HANGIN' TEN!
OBSERVE MY SURFIN' FORM, PAR EXCELLENCE, BOO BOO BOY!
I'M WATCHING, YOGI!
MARK EVANIER WRITER
DICK BICKENBACH ARTIST
LEE HOOPER INKER
AND, WHAT IS THIS? THE H^2O SEEMS TO BE FROZEN!
IS THAT YOUR SURFING FORM PAR EXCELLENCE, YOGI?
CRASHHH!

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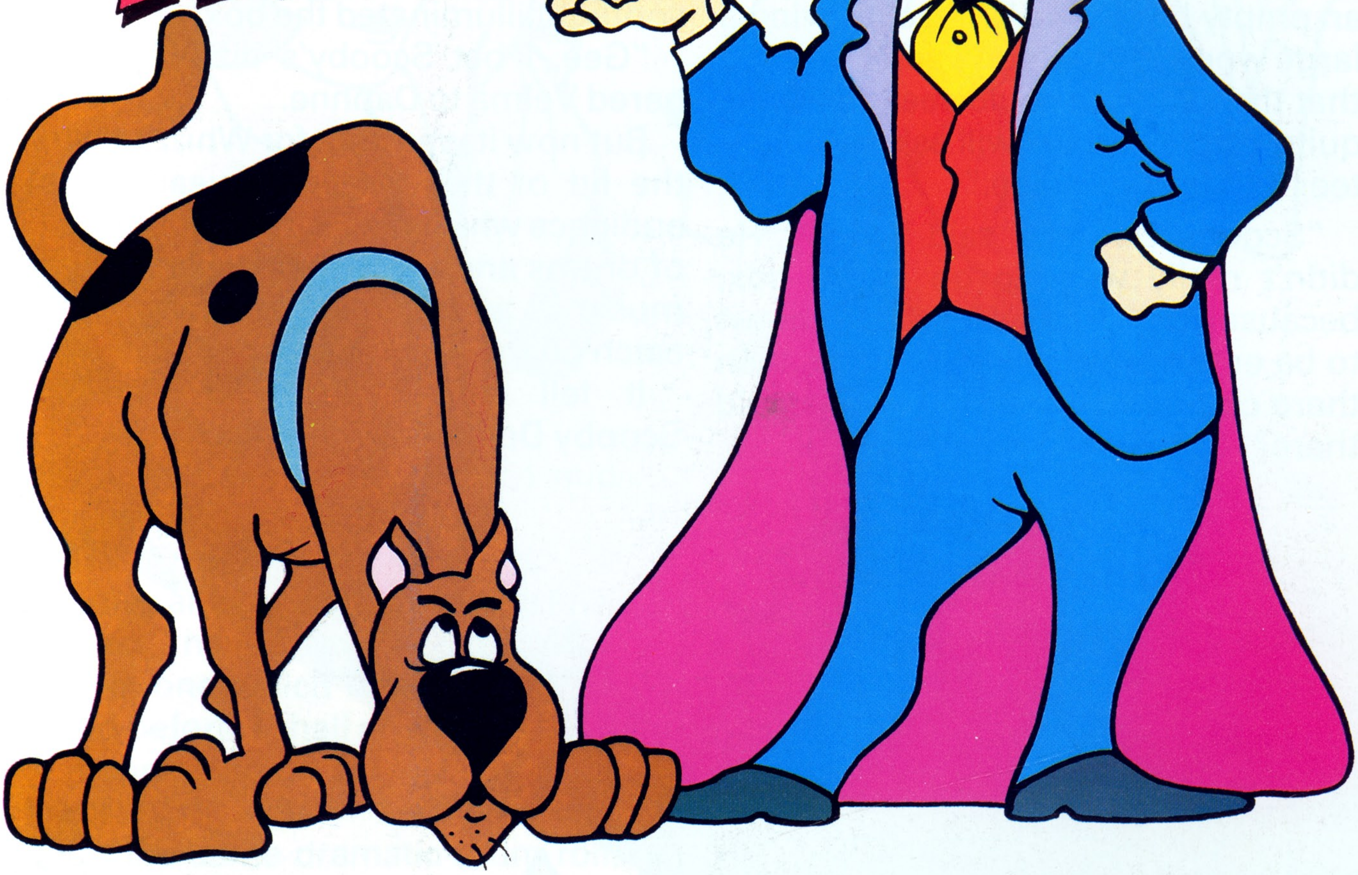
MYSTERIOUS MAGIC



"For my next trick I would like a volunteer from the audience. Better still, I would like a volunteer *dog*!"

All eyes in the theatre turned towards Scooby Doo, as the magician on stage made his request. After all, Scooby was the only dog there!

"Come on now, don't be shy," went on the magician, The Great Whizzo. "There's a fine juicy bone for anyone who takes part."

Scooby didn't need any more encouragement. He leapt off his seat and bounded up onto the stage, with the rest of the gang watching in amusement. They knew that The Great Whizzo had hit on just the right formula for persuading Scooby to do anything.

"Let's have a big hand for the hound!" cried Whizzo, and the audience cheered and applauded, while Scooby sniffed round the stage, wondering where that bone might be located.

"I would like to perform one of my most baffling magic tricks for you tonight," announced Whizzo. "It is a trick which is rarely performed, and there is a certain amount of danger involved. Ladies and Gentlemen, I present The Vanishing Dog Trick!"

The audience clapped, and the gang

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were amused to see how Scooby's face turned from looking very happy at the thought of that juicy bone, to decidedly unsure as to whether he fancied being a vanishing dog! But there was no time for second thoughts now, as Whizzo was making all his final preparations for the trick.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I begin with an empty box," said Whizzo, moving a large wooden box round and round, so that the audience could see that it was quite empty. "Now I will ask my volunteer dog to step inside."

"Scooby Ooooh?" said Scooby. He didn't really want to go in the box, because after all it had just been shown to be empty. And if it was empty, then there couldn't be a bone inside, could there?

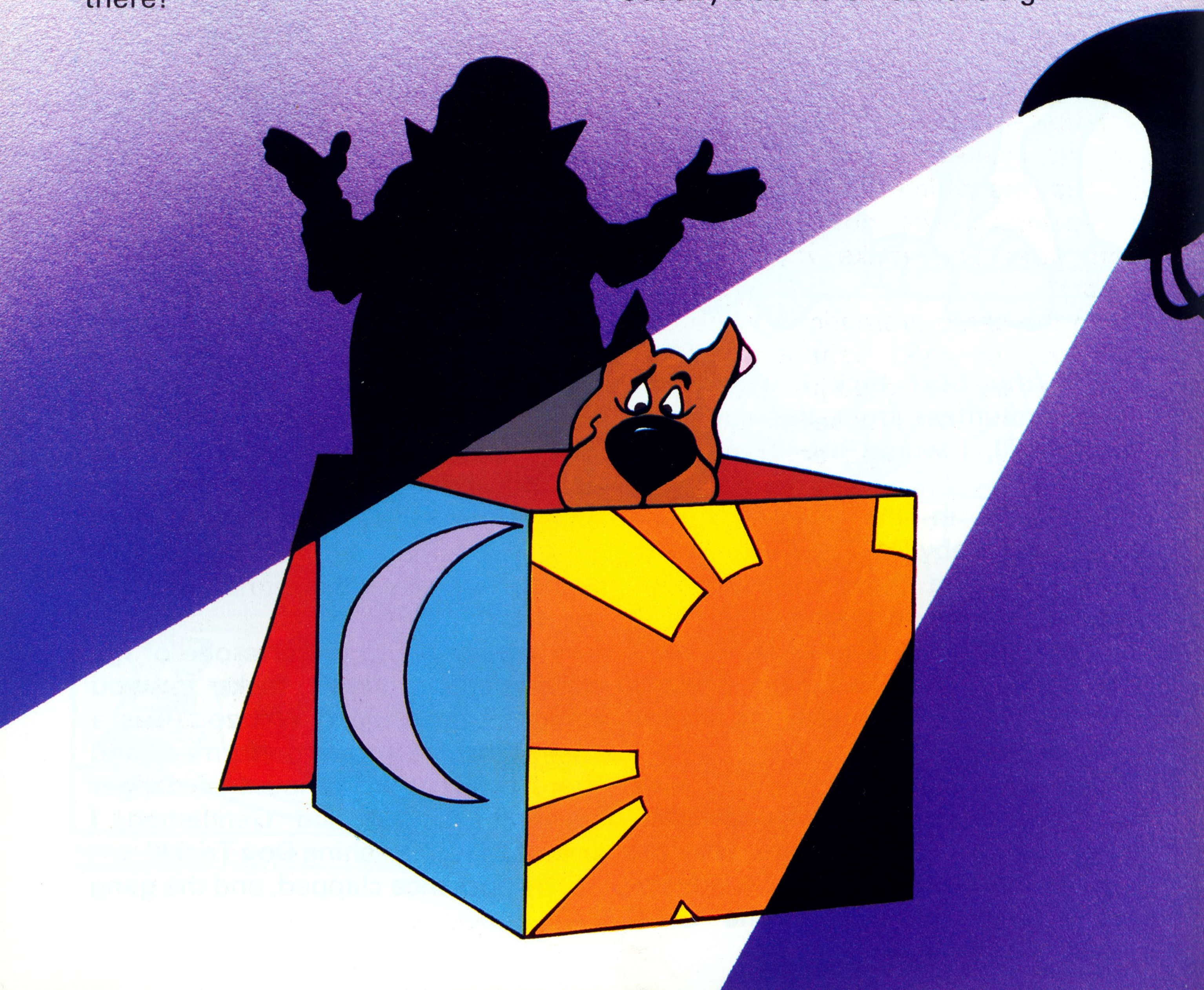
But there was no un-volunteering now, and Scooby reluctantly clambered inside the box, somehow managing to get all four of his long, gangly legs safely tucked away before The Great Whizzo closed the lid.

There was a roll of drums, Whizzo spun the box round and round, and then the lights dimmed, and a single spotlight illuminated the box.

"Gee, I bet Scooby's dizzy!" whispered Velma to Daphne.

But now it was time for Whizzo to lift the lid of the box and reveal to his audience what was inside. Another roll of drums and some magical-sounding music . . . and then Whizzo sprang the catch on the box.

It fell completely open, and of Scooby Doo there was not a sign!



"Bravo, Bravo!" cheered the audience, delighted with the trick.

But Whizzo hadn't finished yet.

"Ladies and gentlemen, for the finale of my act, I have a new trick to perform, and it is one which I have never performed before. I shall now step into the same box, and make *myself* disappear!"

With the same dramatic drum rolls, and eerie dimmed lighting effects, Whizzo proceeded to do just that, and moments later the box seemed to fall open all by itself, and again it was empty.

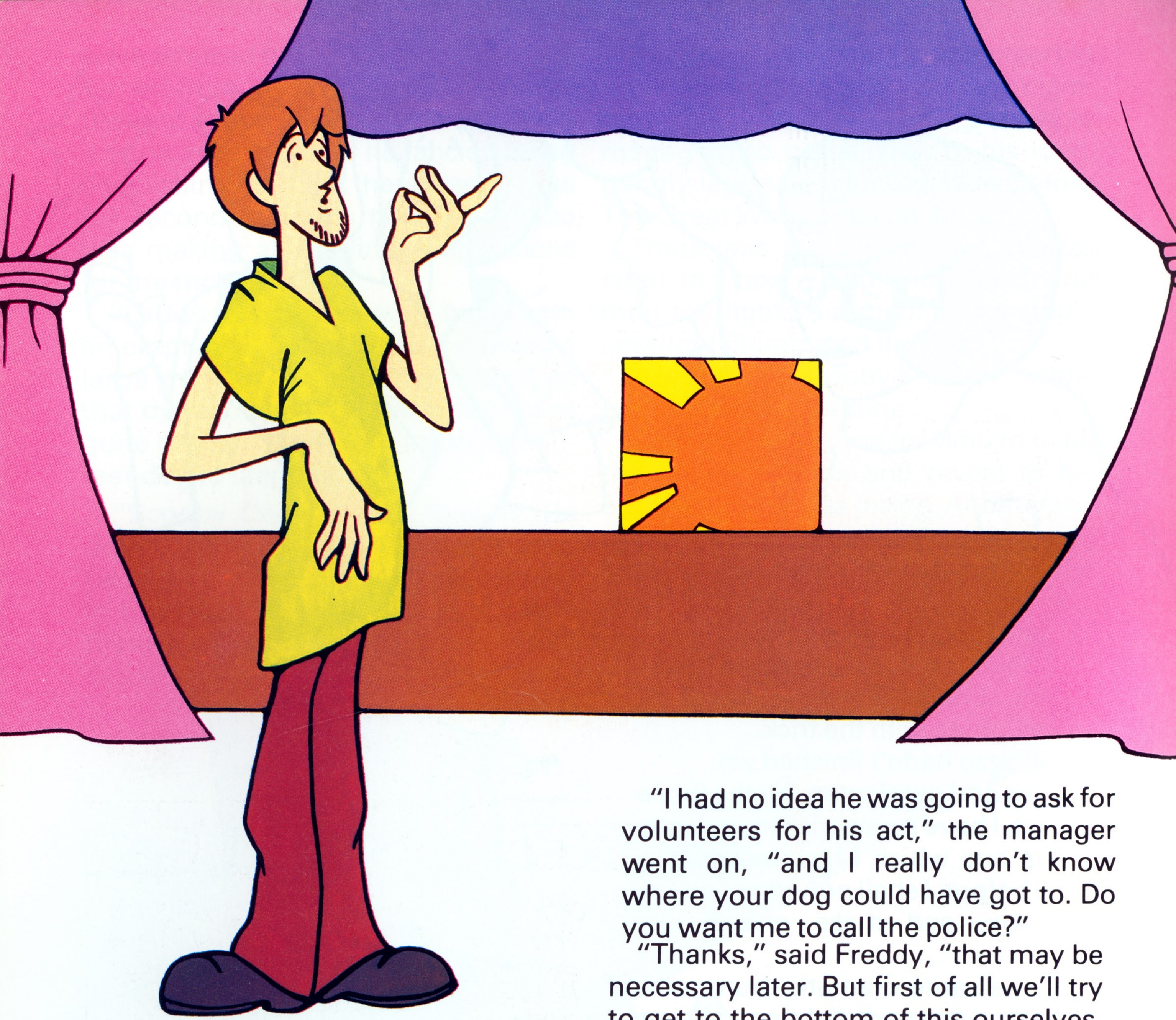
It was a dramatic finale to the act, and the audience cheered loud and long as the curtain came down, and the house lights went up.

"That was a great act," said Freddy, to the gang. "But I wonder where Scooby's got to? Come on, let's go backstage and find him."

The gang made their way to the backstage area of the theatre, and found the Great Whizzo's dressing room. They knocked loudly on the door, and waited . . .

At last Freddy tried the handle of the door, and discovered that it wasn't locked. The gang went into the dressing room. But it was completely empty. There didn't even seem to be any of Whizzo's props in there. It was almost as though he had magicked himself away . . .

"Come on, gang," said Freddy, determined to find Scooby, now that his suspicions were aroused. "Let's go see the manager. Maybe he knows where Scooby is."



"Poor Scoob," said Shaggy, beginning to feel worried. "I do hope he's OK."

"Wherever he is, I hope Whizzo's given him that bone he promised," added Daphne, knowing that by now Scooby would be mighty hungry.

What the theatre manager had to tell them made Shaggy even more worried than he had been before. It seemed that The Great Whizzo had asked to be paid before the show, so that he could leave as soon as he had finished. What's more, the manager had no forwarding address for him, as the booking had been made over the telephone at short notice.

"I had no idea he was going to ask for volunteers for his act," the manager went on, "and I really don't know where your dog could have got to. Do you want me to call the police?"

"Thanks," said Freddy, "that may be necessary later. But first of all we'll try to get to the bottom of this ourselves. We've had a little experience in solving mysteries, as a matter of fact."

"Let's start on the stage, Freddy," said Shaggy. "After all, that's where we last saw Scooby."

"Lead on," said Freddy, "we're right behind you."

Shaggy reached the stage just ahead of the others, and found the box still set up in place. He began to examine it, looking for clues. But there was nothing.

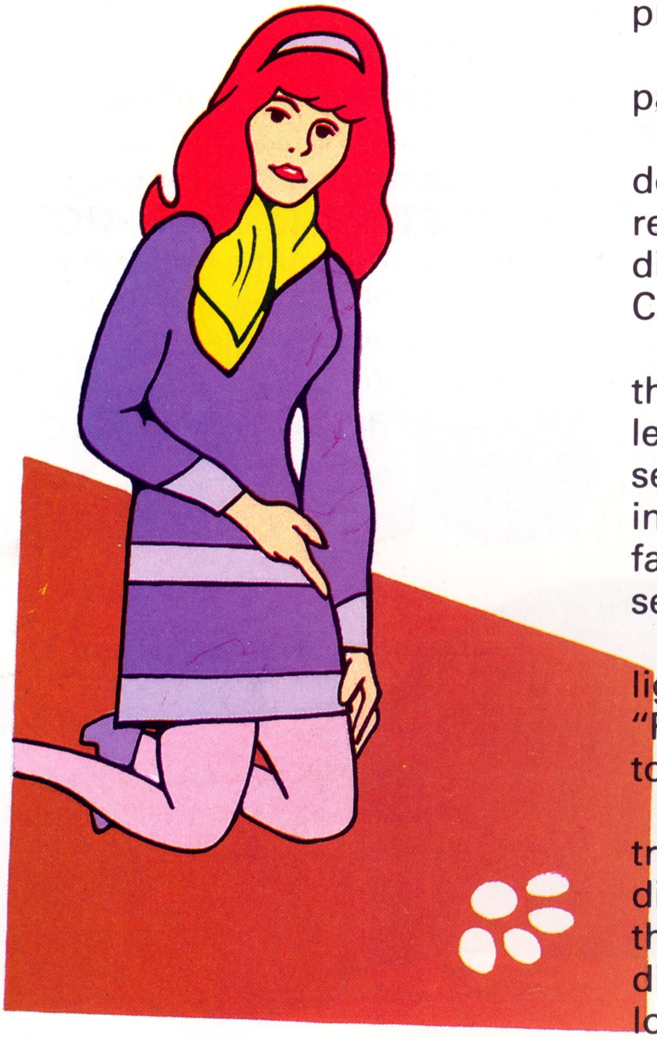
Then Freddy and the girls arrived, and they couldn't find anything either. Dejectedly, Daphne sat down on the lid of the box, wondering what they could do next.

But as she sat down, Velma distinctly heard a slight whirring noise, apparently coming from below the box. "Did you hear that?" she cried.

They opened the box again, and Freddy gave a cry of surprise: "There's a hole below the stage! Right under the box! Daphne must have sprung the secret mechanism for opening the trap door when she sat down on the box."

"I'll take a look," said Shaggy, clambering over the edge of the box, and gingerly lowering himself down into the hole beneath the stage. "I've got my torch with me."

The others waited anxiously on the stage as Shaggy shone his torch round and round in the hole beneath the Great Whizzo's box. They didn't have to wait long . . .



"It's a note!" came Shaggy's muffled cry, as he found something. "A note addressed to us!"

Shaggy brought the note back up onto the stage, and all the gang clustered around to read it. They didn't like what they read:

I HAVE YOUR DOG. LEAVE A HUNDRED DOLLARS UNDERNEATH THE GARBAGE BIN OUTSIDE AND YOU CAN HAVE HIM BACK. THE GREAT WHIZZO.

"Oh, poor Scooby!" cried Velma. "I hope he's OK. I wonder if he got that bone Whizzo promised him? He'll be hungry by now."

"Calm down, Velma," said Freddy sensibly. "He's only been gone a half hour, after all. We'll find him, you'll see."

"Look at this, gang!" said Daphne suddenly, crouching on the floor and examining something. "It's a paw print. And it's Scooby's!"

"Daphne's right," said Freddy. " It's a paw print in white paint."

"There was a can of white paint down there," said Shaggy, suddenly remembering. "Scooby must have dipped his paws in it to leave us a trail. Clever old Scoob!"

It didn't take the gang long to follow the trail of Scooby Doo's footprints as it led down through the rows of theatre seats, out into the foyer, and then out into the street. The prints were getting fainter by now, but they could still just see them.

"Scooby Doo must be treading very lightly on purpose," said Shaggy. "Poor Scoob – that doesn't come easy to him!"

The trail finally petered away as the tracks led into a side street. The gang didn't know which of the buildings in the street Scooby was in, but they didn't have to worry about that for long.

Scooby's sharp nose had picked up their scent two blocks back, and as soon as he heard their footsteps coming near he set up the kind of loud barking which they couldn't help but recognise as that of their faithful hound.

"It's Scooby!" cried Shaggy. "Hang on in there, boy, we're coming!"

It didn't take them more than a few moments to find where Scooby was being held, and they were pleased to see that he was not hurt at all. They had a joyful reunion, and then they began thinking about how the Great Whizzo was going to be caught.

"Scooby Two!" barked Scooby. "Scooby Two!"

"What d'you mean, boy?" asked Velma, realising that Scooby was giving them a clue.

"I know!" said Shaggy, suddenly. "He means that the Great Whizzo's coming back here at two o'clock tomorrow. Don't you, boy?"

Scooby's excited yelps proved that that was exactly what he meant. The Great Whizzo had told Scooby that he was coming back at two o'clock the next day. He had thought he was quite safe telling the dog, because after all, how could a dog tell its owners anything?

From there on in it was plain sailing. The gang alerted the police, and when the Great Whizzo came back the next day they were there to nab him.

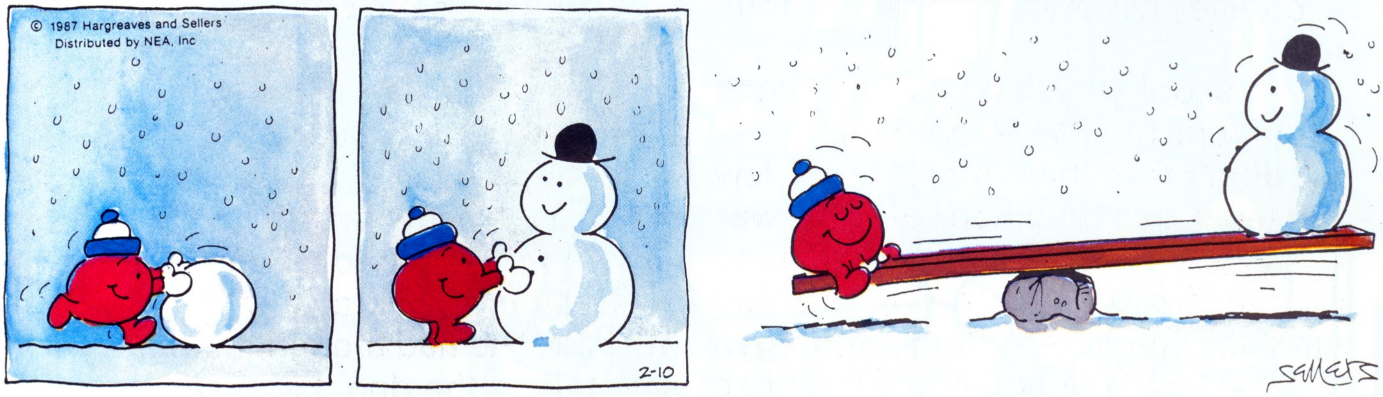
Scooby enjoyed all the extra attention he got from the gang – and all the extra sausages, too!

The story received front page coverage in all the papers, and Scooby was hailed as a wonder dog for being quick thinking enough to outwit Whizzo by thinking up the paint pawprints trick.

"I think the papers are right," said Freddy proudly. "I think we really do have a wonder dog here, gang."

"Scooby thinks so, too!" barked Scooby.

Mr. Men & little Miss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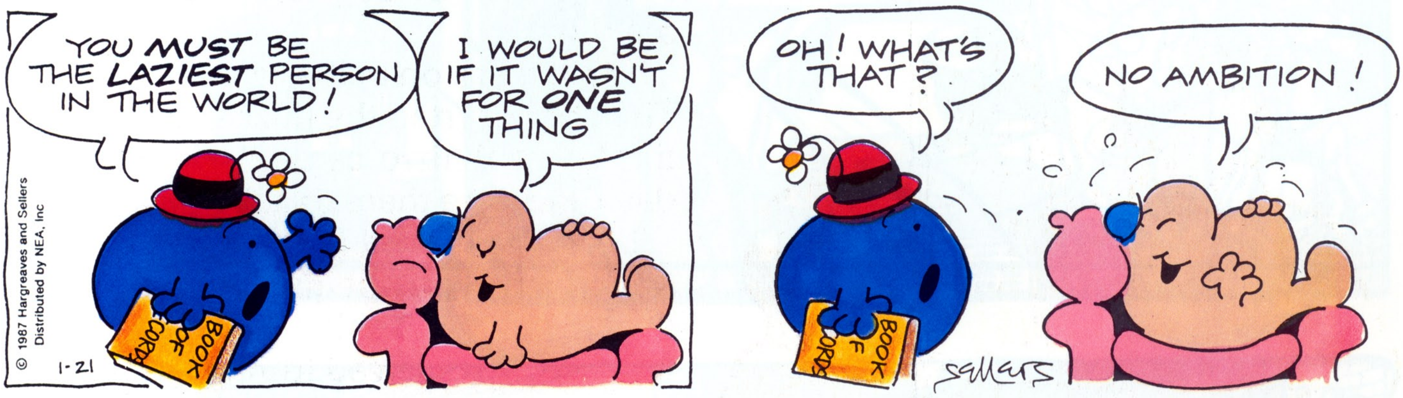
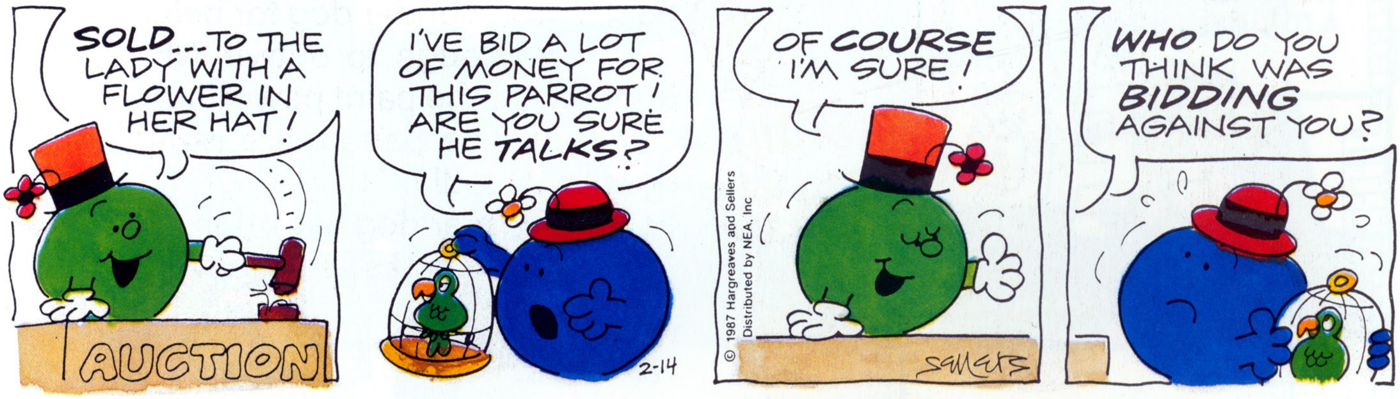
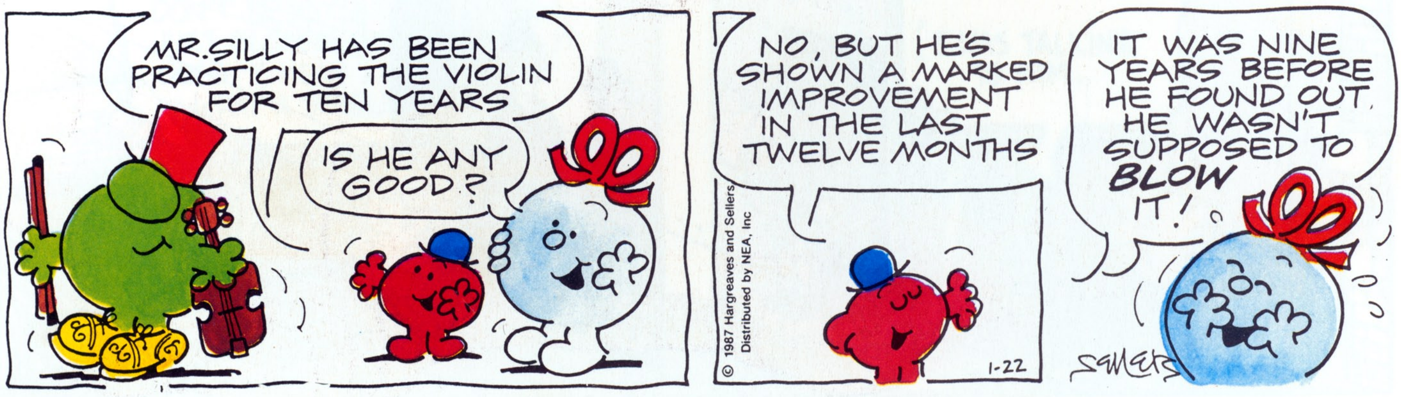
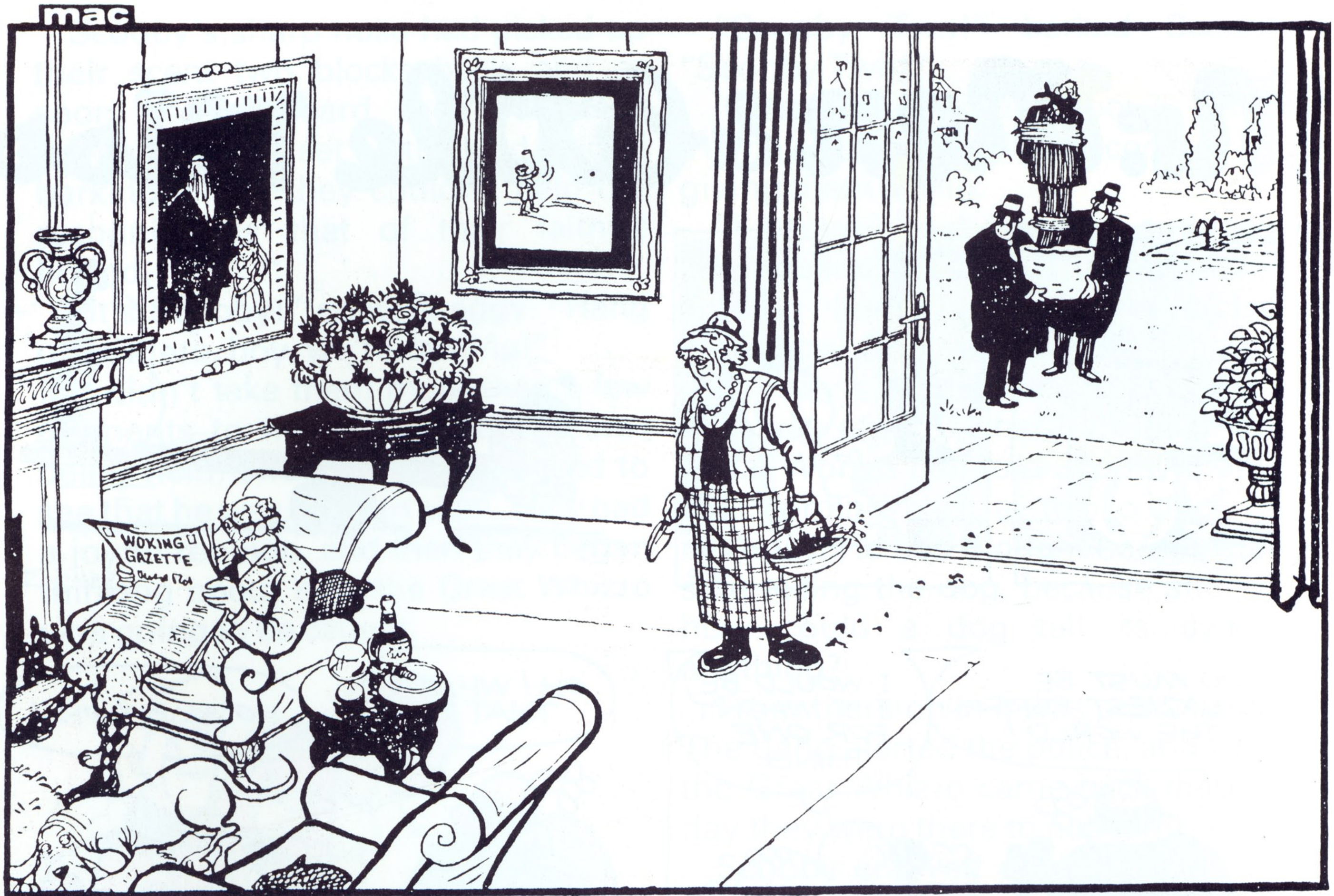
2-10
SELLERS

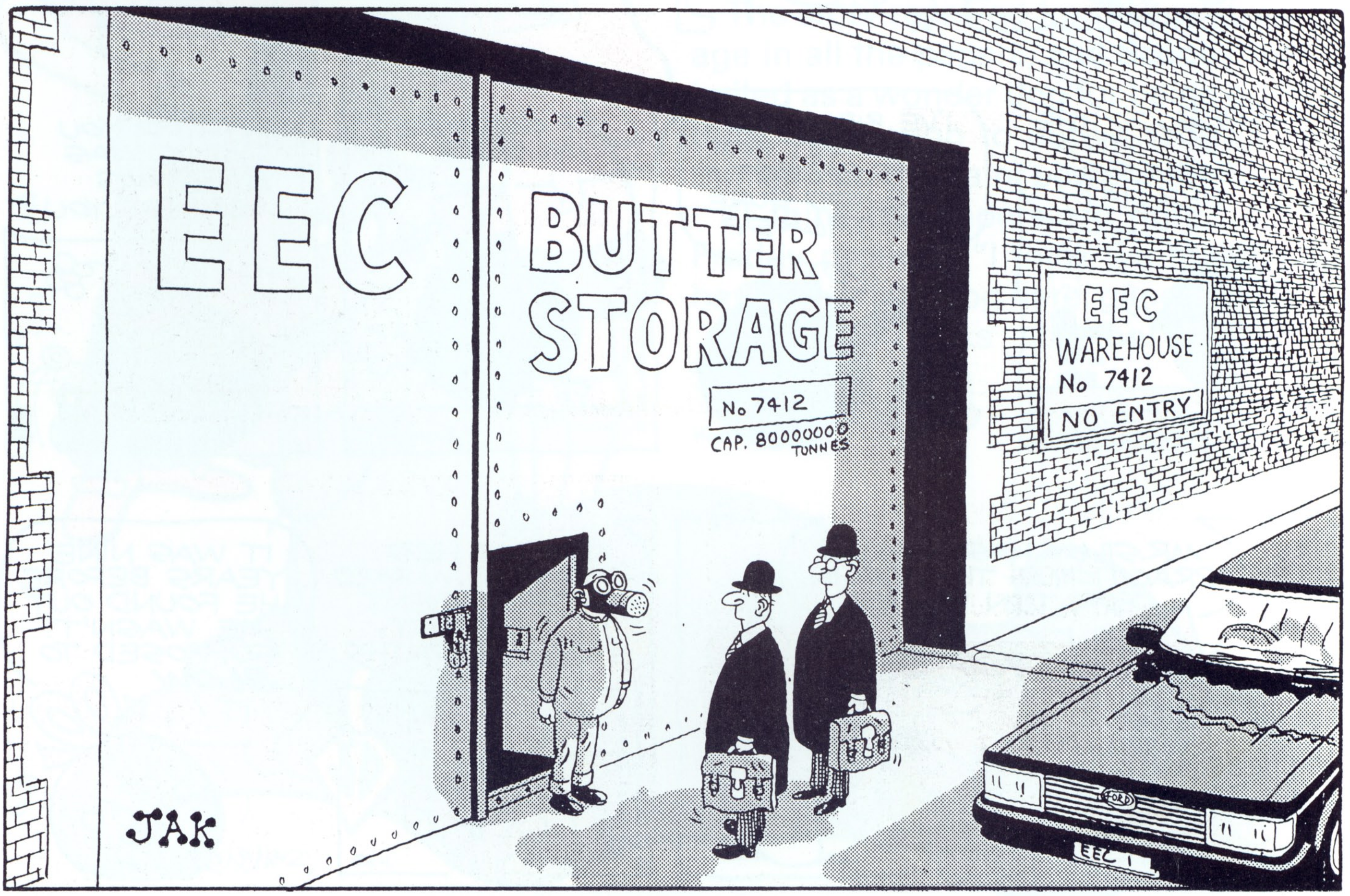

YOU MUST BE THE LAZIEST PERSON IN THE WORLD!
I WOULD BE, IF IT WASN'T FOR ONE THING
OH! WHAT'S THAT?
NO AMBITION!
BOOK OF RECORDS
© 1987 Hargreaves and Sellers Distributed by NEA, Inc
1-21
SELLERS


SOLD...TO THE LADY WITH A FLOWER IN HER HAT!
AUCTION
I'VE BID A LOT OF MONEY FOR THIS PARROT! ARE YOU SURE HE TALKS?
2-14
OF COURSE I'M SURE!
© 1987 Hargreaves and Sellers Distributed by NEA, Inc
SELLERS
WHO DO YOU THINK WAS BIDDING AGAINST YOU?


MR. SILLY HAS BEEN PRACTICING THE VIOLIN FOR TEN YEARS
IS HE ANY GOOD?
NO, BUT HE'S SHOWN A MARKED IMPROVEMENT IN THE LAST TWELVE MONTHS
© 1987 Hargreaves and Sellers Distributed by NEA, Inc
1-22
IT WAS NINE YEARS BEFORE HE FOUND OUT HE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BLOW IT!
SELLERS


mac
WOKING GAZETTE

'I say, Gerald — Mr Scarlatti from next door wants to know if he can use our swimming pool . . .?'


EEC
BUTTER STORAGE
No 7412
CAP. 80000000 TUNNES
EEC
WAREHOUSE
No 7412
NO ENTRY
JAK
FORD
EEC 1

"You know that butter mountain problem you had? Well, now it's a cheese one!"

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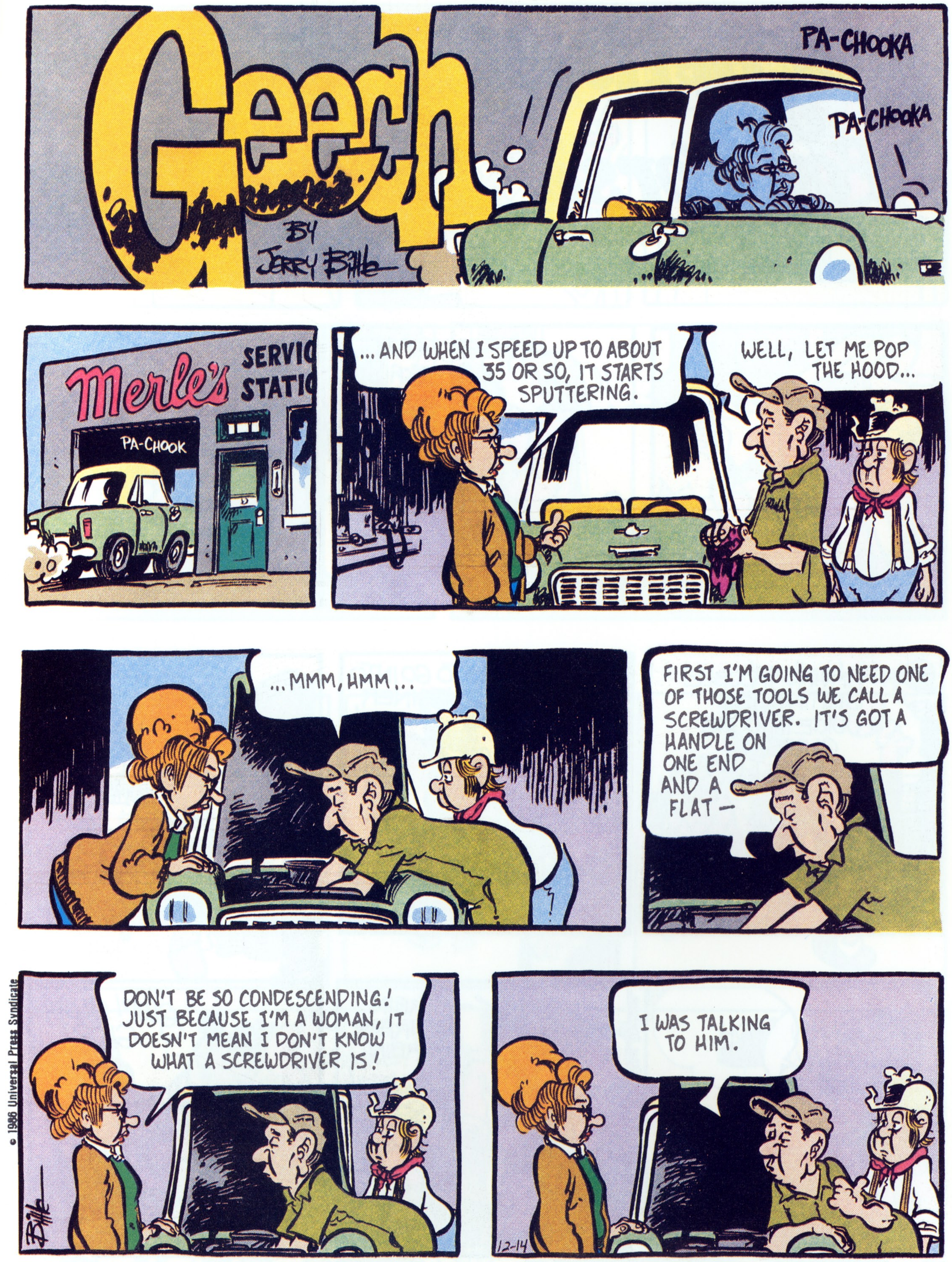

GEECH
BY JERRY BITTLE
PA-CHOOKA
PA-CHOOKA
Merle's SERVIC STATIC
PA-CHOOK
... AND WHEN I SPEED UP TO ABOUT 35 OR SO, IT STARTS SPUTTERING.
WELL, LET ME POP THE HOOD...
... MMM, HMM ...
FIRST I'M GOING TO NEED ONE OF THOSE TOOLS WE CALL A SCREWDRIVER. IT'S GOT A HANDLE ON ONE END AND A FLAT —
DON'T BE SO CONDESCENDING! JUST BECAUSE I'M A WOMAN, IT DOESN'T MEAN I DON'T KNOW WHAT A SCREWDRIVER IS!
I WAS TALKING TO HIM.
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Bittle
12-14

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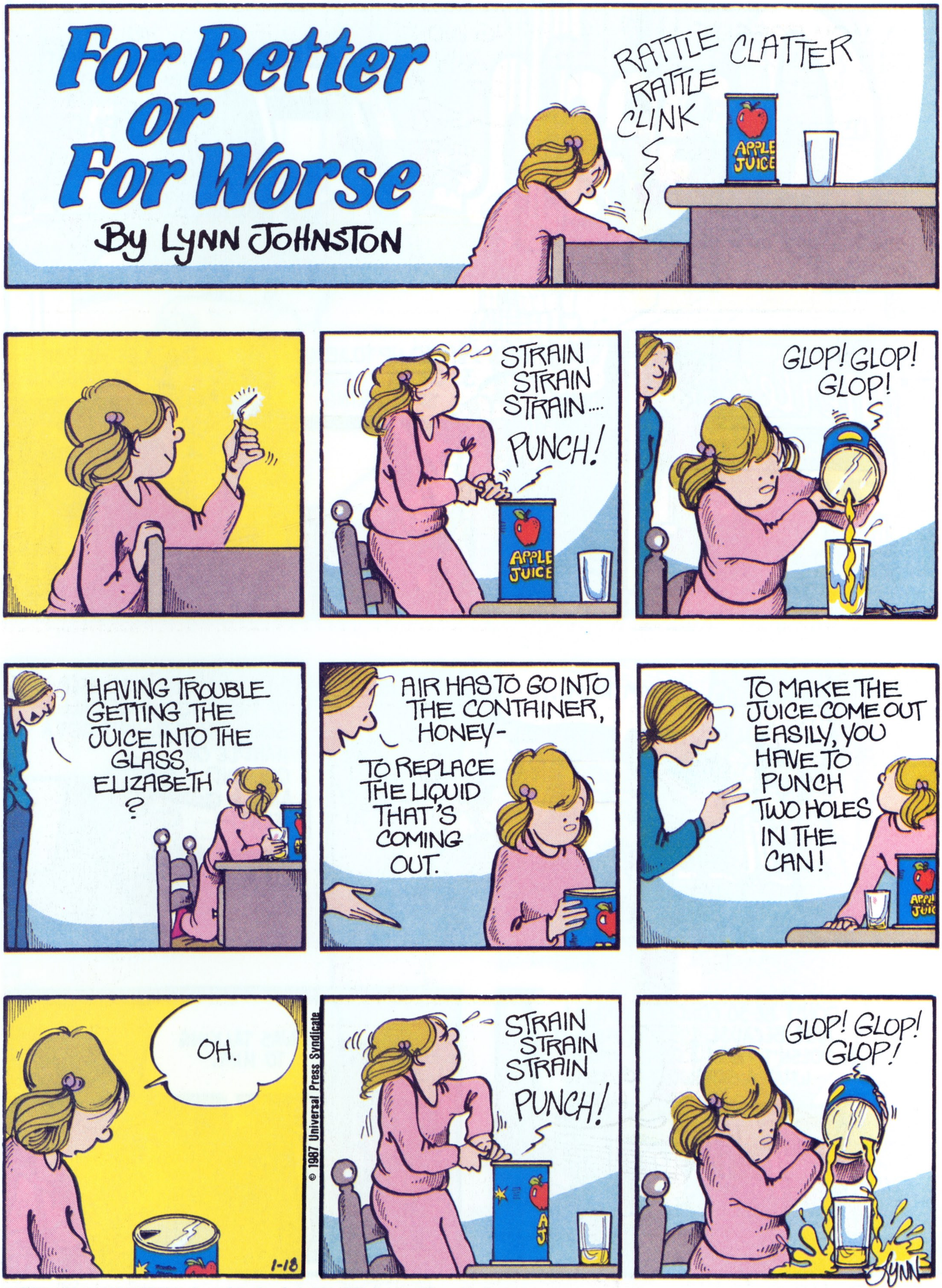
For Better or For Worse
By Lynn Johnston
RATTLE RATTLE CLINK
CLATTER
APPLE JUICE
STRAIN STRAIN STRAIN....
PUNCH!
APPLE JUICE
GLOP! GLOP! GLOP!
HAVING TROUBLE GETTING THE JUICE INTO THE GLASS, ELIZABETH?
AIR HAS TO GO INTO THE CONTAINER, HONEY-
TO REPLACE THE LIQUID THAT'S COMING OUT.
TO MAKE THE JUICE COME OUT EASILY, YOU HAVE TO PUNCH TWO HOLES IN THE CAN!
OH.
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1-18
STRAIN STRAIN STRAIN
PUNCH!
AJ
GLOP! GLOP! GLOP!
LYNN

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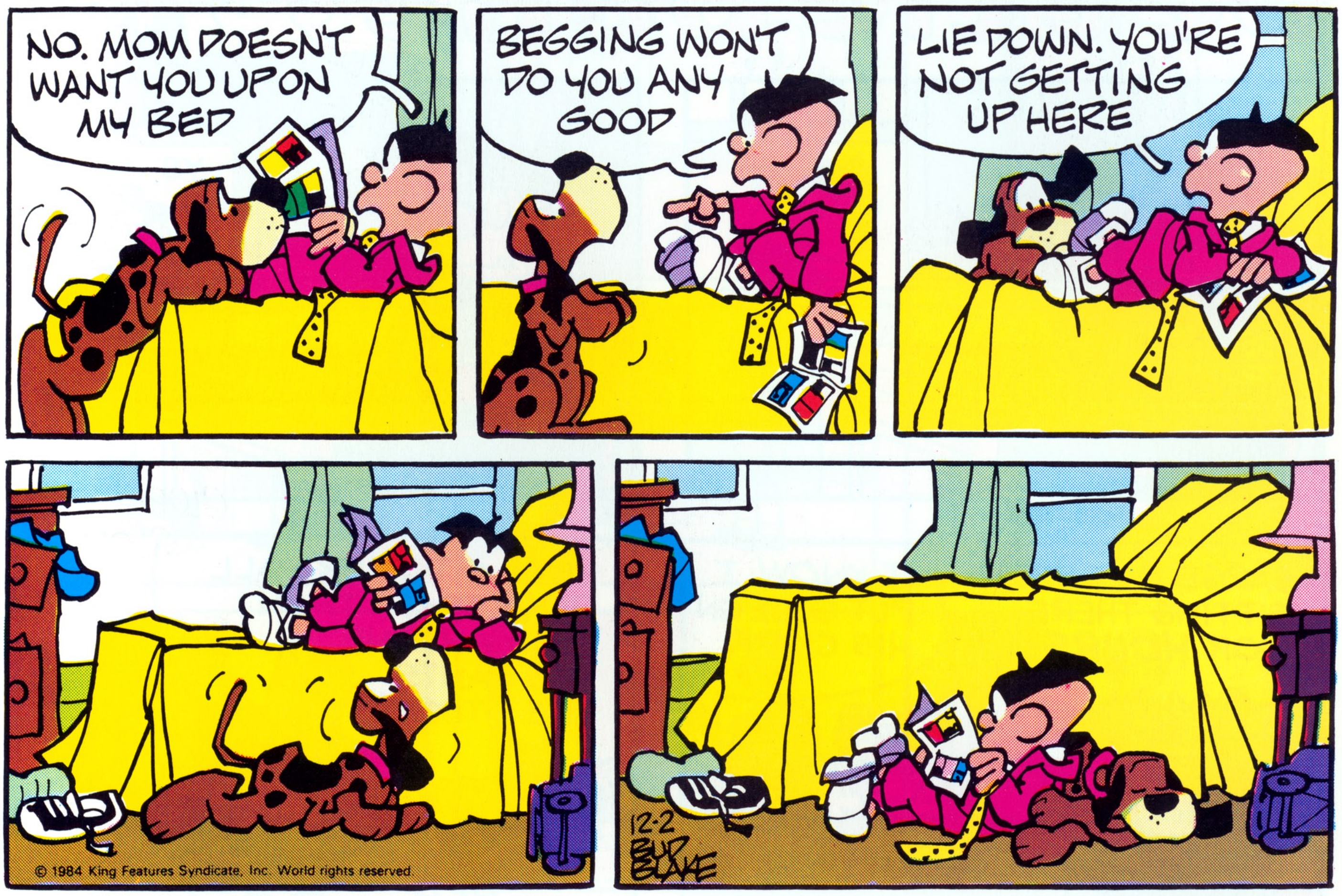
TIGER

by Bud Blake


NO. MOM DOESN'T WANT YOU UP ON MY BED
BEGGING WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD
LIE DOWN. YOU'RE NOT GETTING UP HERE
12-2
BUD BLAKE

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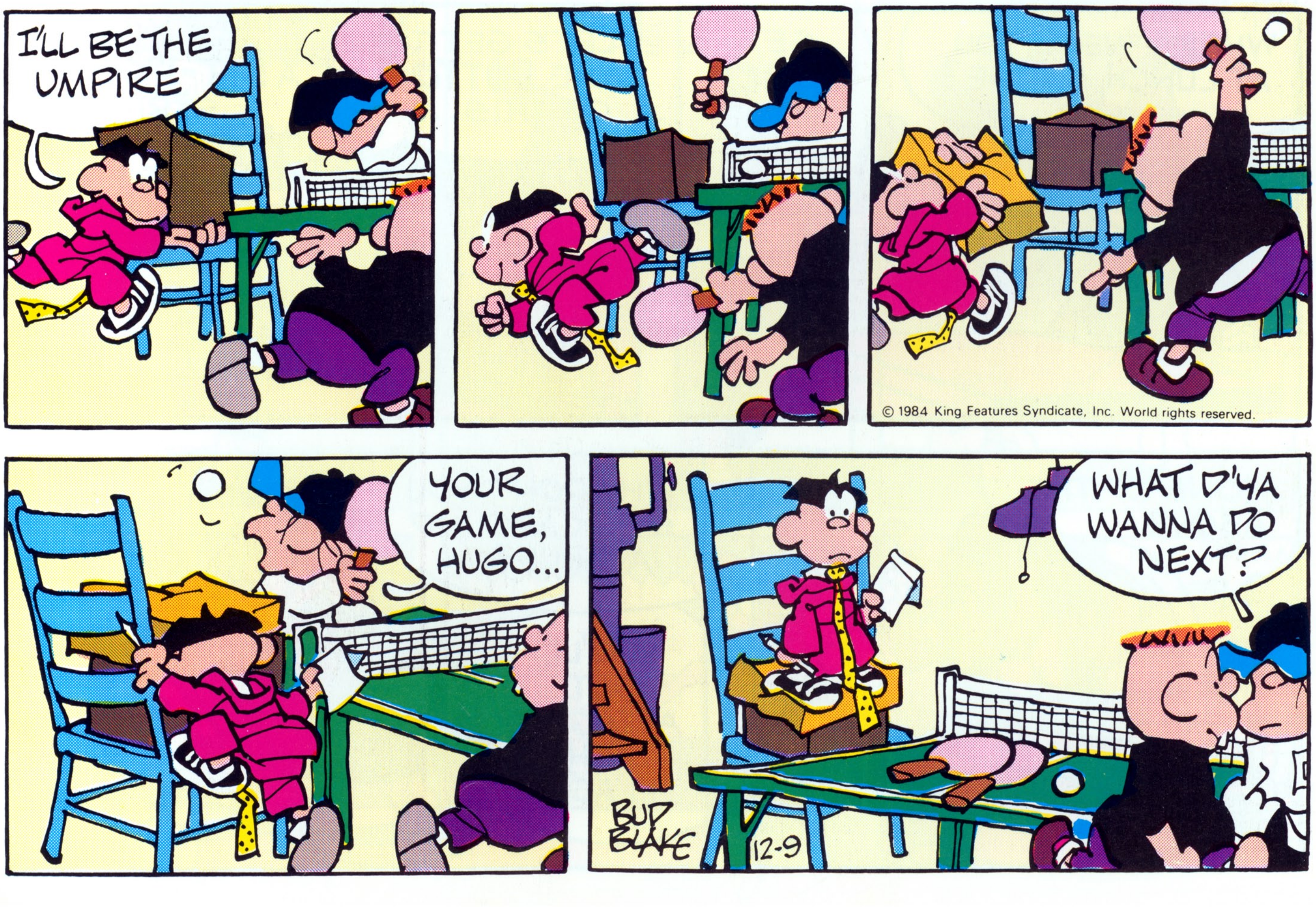
TIGER

by Bud Blake


I'LL BE THE UMPIRE
YOUR GAME, HUGO...
BUD BLAKE
12-9
WHAT D'YA WANNA DO NEXT?

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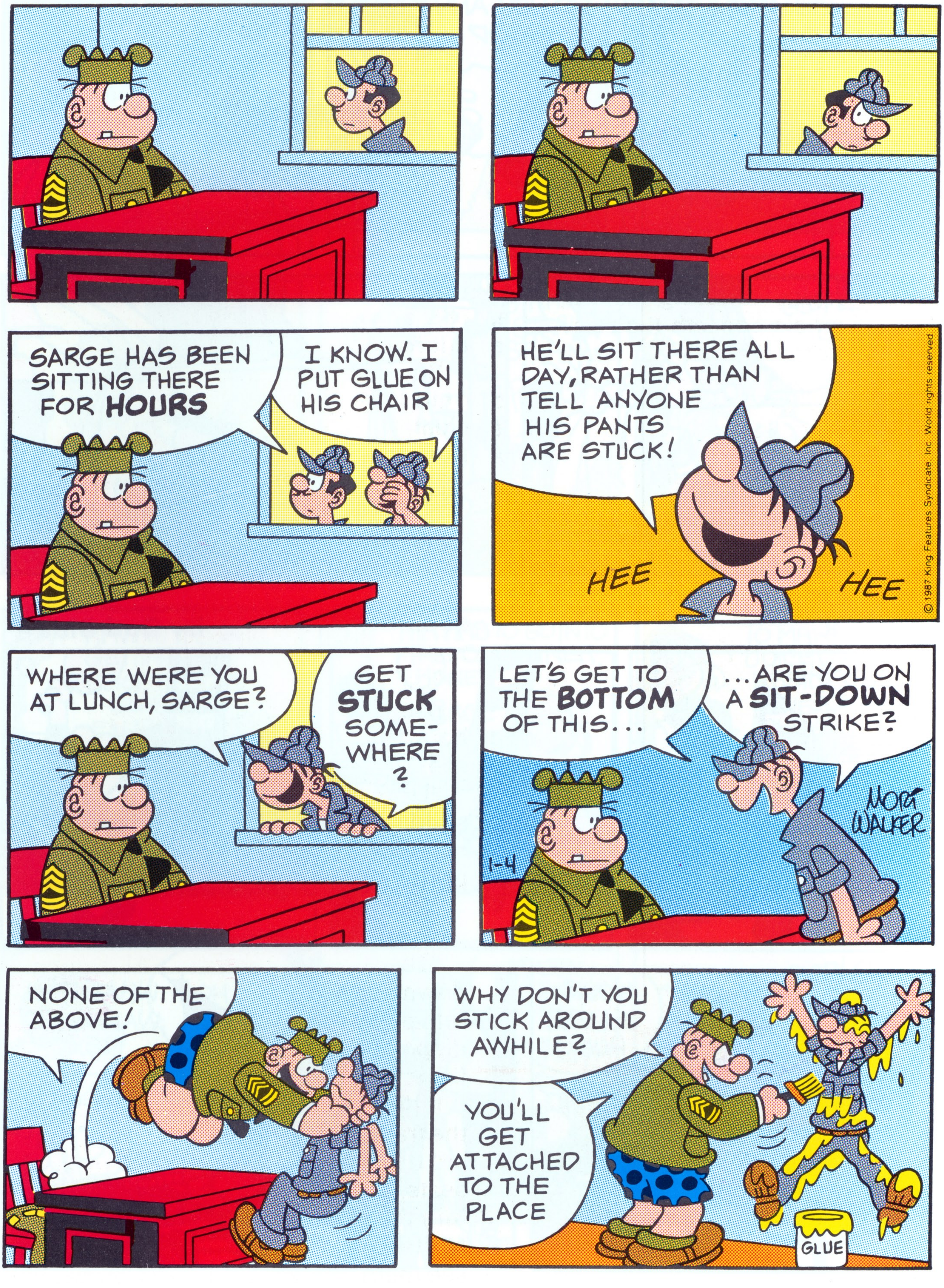
beetle bailey®

by mort walker


SARGE HAS BEEN SITTING THERE FOR **HOURS**
I KNOW. I PUT GLUE ON HIS CHAIR
HE'LL SIT THERE ALL DAY, RATHER THAN TELL ANYONE HIS PANTS ARE STUCK!
HEE
HEE
WHERE WERE YOU AT LUNCH, SARGE?
GET **STUCK** SOME-WHERE?
LET'S GET TO THE **BOTTOM** OF THIS...
...ARE YOU ON A **SIT-DOWN** STRIKE?
MORT WALKER
1-4
NONE OF THE ABOVE!
WHY DON'T YOU STICK AROUND AWHILE?
YOU'LL GET ATTACHED TO THE PLACE
GLUE

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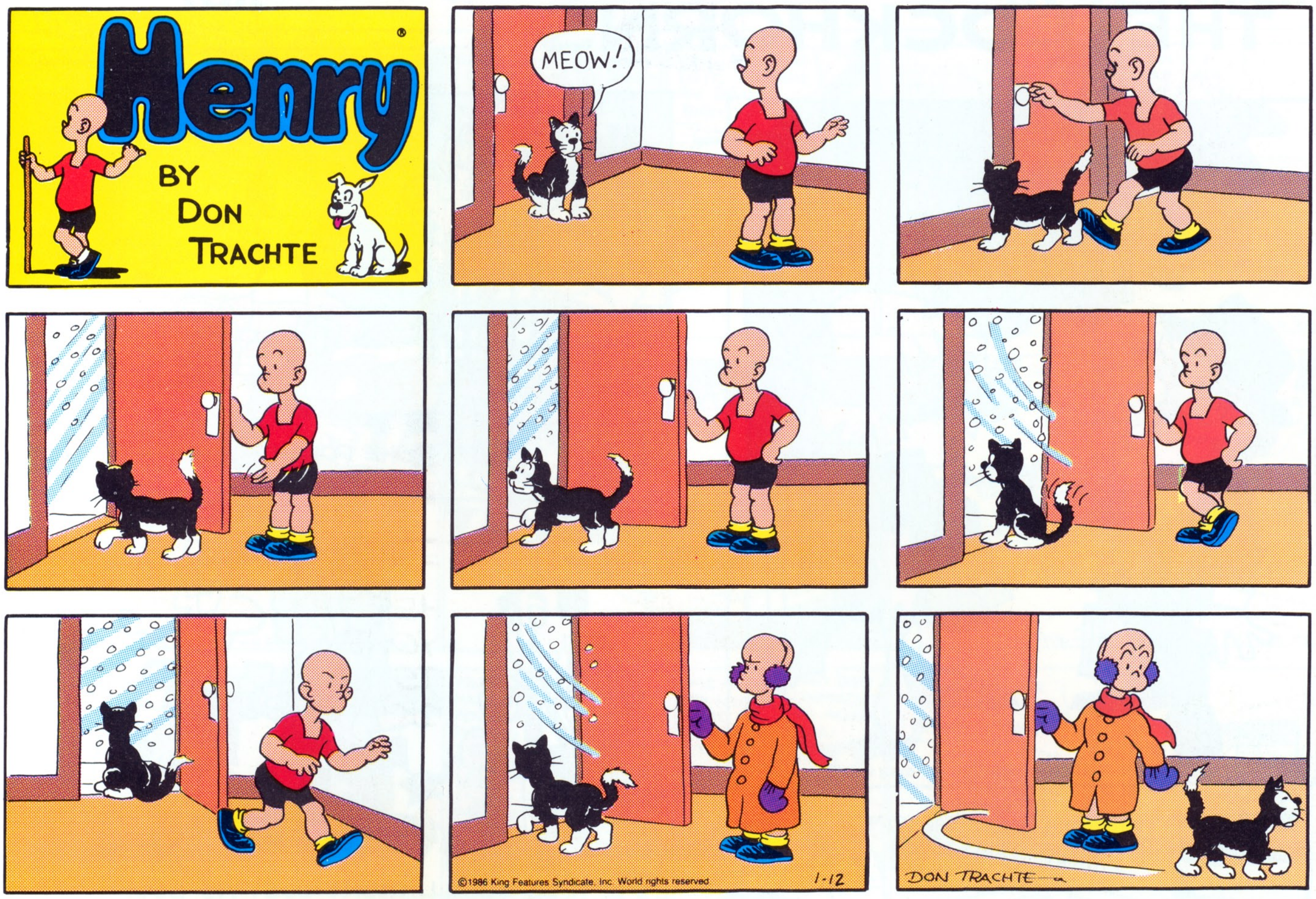
Henry®
BY DON TRACHTE
MEOW!
1-12
DON TRACHTE

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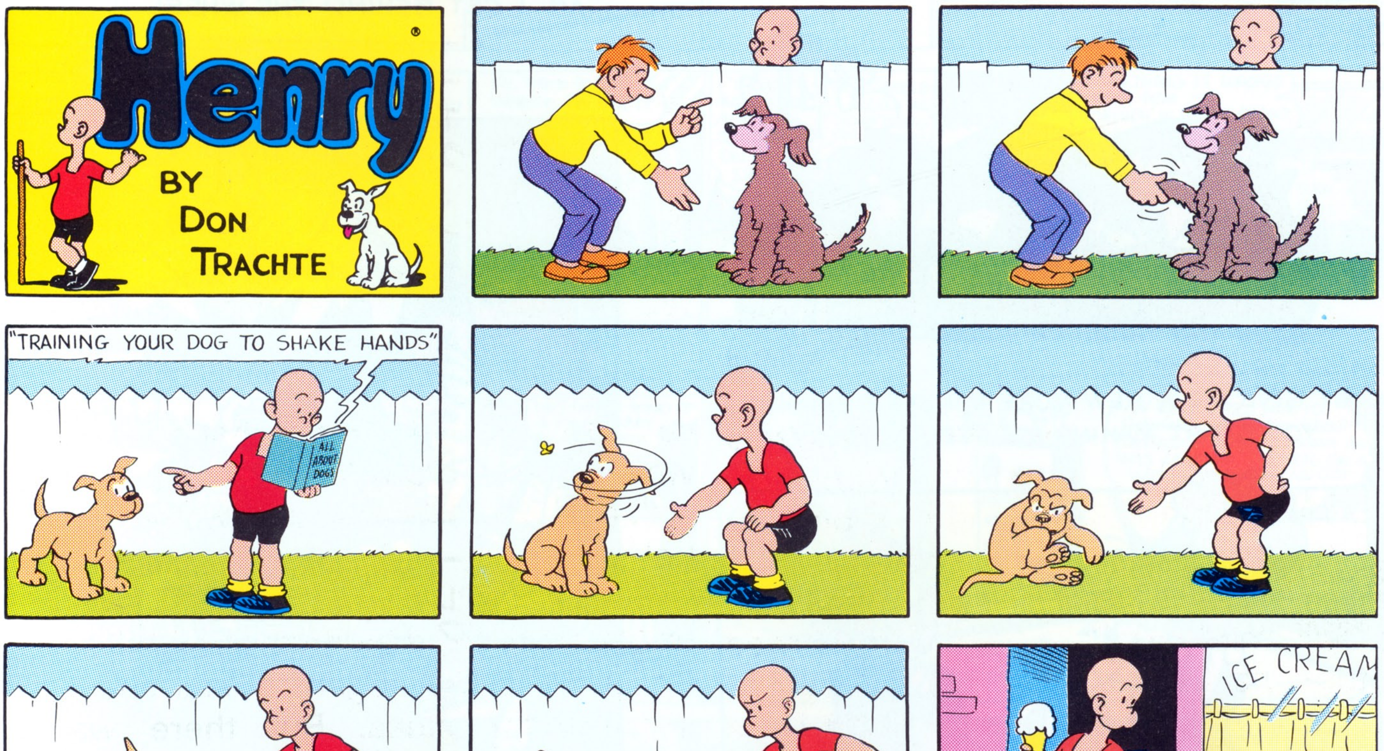
Henry®
BY DON TRACHTE
"TRAINING YOUR DOG TO SHAKE HANDS"
ALL ABOUT DOGS
1-5
DON TRACHTE
ICE CREAM

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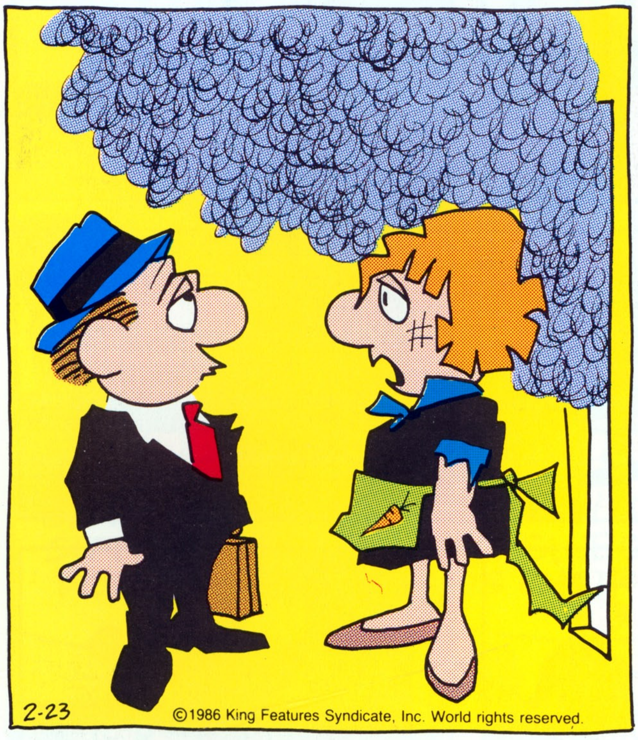
THE LOCKHORNS

by BILL HOEST


2-23
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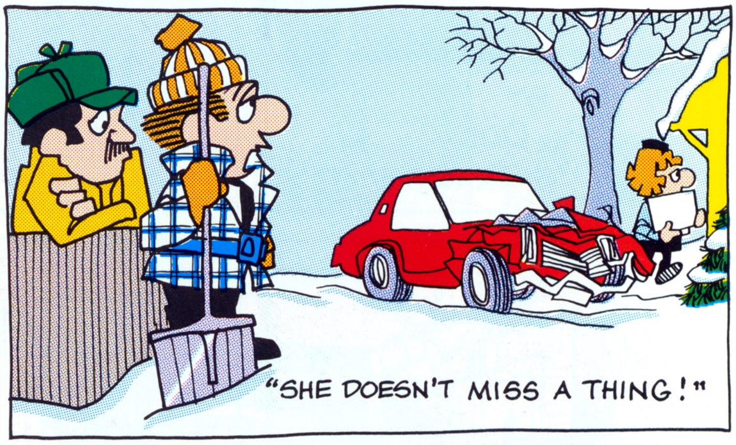
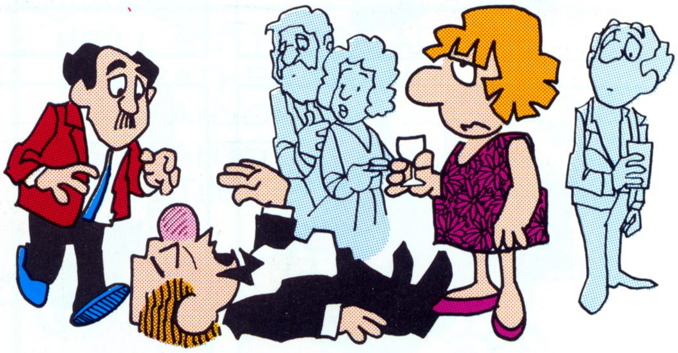
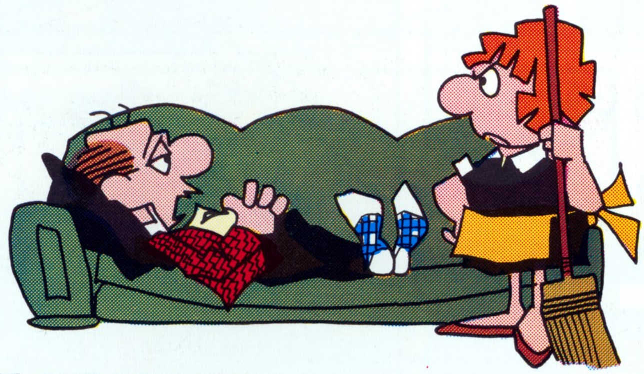
"EVERYTHING BURNED EXCEPT THE PEACH FLAMBÉ."



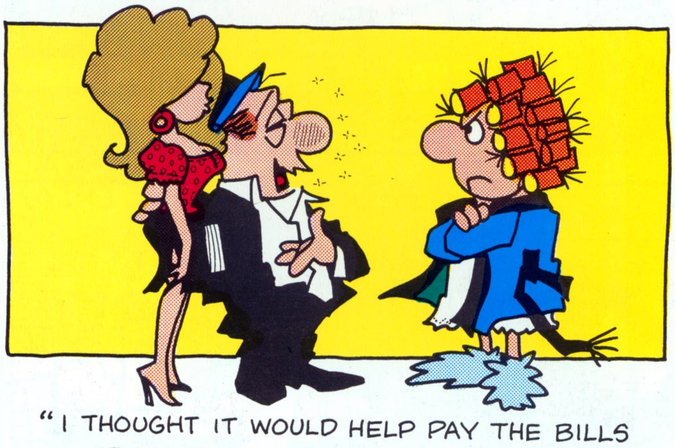
"SHE DOESN'T MISS A THING!"



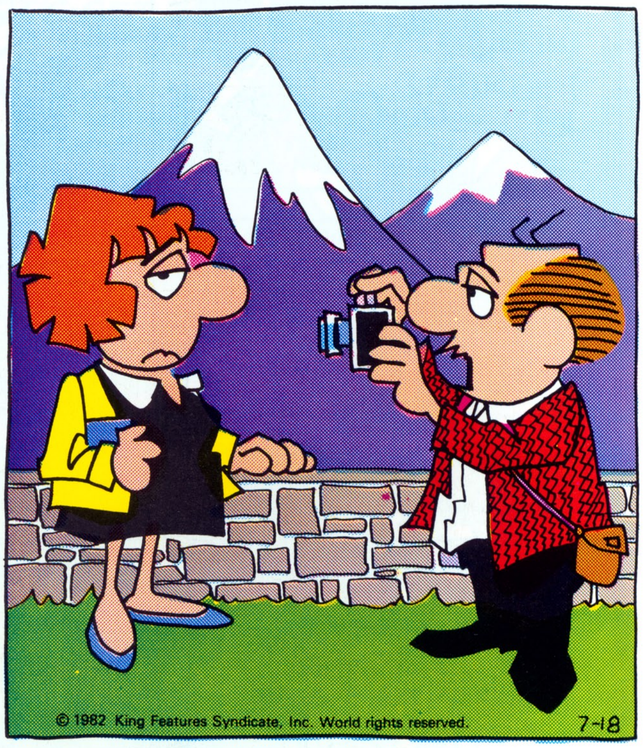
" I'LL BE ALL RIGHT JUST AS SOON AS I GET BEHIND THE WHEEL."



"JUST GIVE ME A FEW MORE MINUTES BEFORE YOU START MAKING ME FEEL GUILTY."



"I THOUGHT IT WOULD HELP PAY THE BILLS IF WE TOOK IN A BOARDER."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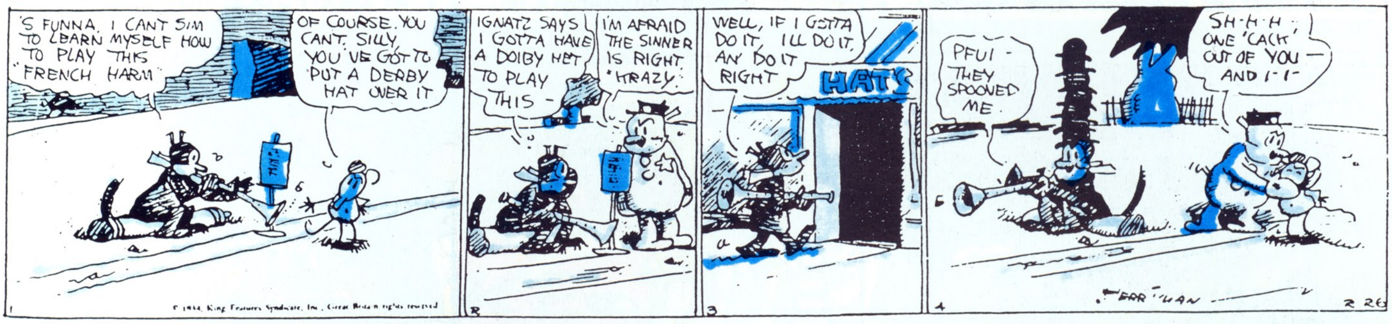
7-18

"LOOK NATURAL, LORETTA.... OPEN YOUR MOUTH."

Krazy Kat - - - - - - By Herriman


'S FUNNA, I CANT SIM TO LEARN MYSELF HOW TO PLAY THIS "FRENCH HARM"
OF COURSE, YOU CANT, SILLY, YOU'VE GOT TO PUT A DERBY HAT OVER IT
IGNATZ SAYS I GOTTA HAVE A DOIBY HET TO PLAY THIS -
I'M AFRAID THE SINNER IS RIGHT, "KRAZY"
WELL, IF I GOTTA DO IT, ILL DO IT, AN' DO IT RIGHT
HATS
PFUI - THEY SPOONED ME.
SH-H-H, ONE 'CACK' OUT OF YOU - AND I-I-
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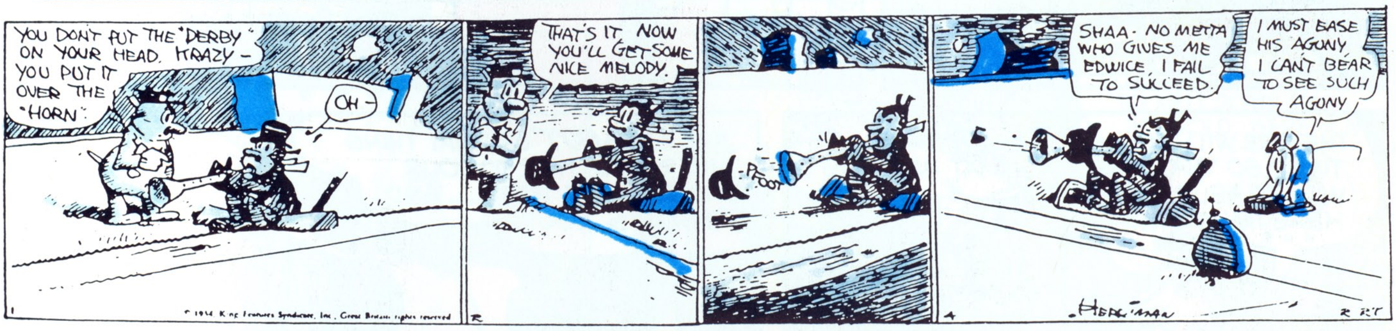
HERRIMAN
2-26


YOU DON'T PUT THE "DERBY" ON YOUR HEAD, KRAZY - YOU PUT IT OVER THE "HORN"
OH -
THAT'S IT. NOW YOU'LL GET SOME NICE MELODY.
P-FOOT
SHAA - NO METTA WHO GIVES ME EDWICE, I FAIL TO SUCCEED.
I MUST EASE HIS AGONY, I CAN'T BEAR TO SEE SUCH AGONY
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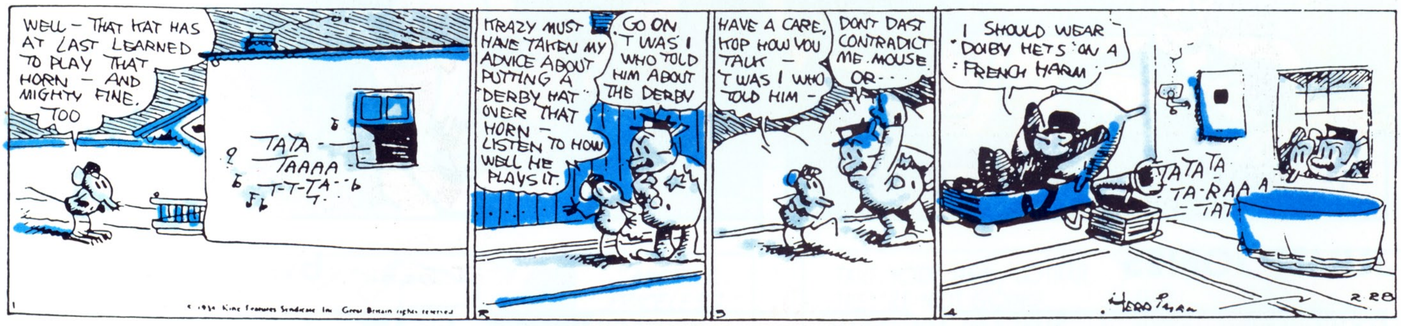
HERRIMAN
2-27


WELL - THAT KAT HAS AT LAST LEARNED TO PLAY THAT HORN - AND MIGHTY FINE, TOO
TATA - TAAAA - T-T-TA
KRAZY MUST HAVE TAKEN MY ADVICE ABOUT PUTTING A "DERBY HAT" OVER THAT HORN - LISTEN TO HOW WELL HE PLAYS IT.
GO ON 'T WAS I WHO TOLD HIM ABOUT THE DERBY
HAVE A CARE, KOP HOW YOU TALK - 'T WAS I WHO TOLD HIM -
DON'T DAST CONTRADICT ME, MOUSE OR - -
I SHOULD WEAR "DOIBY HETS" ON A FRENCH HARM
TATATA TA-RAAA TAT
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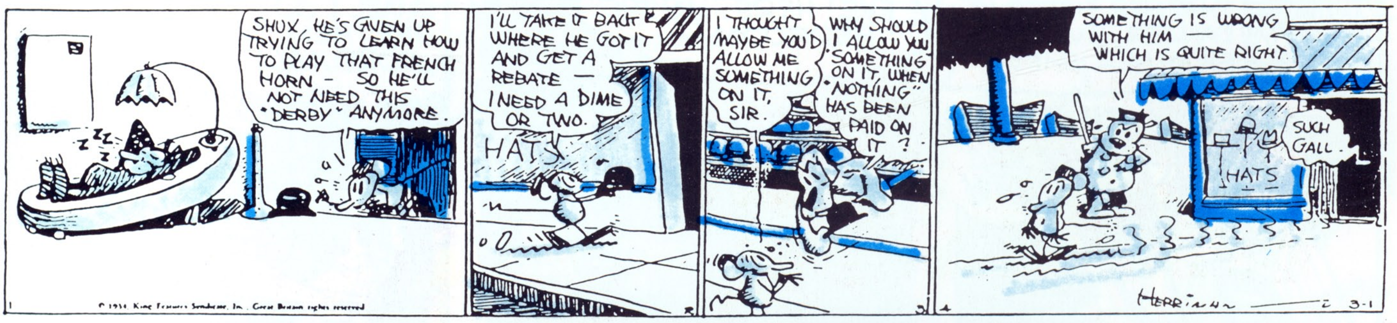
HERRIMAN
2-28


ZZZ
SHUX, HE'S GIVEN UP TRYING TO LEARN HOW TO PLAY THAT FRENCH HORN - SO HE'LL NOT NEED THIS "DERBY" ANYMORE.
I'LL TAKE IT BACK WHERE HE GOT IT AND GET A REBATE - I NEED A DIME OR TWO.
HATS
I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D ALLOW ME SOMETHING ON IT, SIR.
WHY SHOULD I ALLOW YOU "SOMETHING" ON IT, WHEN "NOTHING" HAS BEEN PAID ON IT?
SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH HIM - WHICH IS QUITE RIGHT.
SUCH GALL.
HATS
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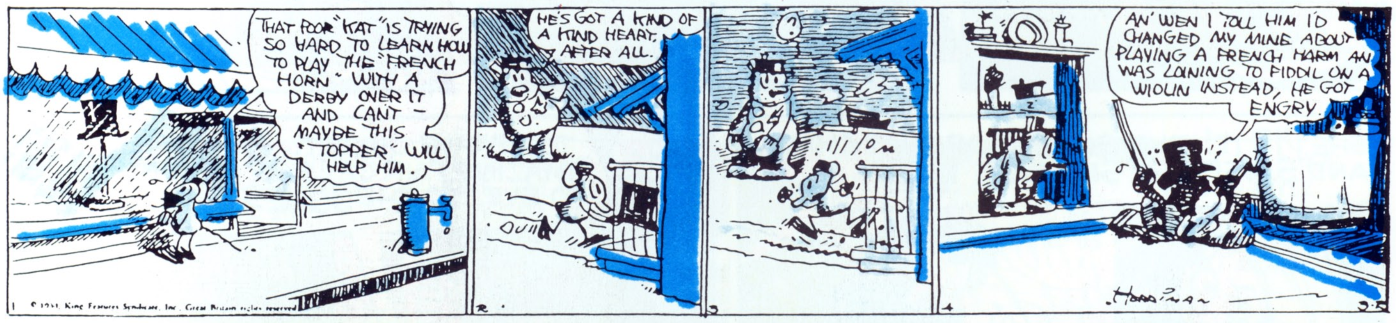
HERRIMAN
3-1


THAT POOR "KAT" IS TRYING SO HARD TO LEARN HOW TO PLAY THE "FRENCH HORN" WITH A DERBY OVER IT AND CANT - MAYBE THIS "TOPPER" WILL HELP HIM.
HE'S GOT A KIND OF A KIND HEART, AFTER ALL.
AN' WEN I TOLL HIM I'D CHANGED MY MINE ABOUT PLAYING A FRENCH HARM AN WAS LOINING TO FIDDIL ON A WIOLIN INSTEAD, HE GOT ENGRY.
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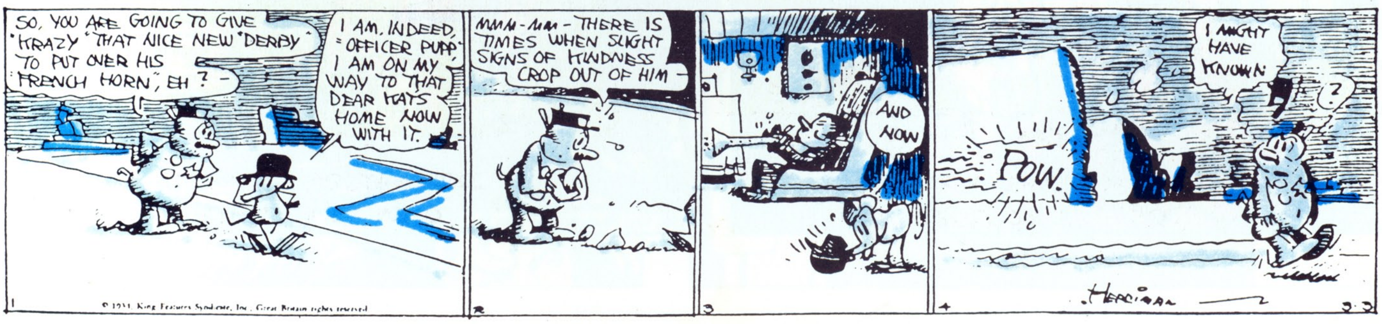
HERRIMAN
3-2


SO, YOU ARE GOING TO GIVE "KRAZY" THAT NICE NEW "DERBY" TO PUT OVER HIS "FRENCH HORN", EH? -
I AM, INDEED, OFFICER PUPP I AM ON MY WAY TO THAT DEAR KAT'S HOME NOW WITH IT.
MMM-MM - THERE IS TIMES WHEN SLIGHT SIGNS OF KINDNESS CROP OUT OF HIM -
AND NOW
POW.
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN
?
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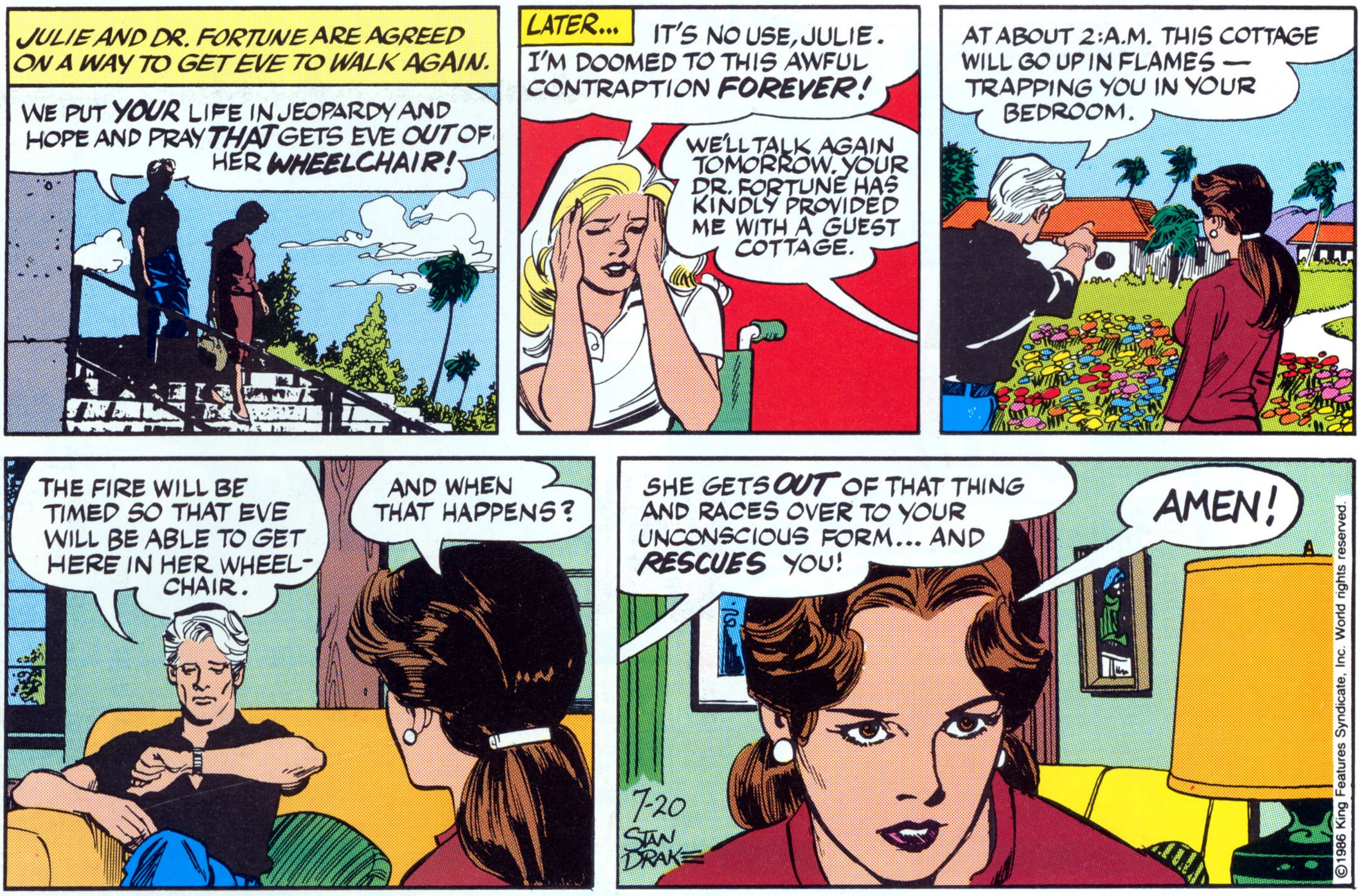
HERRIMAN
3-3

JULIET JONES

by Stan Drake


JULIE AND DR. FORTUNE ARE AGREED ON A WAY TO GET EVE TO WALK AGAIN.
WE PUT YOUR LIFE IN JEOPARDY AND HOPE AND PRAY THAT GETS EVE OUT OF HER WHEELCHAIR!
LATER...
IT'S NO USE, JULIE. I'M DOOMED TO THIS AWFUL CONTRAPTION FOREVER!
WE'LL TALK AGAIN TOMORROW. YOUR DR. FORTUNE HAS KINDLY PROVIDED ME WITH A GUEST COTTAGE.
AT ABOUT 2:A.M. THIS COTTAGE WILL GO UP IN FLAMES — TRAPPING YOU IN YOUR BEDROOM.
THE FIRE WILL BE TIMED SO THAT EVE WILL BE ABLE TO GET HERE IN HER WHEEL-CHAIR.
AND WHEN THAT HAPPENS?
SHE GETS OUT OF THAT THING AND RACES OVER TO YOUR UNCONSCIOUS FORM... AND RESCUES YOU!
AMEN!
7-20
STAN DRAKE
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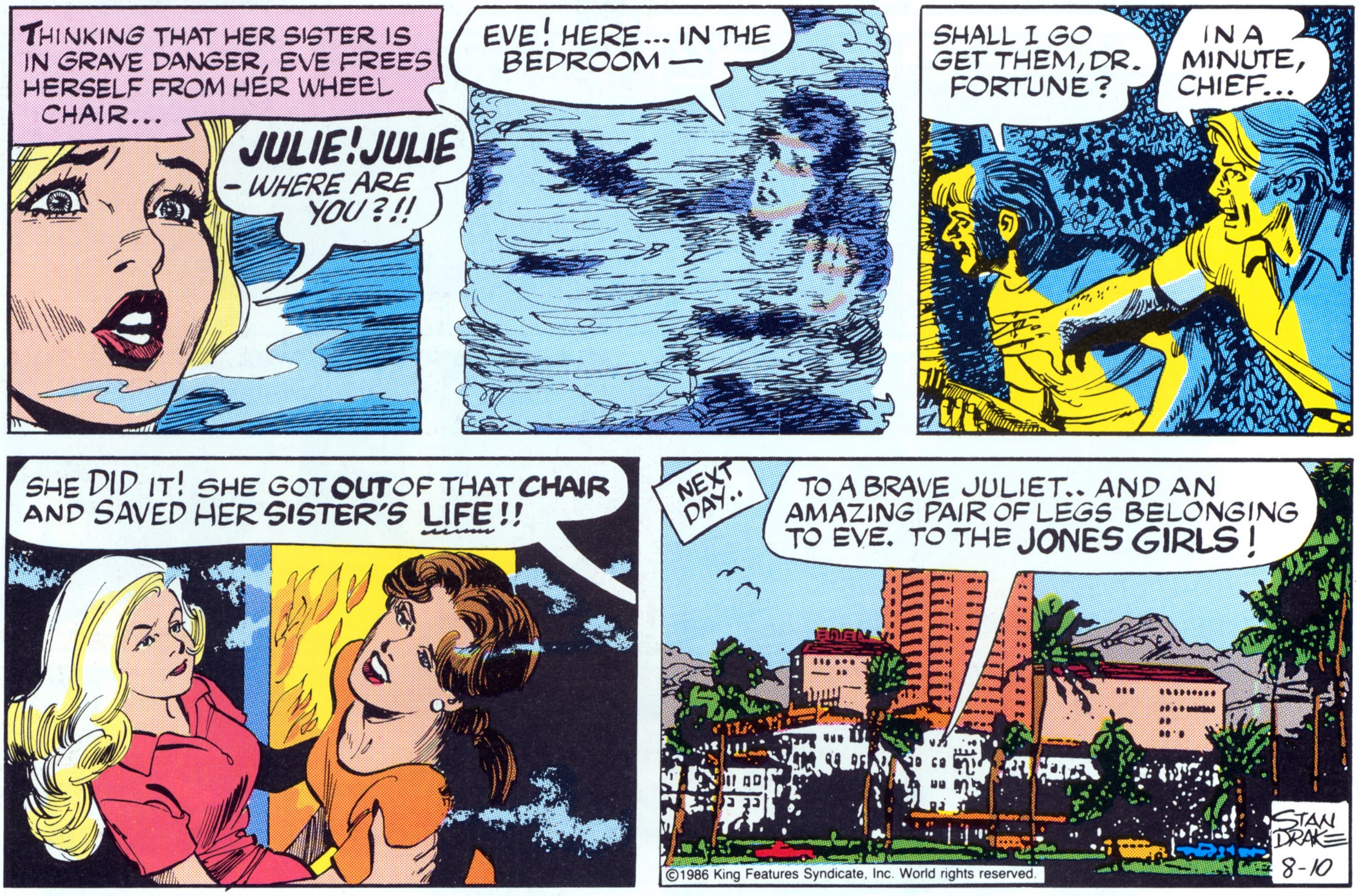
JULIET JONES

by Stan Drake


THINKING THAT HER SISTER IS IN GRAVE DANGER, EVE FREES HERSELF FROM HER WHEEL CHAIR...
JULIE! JULIE - WHERE ARE YOU?!!
EVE! HERE... IN THE BEDROOM —
SHALL I GO GET THEM, DR. FORTUNE?
IN A MINUTE, CHIEF...
SHE DID IT! SHE GOT OUT OF THAT CHAIR AND SAVED HER SISTER'S LIFE!!
NEXT DAY..
TO A BRAVE JULIET.. AND AN AMAZING PAIR OF LEGS BELONGING TO EVE. TO THE JONES GIRLS!
STAN DRAKE
8-10
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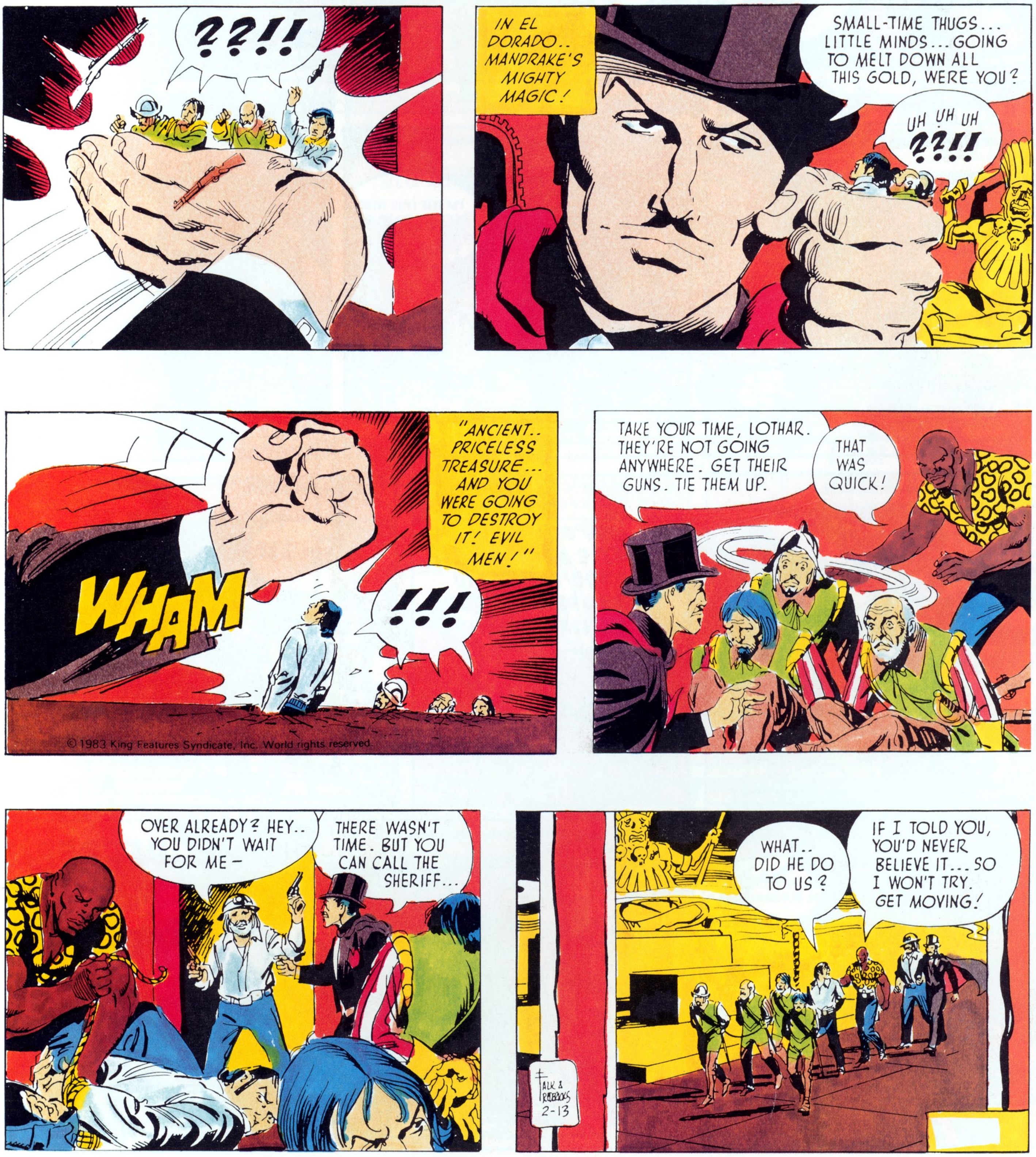
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN


??!!
IN EL DORADO.. MANDRAKE'S MIGHTY MAGIC!
SMALL-TIME THUGS... LITTLE MINDS... GOING TO MELT DOWN ALL THIS GOLD, WERE YOU?
UH UH UH ??!!
"ANCIENT.. PRICELESS TREASURE... AND YOU WERE GOING TO DESTROY IT! EVIL MEN!"
WHAM
!!!
TAKE YOUR TIME, LOTHAR. THEY'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE. GET THEIR GUNS. TIE THEM UP.
THAT WAS QUICK!
OVER ALREADY? HEY.. YOU DIDN'T WAIT FOR ME—
THERE WASN'T TIME. BUT YOU CAN CALL THE SHERIFF...
WHAT.. DID HE DO TO US?
IF I TOLD YOU, YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE IT... SO I WON'T TRY. GET MOVING!
FALK & FREDERICKS 2-13

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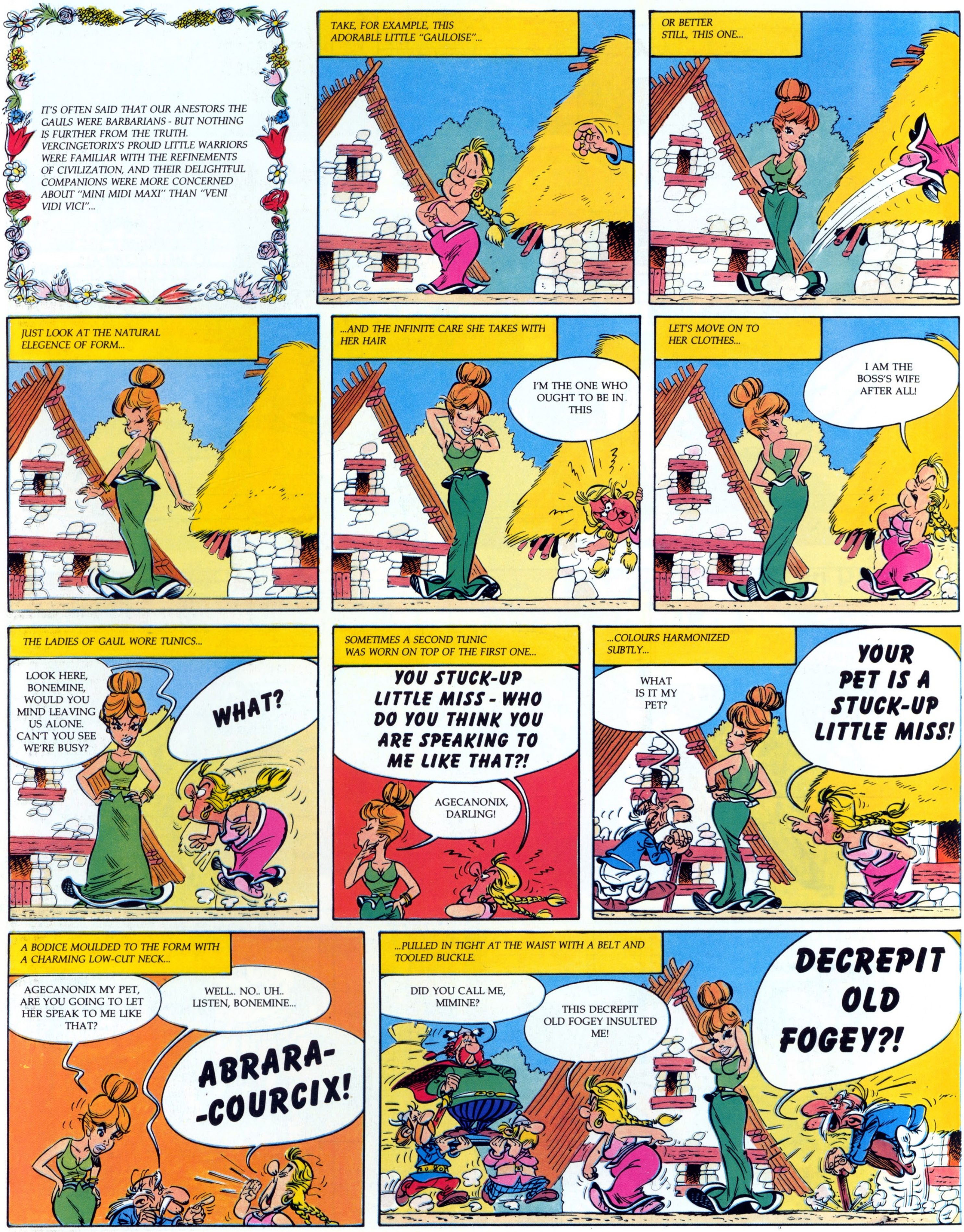
Astérix THE GAUL


IT'S OFTEN SAID THAT OUR ANESTORS THE GAULS WERE BARBARIANS - BUT NOTHING IS FURTHER FROM THE TRUTH. VERCINGETORIX'S PROUD LITTLE WARRIORS WERE FAMILIAR WITH THE REFINEMENTS OF CIVILIZATION, AND THEIR DELIGHTFUL COMPANIONS WERE MORE CONCERNED ABOUT "MINI MIDI MAXI" THAN "VENI VIDI VICI"...
TAKE, FOR EXAMPLE, THIS ADORABLE LITTLE "GAULOISE"...
OR BETTER STILL, THIS ONE...
JUST LOOK AT THE NATURAL ELEGENCE OF FORM...
...AND THE INFINITE CARE SHE TAKES WITH HER HAIR
I'M THE ONE WHO OUGHT TO BE IN THIS
LET'S MOVE ON TO HER CLOTHES...
I AM THE BOSS'S WIFE AFTER ALL!
THE LADIES OF GAUL WORE TUNICS...
LOOK HERE, BONEMINE, WOULD YOU MIND LEAVING US ALONE. CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE BUSY?
WHAT?
SOMETIMES A SECOND TUNIC WAS WORN ON TOP OF THE FIRST ONE...
YOU STUCK-UP LITTLE MISS - WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE SPEAKING TO ME LIKE THAT?!
AGECANONIX, DARLING!
...COLOURS HARMONIZED SUBTLY...
WHAT IS IT MY PET?
YOUR PET IS A STUCK-UP LITTLE MISS!
A BODICE MOULDED TO THE FORM WITH A CHARMING LOW-CUT NECK...
AGECANONIX MY PET, ARE YOU GOING TO LET HER SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT?
WELL.. NO.. UH.. LISTEN, BONEMINE...
ABRARA- -COURCIX!
...PULLED IN TIGHT AT THE WAIST WITH A BELT AND TOOLED BUCKLE.
DID YOU CALL ME, MIMINE?
THIS DECREPIT OLD FOGEY INSULTED ME!
DECREPIT OLD FOGEY?!
1

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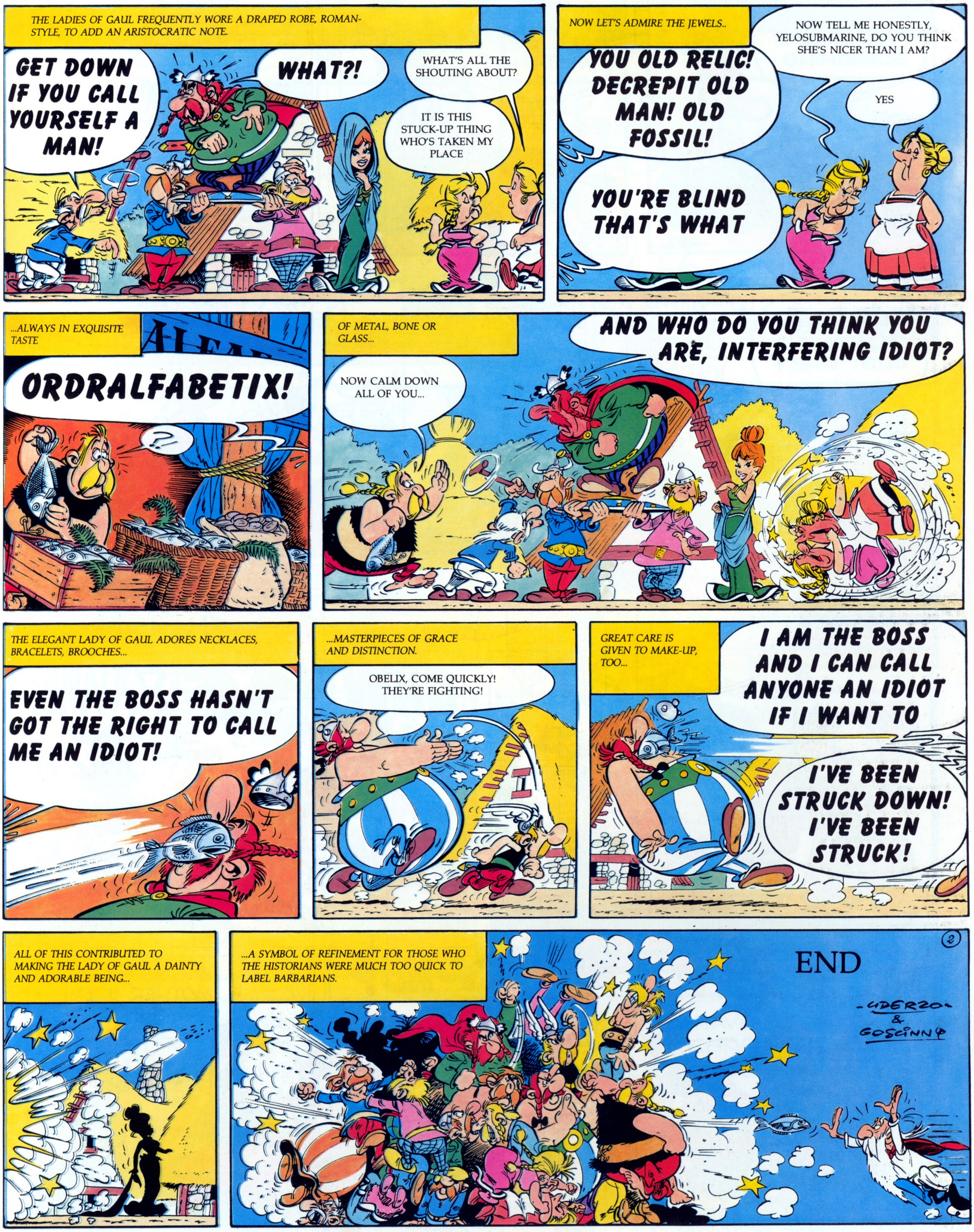
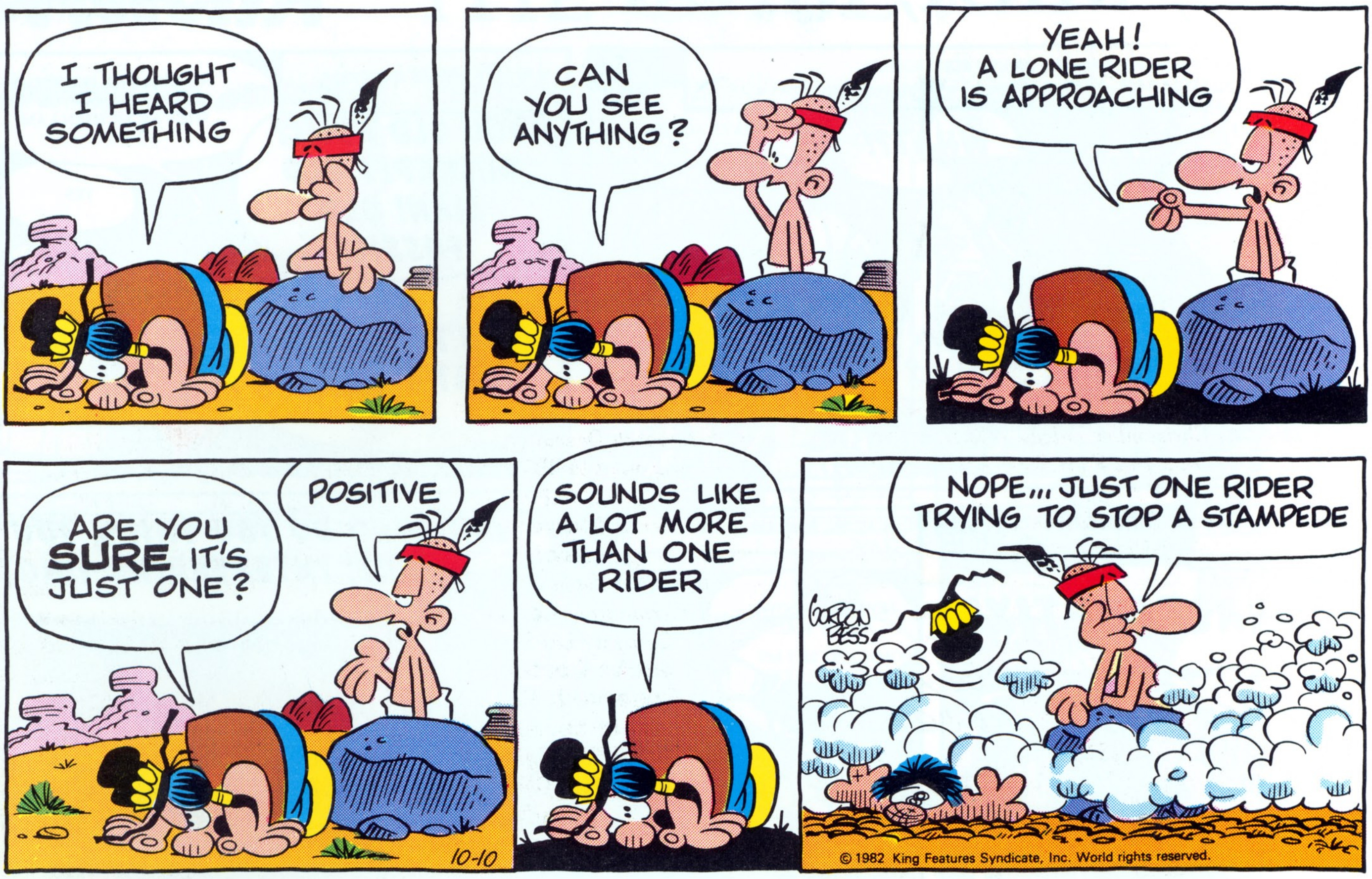
MINI, MIDI, MAXI


THE LADIES OF GAUL FREQUENTLY WORE A DRAPED ROBE, ROMAN-STYLE, TO ADD AN ARISTOCRATIC NOTE.
GET DOWN IF YOU CALL YOURSELF A MAN!
WHAT?!
WHAT'S ALL THE SHOUTING ABOUT?
IT IS THIS STUCK-UP THING WHO'S TAKEN MY PLACE
NOW LET'S ADMIRE THE JEWELS..
NOW TELL ME HONESTLY, YELOSUBMARINE, DO YOU THINK SHE'S NICER THAN I AM?
YES
YOU OLD RELIC! DECREPIT OLD MAN! OLD FOSSIL!
YOU'RE BLIND THAT'S WHAT
...ALWAYS IN EXQUISITE TASTE
ORDRALFABETIX!
?
OF METAL, BONE OR GLASS...
NOW CALM DOWN ALL OF YOU...
AND WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, INTERFERING IDIOT?
THE ELEGANT LADY OF GAUL ADORES NECKLACES, BRACELETS, BROOCHES...
EVEN THE BOSS HASN'T GOT THE RIGHT TO CALL ME AN IDIOT!
...MASTERPIECES OF GRACE AND DISTINCTION.
OBELIX, COME QUICKLY! THEY'RE FIGHTING!
GREAT CARE IS GIVEN TO MAKE-UP, TOO...
I AM THE BOSS AND I CAN CALL ANYONE AN IDIOT IF I WANT TO
I'VE BEEN STRUCK DOWN! I'VE BEEN STRUCK!
ALL OF THIS CONTRIBUTED TO MAKING THE LADY OF GAUL A DAINTY AND ADORABLE BEING...
...A SYMBOL OF REFINEMENT FOR THOSE WHO THE HISTORIANS WERE MUCH TOO QUICK TO LABEL BARBARIANS.
②
END
UDERZO & GOSCINNY

REDEYE by Gordon Bess


I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING
CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING?
YEAH! A LONE RIDER IS APPROACHING
ARE YOU SURE IT'S JUST ONE?
POSITIVE
SOUNDS LIKE A LOT MORE THAN ONE RIDER
NOPE... JUST ONE RIDER TRYING TO STOP A STAMPEDE
GORDON BESS
10-10
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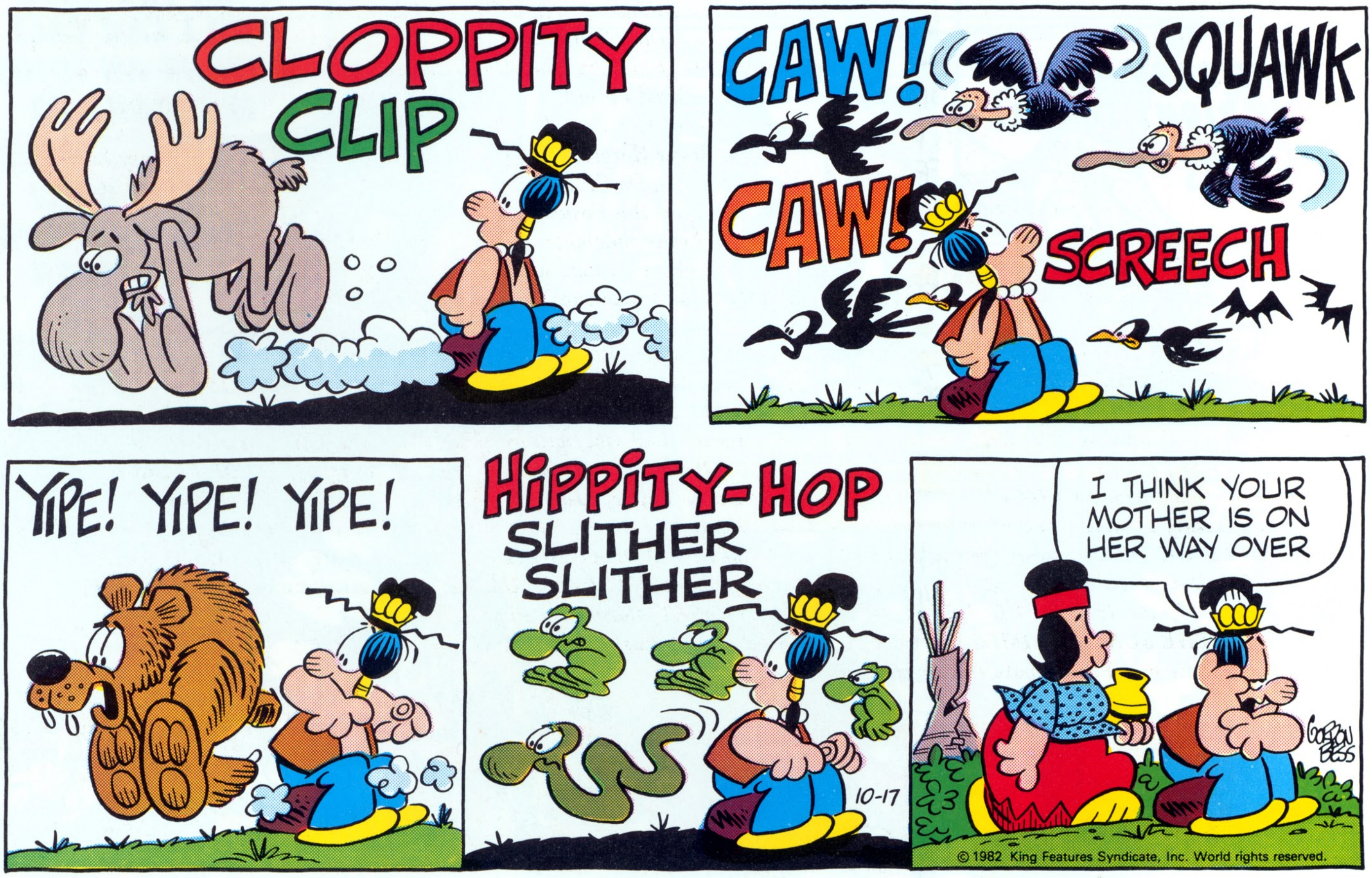
REDEYE by Gordon Bess


CLOPPITY CLIP
CAW! SQUAWK
CAW! SCREECH
YIPE! YIPE! YIPE!
HIPPITY-HOP
SLITHER SLITHER
10-17
I THINK YOUR MOTHER IS ON HER WAY OVER
GORDON BESS
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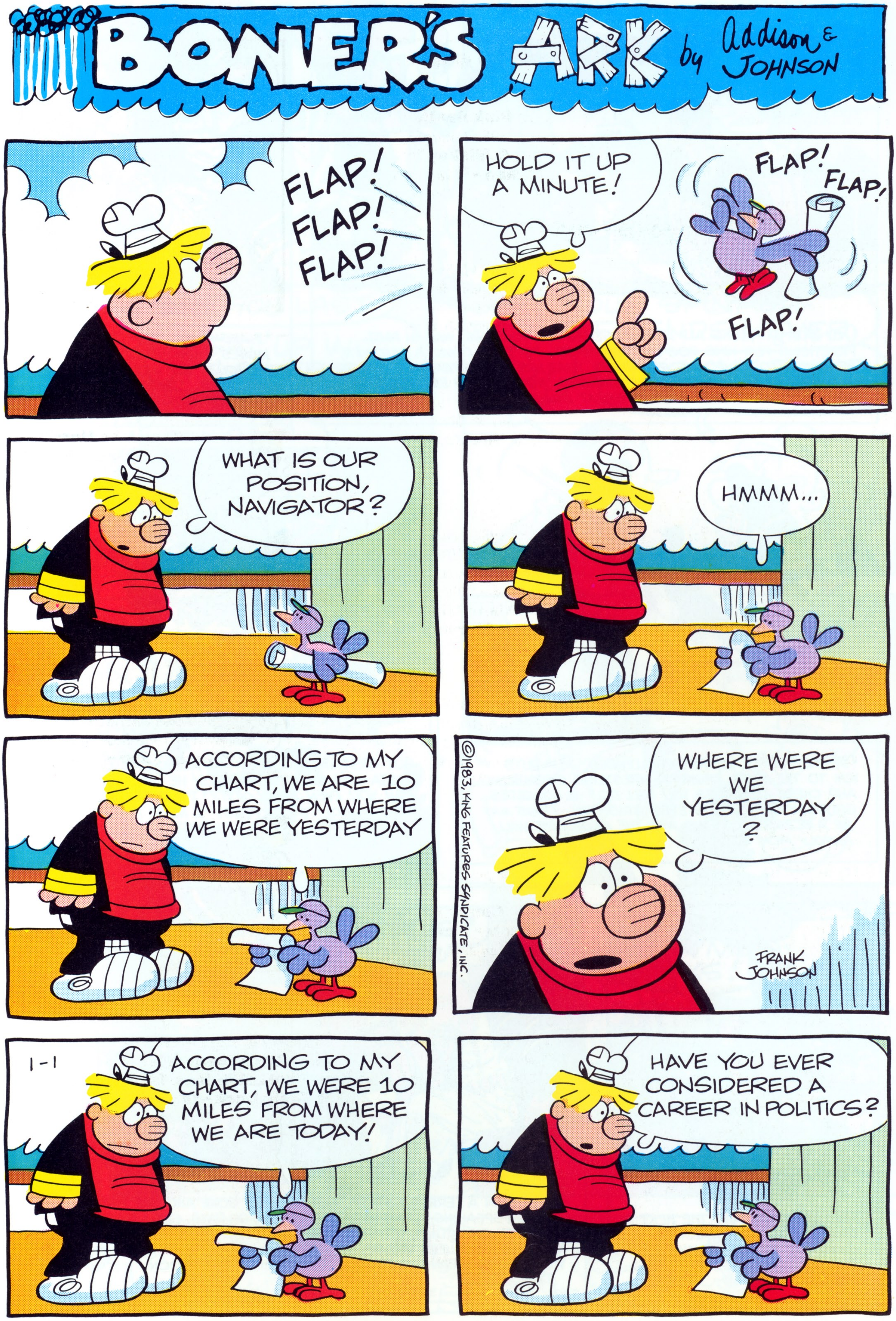
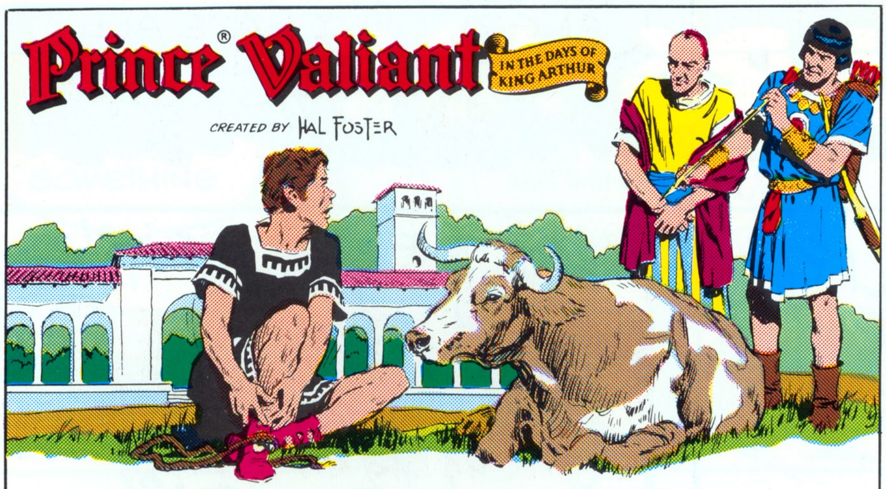
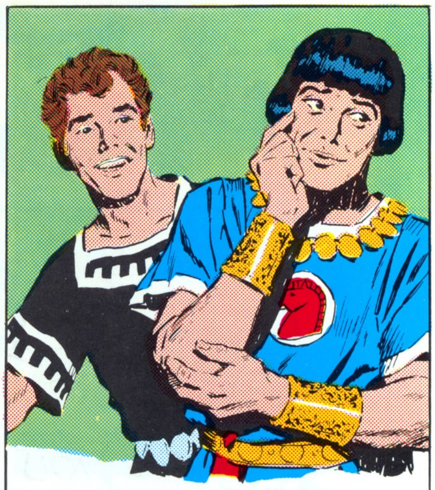
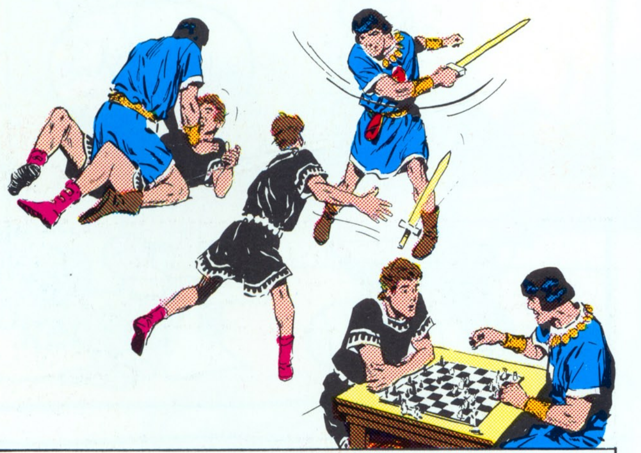
BONER'S ARK by Addison & JOHNSON
FLAP! FLAP! FLAP!
HOLD IT UP A MINUTE!
FLAP! FLAP! FLAP!
WHAT IS OUR POSITION, NAVIGATOR?
HMMM...
ACCORDING TO MY CHART, WE ARE 10 MILES FROM WHERE WE WERE YESTERDAY
©1983, KING FEATURES SYNDICATE, INC.
WHERE WERE WE YESTERDAY?
FRANK JOHNSON
1-1
ACCORDING TO MY CHART, WE WERE 10 MILES FROM WHERE WE ARE TODAY!
HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED A CAREER IN POLITICS?



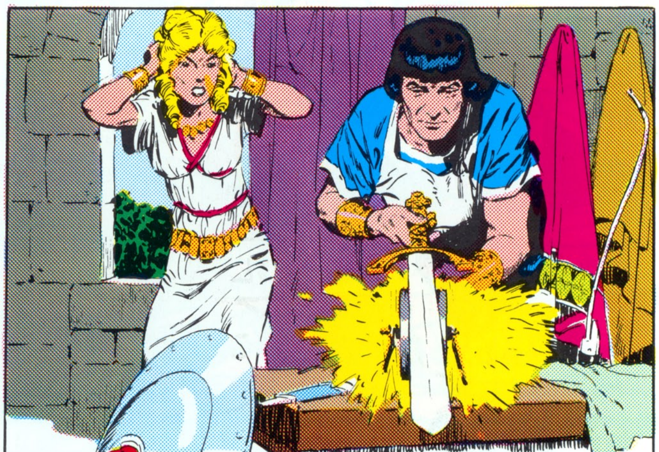
Our Story: YOUNG ALP ARSLAN, SEIZED FOR POACHING, WAS IN FACT PRACTICING FOR KING ZOG'S TOURNAMENT. "*IF ONLY I HAD A PARTNER,*" HE SAYS. "*FOR THE KING PROMISES THAT HIS DAUGHTER WILL CHOOSE A HUSBAND FROM AMONG THE WINNERS. NO ONE HAS SET EYES ON HER, BUT SHE IS SAID TO BE A GREAT BEAUTY.*"



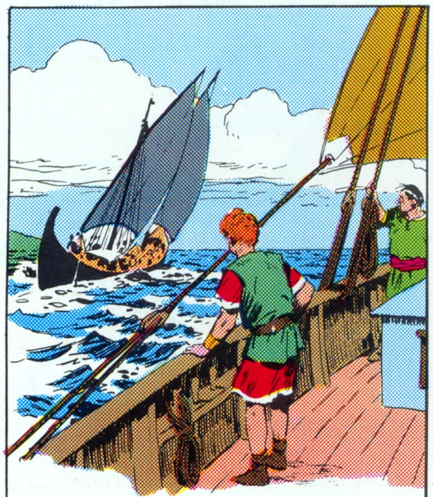
"*I MIGHT BE TEMPTED...*" VAL MUSES, THINKING OF THE CHAOS AT HOME. ALP ARSLAN ROLLS HIS EYES. "*THIS IS NO SPORT FOR OLD MEN.*"



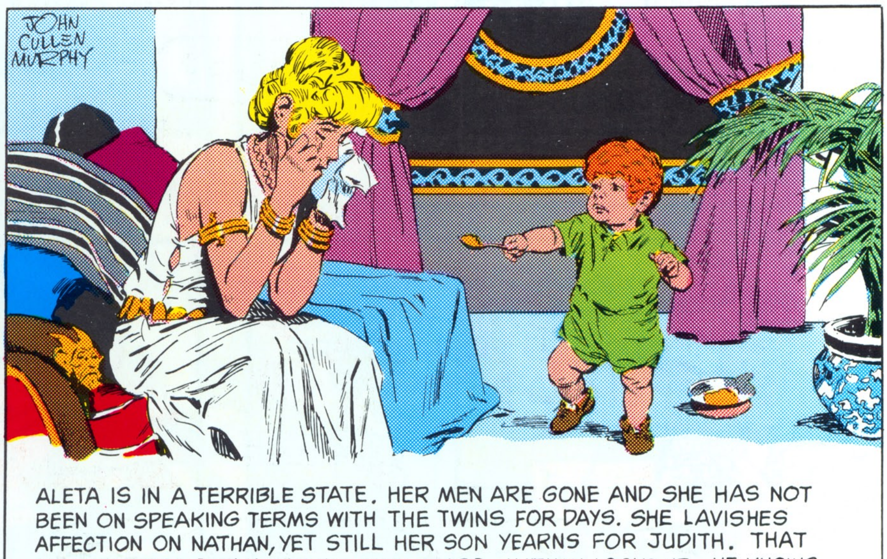
"*TRY ME,*" PRINCE VALIANT CHALLENGES. ALP PUTS HIM TO THE TEST: ARCHERY, WRESTLING, SWORDPLAY... AND CHESS. "*I GUESS YOU WILL DO,*" HE CONCEDES GRUDGINGLY. AND HIS EYES BRIGHTEN. "*THIS MAY BE A BLESSING. IF WE WIN, THE PRINCESS WILL HARDLY PICK YOU.*"



BUT FIRST VAL MUST WIN AN ARGUMENT WITH ALETA-- NO SPORT FOR BOYS, HE SMILES. "*HOW CAN YOU EVEN* **THINK** *OF IT?*" THE QUEEN DEMANDS. "*TWO WEEKS,*" VAL REPLIES. "*I NEED TO GET AWAY.*" HE APPLIES THE 'SINGING SWORD' TO WHETSTONE AND DROWNS OUT REBUTTAL.



TWO SHIPS DEPART THE NEXT DAY, ONE BEARING ARN TO CAMELOT, THE OTHER VAL AND ALP ARSLAN TO DALMATIA. FREE AT LAST.



ALETA IS IN A TERRIBLE STATE. HER MEN ARE GONE AND SHE HAS NOT BEEN ON SPEAKING TERMS WITH THE TWINS FOR DAYS. SHE LAVISHES AFFECTION ON NATHAN, YET STILL HER SON YEARNS FOR JUDITH. THAT MORNING THE QUEEN BREAKS INTO TEARS. NATHAN LOOKS UP. HE KNOWS WHAT CRYING MEANS. A CHUBBY ARM EXTENDS THE SPOON.

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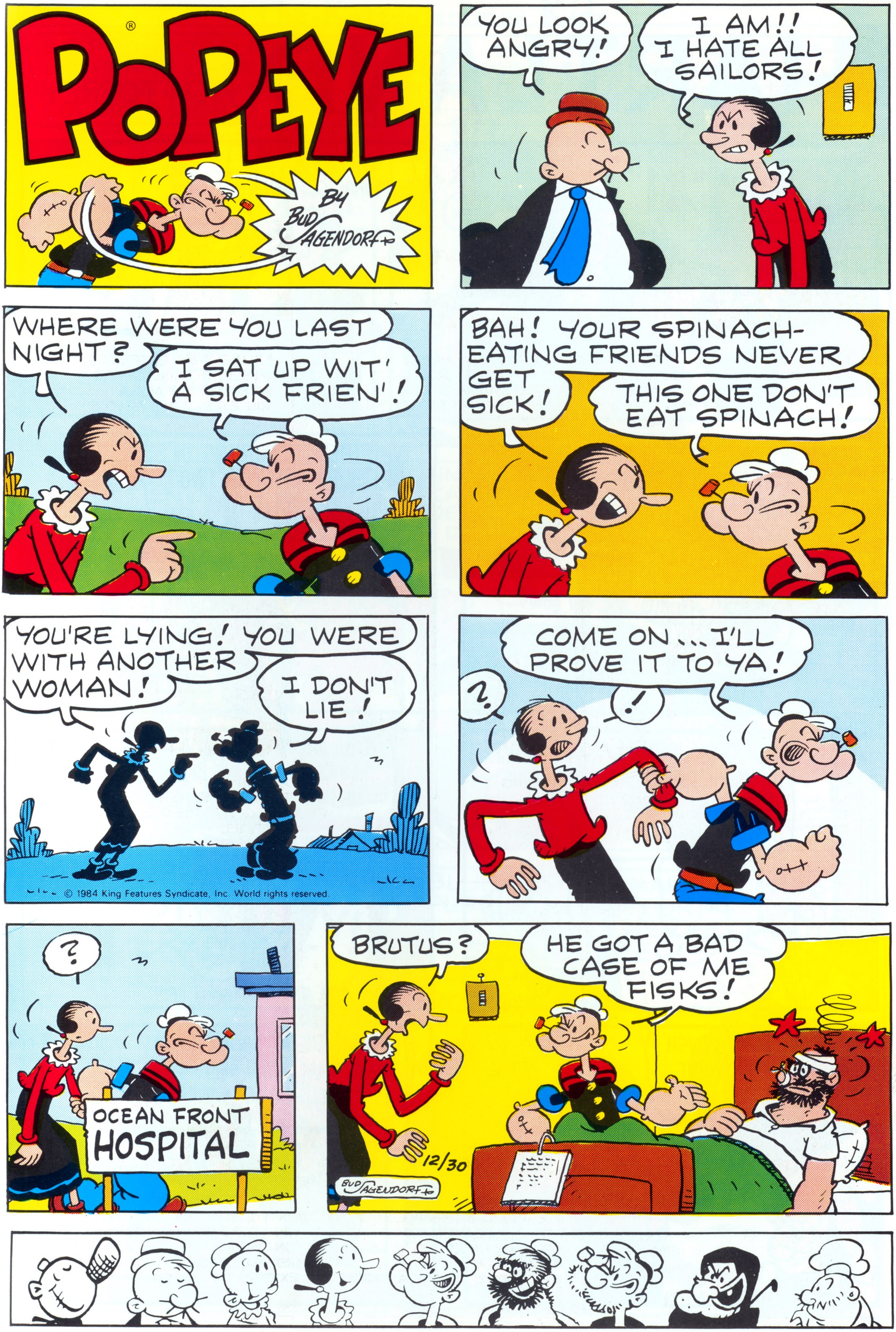
POPEYE®
BY BUD SAGENDORF
YOU LOOK ANGRY!
I AM!! I HATE ALL SAILORS!
WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT?
I SAT UP WIT' A SICK FRIEN'!
BAH! YOUR SPINACH-EATING FRIENDS NEVER GET SICK!
THIS ONE DON'T EAT SPINACH!
YOU'RE LYING! YOU WERE WITH ANOTHER WOMAN!
I DON'T LIE!
COME ON... I'LL PROVE IT TO YA!
?
!
?
OCEAN FRONT HOSPITAL
BRUTUS?
HE GOT A BAD CASE OF ME FISKS!
12/30
BUD SAGENDORF

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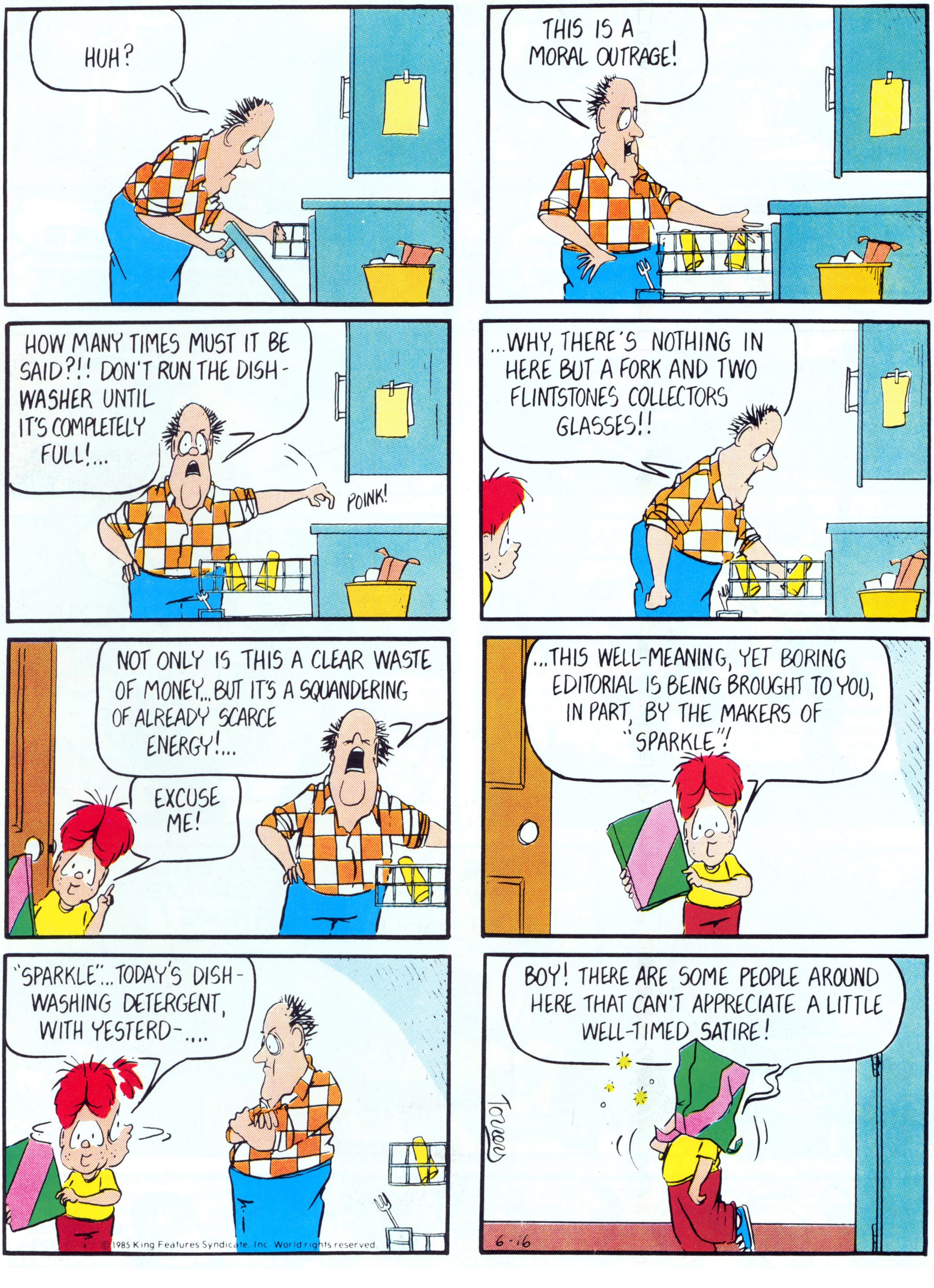
HARTLAND

BY
RICH TORREY


HUH?
THIS IS A MORAL OUTRAGE!
HOW MANY TIMES MUST IT BE SAID?!! DON'T RUN THE DISHWASHER UNTIL IT'S COMPLETELY FULL!...
POINK!
...WHY, THERE'S NOTHING IN HERE BUT A FORK AND TWO FLINTSTONES COLLECTORS GLASSES!!
NOT ONLY IS THIS A CLEAR WASTE OF MONEY... BUT IT'S A SQUANDERING OF ALREADY SCARCE ENERGY!...
EXCUSE ME!
...THIS WELL-MEANING, YET BORING EDITORIAL IS BEING BROUGHT TO YOU, IN PART, BY THE MAKERS OF "SPARKLE"!
"SPARKLE"... TODAY'S DISHWASHING DETERGENT, WITH YESTERD-....
TORREY
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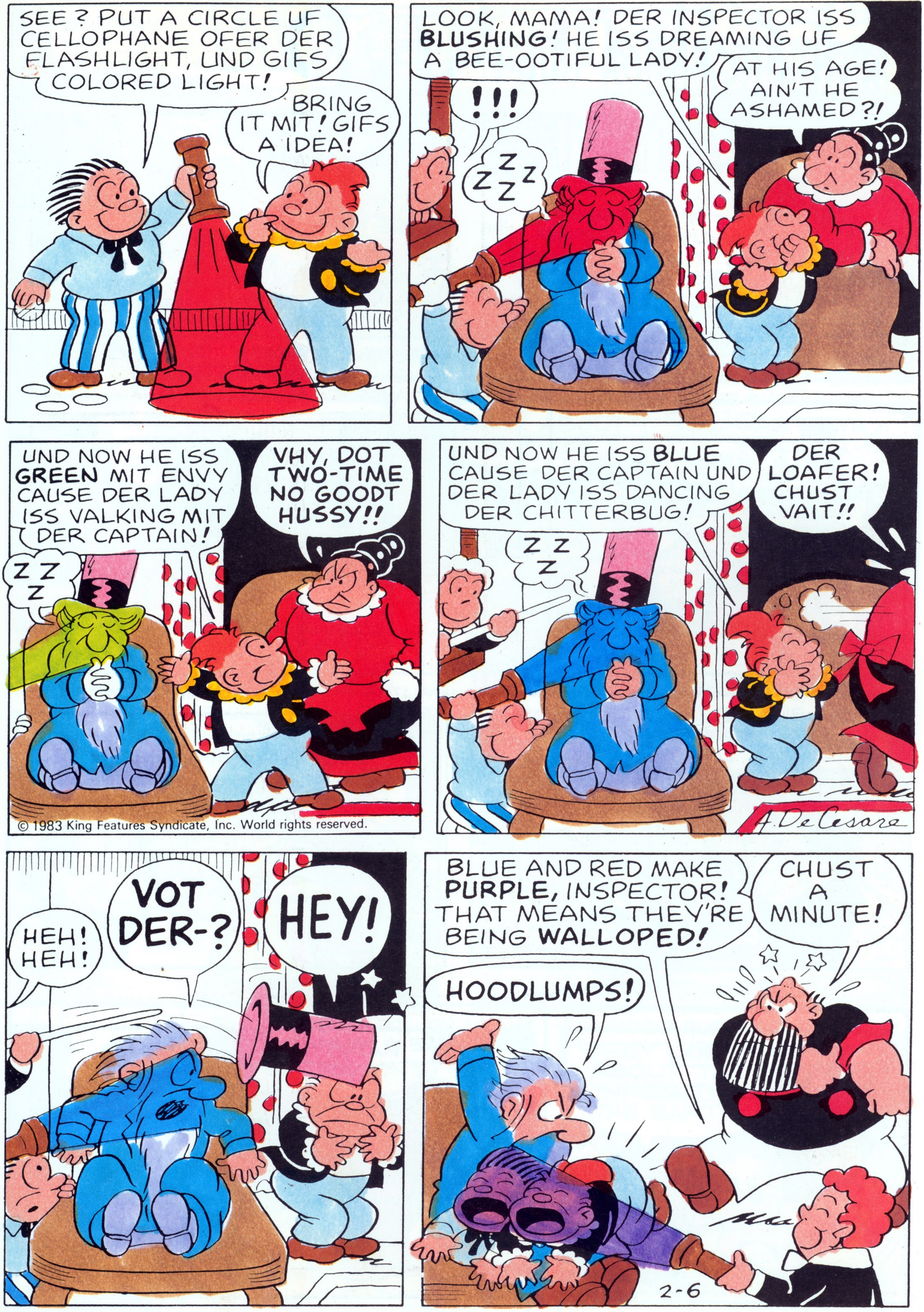
BOY! THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE AROUND HERE THAT CAN'T APPRECIATE A LITTLE WELL-TIMED SATIRE!
6-16

The Katzenjammer Kids


SEE? PUT A CIRCLE UF CELLOPHANE OFER DER FLASHLIGHT, UND GIFS COLORED LIGHT!
BRING IT MIT! GIFS A IDEA!
LOOK, MAMA! DER INSPECTOR ISS **BLUSHING**! HE ISS DREAMING UF A BEE-OOTIFUL LADY!
AT HIS AGE! AIN'T HE ASHAMED?!
!!!
Z Z Z Z
UND NOW HE ISS **GREEN** MIT ENVY CAUSE DER LADY ISS VALKING MIT DER CAPTAIN!
VHY, DOT TWO-TIME NO GOODT HUSSY!!
Z Z Z
UND NOW HE ISS **BLUE** CAUSE DER CAPTAIN UND DER LADY ISS DANCING DER CHITTERBUG!
DER LOAFER! CHUST VAIT!!
Z Z Z
A. DeCesare
HEH! HEH!
VOT DER-?
HEY!
BLUE AND RED MAKE **PURPLE**, INSPECTOR! THAT MEANS THEY'RE BEING **WALLOPED**!
CHUST A MINUTE!
HOODLUMPS!
2-6

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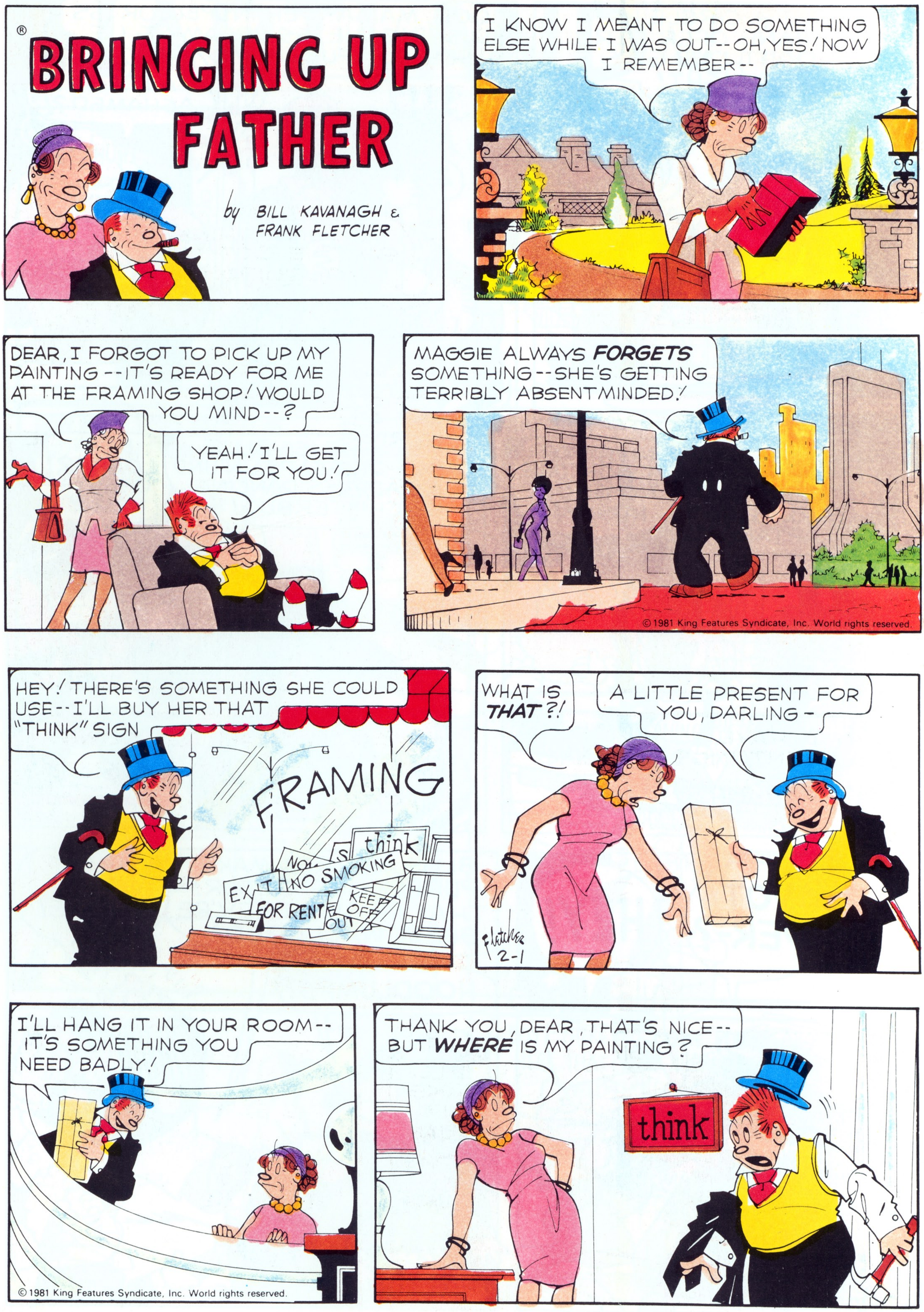
®
BRINGING UP FATHER
by BILL KAVANAGH & FRANK FLETCHER
I KNOW I MEANT TO DO SOMETHING ELSE WHILE I WAS OUT--OH, YES! NOW I REMEMBER--
DEAR, I FORGOT TO PICK UP MY PAINTING--IT'S READY FOR ME AT THE FRAMING SHOP! WOULD YOU MIND--?
YEAH! I'LL GET IT FOR YOU!
MAGGIE ALWAYS **FORGETS** SOMETHING--SHE'S GETTING TERRIBLY ABSENTMINDED!
HEY! THERE'S SOMETHING SHE COULD USE--I'LL BUY HER THAT "THINK" SIGN
FRAMING
think
NO SMOKING
EXIT
FOR RENT
KEEP OFF
OUT
WHAT IS **THAT**?!
A LITTLE PRESENT FOR YOU, DARLING -
Fletcher 2-1
I'LL HANG IT IN YOUR ROOM--IT'S SOMETHING YOU NEED BADLY!
THANK YOU, DEAR, THAT'S NICE--BUT **WHERE** IS MY PAINTING?
think

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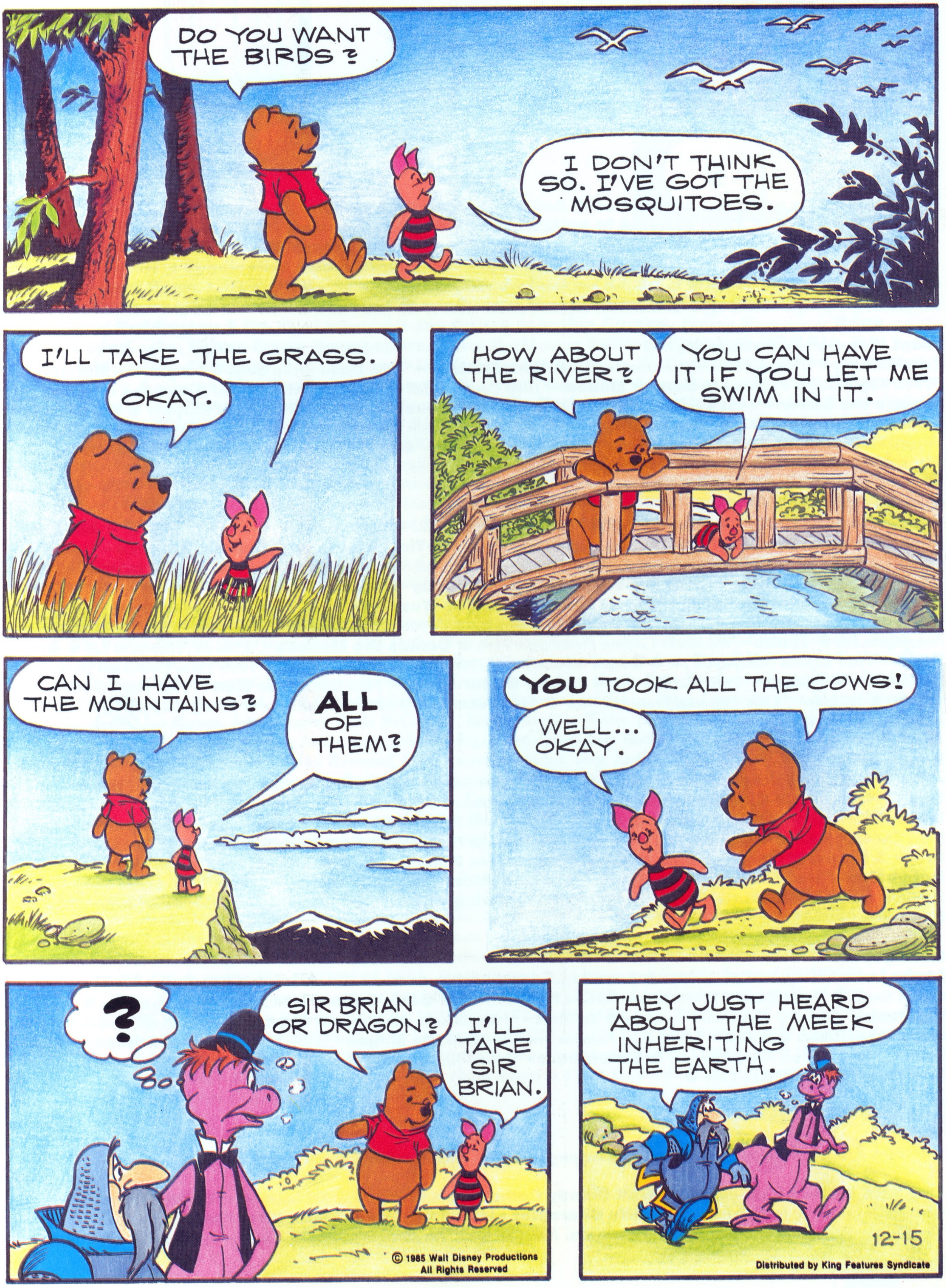
WALT DISNEY'S Winnie the Pooh®


DO YOU WANT THE BIRDS?
I DON'T THINK SO. I'VE GOT THE MOSQUITOES.
I'LL TAKE THE GRASS.
OKAY.
HOW ABOUT THE RIVER?
YOU CAN HAVE IT IF YOU LET ME SWIM IN IT.
CAN I HAVE THE MOUNTAINS?
ALL OF THEM?
YOU TOOK ALL THE COWS!
WELL... OKAY.
?
SIR BRIAN OR DRAGON?
I'LL TAKE SIR BRIAN.
THEY JUST HEARD ABOUT THE MEEK INHERITING THE EARTH.
12-15

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◆

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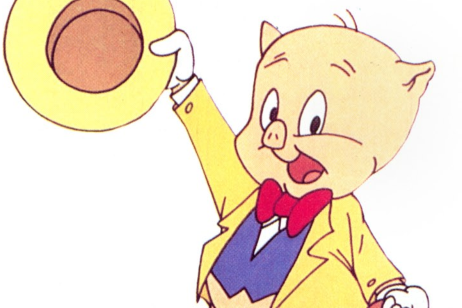

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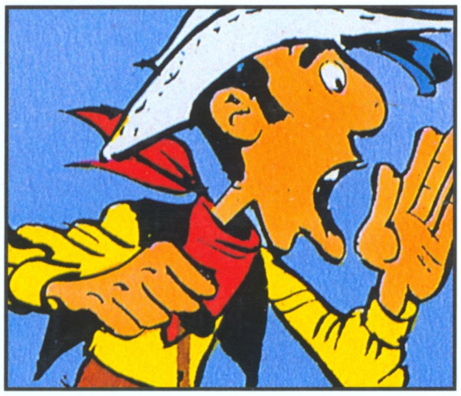

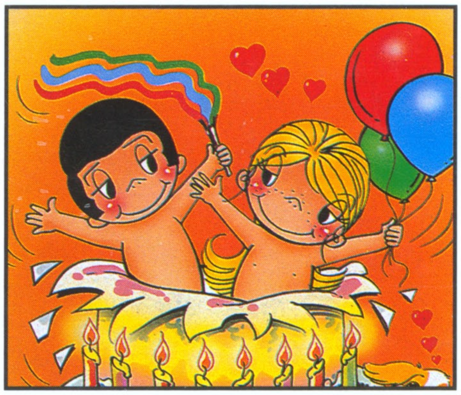

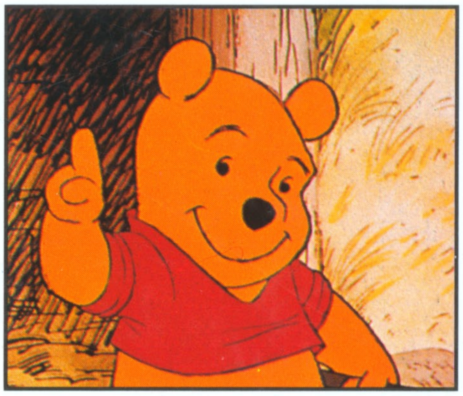

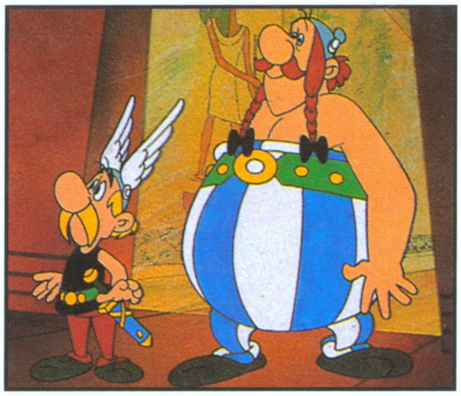

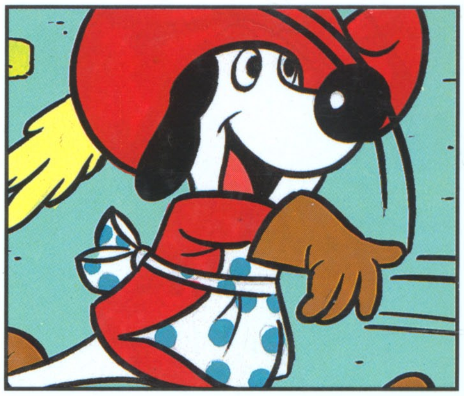

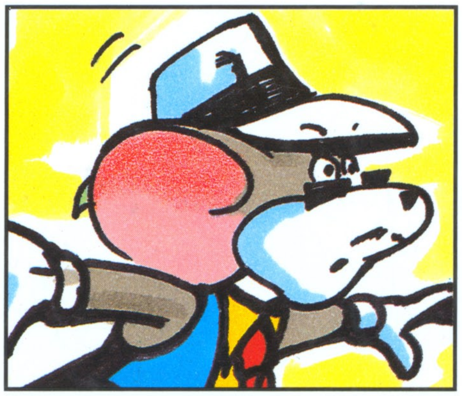

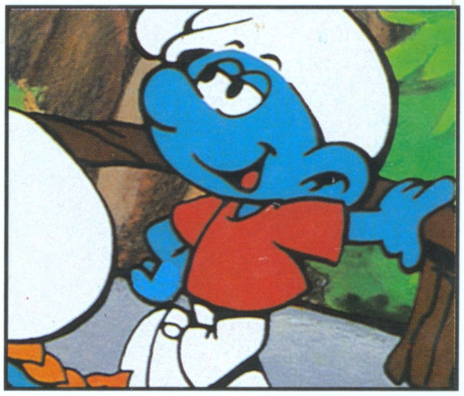

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